

STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA



3 0144 00444602 7


CLASS 050 BOOK Su 74

VOLUME 2



PENNSYLVANIA
STATE LIBRARY






Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from

This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

SUNDAY AFTERNOON



A Monthly Magazine
For the Household.

VOLUME 2
JULY—DECEMBER
1878



SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Published at the Office of
SUNDAY AFTERNOON,
309 MAIN STREET.

COPYRIGHT, 1878,
By EDWARD F. MERRIAM.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

AFTER A PULK,	<i>Maria Louisa Pool,</i>	272
ANNE HYDE'S MISSION,	<i>Rose Terry Cooke,</i>	418
AUNT HULDAH'S SCHOLARS. Chapters IV—XXI, . .	<i>Edward E. Hale,</i>	1
	143, 253, 310, 409, 514	
ART OF ALMSGIVING, THE,	<i>George T. Ladd,</i>	492
BADNESS OF HYMNS, THE,	<i>Frederic M. Bird,</i>	111
BAMBINO SANTISSIMO, THE,	<i>Nettie W. Dexter,</i>	562
BEPP0,	<i>Zadel Barnes Gustafson,</i>	169
BIT OF FLOTSAM, A,	<i>Mary A. P. Stansbury,</i>	156
CHIPS FROM A NORTH-WESTERN LOG. Chapters I—V,	<i>Campbell Wheaton,</i>	66
	117, 235, 354, 440	
CHRYSANTHEM,	<i>Lizzie W. Champney,</i>	193
CHURCH MUSIC,	<i>Thomas M. Clark,</i>	33
CO-OPERATION AND SIMPLIFICATION,	<i>Elizabeth Winthrop,</i>	531
DESTITUTE AND DELINQUENT CHILDREN,	<i>Clara T. Leonard,</i>	522
DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN SONG, THE,	<i>George T. Ladd,</i>	27
ENGLISH REFORMATION, THE,	<i>Lyman Abbott,</i>	320
FENCING THE LAW,	<i>Horace Bumstead,</i>	466
FISHERS OF MEN. Chapters I—V,	<i>S. T. James,</i>	97
	217, 340, 456, 542	
FORECASTLE JACK,	<i>Frank H. Converse,</i>	165
FROM PLATFORM TO PRAIRIE,	<i>Edward Abbott,</i>	13
GALLOWSES,	<i>Isabella T. Hopkins,</i>	556
GOOD CONVERSATION,	<i>C. S. Walker,</i>	275
GRADLON'S KINGDOM, IN,	<i>W. M. F. Round,</i>	37
GREEK REVOLUTION, INCIDENTS OF THE,	<i>S. G. W. Benjamin,</i>	178
HAVE WE A CHRISTIAN STATE?	<i>Charles H. Richards,</i>	57
HORNS OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S MOSES, THE,	<i>Tryon Edwards,</i>	538
HOW TO USE THE BIBLE,	<i>Washington Gladden,</i>	451
JAPANESE STORY OF CREATION, THE,	<i>Wm. Elliot Griffiths,</i>	416
JUDITH AND JUDAH. Chapters I—IV,	<i>Josephine R. Baker,</i>	264, 363
LITTLE PILKINS,	<i>Olive A. Wadsworth,</i>	73

MARTHA PITKIN AND URSULA WOLCOTT,	<i>Henry P. Goddard,</i>	261
MISS MERIVALE'S WILL,	<i>Mary A. P. Stansbury,</i>	297
MORDECAI COHEN AND EMANUEL DEUTSCH,	<i>Clara B. Martin,</i>	350
MOTHERS' MEETING, OUR,	<i>Anna C. Garlin,</i>	208
MRS. BARNARD'S CHURCH,	<i>Mary E. A. Wager-Fisher,</i>	325
MY MINISTER,	<i>Caroline H. Dall,</i>	132
OLD FOLKS AT HOME, THE,	<i>J. T. Tucker,</i>	551
ONE NOVEMBER SUNDAY AFTERNOON,	<i>Susan D. Nickerson,</i>	425
PHILANTHROPY AT PITCH POINT,	<i>L. K. Black,</i>	230
POOR RELATIONS AND THEIR USES.	<i>Amelia E. Barr,</i>	554
PRISON FOR WOMEN, A,	<i>Clara T. Leonard,</i>	105
PROTESTANTS OF RUSSIA, THE,	<i>Chas. H. Woodman,</i>	9
RELIGION IN COLLEGE,	<i>C. F. Thwing,</i>	225
RELIGIOUS RIGHTS OF A CHRISTIAN STATE,	<i>Charles H. Richards,</i>	244
ROYAL MOTHER OF A ROYAL RACE, THE,	<i>R. H. Howard,</i>	152
STEPPING-STONE OF BETHPAGE, THE,	<i>J. A. Paine,</i>	42
STORY OF ALICE, THE.	<i>Ellen W. Olney,</i>	499
SUPERFLUOUS PRAYING,	<i>Washington Gladden,</i>	137
TALE OF A TORNADO, THE,	<i>Ellen M. Smith,</i>	17
TEMPERANCE AND THE LABORER,	<i>James L. Bowen,</i>	563
TESTIMONY OF THE SPIRIT, THE,	<i>George P. Fisher,</i>	203
TOM'S HEATHEN. Chapters XIX—XXII,	<i>Josephine R. Baker,</i>	47
TRAMPS AND AGENTS,	<i>Elizabeth Winthrop,</i>	335
TWO LIVES,	<i>Rebecca Harding Davis,</i>	429
VOLTAIRE IN GENEVA,	<i>Gerald Smith,</i>	125
WHAT A RADICAL FOUND IN WATER STREET,	<i>Helen Campbell,</i>	481
WHAT IS THE USE OF THE ALPHABET?	<i>Arthur Gilman,</i>	81
WHITE STONE, THE,	<i>Susie M. Day,</i>	393
WHO ARE THE DUNKARDS?	<i>H. K. Carroll,</i>	400
WILL OR ENVIRONMENT?	<i>J. T. Tucker,</i>	303
WOMEN IN PRISON,	<i>Clara T. Leonard,</i>	385
WORKINGMAN'S STORY, A,	<i>J. B. Harrison,</i>	289

POETRY.

ANNA THE PROPHETESS,	<i>E. Foxton,</i>	164
COMMISSIONED,	<i>Susan Coolidge,</i>	465
DANDELION GHOSTS,	<i>Elizabeth Akers Allen,</i>	216
DO YOU REMEMBER?	<i>Thomas S. Collier,</i>	65

CONTENTS.

v

EMBALMED,	<i>Susan Coolidge,</i>	234
FUNERAL PSALM, A,	<i>Rose Terry Cooke,</i>	16
GRANSIR,	<i>John Vance Cheney,</i>	142
LIFTED UP,	<i>Caroline Leslie,</i>	556
MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER,	<i>Lucy Larcom,</i>	339
MY CONFIDENCE,	<i>Thomas L. Rogers,</i>	180
PRAYER FOR THE DEAD,	<i>M. E. Bennett,</i>	374
QUIETNESS,	<i>Julia C. R. Dorr,</i>	261
RETURNING,	<i>Mary E. Bradley,</i>	36
SAFE FOLDED,	<i>Caroline Leslie,</i>	374
SONG FROM A SIGH, A,	<i>Samuel W. Duffield,</i>	84
TALLULAH,	<i>Paul H. Hayne,</i>	308
TO THE WORKERS,	<i>Fannie R. Robinson,</i>	439
TRIBUTE, A,	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,</i>	124
TWENTY-ONE,	<i>Julia C. R. Dorr,</i>	513
TYRANNY OF MOOD, THE,	<i>Margaret J. Preston,</i>	541
VIGIL, A,	<i>Frances L. Mace,</i>	399
WATER LILY, A,	<i>M. F. Butts,</i>	272

EDITOR'S TABLE:

Another Heresy, 279; Shoals in the Atlantic, 469; A Burning Question, 278; Butler's Big Bill, 184; What Dives knows about Lazarus, 566; Expounding Providences, 377; Faith as a Financier, 182: The "Fiat" Iniquity, 567; A Happy Sunday, 280; The Hotel as a Mission Field, 471; Materialism in Literature, 88; Materialism in the Popular Faith, 473; The Mobility of Labor, 277; Our First Great Poet, 183; Preaching Honesty, 375; The Prophetic Conference, 565; A Question of Emphasis, 87; The Religious Press, 86; Sunday Reading, 85; Tramps and Drunkards, 181; Work for the Unemployed, 376; More about our Workingman, 470.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS: 90, 184, 281, 378, 474, 569

LITERATURE:

Abbott's Commentaries; Matthew, Mark and Luke, 94; Adventures of A Consul Abroad, 96; Artist Biographies—Michael Angelo, 384; Autobiography—Jean Francis Marmoutel, 192; Baker's A Year Worth Living, 190; Beal's Text from the Buddhist Canon, 380; Benjamin's The Atlantic Islands, 286; The Bible for Learners, 93; Sarah K. Bolton's The Present Promblem, 190; Bynner's Tritons, 384; Mrs. Child's Aspirations of the World, 190; Clarke's Memorial and Biographical Sketches, 192; Clarke's Visions, 381; Day's Lines in the Sand, 480; Eggleston's Roxy, 574; Eggleston's Villages and Village Life, 575; Emerson's Fortune of the Republic, 382; Gemini, 96; Harte's Drift from Two Shores, 287; Haug's Religion of the Parsis, 284; Saxe Holm's Stories; Second Series, 287; How She Came into Her Kingdom, 96; Hunt's History of Music, 575; Ives's The Bible Doctrine of the Lord, 92; James's The Europeans, 574; James's Watch and Ward, 384; Joaquin Miller's Songs of Italy, 573; Kindling Wood Jimmy, 384; Lathrop's Somebody Else, 288; The Lau-

rence Mother Goose, 288; The Family Library of British Poetry, 573; Liepsner's The Young Pastor and his People, 479; Life of Madame de la Rochefoucauld, 478; Life and Sermons of Dr. John Tauler, 94; Longfellow's Keramos and Other Poems, 187; Miss Martineau's Household Education, 192; Nobody's Husband, 384; Palfrey's Memoir of William Francis Bartlett, 95; Perry's Elements of Political Economy, 479; Mr. Peter Crewitt, 384; Pettingill's The Theological Trilemma, 93; Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1876, 480; Richardson's A Primer of American Literature, 382; Savage's Bluffton, 188; Severance's Hammersmith, 288; The "Speaker's Commentary," New Testament, Vol. I, 572; Miss Stebbins's Letters and Memories of Charlotte Cushman, 192; Mrs. Stowe's Poganuc People, 189; Tenney's Agamenticus, 383; A Candid Examination of Theism, 571; Thompson's The Prayer Meeting and its Improvement, 479; Towle's The Voyage and Adventures of Vasco Da Gama, 96; Townsend's The Intermediate World, 191; Miss Trafton's His Inheritance, 189; French's Lectures on Mediæval Church History, 477; Warner's In the Wilderness, 286; Whittier's The Vision of Echard and other Poems, 573; Within, Without and Over, 285,

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. II.—JULY, 1878.—No. VII.

AUNT HULDAH'S SCHOLARS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER IV.

"I must needs be friends with thee."

—*Love's Labor Lost.*

THE enterprise into which Rachel Fredet had thrown herself, with the unconscious gallantry of youth, was one before which older persons, of more experience, would have shuddered. She was herself an orphan, and her only brother and only sister were so placed that she had not, and could not claim, any share in their training. The school-course generally followed by girls in Mrs. Merriam's school was finished, and, although Aunt Huldah would gladly have kept such a pupil with her a year longer, Rachel knew that she should feel lonely without her special companions. Nay, more than this, she was in her eighteenth year, life was before her, and she had upon her the inevitable eagerness to begin. The country, at that time, needed the service of every loyal child. Indeed, she does at all times; but at that time her loyal children saw this as they do not always see it, and where should she serve? This was the simple question she had put to herself, without the slightest thought of martyrdom or of heroism. A ready answer was that she could be one of those who were ready to teach negro children. She knew enough to know that she did not know much. She was not vain; and though she doubtless did over-rate the value of what she had learned at Aunt Huldah's school, she was not such

a fool as to think she knew everything. Still she knew her letters, and she knew that twice two was four. She could at least teach so much to little negroes, or as it was still the fashion to say, to little "contrabands," whose training had not carried them so far.

To go farther, and to ask whether she were competent to live alone in a community at least thoughtless if not hostile to her purpose, was a question which never crossed Rachel's mind. To ask whether she had the experience of life, the power for order or discipline, the common-sense, indeed, which should be sufficient to set in motion a school for men and women perhaps, certainly for young men and young women, and for boys and girls who had never known any discipline but that of the plantation—this also was a question about which she had never occupied herself. She took it for granted that she could do these things. She took it for granted that her strength would be as her day was. She wanted to teach these little black children. That much she knew. She had applied to a Committee of a Freedman's Aid Society, and this committee, with some reluctance based on her youth and inexperience, had so far given way to her evident unselfishness, and to a sort of poise which appeared in all that she did and said, that they had accepted her as one of their teachers with special reference to a particular sub-de-

partment of work, which, as it happened in fact, Rachel had never attended to for an hour.

Thus simply was Rachel Fredet engaged in one of those almost spontaneous movements, which, though it will be soon forgotten, was one of the most curious in American history, and, for those who will learn, one of the most instructive. In much the same way in which she enlisted, and for much the same motives, thousands upon thousands of the best trained men and women in America stepped cheerfully forward into the business of "leveling up" the plantation negroes of the South, at the time when the hand of war, carrying out the purpose of God, set them free. History has yet to state, what nobody yet fully knows, the full result of this generous movement, which sent into the most delicate and difficult work conceivable, some of the most highly trained and enthusiastic apostles. But there is, even now, no lack of separate instances well-known, which show how fortunate it was for this nation that at that moment it had really a surplus of its very best force to employ in the enterprise most difficult of all.

Fortunately for Rachel, she was tired enough after the day's ride, which carried her from Brooklyn to Georgetown, to sleep the sleep of the righteous in that first night in her new quarters. Neither waking thoughts of loneliness nor dreams of honors disturbed the blessed rest of which omnipotent seventeen is well nigh sure. Nor was she wholly dressed when a strange rumbling on the outer stair-way, with knockings and callings loud and voluble, announced that Aunt Dolly was on her way with breakfast such as she thought fit for the "school-misses," and that she had enlisted Philemon, her oldest boy, in the work of hospitality so far that he was bringing up, in advance, a white pine table from Aunt Dolly's own establishment, upon which the breakfast itself was to be placed. Nor had Rachel herself finished the hearty meal which Aunt Dolly's exquisite cooking had provided, when that worthy woman again came hurrying up the outer steps, which were the access to Rachel's castle, to announce the

arrival of "carriage company." Rachel herself went to the window now to see the descent from a handsome carriage of a lady who hurried up the stair-way, knocked, and was, of course, at once admitted.

"Then you have come, my poor dear child," the stranger said eagerly, as she looked with admiration on Rachel's blushing face, caught her by both hands and kissed her. "We were so sorry to fail you. But everything went wrong. Your detention, and all that, you know! I staid myself at the depot till six. But all is well that ends well. I hope you were not frightened to death."

Rachel laughed, cleared one of the chairs for her eager visitor to sit down, and made as light of her alarm as she could with truth.

"And Aunt Dolly has taken good care of you? Aunt Dolly! take care of me! I left home before there was a coal on fire in the house. Take care of me, Aunt Dolly, and bring me a cup of coffee just as hot and just as nice as this cup of Miss Fredet's." And then as Aunt Dolly departed with a smile stretching from ear to ear;

"Dear Miss Fredet, this is a horrid barrack we have put you in, and we know it; but they are decent people down-stairs, and is not Aunt Dolly splendid? I hope it is not long you will have to be here, and if you say so you shall have a room in a hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue?"

No; Rachel would not say so. The pros and cons of the matter had been decided by letter, and after counsel with Aunt Huldah before she started. She would not waver now, though she owned she had been homesick. "I will make it seem like home," she said bravely.

Then the impetuous Mrs. Templeman had to explain that the particular side-enterprise for which Rachel had been engaged must be postponed; that in fact, for a few weeks Rachel would be of more use at the Constitution barracks; that, indeed, it was providential that she had arrived when she did, so that she could go to work there this morning. What would have happened had not Rachel arrived, neither Mrs. Templeman nor any others of the town-meeting who carried on this enterprise could tell.

And when Dolly brought up the new cup of coffee and the new plate and knife, and when Mrs. Templeman joined in Rachel's breakfast, which proved quite sufficient for two, and would indeed have met the reasonable wants of more, she rapidly and dramatically placed Rachel in possession of the more essential points of the strategy and the tactics of the campaign, in which they were both engaged.

Into that campaign it is no part of this tale to go, save as Rachel carried on her part of the duty of a private, a subaltern and a commander. It is a pity that some one should not write its history, and write it well, before it is quite forgotten; but you need not be frightened, Constance and Alice; this is not our business here. Only that Mrs. Templeman, who was an important person in the board of managers just there, just then, had a good deal to tell Rachel; and Rachel learned well what she had guessed at already, that she had many duties before her besides teaching little black children that a b spelled ab, and that the world turned round in twenty-four hours.

"Dear child," said the eager Mrs. Templeman, "you will have a deal to do, and there will be no end of these worries and hindrances; but don't be afraid. Don't be afraid! We will back you up; never fear us. And you have the nation behind you."

She looked like the prophetess she was, as she said this; and Rachel who was herself an enthusiast, took the hand which was stretched out to her, glad indeed, more glad perhaps, then she knew, that her new friend was an enthusiast and not a martinet. For although Rachel did not yet know which of these two classes rules the world, she did know which she should like to choose her friends from, and where she would gladly find her own leaders.

Mrs. Templeman was the wife of a northern senator, herself among persons who knew her a person not less distinguished than he, his helpmeet, and his worthy helpmeet in the enterprises and in the counsels which were to make the New Nation. She understood, very well, that the enterprises undertaken in the District of Columbia to teach the hordes of savages

who came in for protection under the Union flag, had an importance vastly larger than the benefit which might accrue to one pupil or another or to all. If the country, even in the first dawn of its free life could not take care of these people who trusted it so loyally, why should it be overthrowing such care as they had lived under before? And Mrs. Templeman did not believe in doing such work by proxy. If a Georgetown boarding-house keeper could snub a northern school-ma'am, she would see if a senator from a sovereign state could not protect her from snubbing. She estimated, and not too highly as it proved, the worth of the carriage and horses, the coachman and footman, which stood outside in Fairfax street, while she sipped Dolly's coffee and explained the position. A senator is a senator in Washington and for ten miles round about. And Rachel had occasion to find, before the day was over, that the presence of a senator's carriage on the outside of her lodgings had wrought an effect quite satisfactory on the baker, the apothecary, the poor little stationer, the grocer and the butter woman round the corner. All this Mrs. Templeman had had the foresight to arrange. For herself, she would have come more easily in the Avenue car. But she judged wisely in thinking that it were better for Miss Fredet that she should come in her carriage, and have two servants in livery. Mrs. Templeman was an enthusiast, but she knew the world she lived in.

CHAPTER V.

"A little bench of beardless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo."

—*Shenstone.*

AND so it was in Mrs. Templeman's carriage that Rachel was taken for the first time to the Constitution Barracks; and by Mrs. Templeman that she was introduced to poor, care-worn Miss Jane Stevens. Miss Jane Stevens was as old as Rachel was young, and her face as thin as Rachel's was plump, and as colorless as Rachel's was fresh and rosy. But Miss Jane Stevens was cordial in her welcome, and when she looked down on the ranks and files of black and brown and yellow and bronze and brunette children before her, it was with a look of real tender-

ness which made her beautiful. Why she was always called Miss Jane Stevens, seeing there was no other Miss Stevens in that precinct or bailiwick, I do not know, having never been told. But as she was always so called, I call her so here.

Miss Jane Stevens explained to Rachel what she already knew, that Miss Guish who had just began to form this "advanced primary school" when the government gave up to the commission the use of this particular barrack, had been suddenly ordered to Tallahassee, by that high organizing board, the "South Staffordshire Educational Association and Freedman's Aid Society" who had "sent" her, and from whom she received her modest salary. Of course the particular local board, which I irreverently called a "town meeting," which in Washington regulated the Constitution Barracks school, could not hinder this immediate transfer of one of their best teachers to Tallahassee. All that could be done was to place Miss Jane Stevens in charge of four rooms, instead of three which she had before, and to put some of the large girls from the "Advanced Secondary room" to the business of teaching their letters to the girls in the "Advanced Primary" until Miss Fredet should arrive from Brooklyn. Now that Miss Fredet has come, Miss Jane Stevens gladly yields the "Advanced Primary" to her. Miss Fredet had better make her own plans, and must not consider Miss Jane Stevens's arrangements as more than provisional. All this, as I have said, Rachel had heard at breakfast time from Mrs. Templeman; but to all this she listened again now; and so Miss Jane Stevens retired willingly enough to look after the "Secondary," the "Advanced Secondary" and the "Grammar" Schools, and Rachel and Mrs. Templeman were left to work their own sweet will among eighty children of all ages from five to fifteen;—of all shades of color from the whitest Albino up to the blackest pure Congo;—from eight different states, as Rachel found afterwards,—scarcely more at home in Georgetown than she was herself. The greater part of them indeed were field hands, who had, in some chance of war, drifted within the Union lines, and, by army

officers who did not want to be encumbered by the hosts of such non-combatants had been sent back from post to post, till here they were at last at the Capital of the Country, and could be sent to the rear no more.

There was the drollest set of contrasts in the equipments of the room, as indeed there was in the equipments and the persons of the children.

The wealth and power and will of the New Nation exhibited itself in twenty forms; and in twenty other forms, just as distinct, appeared the weakness and poverty and failure of the institutions which were dethroned. There was indeed a subject for a historical picture when the Senator's carriage, elegant and indeed perfect of its kind, stood at the rough pent-house door of the rough barracks, hastily knocked up in one day and whitewashed in the next, to be the improvised school-house of children who had not been free for a fortnight. Just such contrasts as were in that picture appeared at every step.

Rachel's quick eye noticed as they entered, two long benches with new tin basins on them, from which as they passed turned round three or four little contrabands, stopping in that process of ablution which was a daily initiation to the school. Rachel saw at the same moment, hanging above the benches and not yet used, two exquisite damask towels which had that morning been taken from some northern "box," and with crash and huckaback of inferior grades, had been hastily hung together by some attendant, who had never seen a towel before, and could not discriminate between finenesses and suitabilities. Within the school-room at the teacher's end, were maps and globes and blackboards, and the other machinery of teaching in absolute perfection. "Weapons of precision," indeed, they would have been marked in any Ordnance Bureau, where men well understood the machinery of the great warfare. Rachel felt in the instant that Aunt Huldah herself would have been glad to have such apparatus in the great Model Central University of the World. And all this machinery of teaching stood on a rough platform made of planks just as they came from the saw-mill, the

ends not trimmed and of various lengths. As Rachel and her friend stepped on their dais they could feel it sway beneath them. The walls of the room were of the same rough planks, lapping each other as clap-boards do so as to shed rain and to leave for air such chanees as loose joints might give. Square windows, made of the size of the ready-made sashes which the builder had at hand, were cut through the planks just too high for the children's heads. The children themselves sat on boxes which Miss Jane Stevens told Rachel had been ammunition boxes. They happened to be left here and had been seized on for this use. A tall negro boy buttoned to the chin in a sergeant's new jacket with bright buttons and a brilliant *chevron*, sat next another boy who had a coat roughly made from a coffee bag, without sleeves, the red flannel of a shirt some sanitary "box" had furnished coming out at the convenient cuts through which his arms protruded. The truth was that when the government "turned over" the "Constitution barracks," an intelligent chief of education had found a pile of boards and receipted for them. He had "drawn" by magic known to him, for saws, hammers and nails, and his draft had been honored. He had then himself superintended the building of this school-house with such knowledge of architecture as his native wit supplied, helped by a course of differential calculus at Harvard. He had for assistants a convalescent sergeant whom he borrowed from the Lincoln Hospital, and a Major General of Engineers, who stopped morning and night to advise as he rode into the city and out. For laborers he had the bigger boys who were to attend the school. The result was the building in which Rachel stood.

But when it came to the furnishing—ah! there the Solid North and the resolution of the New Civilization was behind this chief of Education. It was easy to "draw" for globes and maps and slates and blackboards and patent chalk, and anything else which New York could sell or the determination of the United States could pay for. And so, in a realm of absolute contrasts was Rachel Fredet installed as queen. No prettier contrast

among all than that between the animated girl herself and the tall, sly, barefoot negro wench who has been taking the names of the scholars who have come in to-day, and, in a language which Rachel hardly understands, and helped by memoranda on a slate which Rachel cannot decipher, is now reporting to her new chief.

"Send for me at any moment," said Miss Jane Stevens as she left. "That yellow girl in the turkey-red frock is bright, and will know where to look for me, for I don't know myself where I shall be." So she laughed, almost clung to Rachel's hand as if she could not leave her, kissed her wistfully and went away.

Had she offered prayers? Rachel asked as they parted.

"No, I left that to you," and she was gone. And so Rachel's empire began, and her introduction to her scholars was made as she turned to them and said, still standing:

"Children, we will begin by asking the good God's blessing. We will never do anything unless we ask His blessing first;" and she took in her hand the elegant Bible marked as the gift of the Akron Bible Society. She turned to the place as if she had done it a hundred times and read:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Then she closed the book, put it down and said with that loving smile of hers:

"Now every boy and girl, every boy and girl who can say 'Our Father,' say it with me. Say it aloud, as if you loved Him, and as if you were glad He loved you."

Then she led them in the Lord's Prayer. Mrs. Templeman, who sat sobbing at her side, joined her, and two of the girls.

"I wonder if we cannot sing," said Rachel, smiling again, when she had done. "Now every one, every boy and girl, sing with me:

'The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;'

and in that clear, contralto voice of hers she led them, and this time they all joined her bravely for two verses of the hymn. She had to tell them the words, couplet by couplet, as they went on.

This was Rachel's inauguration. Till Miss Jane Stevens turned away, it had never once crossed her mind that she should ever have such an office to perform. But the girl lived intensely in the present, and to do the duty next her hand was natural and of course to her. So, as her day was her strength was. The infinite compensations came; and when those children had sung the last lines of the hymn as she bade them, her empire over them was won. Rachel was indeed mistress of that school.

There had been no laying on of hands, but none the less her ordination was divine.

CHAPTER VI.

"As they all sat in silence a gigantic Afrite rushed into the room, screaming, and instantly broke up the assembly."—*Azer, the son of Abdil.*

"LET me be your assistant," said the eager Mrs. Templeman, as soon as she saw what the position required, and in an instant her hat and shawl were off and were consigned to the care of a wondering girl who had the wit to hang them where Miss Guish had been in the habit of hanging her apparel. And so Mrs. Templeman dismissed carriage and attendants and tried her forgotten skill as school-mistress, for the morning.

And Rachel, thus loyally sustained, entered "with courage verging upon boldness, with boldness verging on audacity, and with audacity just touching the edge of rashness," on the duty before her. That is the way her morning would have been described in any well-written general order, in which her particular recording angel, had he been in the service, would have recommended her for promotion.

Miss Guish's lists were found, and a big boy and two big girls from the "Advanced Secondary," who had or were supposed to have a certain knowledge of written characters, were sent round with these lists to correct and continue them. The truth was that six or eight new scholars came in every

day. The school would have been flooded but that, with the restlessness of the era, three or four scholars disappeared every day. Whether any special Charlotte Fairfax were the same Charlotte Fairfax that Miss Guish had enrolled a month ago, was always subject for question. Why new scholars who had never seen a primer or a letter should come at all to the Advanced Primary and not to the unadvanced Primary, was to Rachel a more interesting question. But she was not there to ask questions but to answer them; not to make difficulties, but to solve them. Order at least was possible, and the beginning of system. Order she gained before half an hour was over, and before the morning was half over the possibility of system was made sure.

In those military days, with that imitative race, it was at any moment possible to secure a good deal of the aspects of military order. Rachel marched those children round a good deal that morning by way of showing them what it was to obey, and what it was to command. After her experience with the hymn she took courage in their innate ability for singing, and, in one of the frequent "recesses," she singled out in her talk with the taller and shyer girls those who could best lead in the hymns and songs of which the children knew the words. Queer enough it was to find how wide the range of their real homes; how they were all strangers, as Rachel herself was. And this ground of sympathy made her feel more at ease and less homesick.

The school session was nearly over and was well under the effect of a monitorial system, in which, in different corners and alcoves, big girls and boys were putting through their letters others more ignorant, when of a sudden every book dropped, and even Rachel at the blackboard and Mrs. Templeman at a writing-desk, stopped in their labors as just outside a window a clear, loud voice sang with very tender feeling:

"Jesus, I am coming now;
Don't you hear me come!
See, my hand is on the plough,
I am coming home!
Home! home! I am coming home!"

There was a prolonged resting on the "home" in this last line which gave an in-

describable pathos to the song; and Rachel found the tears were rushing to her eyes when the hushed pause of the whole school was broken again as the same voice, to just the same air, went on singing in just the same tones:

"Paddled down the creek and then
Waded to the shore;
Stole the misses' setting hen,
Went and looked for more!

More! more! went and looked for more!"

and again the same weird cadence which had wetted Rachel's cheek as the refrain closed again.

Impetuous Mrs. Templeman flung down her book and started for the door. "Flat blasphemy!" she said, as she passed Rachel, "and only a second before I was in the kingdom of heaven."

Rachel could not resist looking out of the window, and saw this interview between the top of civilization and the bottom of savagery.

Dancing gaily in a puddle which had been left by the insufficient drainage of the school-house, exulting in the splash of the water, which she seemed to think a fit accompaniment to the dance, waving her arms above her head, so as to remind Rachel of Egyptian pictures, was a tall girl, bare-footed and bare-legged, with a long pea-jacket, as Rachel would have called it, for her only visible, and indeed her only probable costume. This large fig-leaf was of the coarsest homespun, of unmistakable butternut color, horribly ragged and muddy. Whatever tailor had made it, had had in view the needs of a large man. Such as it was the contraband girl had appropriated it for the purpose of a long march, and it bore the traces of the clay of every road through which that march had led her.

Mrs. Templeman approached her fearlessly and gave her a hand, which the girl did not refuse. She even stopped in the dancing for the colloquy.

"Have you come to school?" said the lady cheerily, as if this costume, this song and this dance indicated such a purpose.

The girl's face expressed nothing but amazement. Her lower jaw fell, and she looked steadily on the other without a word.

"Come in with me," said Mrs. Temple-

man, undismayed. "We shall be glad to have you sing with us. We were singing just now."

"Eh!" is the nearest approach one can make without "visible speech symbols" to the reply.

"Come and see the other girls," said the unflinching lady, wondering as she spoke how she knew that this was a girl, but not wondering if it were; and she tried to lead her by the hand.

But the girl simply looked at the white-washed barrack. There seemed to be something in the associations which she did not like; she screamed, "No, miss! no, miss!" and turned almost as if to run, when, on the other side of the street, looking as if he did not want to be looked at, she saw a tall, lank man crouching as he sat on horseback, his horse held for the moment by a man on foot, who was beyond mistake looking at the two women.

"Master Jim! Master Jim!" the black girl screamed, as she saw this apparition; and without waiting for Mrs. Templeman to lead, rushed by her, past the wash basins and towels, and ran through the long school-room, even to the teacher's desk. Here she turned as if at bay.

Of course the school was in a row.

All the newly acquired discipline seemed to have vanished. Groups at the windows, groups in the passages, boys and girls standing on tables to look over the heads of others, had taken the place of the quiet, decent aspect of a minute before.

Rachel rang the regulation bell. She enlisted her best monitors on the side of order. She achieved at last a certain "parade rest," and then it was easy enough in a minute more to find what the matter was.

This wild-cat from the plantations had been traveling north for weeks, not to say for months, from a plantation in southwestern Virginia. Rachel learned afterward that this journey had been made, generally, by night; and that, long after she had passed the lines of the union army, she had distrusted all persons she met of either color. She had arrived in Georgetown only the night before, and for the first time had thought herself safe. Perhaps the war

dance in the puddle was a certain celebration of victorious safety. But alas, the man on horseback was the son of her old master. She could not be made to understand that he could not seize her at the moment, and carry her home.

"Child," said Mrs. Templeman, seriously, shaking her finger as she spoke, "he is in much more danger than you. Tell me his name and he shall go to the lock-up."

At a statement so absurd the girl's mouth opened wide again in amazement beyond language.

Then other children eagerly volunteered the statement that the man with the shiny hat, who was talking with "Master Jim" was a certain catch-pole, known to them as "Blister Ben." What his official function was could not be found out. Under martial law, as the ladies knew, it was nothing. But for all that, every boy and girl in the room seemed to be in terrible dread of "Blister Ben." He had been some sort of constable under the old regime, and was to the few who knew Georgetown, the type of all imagined and unimagined terrors, which they had communicated to the others.

There was not a particle of danger for the nameless waif in the day time. But the children had so many stories of disappearances at night, that the ladies sent to consult Miss Jane Stevens as to their wisest course. The poor black girl herself was utterly silent. She seemed to have played her last card, and the mere appearance of "Master Jim" was too much for her. It was impossible to persuade her he was in more danger than she.

Miss Jane Stevens was not frightened—not she. She tried to encourage the girl, not more successfully than the others. She could go to Ma-ma Triplet's house, or she could go to Tom Massey's, or she could go to Lucy Deneale's. Or Miss Jane Stevens would take her home with her, and she could sleep on a certain sofa in her lodgings. To all which the poor girl offered a dead, deaf, dumb and numb denial. She seemed disposed to die in the last trench, and to defend herself against the minions of Master Jim by a barricade made of globes and blackboards.

Mrs. Templeman interposed. "You will go with me? I am sure you will go with me?"

Nobody ever resisted such eagerness, I believe. The girl seemed to melt, though she said nothing.

Mrs. Templeman looked at her watch. "Bless me! Theodore will be here in fifteen minutes with the carriage." And if I am not ready he will cut me off with a shilling in his will. Wherever is my shawl?—and my hat? Isabelle! quick! quick! bring my things!"

Miss Jane Stevens looked doubtfully at the waif's costume.

"Fifteen minutes, did you say?"

"Thirteen minutes and forty-seven seconds, dear Miss Jane Stevens, to be accurate."

Miss Jane Stevens laughed and coaxed the waif away.

In ten minutes they re-appeared; the waif had on gigantic boots from the Swampscott sewing-circle, white stockings from the Coos County Education Society, underclothes of names unknown to her from the "Helpers of the Ninth Presbyterian Church in Troy," and an alpaca frock which had once been the bettermost dress of the daughter of minister in South Colchester. She had on a hat which had come from the West Upton factories. Master Jim himself would not have known her. Far less did Mrs. Templeman.

Theodore was on time with his carriage. Mrs. Templeman's new maid was lifted into it with some difficulty.

And within the hour the Russian Minister led Mrs. Templeman out to lunch, and they were rattling nonsense in French together about his translation of an ode of Zhukoffski's.

That evening, tired though she was, Rachel dined with Mrs. Templeman, as she had promised. This lady made a very funny story of the black girl's freaks of that afternoon. "But at last," said she, "I believe the poor child is happily in bed."

At that moment the housekeeper, all a-grin, appeared at the door and beckoned her mistress.

"She wants us to see the poor waif in bed," said Mrs. Templeman. "Take that candle and come."

Rachel followed to the end of the house, both led by the housekeeper. They went quietly into the neat little bedroom.

The poor tired thing had been bidden to

leave her candle. And there it burned. On the pillow were two very black feet. She had studied the apparatus of the bed, but it was new to her. She had therefore crept in head first, had made such arrangements for breathing as she could, and only her feet were in sight of her visitors.

THE PROTESTANTS OF RUSSIA.

THE Russian mind is essentially religious. Infidelity is foreign to its nature; while *Protestantism*, or the tendency to explore new fields of religious belief and practice under the guidance of an untrammelled conscience, is deeply and widely inherent. The *noblesse*, indeed, are almost universally faithful to the church and to the hierarchical principle of government; but a large part of the people have for centuries claimed the right to be their own masters in religious matters, and new sects are constantly arising,—some of which carry the Protestant principle to most absurd conclusions. It is not the abuses, however,—natural to a degraded and ignorant people,—that should command our attention, but the fact that the most ultra democracy exists in autocratic Russia; for the history of the world shows us how short is the step from freedom in religious to freedom in political opinion. A consciousness of this, doubtless, is the reason why the government has so often and sorely persecuted the heretics and dissenters within its borders; and it is evident, indeed, that this unconquerable love of freedom in spiritual things,—together with the wide democracy of the village system,—will prove of vast import to the future of the empire.

The subject is too great to be more than glanced at here; but the interest excited by even a brief glimpse can be satisfied by the recent French and English writers on Russia, among whom Mr. Wallace, perhaps, takes the lead.

Of those who are entirely free from all bond to the National Church, the sect of the "*Molokáni*" is the most important. Wide-

spread as is this sect, but little is known of its origin, belief, or numbers; and even the significance of its name is in obscurity. *Molokáni*, in the Russian tongue, means Milk Drinkers; and some judge it to have been given them by their enemies—like the name of Shaker and of Quaker—because they refuse to keep the Orthodox fasts in Lent, but eat milk and whatever substances came from it. Others derive their name from the river of Molotchnaya, or Milky Stream, along whose banks their first settlements were found. Some think that the sect was founded in the sixteenth century by Protestants; but their first historical appearance was during the reign of Catherine II. There are several hundred thousand members and they are found in Samara, on the north coast of the sea of Azof, in the Crimea, the Caucasus, Siberia, and in the central provinces—especially that of Tambof. Outwardly, the *Molokáni* are distinguished from their neighbors by a marked advance in material welfare. They have better homes, better clothes, and greater available means. They are more prompt in paying their taxes and their debts. In many points of doctrine and practice, they are much like the Scotch Presbyterians; and the surest way to their hearts—much closed against the stranger by the long persecution they have suffered—is by telling them of that sect in the far West. "Where is that country?" they eagerly ask. "Is it to the east, or the west?" "Is it very far away?" "Oh, if our Presbyterian could only hear all that!" They cling sturdily to the Bible, and men are found among the peasantry who can repeat the whole of the New

Testament from memory. But they differ from our Presbyterians chiefly in having an inadequate ecclesiastical organization. Consequently there is no authority to fix their tenets, and their theology is as yet in a "half fluid" state. They make the Scriptures their only rule of faith and life, but interpret it by its spiritual, not literal sense. Each man being free to adopt his own construction, there appear signs of breaking up into minor sects; but this may yet be averted by a timely organization.

That which they have at present is very simple. They take as their model the Apostolic Church, as described in the New Testament. They have, therefore, no hierarchy, and their ministers receive no pay. They choose a Presbyter and two assistants, who watch faithfully over their flock. Government does not permit them to have churches; so they meet every Sunday in private houses to read the Scriptures, sing Psalms, pray and converse. All doctrinal differences are there brought up, discussed, and settled, if possible, by direct appeal to Scripture. Morals are guarded by a strict personal supervision. When a member has openly sinned, he is privately admonished by the Presbyter, and, if stubborn, he is suspended, or finally ex-communicated. They are tender and generous to one another in difficulties, and always ready to help with pecuniary aid. They take the Sermon on the Mount as containing all the principles of pure life, and travelers testify that they well carry out its noble teachings.

Under the Emperor Nicholas these good people were sorely persecuted. Sixteen thousand men and women were seized, chained in gangs, and driven by the lash across the wide steppes and savage mountains into the Caucasus. But of late years the Russia Government has become more enlightened in its policy; and now it seldom asks what a man believes, if he pays his taxes and helps support the national clergy. If the Molokáni can effect a more complete organization, and establish authoritatively their points of faith, they have before them a glorious future.

The next great sect is the "Stundisté," whose faith is modeled upon that of the

evangelical German Protestants who have emigrated to Russia, and are working like a leaven in the great mass of people. Their tenets are such as are well known in our own land, and it is a happy augury for Russia that their numbers are steadily increasing. The oldest sect in opposition to the national church is that called by their enemies the Skoptsi, or Eunuchs. They call themselves the "White Doves," and their origin is hidden far back in the Scythian ages. With many painful errors, their sect holds much that is dear to the Protestant heart, and the members lead singularly pure lives. They drink neither whisky nor wine. They are very abstemious in their diet. Even the Greek monks admit that they do not cheat, gamble, quarrel, lie, nor steal. They have no hierarchy, no visible head. Christ is held to be their King, and Heaven their church. When three hundred thousand souls confess His reign then the Saviour-King will come. They believe, like the Buddhists, in a constantly recurring incarnation. Once he appeared in Galilee, again in the grandson of a Russian emperor. And even now He is with His followers on earth; but they do not pretend to know whose body He inhabits. The sect is kept wonderfully secret, and it is claimed that its members are found in every rank and position—even near the throne. Alexander I. was deeply interested in them. He went among them to learn their views, and it is even believed that he joined their body. But Nicholas I. persecuted them and drove them into the Caucasus, where, near the port of Roti, there is now a large colony of these strange sectaries. They are little molested at present, but are not allowed to practice their rites in public.

Of earlier date than the fourteenth century, and not so numerous as the White Doves, are the "Khlysti," or Flagellants. Their tenets are to drink no wine; not to change their position in life; never to swear or name the devil; never to marry; to attend no feast; to keep their doctrines secret; to love each other, and to obey the Holy Spirit. They have been led into wild extravagances, and their founder, indeed, started by proclaiming himself God, an-

nounced by the prophets. Women vie with the men as teachers and prophets, and they call themselves "Saviours" and "mothers of God." Their discipline consists in everything that can weaken the flesh and exalt the spirit; and to this end they flog one another severely, the one bearing the most without resentment being the greatest saint. Thousands of this sect, too, have been sent to the Caucasus and to Siberia, where they are severely worked in the mines. They are innocent in their dealings with their fellow men.

Next in age and importance come the "Dukhobortsi," or champions of the Holy Spirit. Their book of doctrine, oddly enough, was written by a foe for the purpose of ridicule. They liked it so well that they adopted it at once. They do not, however, lay much stress upon the book, and they never read any Scripture as a service, holding that the conscience is the only infallible guide. For a similar reason they build no churches, even where they could do so, as they say that the temple of God is the living heart. In many points they are like the Old Testament Jews,—holding that every father of a family is a priest, and practicing the rite of circumcision. There is a sect, too, of "Jumpers," a peculiar form of religious practice which seems to be very widely spread over the earth. In this, as in several of the minor sects, the erotic element is painfully prominent. The Jumpers perform much as do the "Dancing Derivishes" of Constantinople.

But time would fail even to mention the many religious developments in the great empire. The Russians, like the Hindoos, boast of a hundred sects, and they are constantly increasing in number. The peculiarity of the Russian mind is well shown by the words of a parish priest: "I have never known a peasant learn to read," he said, "and to think for himself, who did not fall away into dissent."

In 1868 a new sect arose, who felt called by Christ to teach, to suffer, and to build a church. In the midst of winter they broke the thick ice in the Volga, baptized each other in the chilling flood, changed their names, and then held a solemn feast. From

that day they have called themselves "Little Christians." They have no priests, and but a slight form of prayer. They reject images, wafers and sacred oil. The government became alarmed and commenced an active persecution, under which, of course, the sect is rapidly increasing. Soon after another body sprang up—rejecting the established church and forming their own rules of life, which seem to be of a high order. They call themselves "Helpers;" and the government spies sent to watch them confessed that they never drank, swore, lied, or got into debt. But they preferred family worship to that of the parish priest, and they would not go to confession. Consequently they suffered persecution; which, however, was short as they are now left unmolested. Still later a sect has appeared in the province of Viatka, where more than twenty different heresies exist. The distinctive article of their creed gave them the unenviable name of "Non-Payers of Rent." Of course it was impossible that they could be kept hidden. When rents became due, they refused to pay. The leaders were arrested, and yet remain in custody; but the government is perplexed to know how to manage an increasing body of men, who make it the first principle of life not to pay their rent-charges.

Another new body are the "Chislenniki," or Counters. The founder is still living and is the high priest. He was met one night in the woods by a venerable man, who offered him a book to read. Opening it, Taras Maxim found the message of salvation written in the Slavonic tongue. It commanded the people of God to count themselves and be set apart from the world. It called the National Church the Devil's Church; it declared Thursday to be the true Sabbath; it spoke contemptuously of saints and angels, and abolished the seven sacraments and the priesthood. Maxim returned to Semenof and preached the new doctrine. He speedily made converts, who counted themselves off and formed the "Secret Semenof Church." They show the bitterest contempt for the Council and the State. While the Orthodox pass by to church on Sunday morning, they shut them-

selves in their houses and manifest their despoise in true Oriental style. Their chief tenet is that man must sin in order to be saved from sin. This doctrine, of course, leads to wild excesses, and the sect is looked upon, perhaps justly, as very immoral.

But the strangest of all the heresies is held by the "Napoleonists." Their spiritual strength, also, is spent in hating the church and the government. And as Napoleon was the chief enemy of Russia in recent times, they look upon him as the true Messiah and worship him as God. Placing his bust on an altar, they fall before it in prayer. The worship has to be maintained privately, but they are said to be numerous even in Moscow. They believe that Napoleon is still alive; that he fled from St. Helena to Central Asia; that he is now dwelling in Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, on the frontiers of Chinese Tartary; and that he will come forth at the appointed time, leading a great army to the overthrow of Russia and to the uplifting of his church to glory and power. Busts of Napoleon, indeed, are common in Russian houses, among all sects and ranks. Even the royal family show great partiality to the likeness of their giant foe.

The great schism of the seventeenth century has been fruitful in dissenting and heretical sects. The "Old Ritualists," or "Old Believers," as some call them, who rebelled against Peter the Great, for causing an ancient mistake in spelling the name of Jesus in the liturgy to be rectified; who held out seven long years in their barricaded monastery against Czar and Council; who were finally driven mercilessly across the frontiers, or lived for years in the woods of the North; these have grown and multiplied under a policy oscillating between toleration and persecution, and to-day have a vast power in the empire. As they are not Protestants strictly, but still cling to the Orthodox Church, which they claim is only among themselves, we have only here to notice the seceders from these Schismatics, who approach nearer to Protestantism in principle. Part of the "Old Ritualists" believed that the Church still existed in the communion of the faithful, although the authorities had

become heretical. But others declared that the Church had ceased on earth, that divine authority had been withdrawn, that there were no longer any sacraments, and that salvation must henceforth be sought in prayer and such exercises as did not require the aid of a consecrated priest. These people are called "Bezpopoetsi," or the "Priestless People." Though they are now powerful and live in tranquility, at the first they were racked with wild thoughts within and tormented by persecution without. They believed that hell had been let loose, that the authorities were the ministers of Satan, and that the Czar was Antichrist.

In this they were like the Protestants of Britain in the seventeenth century; and like the Covenanters of the north they fled to the woods and caves to wait the downfall of the beast and the coming of the Lord. When they found, however, that the world did not come to an end, some abandoned the extremest views and returned to their former life. A large number of them, settled near Lake Onega, so modified their doctrines that they were reconciled to the government. But others looked upon this backsliding with horror; and a peasant, Theodosi, of little learning but strong powers, founded a new sect near the Polish frontier. These "Theodosians" developed extravagant ideas, but as the government grew more lenient in its treatment, they gradually toned down and were allowed to build a monastery at Moscow. Their Superior became a power in the empire, and through his influence the Priestless People have at last been brought to live peaceably with the authorities. They gave up celibacy and contracted marriages which were honest, but for a long time unrecognized by Church and State. Recently the government has made some wise concessions in this regard, and the sect is now protected in its peculiar rites.

Many of the Priestless People were shocked at this abandonment of the cardinal point of celibacy, and they formed a society by themselves, holding firmly the old belief that the Czar is Antichrist. Still another schism in their ranks produced the "Christ's People," as they term themselves, or, as they are popularly called, the "Wanderers."

This is the most hostile to the government of all the sects. They condemn all the State laws, of whatever character, and they refuse to live in peace with the Orthodox. They hold that all who would escape the wrath of God must own neither house nor land, and have no continuing city here below; consequently they reject all social ties and wander in the forests. In that inhospitable region, however, subsistence cannot be found in the woods; so they have admitted an order of lay brethren who live in the villas, pay their taxes, attend the parish church and act in all things as good citizens, but who support the Wanderers by their labor and give them shelter when needed. When a lay brother feels death approaching, he separates himself entirely from the world, and is carried out to die in the open air.

The Russian government is very hostile to sectarianism, and often bitterly persecutes all heretics and dissenters. This is done entirely on political grounds, and it is indeed true that the tenets of some sects make them enemies to the laws. But this persecution is bestowed wholly upon the native Russians. The government considers it the most natural thing in the world that the Tartar should be a Mohametan, the Pole a Roman Catholic, and the German a Protestant; and it protects these in their religion so long as they do not make it offensively prominent, or try to convert the Orthodox.

But it also considers it only natural that a Russian should be a true Greek Catholic, and where it finds one who is not it believes there is some hidden and dangerous motive beneath the apostasy. The Molokáni, especially, are said to be inimical to the State, but Mr. Wallace denies the charge and insists that they are faithful and loyal citizens.

The future of these sects will be watched with keen interest by Protestants, the world over. For while some are beyond the pale of brotherhood, there are many whose tenets and practice bind them closely to us in bonds of sympathy. The Fantastic sects will probably die gradually out, or be suppressed as subversive of good morals; but the purer bodies will increase in culture and power, and will have great influence in the work of educating the masses. In numbers, the Protestants of Russia are rapidly growing. In some districts there is scarcely a village that has not one or two independent sects. The "Old Ritualists" and "Priestless People" number about seven millions, while the strict Protestants are two millions and the Fantastic sects count a million more; altogether about one-eighth the whole population of the Empire. There are few nobles or cultured people among them, but they hold the most of the wealthy merchant class, the greater part of the Don Cossacks, and all the Cossacks of the Ural.

Charles H. Woodman.

FROM PLATFORM TO PRAIRIE.

I HAD been in to Boston to see a friend, New York bound, safely on board the steamboat train at the Providence depot. Returning through Charles street to the corner of Cambridge, and finding no proper car in sight, I set my face toward the glowing west and my foot forward upon the West Boston bridge, and by a brisk walk reached the Grand Junction crossing, a mile out, before my car, betokened by its orange-colored light, overtook me. My favorite place on the front platform by the driver's side, proved to be unoccupied, and I jumped on.

In the few minutes since leaving the city the twilight had perceptibly faded, the sky was taking on its deep blue, and thick dusk was settling down over place and person.

"Good evening," were the words, spoken in a bright cheery voice, which greeted me as I swung up and edged round into my standing place at the driver's side. It was the driver himself who uttered them, Tresscott, whose face and figure, muffled in his clumsy buffalo coat, and shrouded in the gathering darkness I had not at first recognized.

"Let's see," said he, after a moment's pause, as we were getting under way again, and while the horses were settling down to the new stretch of road before them; "did I tell you I had given up my place on the road and was going away?"

"No," I replied. The fact was, I had not happened to fall in with Trescot for several weeks. "Where are you going?"

"Out to Iowa."

"To Iowa! Going on to a farm?"

"Yes. I've got a sister married out there, and her husband's rented me a farm right alongside o' his, and I'm going to start two weeks from Monday."

"And is your family going with you?"

"Yes, my wife and child, both of 'em." His child, Trescot afterward told me, was only seventeen months old.

"Good," said I. "I think you are doing a wise thing."

"Yes," said Trescot, "I think so too. And that's what the Superintendent said when I told him I was going to leave. He said I should do a good deal better out there than I ever could here. He said after I'd been out there on my farm six months I'd never want to drive a horse-car again."

"A driver on one of these horse-cars," I continued, "isn't much more at the very best than a machine."

"He isn't, is he?" said Trescot. "That's so—true as you live."

"When you get to your farm," I continued, "you will be your own master and independent; and if you are prospered you will be better off in one year there than you would be here in ten. I've no doubt of it."

"That's the way I look at it," said Trescot. 'Tis a kind of a machine life, driving in and out on one of these cars, so many hours in the day, and every day in the week. I've worked too much Sundays, I know *that*."

"In my opinion," I continued, "one way out of the 'hard times' everybody is talking about, is to work off some of the men who are driving horse-cars and doing such things away to the farms at the West."

"Yes," said Trescot; "that's it exactly. I've made up my mind that there's too many men here at the East. More of us ought to

be making our own living out of the ground instead o' earning it out of other people. There's lots and lots of men 'd be better off, if they only knew it, to get away from these crowded cities into the country and go to farming."

"Where in Iowa is it you're going? Do you know the place?"

"No, I hain't never been there myself, but they say it's a nice country. It's eight miles, my sister writes, from Somerset, the county seat, and a good rolling country. They say they can see the church spires in Somerset from their front door step, so that 'taint very far off. My brother-in-law says he's got a good pair of horses looked out for me, and a stock of seed in hand; and the first year he will let me have what tools I want; and then his father lives close by so that we can have things kind of in common till we get started."

"Then it isn't as if you were going into a new place?"

"Oh, no; and that makes it all the easier. It's a very different thing from going out nowhere to nothin'."

And I thought of another man, long, long ago, who, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed, and went out not knowing whither he went.

"I hope you have been able to lay up a little something while you've been here," I continued.

"Yes, I've got ahead a little. I've been on the road here three years. I've worked hard, and my wife she's worked hard, and I've got ready money enough, I guess, to get what we shall have to buy the first year. 'Twouldn't hardly pay a man who hadn't but a little money to spend, to go out there to look up a place after he got there. There's a great deal in knowing just where you are going."

"And how do you go? Boston and Albany?"

"Yes. Boston and Albany, New York Central, Lake Shore, and then, I believe, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. It takes about three days to get there. I 'xpect to leave here a Monday morning and get there a Wednesday night."

"And how soon shall you get to work upon your farm?"

"About the 8th of March, I 'xpect. My brother-in-law writes that if I come out right off now, I shall have just about enough time to get settled down before going to plowing."

"Living's cheap out there," Trescot continued in a hopeful tone. "My brother-in-law says that one of these horses he's looked up for me is a good, nice, clean horse, about ten years old, perfectly sound, and just as pretty a horse to drive as ever you see, and he cost him only fifty dollars. The other isn't *quite* so slick, but he's a good fair work-horse, and he cost only *forty* dollars. Corn was fourteen cents, but now it's sixteen, and it's going up higher."

"Are you leaving anybody behind?"

"Yes, I've got an old father and mother Down East. Father, he's seventy-six, and mother, she's seventy-two. But they're both in good fair health; and I've a brother down there who looks after them. I was down to see 'em last spring, and then we calculate after we've got two crops in that we'll all come East and see 'em again."

"Your health is good and rugged, I suppose? That's an important matter for one setting out on such an undertaking."

"Well, no, I hain't always had just *perfect* good health. And that's one thing 't makes me think I'll be better off out there. I'm kind o' dyspeptic here; and it's a hard climate here in Massachusetts for anybody."

"Well, when you get settled, Trescot, you must write me and let me know how you are getting on. Your old comrades on the road will be glad to hear about you if you prosper and like it. I expect some of them will be for following you."

"Well, I'll write. Yes, there's a number of the men talking about it already. Harry Manter thinks he sh'll come out in the spring, anyway. But then 'twould be harder for any of them to go than it is for me. They wouldn't know where they was going, and it's kind o' hard to leave a certainty for an uncertainty, especially when you've got a little fam'ly on your hands."

"Well, good-bye," I said, as my jumping-off place came in sight, "and God speed you."

"Good-bye."

And so we shook hands and parted under the early starlight of the February night. By the time these words reach the reader my friend of the platform will be far out upon the prairie, peering round in curiosity over his new home, and taking hold with hopeful earnestness of the first things of his new life. Success attend him! If I ever get his promised letter, SUNDAY AFTERNOON shall have the first chance to print it.

And now what are the practical points emphasized by this conversation?

1. It is unquestionably the fact, established by broad principles of political economy and attested by the present condition of affairs, that certain classes of labor, especially at the East, and pre-eminently in the cities and larger towns, are over-stocked, and that there is *sore need of transplanting the surplus* from the rank of consumers into that of producers.

2. It is extremely probable that there are a great many Trescots in the various trades and lines of labor at the East, who would be very glad to go to farming at the West or the South, if they could *find any way of getting across the chasm* of difficulty which separates the two conditions of life.

3. The difficulty in the way of the change is half removed when the man can *see distinctly the place where he is going*. The knowledge of a specific State, town, farm, route, time, is a great attraction, and smooths the way for the mind to its final resolution.

4. *Some form of coöperation, labor and privilege* is of inestimable advantage to the Eastern artisan or laborer going to a new and distant life in the far West. It greatly softens the prospect of the first year.

5. *A little capital* is requisite in some form, acquired either by savings or by credit.

And so the effect of my conversation with Trescot has been, very greatly to deepen the sense of the importance and value of some wisely matured plan for providing men like him with the advantages which his peculiar private connections afforded. There are

many Trescots, but it is not every one of them who has a married sister living out in Iowa, who is offered a farm ready to his hand alongside his brother-in-law's, who has a pair of horses and a stock of seed all looked out for him in advance, who sees access to such tools as he needs for a year and without purchase, and who has laid up a little money out of his industrious toil with which to found his new realm. To arrange a system which shall be free from all taint of railroad aggrandizement and land speculation, and so shall invite the confidence of those to whom it offers aid; which may lend a helping hand to all the Trescots in the land, is an enterprise worthy just now the attention of the highest Christian philanthropy. And if this little recital of actual experience should meet the eye of Mr. Franklin W. Smith and his coadjutors in Boston, I hope it may stimulate their faith and zeal in the laudable work they have undertaken.

A SEQUEL.

Last evening I found myself again on the front platform of a car homeward bound from the city. Holman was driving.

"Have you heard from Trescot since he reached Iowa?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, we've had two letters from him."

"How does he like it?"

"First rate. In the very first letter he said the country and the farm and everything surpassed his highest expectations. In the second he said he and his brother-in-law had just finished putting in forty acres of wheat, and were going to begin the next day on a sixty-acre lot of corn. He didn't want no more horse-railroading, he said."

"No doubt," rejoined I, "there's many a man would like to follow him if he could have his chances."

"I'd start to-morrow morning," said Holman, with an emphatic nod of the head as he turned toward me. And it was plain that he meant it. *Edward Abbott.*

A FUNERAL PSALM.

SILENT we sat, within a darkened room;
 For in our midst, the lowering heart of gloom,
 Stood a low bier, with blossoms showered in vain
 To hide the ghastly shape of loss and pain.
 Still, still was all, save when one sobbing breath
 Paid stifled tribute to the conqueror Death;
 When suddenly, outside the open door,
 An oriole began his song to pour;
 Sweet, liquid, clear, triumphant as the morn
 That scatters all the mists from meads forlorn,
 His warble thrilled the sunshine and the air,
 And made the emerald grasses show more fair;
 The budded elms swayed to that living sound,
 And some sweet madness spread through all around.
 No more I heard the moan and plaint of prayer;
 No more the hymn's low wailing held me there:
 No death, no grave, but heaven's immortal Spring
 Did in that silver cadence reign and ring.
 The fresh deep grass; the buds on thickening trees;
 The new-born life and sweetness in the breeze;
 The nesting, nestling birds, that overhead
 Their little hammocks in the branches spread;
 The tender fragrance from the bending boughs;
 The way-side blossoms lifting sunny brows;

The deep blue heaven, the gentle south wind's sigh,
 That like some happy, wandering child went by,
 All sung accordant anthem in my ear :—
 "The Lord is risen! why do ye seek him here?
 His world, his way, is life, not death and woe.
 Look up where his departing footsteps go!
 The grave is empty save of slumbering dust.
 The Lord is risen: arise, oh faith and trust!
 Swing wide, ye gates of never-failing Spring;
 Hear the swift footsteps of your coming king!
 Behold He cometh! here is life and joy;
 No winds shall scatter and no frosts destroy.
 Be glad for death, life's blind beguiling seed;
 Thy dead shall rise, for Christ is risen indeed.'
 So still, above the weeping and the prayer,
 The Spring's diviner message stirred the air;
 And I, as we escaped anew from prison,
 Sung to my soul exulting, "He has risen!"

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE TALE OF A TORNADO.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

ESTHER WILLIAMS sat on the kitchen door-step, one summer afternoon, thinking it all over. She was tired, that was plain; her drooping attitude, and the haze over her blue eyes showed it. She had just finished the family ironing,—no light labor with the thermometer eighty-five in the shade. Three hundred and fifty, at least, it seemed to be, in the kitchen. It was all well done at last; and Esther, while her flushed cheeks and blistered hands returned to their ordinary color under the light breeze, sat, resting, and "thinking it over."

Her eyes with an expression of inward trouble regarded the distant form of the Rev. Jeremiah Williams, who, arrayed in a rusty alpaca coat and old straw hat, was engaged, notwithstanding the heat, in "bush-ing" his peas. A tall, stooping figure meandering about the garden in a way that betokened both weakness of body and absence of mind; indeed at this moment Mr. Williams was very likely saying to himself: "Thirdly, my brethren, predestination, whereby we mean the decrees of God or the eternal counsel of His will;" for the most

evil-disposed of his parishioners had always allowed that he "gave himself to his work."

He was a most unworldly man. Strong in his own sphere, he was pitifully helpless beyond it. When his wife died there was danger of his losing all connection with outward things; but Esther, then fifteen, had thrown herself bravely into the awful chasm of the household and brought back her father to life and comfort. As her four young sisters grew up they helped according to their ability; but nothing could take from Esther the memory of those first years of struggle. She had come to look upon her father as her baby—an inspired and lofty baby, yet with all the helpless dependence that binds her child to a woman's heart as with chains of adamant.

It should not be supposed that the feminine population of Brayton were remiss in their efforts to fill the vacant situation of minister's wife; but his daughters, warned by some precocious instinct, ranged themselves round their unconscious father like the foster-brothers in the Fair Maid of Perth; and woe betide the spinster who

penetrated that living wall! The good man's own thoughts meantime were either wrestling with some dark and mysterious doctrine, to "make it light in the Lord," or dwelling on those heavenly heights, where he humbly hoped, as he would say, through grace shown to the chief of sinners, to meet, one day, his lost Joanna. So the best-meant efforts of his devoted parishioners fell to the ground.

He was a very able preacher of the old school, and he lived on a salary barely sufficient to keep his family in existence; they kept no servant, did everything for themselves, and lived very plainly; but there was a cloud of something worse on the horizon. Mr. Williams's health had declined and there were rumors of dissatisfaction in his church; and that was one among other things which gave the sadness to Esther's blue eyes.

Her meditations were disturbed by the click of the gate-latch, and her three sisters trooped in from the school, where Joanna was a teacher, and the twins, Mary and Martha, scholars; while little lame Susy, seeing the parliament assemble, from her perch at the window, came, limping, to join them.

"Had a hard time to-day, Jennie?" inquired Esther of her junior partner, as that young lady threw herself down and tossed off her hat, with a disturbed and sour aspect.

"No worse than usual," was the reply. "I hate children; especially in such hot weather. But, Esther, Sarah Brown walked down with me this morning, and made me so furious, that I have been just boiling, ever since. 'While I was musing, the fire burned,' as David says. Oh, I know *he* had his trials; he does speak so to the point at times. But just listen. You know that man who preached at the other church, last summer. Well, they are talking of him for Papa's place."

"Why Jennie!" cried Esther; "Papa said he wasn't orthodox."

"Can't help it," replied Jennie; "probably they like him all the better; they must have novelty, you know; and maybe it's a pleasant excitement to hear a minister blaspheming in the pulpit and to try and

believe what he says. They'll be tired of going to Heaven, some day, and will want to take the other place, by way of a change; and then set to work to develop themselves out of it."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Esther, "do you suppose it was last Sunday's sermon?"

"Oh, no; but it helped on; they say it was Calvinistic and doctrinal; but the real trouble is, that they want a younger man, and a live man; that means a man who hangs to the platform by one foot, while he stamps the other and throws both arms in the air, leaning over at an angle of forty-five degrees, and shouting himself hoarse; and then rushes to the other end and suddenly becomes as meek as a lamb and remarks, 'My friends, let us love each other and develop our humanity!'"

"Oh, Jennie!"

"It's true; Mr. Howe did all that, and they call him a live man."

"Poor papa!" sighed Esther again, "it is hard on him."

"Yes," said Jennie, with a slight sideways nod of her head, "but it will be harder for them some day, you mark my words. If he doesn't look at them from his throne of glory across a great gulf, I'm mistaken. He is just as good as an angel. He has baptized them and married them and buried them, and brought them into the church and shown them how to serve the Lord all these years. Why, good gracious!" cried the young lady, "even if he were stupid, what words could make a sermon equal to that preached by such a holy life? And now because he quotes the Bible in his sermons oftener than Shakspeare or Emerson they desert him in his old age. They are tired of the strait gate and the narrow way. They want to be saved by anecdotes and a résumé of the daily papers, with bits from the classics thrown in so that they may feel themselves familiar with Homer and Plato. They want 'freedom of thought,' and above all 'to be developed.'"

"It is well papa doesn't hear you," said Esther, while the twins laughed.

"Mr. Howe doesn't believe in the miracles," continued Jennie; "and he said in the Bible class that there never was any

such man as Solomon; he was a myth and meant the sun, and his palace was the sky; and the Queen of Sheba represented the dawn coming into the sky. Sarah Brown told me so; she thought it was beautiful. Also he taught them that David's fight with Goliath was allegorical and represented the victory of mind over matter; and he said that explained some of the psalms; the enemies David cursed were only material forces that he was bound to get the better of. I told Sarah Brown that if I had been there I would have thrown my hymn book at his head. 'Songs of the Sanctuary' would be a good stout missile."

"What did she say?" asked the twins.

"O, she said I was very narrow, but it wasn't surprising. After all, why should I trouble myself about these people? They will only illustrate their own principle of 'the survival of the fittest;' and we never could get along with such fools in heaven. *My* temper wouldn't stand it—not if I had twenty pairs of wings. Let us talk about something else. Esther, I met Mr. Burton and he asked me if you would be at home this evening;" and therewith Jennie fixed her two large eyes solemnly on her sister, who shrank from their gaze, as it seemed, and began picking blades of grass and winding them around her fingers.

"Why does he come here so much?" said Martha; "I hope Esther does not think of marrying that fat old thing."

"I hope not, indeed," echoed Mary. "Why, he is the Laird of Cockpen to the very life."

"Matty and Molly," said Jennie, turning upon the hapless twins with lofty indignation, "I *do* wish you would keep your valuable opinions to yourselves until some one asks for them. And I *should* think after Esther and I have been hard at work all day that you might at least pick a few raspberries for tea, and take Susy with you, who hasn't so much as had her head out of the door since morning. Come, girls, go;" and the twins obeyed, awed though reluctant.

"Jennie," said Esther with some hesitation when they were alone, "I know what you mean; but you cannot guess how hard it is—" here she looked up and, catching the

expression in her sister's eyes, blushed violently and stopped.

"You mean on account of John Russell?" said the experienced Jenny.

"That is not fair," returned Esther, blushing still more, if that were possible; "you know he has never asked me. There are reasons enough without that. How can I lie so? How can I pretend I love that man and keep up the deceit *always*? My whole life will be a lie. I shall end by hating him, Jennie; it will kill me."

"Essie, dear," said the other very gently and soothingly, "you make mountains of mole-hills. You will *not* have to pretend you are in love with Mr. Burton; men of his age do not expect it. You will only have to show kindness and regard, and you know it is easy for you to be kind to people."

"To ordinary people, yes," murmured poor Esther.

"Well then, there will be no lie about it. You will take him at first for papa's sake and his own; he is generous and kind; as the years go on and you live side by side, constantly doing your best for each other, a strong friendship—an attachment, even—will spring up and make you happy. I have heard it said," remarked Jennie with an air of authority, as if she had been studying the subject during a temporary seclusion in the Ark and ever since,—“that at the end of a number of years there is no appreciable difference between a *marriage de convenance* and a love-match. Besides all this, Mr. Burton can give you the means of gratifying your tastes, though he may not be able to sympathize with them. O, think of it, Essie! Music, pictures, books, travel, society! No more ironing or getting of dinners in a hot kitchen—your beauty all wasted on pots and kettles! Oh! my dear, how I long to see you shining as you ought to shine."

"You are a dear unselfish girl," said Essie warmly; "but these things in themselves couldn't make one happy Jennie. Especially when I have to leave papa and—you all behind to reach them."

"And there comes in the strong point of the argument," returned Jennie; "there is no doubt that we shall be driven away from here soon. Papa does not know it yet, but

there was an informal meeting held last week and it was almost decided that he should be asked to resign. Three-fourths of the church are in favor of it. And worse than all, his health; and poor little Susy—and the girls too young to help much.”

“I wish I were a man,” said Esther angrily. “I am not clever like you, Jennie, and I have had no time for education; but I am patient and very willing to work. It is very hard that such an one should be forced to go into a dungeon for life, because she is a woman.”

“Oh, if we had all been boys it would have been far better,” said Jennie in a spirit of mild indulgence towards the mistakes of Providence; “four of us could have taken care of papa and Susy, even if we had worked on a farm; but I am afraid that is past praying for. To think of it,” she added in a sudden gust of wrath, “with *my* talents to be cooped up teaching children at five dollars a week, whereas if my name was Joseph I should be working my way through college. How happy men are! they don’t have a sphere. By the way, Esther, a rich woman can do quantities of good.”

“Yes, if she is good and true herself.”

“Essie, Mr. Burton says you have the most beautiful face he ever saw. He thinks you like Raphael’s Madonnas. You have only to put out your hand—he is worth a million and a half. He is generous and kind and has a great respect for papa, as you know. Be thankful for the gift of beauty, and the power it brings you of helping those you love in their time of need. I am poorer than you; I can only take care of myself.”

“Yes,” said Esther, slowly, with colorless lips; “I dare say you are right, Jennie; I will try not to be selfish. I will do my best for everybody. It is time to see about tea now. Papa is coming in;” and the parliament adjourned.

So it came to pass, that when young Dr. Russell came up the piazza steps that evening, he beheld to his great consternation the lady of his yet untold dreams seated in a corner apart, and apparently absorbed in a confidential conversation with the millionaire. Esther did not rise to welcome him,

and her smile of greeting, if sweet as usual, was evidently constrained. Annoyed beyond measure, the young man felt tempted to turn round, and let his one bow serve both for salutation and farewell; but Jennie advanced from the farther end of the piazza and plunged into a stream of voluble talk, from which he found it impossible to escape. The twins also, who cherished a school girl’s admiration for the doctor’s dark eyes and broad shoulders, appeared delighted with the opportunity afforded them by Esther’s retirement; and Russell yielded to fate, and threw himself back in a straw chair with a despairing abandon that seriously endangered his equilibrium, and made the old piece of furniture creak dolefully. The girlish talk, the girlish laughter, flowed on and on, past him, like a babbling brook. He threw in a rejoinder at hap-hazard when it seemed to be expected of him, and laughed occasionally when the others laughed; but his mind was working furiously, on quite another subject. “How long had this sort of thing been going on? Was there anything in it? Was he really in danger of losing his beautiful Esther?” for so he called her with a man’s happy vanity, though he had not yet asked her if she would be his Esther. “Was she a girl to marry for money? loving him, as she did, and knowing that he loved her as she knew, for had he not said it to her in every way but in words?”

“Yes, Miss Mary, you are quite right, I agree with you there. (O Esther, my darling, how can you break my heart so? I think she might leave that old fool five minutes and speak to a fellow before he goes mad.) What did you say, Miss Joanna? I did not quite—” and here the poor young man became conscious of the awful frown that pervaded Miss Joanna’s brow whenever she was addressed by her own name, pure and simple; and he immediately fell into a slough of blunders, where he wallowed hopelessly, amid the laughter of the girls. And meantime, his Esther’s fair face was before him, spiritualized by the soft light—the pretty figure in its light summer dress, in its simple and gracious attitude; and the gleaming moonlight seemed to fold her as

in a veil, and to separate her from him, as much as if she were a glorified angel. She spoke little, but she smiled often and sweetly; she seemed to listen with interest, and her eyes never once wandered to the place where Russell sat.

Her companion was blessed with a full and rolling voice, as befitted a man who owned a million and a half of money, and cared not who knew it. His words were not to be thrown away as might happen to those of less weight on "change;" he had bought a right to the consideration of the world. Mr. Burton was a plump, short man, about fifty years of age, with features only redeemed from insignificance, and even vulgarity, by the expression which they wore of pleasantness and kindness. His short whiskers were of a sandy hue, and he was too evidently growing bald. Some of his rather labored sentences came to the ears of the other group, but strain his attention as he might, Russell could not catch a word of Esther's low replies.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Burton; "yes, when finished it *will* be a handsome house; as good, though I say it, as many of those belonging to the upper class in England. When I was abroad, I visited several of the mansions of the nobility, and I always intended when I built to get up something of that style. But what good, after all, will it do a lonely old fellow like me, Miss Esther? What is a fine house without some one to share it with you?"

"Good heavens!" thought Jennie, "is he going to do it now and *here*? What shall I do?" For one instant she clenched her hands and set her teeth in agony of mind; then, with an innocent, child-like smile—"O, Dr. Russell," said she, "I have forgotten some things papa told me to take to old Mrs. Larabee who is sick, you know, and so destitute! It is so late now, will you walk up there with me?"

There was no evading this invitation, and Jennie walked meekly but with glittering eyes into the house for her "things." It is sad to be obliged to relate that the commission having just been invented, nothing was prepared for the aged sufferer; but with a groan in her heart at such wastefulness,

she abstracted half the "best tea," quickly made a package of loaf sugar, took a lemon that she spied on the shelf, and was back she hoped "before anything had happened." As Russell went out into the soft darkness, he looked back and caught Esther's eyes with something of a wistful glance in them, watching his retreating form; and he walked on silently by his companion's side, perplexed and glum.

"You don't hear a word I say;" said she, after a while looking archly in his face.

"No," replied he; "I am very rude. Shall I tell you what I have been thinking of? How well your sister and that stupid little man would illustrate Beauty and the Beast. I suppose she does not find him uninteresting, however, as she would not leave him for a moment to speak to a friend, whom at least she has known longer."

"No," said Jennie coldly, "I suppose not. I don't think many people consider him stupid. He has seen a good deal of the world."

"A fine advantage, truly," said Russell, growing angry at once. "A man may come out of a pork-packing establishment, or a livery-stable, and ramble over half the surface of the earth, with no more of an idea in his head than has the engine which drags him; he may yawn over pictures, go to sleep in cathedrals, and stare at the Sphinx of the desert with eyes as vacant and goggle as her own; then he shall come home and be held to have traveled!"

"That may be true," said Jennie laughing; "but for all that, it is a pleasure to talk with a person so thoroughly sweet-tempered as Mr. Burton. He is never sarcastic, never speaks evil of others behind their backs; indeed he is a most excellent man."

"Excellent!" fumed the doctor; "I dare say he is, according to his measure. I should think most men could compass enough goodness to fill out such a capacity as his; it would lie in a nutshell easily. I have no doubt the June-bug is a most honest and worthy creature, but it mistakes its destiny when it fixes its affections on a shining light, as it generally discovers to its cost."

"How unjust you are!" said Jennie, beginning to get angry in her turn. "How can any fair-minded person deny that a man has one single good quality, because he happens to possess a little money? For my part I don't think a man is any more perfect because he is poor. I don't believe in the 'virtuous poor'; it is an old-fashioned humbug. If a man is poor, it is because he is wanting in talent, industry, or strength; it shows that he cannot cope with the world, and will never be good for anything. Money is absolutely necessary now, and most people can get it if they try; therefore, it seems to me very foolish to be prejudiced against people, on account of their wealth."

"How hard you girls are getting," said Russell, stopping short to look at her. "What would your mothers in their unsophisticated youth have thought of the language so familiar to your lips? Is everything sweet and tender in womanhood going to shrivel up and perish? This accursed love of money is the strongest principle in all your hearts. It is shameful. What *can* the next generation of men be, growing up under such influences? It is enough to make one despair of the future of our country. To think that the fairest, purest thing, almost, in the world—a young maiden, should be transformed into a grasping, calculating, speculating, cool, business hand—"

"Perhaps you had better stop a while, and rest," interrupted Jennie, "since you have got to calling names, and swearing. I beg your pardon, you did swear. Please let me say, that it is all the fault of you gentlemen. You won't allow us any outside life of our own, and we have to make use of another to get what we want. One is ambitious; one has æsthetic tastes; one wants a home and daily bread; we do the best we can for ourselves. It is true, however, that women admire success."

"Do they?" said the doctor, "and all women? Well, I have not succeeded yet, and from your point of view never may. I am a very poor man; I am not able yet to ask a girl to marry me. But I expect, some day, to arrive at what I call success, and I

hope there may yet be left one girl who can be happy in the sweet old way, without millions of money. Does your sister think as you do on these subjects?" he continued, in a manner which he flattered himself was eminently easy and indifferent.

The young schemer felt that her moment was come, and trembled. She was really sorry for the poor fellow; she thrilled with indignation at Fate—as she chose to call it; that this good man, as she knew him to be, —whom, moreover, her sister loved with her whole heart—should not have the needful money to marry Essie, and help their father; but Jennie never flinched from her high resolve; she would make the pain brief; that was all she could do.

"Essie has a high regard for Mr. Burton," said she gently; "and I know that he is very fond of her. I will tell you, as one of our best friends, that I think there will soon be an engagement announced."

"*What!*" exclaimed Russell, and unconsciously standing still, in his utter surprise, looking down at her with such a stern face, that even Jennie almost quailed. Seeing that she meant what she said, and also that she was sorry for him, he spoke no more till he bade her good-night at her own gate.

What he said to himself at home was never known but to himself. John Russell was a brave man, and one that could endure both pain and wrong, holding his peace, when it was needful.

"Is it settled, Essie?" said Jennie as she came up to where her sister sat on the steps, leaning her head on her hands. "Has he spoken out?"

"Why, of course not," returned the other half peevishly; "such things aren't done all at once; you expect too much, Jennie. Tell me, what did Dr. Russell say?" she continued eagerly; "you were gone so long."

"O, not much," replied Jennie; "he was very cross, and I am right glad to be rid of him."

"He might have come back, at least, to say good-night," said Esther; "poor fellow!"

The days went by; Mr. Burton called very often; John Russell never. Esther won-

dered a little, but supposed he had divined the state of things. With womanly tact she held her suitor back from declaring himself, and struggled for a longer reprieve with all the energy of a condemned criminal. Jennie dared not hurry her; the sweetness of her temper gave way under the terrible strain, for it was not her own happiness alone, but Russell's also that she was destroying. The weather was hot and sultry, and to that was attributed her growing paleness and nervousness; not even Jennie knew how the weary days and sleepless nights sapped her strength; for she was one of those women whose impulse it is to conceal their spiritual life from the eyes of all, except as it belongs to, or can serve others. Sympathetic, affectionate and tender in a remarkable degree, her own pleasure and pain were for herself only. So no one realized or even imagined the pain she was suffering day after day.

At last events forced Esther to a decision, which she would perhaps never have arrived at if left to herself. After a long visit from one of the deacons, Mr. Williams remained shut up in his study, and sent them word not to wait dinner for him; then they knew the blow had fallen. Esther lingered about the study door, listening to her father's footsteps as he slowly walked up and down the room, and to the faint frequent cough that seemed to go through her own heart whenever she heard it, till she could endure it no longer; she begged to be let in, and would not be denied. She found her father as she had feared, quite overcome by this most unexpected and cruel trial. The want of affection shown by people in whose service he had spent twenty-five of the best years of his life, had cut him to the heart; and he had an idea that he was somehow blamable for what he felt to be wrong in them.

"Surely, I have labored in vain and spent my strength for naught," said he, with an unsteady voice; "yet have I watched for their souls, night and day, as one who must give an account; and I have loved them and their children, even as my own. What have I done, that this should come to me? But let not this trouble shake your faith, Esther,"

he continued, seeing that she was crying quietly, "for my service was unto the Master, not unto men; and from Him shall come the reward, not of my works, but of His grace."

"Dear papa," said Esther, shaking off her tears, "that ought to comfort you; the ingratitude and meanness of human beings, cannot alter the worth of your service *there*."

"If it has indeed been worthy and acceptable service, Esther," returned her father; "that is, work done through me as an instrument, by the High and Holy One, it will surely stand accepted; but a great doubt is in my mind. Have I been unfaithful to my high calling, that these my children have so wandered away from the truth? Have I neglected to feed them with bread, that they now desire a stone? What if the Master should ask of me, '*With whom* hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?'"

"They are not all of these new opinions," said Esther, broken-hearted, but resolute to console. "The best of them cling to you still. Look, papa, at the life and death of those who have gone to Heaven from your teaching, if you doubt yourself. Oh! when their children remember them, how *can* they be so ungrateful!"

"Let us not judge the brethren, my child," said the minister; "and if the work here can be done better by another than by me, so be it; let the Lord's work prosper. We must go away soon, Esther; and to speak the truth, I am troubled about that also. I am growing old, my dear; and if my own people who are accustomed to all my failings, and have had the best of my strength, can listen to me no longer, how can I expect that strangers will do it? It is too late now for me to change my profession. Yet we must live. For myself, it would disturb me but little; the time will not be long; but for my daughters, it distresses and perplexes me, more perhaps, than it ought. We must have faith."

"It will kill him, I am afraid," said Esther, when she left the study to tell her sisters the news they were expecting. "What shall we do!"

"We must not depend upon papa any longer, that is certain," said Jennie firmly,

"and I must give up my place in the school, I think. I could not stay behind when the rest of you go. Where shall we go I wonder, Esther?" but her sister could not reply for tears. After this Esther hesitated no longer. Mr. Burton made his offer, and was accepted. It was understood that the marriage should take place very soon, in order that the parsonage might be vacated for Mr. Williams's successor.

People said that Dr. Russell was growing old and grave, too fast. He worked very hard, driving about all day, and sitting up at night to study; and a deep wrinkle was coming between his eyes. As everything is known in a village, there were many speculations and surmises, but the respect Dr. Russell inspired did not permit people to make any remarks where he would hear of them. So he pursued his darkened way unmolested.

One bright, hot afternoon Esther came out on the piazza, where Susy was busy making a dress for her doll with patient little fingers.

"Where are you going, Essie?" said the child, looking up, "and why are your eyes so red?"

"I am going for a little walk," replied Esther; "you won't mind, dear? The girls will be home soon."

"Oh, no, said Susy;" "but what shall I do if Mr. Burton comes?"

"Talk to him," said Esther, with an impatient sigh; "you can amuse him well enough. It doesn't take much."

Susy watched her sister as she walked down the street, with a hasty, nervous step. "I don't like Mr. Burton," said the child, to herself, "and I don't think Essie does either. I wish he would die," and her sweet face, beautiful like Esther's, but delicate as a white flower, assumed a beatific expression, as she added to this pious aspiration, "and leave Essie all his money."

Meanwhile Esther left the village street and struck into a lonely road that led through the meadows on the river bank. "Anywhere to be alone!" she thought. There were days—and this was one of them—when the bitterness of her lot was too strong for her; when some little unexpected association

would call up her dead hopes "in form as when they lived," and break her heart with contrast between the future as it lay before her now and the future as it should have been. She walked a long way, until through physical weariness the pain at her heart became dulled; then she sat down under a great tree by the roadside and gazed listlessly back at the white village, seeming asleep amid the sheltering green boughs and the broad river sweeping past tranquilly.

"It looks sweet and peaceful," thought the girl, "and yet what a hard, cruel thing is life! It is like a mighty machine, without guide or ruler, driving blindly on, wounding and crushing, no one caring. Oh! I am growing wicked. I knew I should. 'There is a lie in my right hand,' as the Bible says, but what else could I do? There was no other way possible to me; papa is sick and I could take care of him only *so*. Oh, if I might have married John Russell and lived in the smallest house down there, and worked hard to help him and been happy! I *will* think of it now, for the time is coming fast when I can never think of him again;" and she threw off her hat and leaned her aching head on her two hands, looking like a beautiful picture of Despair, as she sat alone under the great green tree.

It was a burning, glaring day, and just now was strangely silent; not a bird chirped, not an insect hummed. The sky was not the cool blue arch that affords the eye such refreshing relief during the hot New England summer; it looked as if heated white by the angry red sun, which shorn of its rays resembled a spot of fire. In the western sky toward the north lay a heavy, dark cloud, and in the opposite quarter another mass of vapor was accumulating; but except at these points the heavens were clear, and there were no indications of a storm. The stillness, the waiting attitude of nature, struck in some subtle way upon Esther's senses and awoke her attention. She raised her head and looked anxiously about, searching for the cause of her instinctive impression of danger at hand. Glancing at the sky, she saw the cloud in the south rush with strange and fearful rapidity toward the large mass in the north. A tremendous

peal of thunder seemed to make the earth vibrate, as the two bodies of vapor united amid great commotion, and, rising to the zenith, overspread the whole sky with darkness.

"What can it mean?" said Esther to herself, terrified. "Is it the Last Day? Shall I be taken in the midst of my sins?"

The girl's nerves were unstrung by the mental conflict she had gone through, and she sat trembling under this war of the elements instead of running to some shelter. Not much time was given her, however, for either reflection or action before a tempest of rain and hail burst from the cloud, accompanied by a wind that seemed to beat her to the earth and pin her there. In a moment the air was full of branches, rails, shingles and rafters; the great tree bent and swayed like a reed; the wind shrieked like a demon; the driving hail cut her face and hands. Aroused from her fright by the necessity of exertion, she endeavored to reach a little deserted hut not very far off, but before she had advanced two steps her haven of refuge was a heap of ruins and its beams flying over her head as she fought her way back to the tree. Here she clung for her life while the tornado tried to beat and tear her away, till with a terrible crack the great elm was broken short, and the whole leafy top sent whirling off. Gazing after it, spell-bound by fear, Esther saw a great store-house that lay between her point of view and the village, suddenly tip quite over on one side; and at the same moment the massive covered bridge that spanned the river was blown off from its foundations into the stream. The force of the hurricane increased every moment, and Esther was shelterless under the driving tempest. She felt already benumbed; she could not stir from the spot where she was crouched; she believed that life was over for her and prepared herself to die. She folded her hands to pray, and the names she loved best came first to her lips.

"Bless my dearest father," she said; "bless—oh, what was I going to do? Marry one, while my heart was given to another! Now in the hour of death I have not a thought for him! I had forgotten there was any one but John. Thank Heaven! I

am shown my sin and saved from it by death." And so saying she sunk down on the sodden grass, covering her face with her hands that she might not see any more terrors.

When the tornado first commenced its work of destruction, Dr. Russell, riding home from a visit to a distant patient, was forcing his frightened horse up the street when he became aware of a little figure at Mr. Williams's gate, clasping the bars firmly with one hand while she beckoned with the other. Poor Susy's long hair was loosened, and the wind blew it about her white face and carried it up straight in the air so that she looked like the Wind Spirit of fairy lore. "Oh, Doctor Russell!" said she when he had succeeded in getting his horse near enough to hear her; "Essie is out in this awful storm and I don't know what to do. Papa is out of town and Jennie hasn't got home."

"Which way did she go?" said Russell quickly. "Stop crying, Susy, and tell me; that's a dear child. I'll find her at least as soon as Jennie would." Hardly waiting to catch the sobbing little girl's answer he wheeled his horse sharply round, and convincing that animal by means of the spur that the time was come for resignation to his master's will, he rode rapidly away.

He had gone a long distance, or so it seemed, examining every pile of *débris* that he passed, before he distinguished a drenched and flattened heap of clothes lying at the foot of a great stump. Struck with a terrible fear, he sprang from his horse and knelt down beside the motionless figure, while the steed finding himself at liberty dashed down the road with nostrils in the air and trailing his bridle.

"Esther, my darling!" said he, and his trembling voice found its way through the benumbed senses to the soul faithful in death; and Esther opened her eyes and a pathetic half-smile dawned on her white face.

"Guess now who holds thee? 'Death,' I said; but
there

The silver answer rang, 'Not Death, but Love.'

There was a solid old barn which had braved the storms of many years, in the

center of its great lonely meadow; and there Russell conveyed his lost and found treasure. The hay was dry and warm, and the barn though it creaked and shuddered, resisted the wind and held stanchly together; and there Esther came back to life, and the desire of life, under the eyes that watched her with a sad and tender anxiety; came back with a new resolution in her heart.

"I will not take the work of Providence into my own hands, any more," thought she. "Right is right, and wrong is wrong; consequences are none of my business."

The wail of the storm became fainter and died away; and when they emerged from the barn, the sun shone out on the great rain-drops, and it seemed to Esther as though all trouble had been swept away by a merciful flood, and a new world had arisen over the ruin of the old, a world once more glad with the simple joys of sunshine, and bird-songs, and the sweet scent of the earth after rain.

"And I am not going to be so poor any longer, dear," said Russell; "I have had an offer of a partnership that will make a rich man of me; I did not care for it until now. We will take care of your father, Esther. All he wants is rest."

A week later, Jennie entered the room where Esther lay on a sofa, weak and nervous, but at peace in the depths of her heart.

"Essie," said she, "Mr. Burton is here, and I think you are well enough to see him to-day. If you are not going to marry him, you should at least tell him so, and put him out of misery."

"Oh, Jennie!" said the other rising, as she spoke, and clasping her hands nervously, "if you would do it for me! I cannot face him. I have acted so deceitfully towards him. Let us never again do evil that good may come. I am ashamed to meet Mr. Burton."

Jennie reflected. "It is a horrid thing to do," thought she; "but after all it was more my fault than Essie's, for I made her accept him; so I may as well take my part of the disagreeables. Besides she will be sure to say something shocking, for she is all in a tremble now. Very well dear," she said

aloud; "I will see him and do the best I can;" and she departed on her unpalatable mission.

How she got through her story, or what she said, Jennie never knew afterwards; but at last the state of affairs was made clear to Mr. Burton's mind. He did not seem as much moved as Jennie had expected; but sat looking into his hat, and twisting it in his hands, "more like the Laird of Cockpen than ever," thought his excited and embarrassed interlocutrice. At last he drew a large handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his brow.

"Miss Jennie," said he, "this is a surprise, indeed; yet it is not altogether unexpected; I have sometimes been fearful of late that your sister had mistaken her feelings for me. It is much better that the mistake should be discovered before we were married, I may say, irrevocably. I think it is possible, also, that there has been another mistake;" he continued growing red in the face and hesitating over his words; "I have thought of late—that *you*, Miss Jennie—though younger—were better suited to me than your sister; you have more sense, if you'll excuse my saying so, Miss Joanna," said the Laird of Cockpen, rising with majesty; "will you become my wife? I am an old fellow, but I will try to make you happy, and I love and admire you most exceedingly."

Here was a position for a girl to be put in, and Jennie sat with wide eyes and open mouth, as if she intended to swallow her admirer. *This*, at least, had never occurred to her; she believed in her heart that it had no more occurred to him until that moment; but she reflected. It was too good to throw away. "He is a good man," thought Jennie, "and I am bright enough for two, though I am not very good. He is rich, and I am ambitious. As for love, I could love anybody who would give me my own way, so *that* is all right. Then he has not been treated very well, poor man! and I should really make him a better wife than Essie, who is dreadfully unpractical." In short, after a moment of severe thought, during which the suitor bent his new silk hat into a variety of remarkable shapes, she

called up a becoming blush, and accepted the offer with considerable maidenly dignity, notwithstanding the short notice.

"So papa will get two of us married off

at once," said Jennie, as she finished her report to Esther that evening; "I believe he is going to turn out a lucky man after all!"

Ellen M. Smith.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN SONG.

CHRISTIAN song is a rather neglected branch of systematic theology. We go back to the sacred hymns which David and other Hebrews sang to their well-strung lyres, and find in them invaluable proof of truths concerning God and all religion and the duties of all souls. It would be quite possible to illustrate every leading Christian truth by ample citation from scores of Christian hymns. That such citation would be proof as well as illustration, no one will doubt who understands at all the nature of that testimony to doctrine which comes from the freest use of the Christian consciousness. We have had many works on hymnology. We have none, so far as I am aware, which presents the grand *consensus* of doctrine as it is taught in these Hymns of the Ages.

To combine the highest qualities of poet and theologian is doubtless rare work even for the divine hand. To do for our hymns what has just been suggested, would tax the skill of the best poetical and the best theological training; and how in the training could the poet escape the ruin of his poetical insight, or the theologian that of his theological dialectics? Yet we have good hope that the Lord will sometime send the church a gift of the needed man. Then we shall have at least as many as four quarto volumes, in which all the notable Christian hymns shall be gathered together, classified according to the most popular divisions of systematic theology, illumined by the history of their composition, harmonized each with the other and each with all, and made to yield their rich consentaneous expression of the soul of Christian truth to the delighted reader. Will these not be choice volumes for Sunday afternoon?

While the author and his volumes are

still waited for, it may be that some far humbler work of hints and indications from pens distinguished neither in poetry nor in theology, will not quite fail of acceptance. Some week-day mornings may be spent in writing, some Sunday afternoons in reading fragmentary thoughts upon this great theme.

The history of the church shows, what we might also know from the nature of man, that it is a matter of great importance how people sing and whether they sing at all or not. The sacred poet and the sacred prophet have always stood together in the church of the Lord. The hymns of the church and the use made of them are no more an accident of the life of the church, than are the sermons with the effects produced by them. Hymns cannot be so prominent and influential in times so widely separated, in modes so various, under the authorship of men so unlike and with such different offices in the church to perform, and yet be considered things of small account. The life of the church and the song of the church have one channel and a common fountain head; as pours in the divine life, so flows forth the inspired song. I indicate then with confidence two great Christian doctrines which are amply illustrated and enforced by an appeal to the Hymns of the Ages.

The first of the two is this: The doctrine of a risen, living and effectual Christ. The flow of Christian song indicates the continuous and developing life of the church; the current of this life leads not only backward in history, but upward to the enthroned glory of our Lord. In Him is the perennial source of the current of the life which flows into the channels of song. Jesus has been these many centuries filling with His own life the otherwise empty or half-filled

conduits of the world's force and joy. He wakens everything which He touches with His finger. His shining stimulates the cold soil to put forth its green sprout and the bird in the bush to utter its tuneful note. As He has moved onward through history and ever downward from above, His presence all unseen by many whom it has stirred and moulded, has been the great fountain of spiritual activity among men.

This full flow of life, pulsating, crowding through all the channels of life, belongs to all the manifestations of Christ's presence. He has roused art, as readily as he has overthrown the governments which have stood in the way of His advancing kingdom. The same sunlight which breeds the storm, unfolds and tints too delicately for imitation the petals of rose and lily. The masters of painting have dipped their brushes in fresher colors, and cleared their vision to discern more heavenly shapes, in the effort to portray the person and history of Jesus. The sweetest chords have been swept from lyre and harp, from piano and organ, when He has inspired the fingers. Handel is more than even Handel could otherwise be when he makes "Messiah" his theme. The art of poetry has been especially awakened by the look and touch of the master of many forms of beauty. The world's best lyrics, and much of its best poetry of every kind, have been devoted to His praises.

It can scarcely then be otherwise than true that Christian song shows through all the advancing life of the church an intimate connection with the deepest sources of life. With rich and cultivated experiences we shall find the choicest verses in which to pour them forth. The hymns of each age will bear the characteristics of that age. It is true that this general remark must be taken with limitations and admits of many exceptions. Every song is the work of some soul; and some souls do most strangely vary from the general characteristics of the age in which they live. In the darkest times you will find some cheery singers; in the cheeriest some that are still downcast. A star or two will shine when the heavens are elsewhere quite overcast. Clouds will at times arise in the brightest of summer days.

Still it is a true and significant remark that the flow of Christian song indicates how and where is the continuous and advancing life of the church. This office of indicating the existence and distribution of divine life from the risen Christ, is as clearly one office of our hymns as of our prayers. Let us very briefly trace it as it appears in several marked eras of the history of the church.

We note in the earliest Christian hymns two special characteristics, which belong as well to all the Christian life of the souls who wrote and used them. They are full of simplicity; they glow with love. The men and women of the earliest times in the church prayed much, but perhaps they sang scarcely less. "They met," according to Pliny, "before the dawn to sing hymns to Christ as God." Despite their troubles they were gladsome and brave souls, speaking to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in the hearts and in the ears of their neighbors. Fragments of very early date meet us in the old liturgies. But the earliest known hymn which can be called a complete relic is that ascribed to Clement of Alexandria, who suffered martyrdom 217 A. D. Simplicity and glow characterize this hymn:

"Shepherd of sheep that own
Their Master on the throne,
Stir up Thy children meek,
With guileless lips to speak
In hymn and song, Thy praise—
Guide of their infant ways.

"O path where Christ hath trod!
O way that leads to God!
O word abiding aye!
O endless light on high!
Mercy's fresh-springing flood,
Worker of all things good,
O glorious life of all
That on their Maker call,—
Christ Jesus, hear!"

Nothing but a return to the characteristics in inner life which belonged to early Christianity, will relieve our hymns of to-day from the artificiality that belongs to so many of them.

Ten dark centuries preceded the coming of the German Reformation; but that in the midst of the general darkness bright lights were here and there burning, we cannot doubt on looking over the hymns of the mediæval Latin age. In these dark times

a great light of song shone from the glowing pen of Bernard, the immortal abbot of Clairvaux. In a quiet woodland bower he composed and sang some of the grandest of Christian hymns.

Sweetness of personal intercourse with the risen Lord characterizes some of these mediæval hymns; passionate life and lurid light make others almost a terror to read. For sweetness, what can surpass Bernard's "Jesu, thou joy of loving hearts?" And what for power can match the tremendous hymn which tells us of "That day of vengeance without morrow," and in which the Franciscan monk, Thomas of Celano, lifted up his voice of warning and sent it through the ages. The voice is like the trumpet call of the thunder which broke through the gloom of Sinai only to make that gloom audible and forever impressive. What wonder that the exquisite art of Göthe lets Margaret fall swooning, as the chanting of "Dies Iræ" strikes upon her ears? What wonder that rough Ben Johnson could not, without weeping, recite its tenderest verses; while Mozart, making it the basis of his "Requiem," hastened his own death by the excitement it brought his slackening pulses. The mystically heroic strain is struck upon by here and there a voice in mediæval times. But despite the burning of these lights, that was a dark age which preceded the Reformation; dark in respect to Christian song as well as Christian life. "We need only study," it has been said, "the sacred poetry of the middle ages, to understand why the Reformation was needed."

And when the much needed Reformation came, with the inflow of new life into the Church, then came also a new era of Christian song. The hymns of this era have their characteristics clearly marked; they are the same characteristics which attach themselves to the Christian life of the era. The earliest songs of the Church are preëminently marked by simplicity and glow. The songs of the Reformation are marked by freshness and force. The Master of the Church seems to be sending with full-tide vigor the needed warlike spirit into his sleeping church. There is in large numbers of the songs of the Reformation the clang of the armor with

which Christians are girding themselves. As the Church began more vigorously to fight with wrong, she began with vigor to sing her battle songs. "Poetry," as D'Aubigné has said, "caught the living flame kindled up by the Reformation." Luther mightily loved music and song. When a boy in the Franciscan school of Magdeburg, he used to sing in the streets for his bread. Who would have suspected that the voice of that singing boy would by and by stir up the nations? I do not know that Dr. Martin Luther did not sing as earnestly and effectually as he prayed. When, at the last, the body which had held his great soul was laid away in the Castle Church at Wittenberg, the people bore notable testimony to the character of the man and the age, by singing one of the reformer's own hymns. The battle hymn of the Church, "*Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott*," is fruit from Luther's pen. The grand Old Hundreth goes back to the Genevan Psalter of those times. It has been said that Hans Sachs, who wrote and sent forth from his workshop six thousand sacred lyrics, did as much for the Reformation by his songs as Luther by his sermons. This humble man made shoes and made hymns at the same time. But Göthe did not hesitate to ascribe to him more than ordinary merit. It would be hard to find the great triumph of Christian faith better sung than in his celebrated funeral hymn. It is only Christians who can go to the grave chanting:

"Come forth, come on with solemn song;
The road is short; the rest is long.
The Lord brought here; He calls away;
Make no delay;
This home is for a passing day."

"Chime on ye bells; again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in;
The laborer's week-day work is done—
The rest begun
Which Christ has for his people won."

This is genuine triumph, to see in death the finishing of week-day toil, the incoming of Christ's conquered Sabbath of rest. Christian song was greatly replenished with martial vigor at the Reformation; it has been flowing with fuller stream ever since.

It is not my purpose to trace the history of the later and latest English hymns, al-

though in the quarto volumes already alluded to, this history, with its special and detailed testimony to the truths of Christian theology, will occupy a conspicuous place. The era when Watts and the Wesleys were making hymns is perhaps the most remarkable of all. The hymns of Watts, like the Christian life of which they were the expression, were marred by a narrow and harsh theology; yet, all in all, he is the prince among writers, as he was almost the creator of English hymns. This minuter theological tone will doubtless make many of these hymns distasteful to the church universal; at the same time it is true that never before nor since have the great catholic features of Christian doctrine been so fully brought out in the song of the church.

It occurs to us at once, as an inference from what has been thus far said, that we are leaving to those who follow us indelible proofs of our characteristics as Christians in the hymns which we are producing and using. We shall be tested by these quite as accurately as by the systems of theology which the teachers of theology are issuing. How we have stood in connection with the Lord of all life, and what are the characteristics of the life we are receiving from him, will be quite clearly indicated in the hymnology of this time. Two characteristics, showing a lack of certain noble qualities of the life imparted by Christ, will I fear be found attaching themselves to large numbers of our hymns. They are immeasurably frothy. There seems some sparkle to them now; but the men of the coming time will find them intolerably flat and insipid. Their jingle will remind the investigator of that sort of character called Christian, which is to Christ's own character as "sounding brass" and "tinkling cymbal" to the unfathomable chords of a Sonata of Beethoven. They are precisely like the kind of Christian life which calls them forth and to which they minister. There is no majesty, no ring, no undertone of manly feeling to them. Such are some of our hymns in commonest use. The church will clear them away as rubbish. The character which they produce and foster, whether good or bad,—that will remain. Others of

the less popular hymns witness to another prevalent and characteristic lack of our Christian life. They are marked by the timidity and unhealthy doubt which belong at present to the greater portion of all unchristian literature. Shall I call them, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought?" Their cry seems well expressed in this one verse from a hymn of Dr. Faber:

"O Lord, my heart is sick—
Sick of this everlasting change;
And life runs tediously quick
Through its unresting race and varied range."

These hymns, though full of tenderness, lack too much "the native hue of resolution." With this depreciating estimate of many hymns ought to be coupled high commendation of many others. Never before were so many refreshing jets of Christian song sent up as have broken through the crust of this century. Many of our latest hymns, in company with the tenderness and sentimental yearning which are their special characteristics, show also much of the firmness and force which belong to an heroic age. Nor would we forget the kindly office done to weak and lowly Christian life by some of those songs, which are nevertheless, judged by the standard of Christian art and universal Christian consciousness, as unworthy as Christian songs can well be. This is not an heroic age: its sentimentality, however, testifies that the heroic quality, though latent, has not departed from the church.

The second of the two great doctrines, embodied in our hymns and to which I wish now to refer, is this: the unity amidst variety in the life of the church. The unity of the church shows itself in a certain community of Christian song. The church is one: the songs of the church are the common inheritance and product of the one church. Were there not real unity of life there could not be such community of song. The Psalms of David are the world's inheritance. The dove and the raven which fly from this nest when we stir the leaves of the Psalter, are the birds which every man recognizes as frequently brooding within his own breast.

Thus stands the case with all vitalized

Christian song. That which is too special in its doctrine or in the experiences which it embodies, the universal church throws out. No Christian hymn can become a hymn of the ages which does not unfold thoughts and feelings common to the universal church. It is hard to put the special points of Calvinism, or Arminianism, or any other ism definitely into a hymn, and then get the hymn accepted by the church.

And further, all the greatest and best Christian songs are helpers to Christian unity. More has been done to bring Christians together by giving them hymns which they could sing together, than by all Conferences, Councils and Synods. A great evangelical alliance is this one of Christian song. It is not without pregnant meaning that George McDonald closes the preface of his "England's Antiphon" with these words: "Heartily do I throw this my small pebble at the head of the great Sabbath-breaker—*Schism.*"

The connection between unity of life and community of song is made more apparent, when we note what themes have inspired the hymns which the universal church has made her own. Among them preëminently is Christ. He is the head of the church and he is the heart of her song. "The hymns of Jesus," says Dr. Schaff, "are the Holy of Holies in the temple of sacred poetry." The form in which adoration is given to the one head of all the church may vary. As the writer just quoted has observed, it is the great objective facts in Christ's life—Christ for us—which the hymnists before the Reformation most celebrate; while the hymnists after that time bring out rather the subjective application of Christ's merits—Christ in us. But in either case it is Christ. We can all forever sing those great hymns to Christ. We join with Theoclistus of the ninth century:

"Jesu, name all names above,
Jesu, best and dearest;
Jesu, fount of perfect love.
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
Jesu, source of grace completest;
Jesu, purest, Jesu, sweetest;
Jesu, well of power divine;
Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

There is, has been and can be, no Chris-

tian with whom you cannot agree in singing such a hymn. If you would realize more fully that unity of the church which appears through "Christ in Song," look carefully over the book bearing this title. There are gathered, out of the Greek and Latin and German and English, hymns from each one of all the ages—hymns of every variety of authorship and excellence—yet all bearing the one burden of Christ upon their song. This is glorious proof that he is life, and that unity of life belongs unto all his people.

Next to the praises of the Redeemer, the hopes of the Christian's future life have perhaps awakened most of Christian song. The community of hope shows the unity of life in the church:

"Ah my sweet home Hierusalem—
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!"

has been the common aspiration of Christ's people. And the one church hopes by and by to sing the "hymn of victory," which St. John of Damascus sang centuries ago—

"'Tis the day of Resurrection! Earth tell it all abroad—
The Passover of gladness, the Passover of God;
From death to life eternal, from earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over with hymns of victory."

The unity of the church is also seen by the community which the church enjoys, in hymns expressive of the chastening power of Christian sorrow. Of most of the authors of Christian hymns, Shelley's remark is true: "They learn by suffering what they teach in song." We, singing and reading these songs, confess that we have the same experiences of Christian sorrow. Thus is it also with all other phases of Christian life. The church is one; for the experiences of the one church are to be expressed in community of Christian song.

But we note with wonder also the variety in unity of the church, which is witnessed to by the variety of Christian song. Poet and peasant, king and slave, light and shadow, youth and old age and death, all have place in the Hymns of the Ages.

There is the greatest possible variety of authorship. King Robert the II. of France

invokes the divine illumining in his "Veni Sancte Spiritus." The princess Louisa of Brandenburg sings of Christian confidence—

"Hope's strong chain around me bound,
Still shall twine my Savior grasping;
And my hand of faith be found
As death left it—Jesus clasping."

Poor Paul Gerhardt, thrust friendless into the world, sits in the arbor of the village inn, moulding his sorrows into immortal verse:

"Commit thou all thy griefs, and ways into His hands."

"Give to the winds thy fears! Hope and be undismayed."

The British governor in China finds time to inspire the Christian world with new courage for declaring—

"In the cross of Christ I glory."

And the mother with a babe upon her lap sings the praises of Christian leisure:

"I love to steal awhile away
From children and from care."

The stern warrior Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, matches with his battle-song that of the monk Martin, and cries not only to his own hosts but to all the hosts of the Lord in all ages—

"Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Which madly seeks your overthrow."

The gentle Bonar catches the same spirit of the Christian warrior, and strings his lyre to cheer those who fight other battles than were fought by the noble king.

"'Tis first the night, stern night of storm and war,
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the fair sparkle of the morning star,
That bids the saint awake and day arise."

The variety of Christian experiences poured into the forms of Christian song is as great as the variety of authorship. Are you sad? You can find a nightingale in your hymn-book—

"Sweet bird that shun'st the voice of folly
Most musical, most melancholy,"

to sing for you in plaintive strain. But are you merry? Then the Christian hymnal will furnish you a lark—"ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky," whose only "privacy is glorious light"—to utter forth your joy. Are your friends dead? the church has noble funeral hymns, "solemn, sad and slow," or utterly triumphant through the inbreathings of Christian hope. If your mood is one of aspiration, strike chords with the little drum-

mer-boy of Fort Donelson, who was found with his arm shot away, and dying, and yet singing—

"Nearer my God to thee; nearer to thee!"

The amazing wealth of authorship and resource belonging to Christian song shows the unity in variety of the life of the Christian church. We say again: the life of the church and the song of the church have one channel and a common fountain-head; as pours in the divine life, so flows forth the inspired song. The life is from the risen Christ; the church is one in life.

All the cardinal accepted teachings of Christianity may be in like manner illustrated by Christian song; and not illustrated only, but also enforced, for one who has correct and profound views of the logic of feeling, of the value of the untrammelled witness of Christian consciousness. This work we leave to the expected theological poet and his four quartos.

True to the undying instinct of the preacher, the exposition of the doctrine must be followed by an application—though it be Sunday afternoon and between the two sermons.

First, not to know Christian hymns is to waste a great opportunity for Christian culture. The "still hour," the sick bed, the domestic altar, are barer than there is need, without the garnishing of this gold and silver and olive wood, so free at hand, so plentiful, and yet so precious. Read them, memorize them, quote them, sing them, brood over them—these rare and costly tributes to Christ and his church. *Sift them*, refusing the evil and holding fast the good.

Second: To misuse these songs in public service is no better than sacrilegious. It is to trifle with tears of the saints kept in gem-set bottles before the Lord for a remembrance. It is to refuse to unite in prayer and thanksgiving with Christian brethren. It is to fail to recognize the fragrance of the precious blood of Christ, of whose sweet savor all these best hymns are redolent, and whose name and sacrifice they exalt above all other forms of art, above all other expressions of worshipful beauty.

George T. Ladd.

CHURCH MUSIC.

THE music of nature preceded that of art. Insect-wings were beating rhythmic pulsations in the air, the birds talked to each other in trilling notes, the tall pines sighed mournfully as the autumn winds sifted through their trembling spires, the ocean sounded its solemn barytone along the shore, the voice of God thundered in the heavens, long before man struck the drum, or blew the oaten pipe, or made the cord vibrate. The Almighty arranged His grand orchestra, fixed the scale, determined the laws of harmony,—then called man into being and said, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord!"

The first attempts to produce musical expression were rude and coarse: the beating on a hollow gourd or a tightened hide or a thin board; the snapping of a tough tendon brought to a certain degree of tension; the blowing through a pipe or horn or reed; the clatter of thin copper sheets or dried bones, accompanied by the human voice in a vociferous and monotonous sort of rhythm—it was this which preceded and prepared the way for the complicated score of our modern opera and oratorio and chant and anthem.

Twenty-five hundred years ago Confucius said, "Would'st thou know if a people are well governed, if its manners be good or bad, examine the music it practices." This was a century before Plato wrote of music. Greece imported her music from Egypt, and the prominence given to this element of worship in the Jewish ritual may be traced to the impression made upon the Hebrew mind by the melodies that were familiar to them in the land of their captivity. In the hurry of flight they did not forget to take their timbrels with them, and as soon as they had crossed the Red Sea, we hear them singing triumphal songs, and see them dancing to the sound of instruments. The music of the Jewish church reached its highest point in the days of David and Solomon; and although the absence of harmonies and other refinements of modern art would make the psalmody of that period somewhat repulsive to our ears, still there must have been a wild, barbaric grandeur in the loud chorals that went

up morning and evening from Moriah, when the great multitude of priests and Levites, with their trumpets and shawms and psalteries and harps, sang praises to the Lord Jehovah. After this time there came an interval of silence, and the harps were hung upon the willows, for "Who would sing the songs of God in a strange land?" But, after their return from the captivity, in the time of Ezra and Nehemiah, the old antiphonal chants were heard again in Jerusalem, and so continued to be sung, until Shiloh came.

The familiar music of the Hebrew worship was introduced into the service of the early Christian church, with the addition of certain new hymns, which, as Pliny tells us, "they sang to Christ." For several centuries the music continued to be rude and simple, the scale was quite limited and all sang the same part—the idea of harmony being as yet unknown. About the year 590, the Gregorian chant was introduced, with the view of banishing from the churches all light and fantastic music, and making it more grave and simple. Notwithstanding this, at the period of the Reformation, the music had become so gay and meretricious that the Council of Trent was impelled to demand a radical reform.

As everybody knows, the success of Luther may be attributed in a great degree to his taste for music, and the use that he made of it in spreading his doctrines. There is a special grandeur in the old German chorals, and these constitute the main feature of their public worship. I have attended Lutheran churches abroad, when the minister made his appearance only when it was necessary in order to wind up the congregation, and start them in a new hymn or anthem or litany.

In our country, until quite recently, the prevailing style of church music was altogether unworthy of the high place it is designed to fill. The range of tunes was quite limited, and they were sung in such a drawling way as to make them all sound very much alike. Occasionally some ambitious performer would scramble ahead to the great discomfort of his associates, and

get through his part while the rest were dragging wearily behind. Not unfrequently the bass or the tenor or the treble would sustain itself so vigorously as to drown out all the other parts. I have heard choirs sing, every member of which seemed to be fired with an ambitious desire to shout louder than anybody else, and so far as I could judge, *every one* of them seemed to have succeeded in doing so; "while milder thunders burst unheard above." Some of us can remember the time when the *fugue* was regarded as the most delicious performance that could be introduced into the sanctuary, and it was indeed a marvel of musical gymnastics. How they used to tumble in and tumble out like a school of porpoises going by! how unexpectedly and delightfully one part after another would pipe in! in fact, it was a series of pleasant surprises all through.

I do not mean to say that we had no good music in our churches in old times. Some of the tunes familiar to us all in our childhood were produced by the men who were masters of the art. There are hymns which we never wish to hear sung in any other notes but those which we associate with the memories of the past.

"Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays."

The time is not very remote, when, in most of our Protestant churches, the use of the organ was solemnly denounced, while the violoncello, the bassoon, the clarinet, the flute and even the violin with all its worldly associations, were regarded as entirely harmless. The workings of the human conscience are marvelous to behold. To-day the old prejudice against the noblest of all instruments has entirely died out, and there is scarcely a church of any name that does not have its organ. As long ago as the middle of the third century before Christ we read of the pneumatic and the hydraulic organ; but of the construction and character of these ancient instruments we know nothing. The picture of an organ may be seen carved on one of the ancient monuments in Rome, and St. Augustine in commenting on

the 56th psalm alluded to an instrument inflated by bellows. Organs came into use in the churches of Western Europe about the year 670, and before the tenth century they were introduced very generally into England; the largest being placed in the Winchester cathedral, A. D. 951. A few years ago I preached on an anniversary occasion in that venerable pile, in the presence of the late Bishop Sumner, some forty or fifty clergymen and a crowd of choristers and people, gathered toward sunset in the eastern end of the vast and solemn building. If those who used to listen to the old organ of A. D. 951, with its harsh brass pipes, sounding only 12 or 15 notes (for this was the full compass of the instrument everywhere)—and if the organist, who thumped with his foot upon the huge, broad keys (there were no half-notes to trouble him then) could have heard the exquisite tones of the grand organ that now stands in Winchester, the rich chorals which on this occasion thundered and died away along the arches, how they would have been thrilled!

In the year 1641, when the iconoclastic fiend was let loose and laid waste the ancient churches and cathedrals of England, nearly all the organs were destroyed—the leaden pipes being melted into bullets, and the carved work burnt with fire; but not many years passed before the sound of the organ was heard again all over the land, more melodious and grander than ever before.

The eastern church has never allowed the use of any instruments in public service, or the introduction of female voices; and yet I have heard in the Greek churches the most majestic and impressive singing to which I ever listened, the peculiar tones of the organ seeming to be reproduced in the throats of the performers.

When we consider the range of tone attainable in the organ, the quality and volume of sound which it admits, the almost unlimited extent to which it may be expanded, and the peculiar control that it has over the feelings, we must admit that it stands as king among musical instruments and is above all others specially fitted for the worship of God. It is capable of expressing every emotion and adapting itself

to every mood of the mind, from the most tender and subdued up to the loftiest and most jubilant. It would be out of place in a ball-room, and the attempt to make it speak anywhere in light and fantastic strains, is as inappropriate as it would be for a lion to warble like a canary. The waltzing of a congregation up and down the aisles to the sound of the organ is always revolting. It should be used simply as an aid to devotion, and always be kept subordinate to the voices, aiding, regulating, inspiring them, but never drowning them. A great responsibility rests upon the organist; for although he utters no articulate sounds, he does speak to the mind and the heart, often with greater power than language can do. Under his touch, pulses beat which the preacher cannot quicken, and hearts dissolve which his eloquence could never melt.

There is a mystery in the magic of music which can be solved by no scientific analysis of its elements, and which we must wait for the great hereafter to reveal. I once heard a man say that music was to him one of the most convincing proofs of his own immortality. It began with creation, when the morning stars sang together, and it will continue as long as the angels and glorified saints exist.

Church music should be strictly ecclesiastical. Not that we are to be restricted to slow, heavy, monotonous strains in the house of prayer; for, while the wailings of the soul, when "out of the depths" it cries out to the Lord, may fitly express themselves in long-drawn and measured notes, there are other moods of worship which call for bright and cheerful utterance, and then "we would cry merrily before the Lord of hosts." And still even this sacred mirth should seek for another expression than that which is heard in the house of feasting.

The music of the church should also be intelligible. By this I mean that it should not be of such a character as to confound and bewilder us by complicated involutions, strange and subtle chords, and such feats of art as only a learned professor can comprehend. There is no edification in listening to a special exercise of their gifts on the

part of the choir, when it is impossible to understand a word that is sung, or even to tell whether they are singing English or Latin or Choctaw. There is a story told of a city clergyman who was once invited to preach in a small country church, and the choir thought they would get up a very elaborate performance for his benefit. They were more ambitious than successful; and when they were through, before giving out his text, the preacher looked up to the gallery and said: "My friends, if the angels in heaven should hear you sing, they would come down and wring your necks." It was not a courteous thing to do, but the provocation was probably very great.

The music of the church should never be allowed to become tedious. It is so when there is too much of it; or when it is all of the same sort; or when it is painfully elaborate; or when it is rendered listlessly, and with apparent indifference; or when the same words are repeated over and over again, until one's patience is exhausted. I have heard the *Te Deum* stretched out to the length of an ordinary morning sermon, the closing sentence being repeated twenty-nine times, until it seemed as if the choir "would never be confounded." When the entire Psalter is chanted, as is done in some of our Episcopal Churches, it should be sung with such a movement as to consume but little more time than is required to read it, otherwise it becomes a weariness and a vexation.

The music of the church should be such as is, for the most part, familiar to the people. I would not proscribe the introduction of new tunes altogether, but there should be a free proportion of old ones, in which the congregation may join, if they are so disposed. And when a hymn has for a long time been wedded to a particular tune, so that the words spontaneously suggest the music, it is a great trial to be obliged to stand dumb, and listen to some strange air, which quickens no association, and sounds like the voice of an unwelcome intruder.

I now wish to say a word on the importance of music as an act of worship. Religious emotion naturally finds expression

in some sort of rhythmical movement. You see this even in the quiet talk of a Friends' meeting; the Quaker prayer is generally intoned. The fervid exhortations of a western camp-meeting are poured out in a marked and regular cadence. In fact, all earnest feeling is likely to express itself in something like song. Men sing when they are happy, and even more find relief in music. They do not sing when they are planning crime, or suffering the agonies of remorse. An inspired Apostle sings praises at midnight in his solitary cell; but strains of song are not often heard in the corridors of our prisons, which are filled with thieves and assassins. Whenever rills of music begin to distill from the rocky sides of the heart, it is a sign that the stone is softening.

Praise is the highest act of worship. If

it were not for our sins, it would be the whole of worship. It is the only element in the worship of the New Jerusalem. We pray because we have something to confess, or because we want something; we praise because we have been delivered from sin, and in thankfulness for what God has given us.

It is an impressive fact that the last thing which the Savior did with His disciples, before he went out to Gethsemane, was to sing. "And when they had sung a hymn, He went out to the Mount of Olives." It was probably the Passover psalm, which was not a hymn of sadness. It was one of those "songs in the night," of which Job speaks, such as God is always ready to put into the mouths of His people to cheer them in the hour of darkness.

Thomas M. Clark.

RETURNING.

Lord, where Thy many mansions be
Hast thou a little room for me,
Whose restless feet these many days
By and forbidden paths have trod,
And wandering in uncertain ways
Have missed the way that leads to God?—
Lord, is there any room for me
Who, sorrowing, would return to Thee?

Far have I strayed, still tossed about
On fears that would not be cast out
For all the subtle theories
That men have framed, wherein to find
For troubled hearts a doubtful ease,
And freedom for a wilful mind:—
Thy word, once hidden in my breast,
Forever robbed the night of rest.

I heard its still, small voice above
All other voices—not in love,
As in the old sweet days of peace,
But in a tone of sad complaint:—
"Why art thou swift to seek release
From easy yoke and safe restraint?
Why hast thou taken for thy guide
False lights that lure thee from my side?"

Lord, if I heard, and in despite
Of warning chose the fair, false light,—

If, heedless, I Thy spirit grieved,
 And slighted as an idle tale
 Love such as no man hath conceived,—
 What late repentance can avail?
 How shall I dare to lift my face
 Once more within Thy holy place?

I know not, verily ; and yet
 With doubts perplexed and fears beset,
 And the sad heart unsatisfied,
 Lord, I remember what sweet rest
 I did discover at Thy side :
 With yearnings not to be expressed
 I long to walk once more with Thee ;
 Lord, hast Thou any room for me?

Mary E. Bradley.

IN GRADLON'S KINGDOM.

WITH the dust of Breton roads on our faces, and the fatigue of a twelve-mile tramp making our bodies ache, we marched into Quimper one July morning and flung down our knapsacks in the hospitable kitchen of the Lion d'Or hotel. The "we" was Graham, a Scotch artist, and myself, an American journalist, both on a pedestrian trip in search of the picturesque. And we found the picturesque in Brittany at every turning in every road, in every street of every city and village, in every field and in every house we entered. The houses were picturesque, brown with the dust and wear of centuries, quaint in construction and intricate in arrangement, picturesque in their very uncleanness. The peasants were picturesque in the costumes of an age centuries behind our own, in the customs that had grown out of superstitions, and in their staunch and wiry physique, their piercing eyes, and sun-tanned, sea-browned faces. We drank in romance with every breath. The dark ages touched us on every side ; we heard local legends of fairies and genii as we sat by auberge fires ; clambered over rocks upon which Fontenelle and his dreaded band, *La Ligue*, once climbed ; rested beneath the portals of houses that once sheltered veritable Knights Templar ; more than that we spanned the wide abyss of time, and laid our hands and scratched

our matches on pillars of stone that were rended by that mysterious theocracy, the Druids. Time makes all good things picturesque, and time has wrought wonders in Brittany, and made Quimper, its most characteristic city, a veritable picture of the past.

We halted at the Hotel Lion d'Or, not because it is the best hotel in the city—it is far from that—but because it is the most ancient hostelry there. Its quaint courtyard, galleried on all sides, and its winding passages and tortuous staircase only fulfill the promise of its turreted façade ; but give to the tired traveler scarcely greater comfort than would be afforded by a third class country tavern in America. Still the Lion d'Or fronts on the great square of St. Co-rentin, and stands opposite the noble cathedral. That was enough for us ; we cared little for soft beds or dainty food ; but we cared much to be near the heart of the city and within view of the church.

Glorious old cathedral, named for St. Co-rentin, the patron saint of the place, and crowned with a colossal equestrian statue of King Gradlon, who once ruled here and left behind him an evergreen memory for justice and piety. Nobody knows just when Gradlon ruled, and nobody cares. The Bretons do not test their national legends by the standard of historical accuracy ; if they

did King Gradlon might sink away into obscurity, and many another hero turn out to be a nobody. The statue of King Gradlon, mounted and booted and spurred, sitting there in state robes on the ridge-pole of the cathedral, represents a very real king to all loyal Bretons; and however he might have lived in flesh and blood, he now lives in many a beautiful legend, repeated from generation to generation, with all the earnestness and particularity of truth.

They say of King Gradlon that he was one of St. Corentin's most brilliant converts to the Christian faith, and tell how by a miracle the pious saint won the worldly king. Corentin lived in the mountain—it is there now—and was fed by miraculous means. He had a spring, and in the spring was a fish; when Corentin was hungry he called the fish to him, cut off enough for his dinner, and threw the fish, instantly made whole again, back into the spring. Gradlon was hunting one day, and becoming hungry sought the hut of the saint and asked him for food. Corentin called his fish and fed the king, who, not belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was filled with admiration and delight; was then and there converted, and gave to Corentin a wide tract of land upon which Quimper is now built. At that time Gradlon held his court at Is—a city that is now buried by the sea. While still the king ruled there the city was smitten by a tidal wave and Gradlon fled with his court to Quimper. No more remains of Is now than traces of paved roads that touch the fields on one hand and the deep on the other; and—yes, there is one thing more remaining—a tradition among the sailors that when the sea is angry in its storms, there come forth from the streets of the buried city the cries and groans of the men and women and children who perished there.

In all our wanderings in Brittany we felt the need of an interpreter. There are plenty of people in the cities who speak French, but by far the larger portion of the peasants speak only the Breton language—a branch of the ancient Gaelic tongue, and extremely difficult of mastery. Graham spoke a little Gaelic, learned when a child in the Scotch

Highlands, but it was with great difficulty that he could make himself understood in Brittany. I spoke no Gaelic at all in the beginning of our trip, but picked up enough common phrases to get on with after a three months' intercourse with natives. To help us out of our difficulty we looked about for a boy who could speak both French and Gaelic, and found one at last in the person of Yves Guenolec, a youth of fourteen years, whom his parents intended for the church, but whom nature seemed to have intended for the gallows. That boy, and so I shall designate him hereafter, was a perpetual study. My brain was on a rack for the six weeks he was with us in wild speculations as to what mischief he would do next.

That boy was a veritable Breton. Tall, wiry, muscular, and as active in the service of the devil as he was slothful in ours. He presented himself to us in the traditional Breton costume: a jacket of blue cloth elaborately embroidered in many colors and covered across the front with rows of metal buttons. He wore blue cloth trowsers with a stripe of black velvet at the side seams, and a strip of embroidery just above the ankles. He wore a shirt collar, high, starched and wrought—so high, indeed, and of such wide expansiveness that Graham felicitously hinted something about a donkey looking over a white-washed fence. That boy's hair was banged to his ears, behind which it hung down in long locks on his shoulders, its sun-faded ends peeping out from beneath the edge of a broad-brimmed black felt hat, which was ornamented with long streamers of velvet ribbon. To have looked upon that boy's face you could never have conceived of the fathomless depths of mischief his heart contained.

He begun with Graham's sketch-book. While we were at dinner one day, he painted all the sketches in it. Pretty pencil drawings of landscapes he turned out with vermilion skies and chrome yellow trees. Costumes of priests and monks made the pious men look like harlequins. Staid nuns said their beads in robes resembling Joseph's famous coat. Venerable churches pointed Gamboge spires into Indian-red skies; and to all of this injury he added the insult of

touching up a drawing of myself in Breton costume. That boy made me with a nose of carmine, laid ultra-marine into my whiskers, and put a pipe into my mouth—a villainously low pipe that sent out clouds of green smoke all over the page. When Graham discovered the mischief and accused that boy of having done it, that boy in the wickedness of his wicked soul stood up and denied it; denied it, with paint on his fingers and with paint on his nose; with paint on the front of his jacket, with paint in his hair, and with a paint brush behind his ear; denied that he had touched the paint-box except to dust it, and disavowed any knowledge of the sketch-book whatever.

I think I hear you asking, my dear reader, why we kept that boy. Well, he was useful to us in many ways. He would worm valuable information out of peasants that stood mute as posts and stolid as oxen before our inquiries. He would take us into places that were said to be closed beyond the possibility of entrance. He had an occult faculty of discovering short cuts. He knew not only the language but the *argot* of Brittany. He would make people produce meals for us who had sworn they hadn't a morsel in the house to eat. Then, too, he had a sort of disciplinary value in making us vigilant. When we did not watch him he would plunge into mysterious depths of mischief. As for instance, it was at Quimper that we had our trunks meet us, and Graham and I intended to burst upon the people in clean white shirts and high and shiny hats. It was on Sunday, and I dressed myself in my purplest of purple and finest of fine-twined linen, and was ready to go out, all but my hat. That could not be found.

"Ask that boy where it is," suggested Graham.

That boy was nowhere to be found; upon enquiry we learned that he had gone a fishing. The river ran close behind the hotel, and I went to seek the lad. There, sitting beside the murmuring Odet, was that boy listening to the peaceful music of the church bells, catching eels with my best trout rod, and tossing the wet and slimy squirmers into my best hat. The hat has been cleaned and ironed more than once, but as

long as it lays on my closet shelves in uselessness, it will have an ancient and a fish-like smell.

The market of Quimper, holden every Saturday in the two or three squares of the city, but principally in the great square of St. Corentin, under the very eaves of the cathedral, is one of the most interesting in Brittany. I know of no other place where the Breton costume can be studied to equal advantage. Peasants come from all the towns within a radius of fifteen miles, and as each town has its peculiar costume, the variety is very great. The distinctive costume of Quimper is one of the most picturesque, but it is now little worn by the men, who prefer the cheap and ugly shop-made clothes that the railway brings them from Paris. The women, however, with feminine discernment of the becomingness of the pretty pointed caps, and closely fitting and much embroidered bodices, still cling to the dress of their grandmothers, and look right well in it. I know of no prettier sight than to see the grand old cathedral full of peasant women on a Sunday morning. And now that I have mentioned the cathedral again, I feel that I said too little about it, though any description I could give would convey but a faint idea of its beauty. The church which occupies the site of two ancient chapels, was actually commenced in 1239, under the Episcopate of Rainard of blessed memory; but only a chapel was finished. In the fifteenth century the work of building a church to this chapel was begun and very nearly completed, though the towers were not wholly finished until within a few years. They are an eloquent tribute to the might of little things, for they were paid for by the subscription of one sou a year, given by every faithful Breton for five years. They harmonize wonderfully well with the rest of the church, and are of exquisitely graceful proportions. The interior of the church has been admirably restored—a work for which M. Bigot, the architect, is entitled to great praise; for there is nothing more difficult in architecture than the restoration of old churches in a way that shall make them secure and convenient,

without destroying the charm of their antiquity.

During our stay this church was a source of delight to us. The whole place is lighted up by the lamp of architectural truth. Every stone and every pillar means something. There is nothing tawdry, nothing cheap and common in the whole edifice. The services are in keeping with the place, simple and grand and beautiful. From morning till night the people of Quimper are coming to and going from this church in their devotions. Now one sees kneeling on its paved floor a crippled beggar, who counts his beads with knotty fingers; now a noble lady whose silks rustle upon the stone floor as she approaches her favorite altar. There are many beautiful modern paintings in the church, and several meritorious statues, but no jeweled and tinsel-bedecked dolls, no demoralized and demoralizing pious wax-works, no fleshless bones of dead saints. It is a grand and noble temple to the Living God, and its very stones are eloquent because they are everlasting and true.

Quimper forms a convenient point of departure for a number of interesting excursions. Here one may find couriers for Audierne, Pont Croix, Pont l'Abbé and Concarneau. The last named place is the center of the sardine fishery, and the traveler should by no means neglect an opportunity of visiting it. It is an ancient walled town, its moats filled with water at every rising of the tide, and by very odoriferous mud when the tide is out. One of the most interesting things to be seen at Concarneau, is the aquarium which was founded by Professor Coste of the college of France. It is a practical aquarium for the breeding and fattening of fish and lobsters for the market. The basins to the number of six, occupying a superficial area of 1,500 square metres, are from two to four metres in depth, and communicate with the sea by grated openings, by which the amount of water in the basins can be regulated at the will of the director. Three of these basins are devoted to crustaceous fish, and it often happens that they contain from 10,000 to 15,000 *langoustes* and lobsters, in process of fattening or waiting for a proper demand in the markets.

At the entrance of the aquarium is a building which contains an exhibition of the objects used in pisciculture, small aquariums containing specimens of all the fresh and salt water fish of Brittany, and a laboratory for the use of scientific men who wish to make observations involving the use or study of fish or salt water plants.

We happened to be at Concarneau in the very height of the season for sardine fishing. The season lasts from the middle of May to the middle of October, and Concarneau sends out as many as four hundred boats to take the delicate little fish. The crew of one of these boats consists of a skipper, two rowers, two or three fishers and a cabin boy. When the times are calm they cruise about the bay, until the roughening of the water shows them the presence of a shoal of sardines. The fish are approached with great care, and a net of fifty or sixty feet in length, is thrown overboard. This net is from six to seven feet deep, and hangs in the water like a curtain, its upper edge being supported by huge cork floats, and its lower edge held down by leaden sinkers. The meshes are just large enough to admit the head and not the body of the fish. When the net is arranged, the bait, consisting of the partially decomposed roe of codfish or mackerel, is thrown overboard on the side of the net away from the sardines. The fish are soon attracted by it, and in their haste to reach it, are caught by the interposing net in great numbers. When the net is lifted from the water, it has become a living veil; and the scales which the unhappy fish disengage from their bodies by their struggles to be free, float upon the sea and give it the appearance of being overspread with mother-of-pearl.

The sardines having been carefully removed from the nets, are taken with all expedition to the shores, where nimble fingered women decapitate them and remove the entrails. They are then laid in small wire baskets, dipped in boiling oil and placed in boxes. Passing into the hands of another set of workers, they are soldered up and tested, then stamped as we see them in the markets. All these processes are accomplished with great rapidity, as the quality of the preserved sardines depends largely on

the freshness of their condition when put up. Beside the sardines that are thus preserved in oil, many thousands are packed in salt for the French markets. The sardine fishery extending along the entire western coast of Brittany, has yielded some years as many as 1,500,000,000 fish.

It was on our return to Quimper from Concarneau, that Graham and I met with an adventure which though of an extremely personal nature I cannot forbear telling here. We had sent that boy, gorged with sardines, and made fat with Concarneau lobsters, to Quimper before us, bearing all our traps; and started on a glorious summer morning to walk to Gradlon's capital. It was the perfection of weather, and we were in high health and spirits. We took the road by the beautiful Baie de la Forest, which lay like a huge sheet of silver before us, and was dotted here and there with the snowy sails of the fishing boats. Toward noon we came to a flat stretch of beach, with here and there huge masses of rock, which being covered at high water must render the place very dangerous for the fishing boats that land there. There was a small cabin near by, a rough and tumble kind of *auberge* or peasant's inn, where we bought cider and bread and butter, and where the proprietress explained to us, in very rugged French, that she was a widow and the mother of six boys, all of whom were fishermen or sailors, with the exception of one sturdy youngster of ten, who helped her with her daily duties. Her husband had been drowned while returning in his boat from a Fête at Concarneau. The cabin was very dirty and so we took our simple repast out of doors, and made our meal beneath the shade of a few dwarfed and scraggy trees. Having finished, we thought we would take a swim. So we walked down to the beach, and began to undress; I on the dry land far up—Graham on a pile of rocks far out.

"Better not leave your clothes there, old fellow," I shouted.

"Why not?" asked Graham.

"The tide may come up; it rises so suddenly in this bay," I said.

"Bother the tide; it won't be up for an hour, and I'm not going to undress a mile

away from the water." So Graham left his things on the rock, put a stone in his hat, and his hat on his clothes to keep them from blowing away, and in we plunged. We had a capital swim. There was a boat anchored a quarter of a mile off, and we swam to that. Then we sat down in the boat to rest. Then we plunged and dove from the boat, and so whiled away an agreeable half-hour.

"Now," said I, "we'd better go back."

"No," said Graham, with his usual Scotch obstinacy. "No, we'll swim to that little grove beyond where we undressed, and then have a run on the beach." So we did. The grove was very pretty, but I saw that Graham felt a little uneasy about his clothes, so we didn't stop long in its shade, but hurried back to our original starting point.

Graham's clothes were nowhere to be seen.

"Well," said he, "they must be there somewhere, for I put a stone on them." So they were there somewhere; but it was not an easy thing to find them under a good many inches of water. We waded where we thought they ought to be, but we could not find the precise rock.

"Never mind, Graham," I said soothingly, "you can sit around till the tide goes out again; you know they're sure to be there, for you anchored them securely."

"I shall be sunburnt to a blister," said Graham impatiently; "bother the tide!"

"So you said before."

"Well, what can I do?" he asked in desperation.

I suggested that the woman at the *auberge* might have some of her late husband's clothes.

"Go and ask her, that's a good fellow," said Graham, who obviously couldn't go as he was.

No, she had sold all her husband's clothes or made them over for the boys. The boys' clothes were too small. I suggested that she might lend us a blanket. This she rather reluctantly consented to do, and I carried it in triumph to Graham. He put it on, toga fashion, and lighted a pipe of my tobacco to solace himself.

"After all," he said in a little while, "I rather like this costume; it is loose and easy and graceful; far more artistic than the modern coat and trowsers. I fancy too it is rather becoming to me," and he rose and

strode up and down the beach. He came back to me shortly and said :

"Old boy, I think I hear wheels ; suppose there should be a carriage coming!"

"Well," I said, "suppose there should; your costume is loose and easy and graceful, and you needn't mind."

There was a carriage coming and much nearer than we thought, for my words were hardly out of mouth before a carriage came in sight, and I recognized our friend the Baron M——, who with a party of ladies had driven from Quimperlé to have a pic-nic by the sea. Shall I ever forget Graham's look when he saw them? There was not much ease and grace to his costume as it floated out behind him, when with rapid strides he made for the grove.

The baron saw me and hailed me.

"What! all alone?" he said; "you must come and join us in our pic-nic;" and before I could utter a word our genial friend had pulled up, and was presenting me to the ladies who accompanied him. "We're going to that little grove yonder to have our luncheon; jump in, and come along."

I thought of poor Graham, and I suggested that it wasn't much of a grove; hinted that there might be snakes there; said in fact all that I dared to say to divert the baron from his plan. It was of no use. He knew all about the grove; it was an excellent place; and so we drove towards it.

Poor Graham! I could catch glimpses of him dodging behind trees that were too thin in the trunks to hide him—now losing his toga half off, and clutching wildly at its drooping corners. Presently I saw the ladies whispering together, and one of them turned to the baron and asked :

"Are there any wild men about here?"

"Not that I ever heard of. Why?"

"Or Druids?"

"Oh no; why?"

"Because we just saw a most singular creature, wrapped in a blanket and running about wildly among the trees."

"Ladies, ladies!" I exclaimed; "the time has come for an explanation. All turn your eyes to the sea and listen to me. The creature you've seen is no wild man, but a tame Scotchman, a friend of mine who is out here doing penance for his obstinacy."

Then I told them the whole story, and the Baron M——, who equally with any man enjoys a joke, came to the rescue.

"We'll have your friend at the picnic," said he; and he straightway began to improvise a costume. "In the carriage is a pair of fishing boots that come to the hips; under the seat is a rubber coat that reaches to the heels. *Voilà!* your friend is clothed."

I took the things to Graham, and held up the blanket while he put them on. Humbled and crestfallen, he had no spirit left to resist me when I led him out thus water-proofed and presented him to the party. I can't say that he was wholly at his ease; but I can say that he made the best of an awkward matter and was as jolly as a man could be expected to be under such circumstances and in such a costume.

When the tide went out we found his well-anchored garments, and he having dried them and put them on, at nightfall we turned our steps once more toward Quimper, taking the high road this time as it was a shorter way. It was nearly midnight when we reached the market-place of St. Corentin, but we stopped to admire the spires of the cathedral as they stood out boldly against the moonlit sky, and which, ringing out the midnight peal, reminded us that we had made a day of eighteen hours and must seek the Lion d'Or and rest.

W. M. F. Round.

THE STEPPING-STONE OF BETHPHAGE.

A little more than a year ago, a peasant of the village on the Mount of Olives went out eastward of his home in quest of building-stones. As usual there, he searched by

digging up ancient foundations. Presently, on the hillside toward *El-Azariyeh*, Bethany, his pick struck a large block, polished and hard, which on being somewhat uncovered

displayed designs and letters. In the hope of *bakhshish*, he hurried away to tell his neighbors, the Russians, in their new and imposing Archimandrite establishment, about his find. But already rumors of war in the north had reached Jerusalem, and the Russian monks, unable to attend to matters of archæology replied, "By and by we will see about it."

Spring passed into midsummer, when one day the Franciscans returning from celebrating a *fête* of Sainte Magdeleine at Bethany, stopped at the traditionary spot of Bethphage to recite the gospel for Palm Sunday, and lo! one of their number caught sight of characters on the block ill-concealed by the peasant, which incited him to clean away the earth and bring more of a Latin inscription to light. At once the very reverend Pere who acted as custodian of the Holy Places, recognized the importance of the discovery, and directed a certain friar named Liévin to excavate around, set the block free, and sketch everything of interest.

Of course this procedure met with opposition from the peasants on Mount Olivet, some claiming the ground, others demanding a *bakhshish* for the stone, a few willing and fighting for hire, and others resisting because they had not shared in the paltry compensation. Between these quarrels the process of excavation was interfered with, the trenches were filled up at night, the frescoes and inscriptions greatly injured by unknown hands; until the Turkish governor-general of Jerusalem, *Raûf Pashâ*, being appealed to, quickly put an end to the disturbance, and the work proceeded in peace.

At last the rock was laid bare. It proved to be a monolithic cube of calcareous stone, four feet four inches long, three feet eight inches broad, and three feet high, left isolated by cutting away the native rock on all sides and never loosened from the same beneath. Being both porous in structure and composed of alternate layers of hard and soft material, its surfaces required a covering of white stucco in order to receive the frescoes it bears. And the paintings borne on its several sides were no ordinary pictures

designed to mask bare walls, but works of art carefully and delicately executed, revealing a sanctity in the block and an affection springing from some cherished association. On the side facing Bethany the resurrection of Lazarus is depicted, in which our Lord stands on the left stretching his arms toward the tomb; a man on the right is removing the stone from the grave; in the background spectators shrink away in astonishment and fear as Lazarus rises upright from the earth, while in the foreground two women are divesting the risen form of grave-clothes, one holding mouth and nose, and two others, or Mary and Martha, falling before the Master to kiss his feet. This representation is not unlike the same scene sculptured on the lintel over the entrance to the Holy Sepulchre. On the side facing Bethphage the event for which the town is memorable is delineated; the master of a strong turreted castle demonstrates permission to the disciples of Christ to lead away the ass with her foal, On the side facing Jerusalem the design is not so clear, but certain figures in the crowded group bearing palms favor the supposition of the triumphal entry of our Lord into the city. On the west side the sketch is too imperfect to be determined, and has been broken into by a large niche, evidently to serve as a fire-place.

Three inscriptions accompanied these paintings, the letters of which were drawn with equal elegance; but they have almost wholly perished. Of the first, on the upper face of the monument, only the following letters remain:

..... IIN(A)GV(C or S) . . .
 ... IIT DC
 SE HVC A T(R?A)

Of the second, on the eastern face, these letter may be read:

... HIC EST P(ICTUS?)
 INDIEBUSI . . . M(EN)S(IS?)

Which is equivalent to saying, "This painting was finished in the first? day of the month—" and indicates the date of this latest embellishment. Of the third inscription more remains; it runs along the base of the west side, four lines in pairs, separated by the bust of a personage blessing with the right hand uplifted. It reads thus:

BETHPHAGE N
 (PULL)VMCV(M)AS(I)NADVCTOSADIEROSOLIMA
 M .. LI . C?K?LAE
 BERNARDIWITARDEBORDA FOK (T?)

At the outset the word Bethphage occurs, which forms the key to the entire problem. The second line appears to say, "Led the foal with the she-ass to Jerusalem." The third line is illegible. And the fourth gives the author of the ornamentation, or the patron who bore its expense, Bernard Witard. This cognomen Witard is another form of Guitard, by the parity of the letters *W* and *Gu*; a name which occurs frequently in the Cartulary or Register-book of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, among those who took the oath of fidelity to the monastery, as for example, Jean Guitard; and it is altogether probable that Bernardus Witardus was one of the fraternity.

The style of art in the frescoes betrays the era of the Crusaders; and the mediæval forms of letters with numerous abbreviations, insertions, ligatures, also the period when the Guitards flourished in the Holy City, all indicate the twelfth century of our era to be the date of the last decorative restoration of the monument.

But is this to be considered also the date for the origin of the stone itself? Undoubtedly not.

For in the first place, in the excavations, on opening a passage for facilitating removal of earth, a curved section or arc of a wall was encountered, apparently much more ancient than the decoration of the monolith, inasmuch as the material, dressing, and style of building have nothing in common with the workmanship of the Crusaders. Also, rather more than half-way between the cube and this apsidal wall, a broken column was found standing upright on its base. Besides, the curve of the wall encountered seems to point to a circular enclosure having the mysterious block for the centre of the structure. Furthermore, the position of both monolith and edifice is just beside the way leading from Bethany to Jerusalem, under the hill whose summit and eastern sides abound with antique foundations of a village supposed to be Bethphage, while the opposite side of the valley affords two large cisterns still holding water, and two more

holding none. All such constructions being anterior to the plastering and painting of the stele, the stone itself probably is equally old.

In the second place, M. Guillemot announcing this discovery closes his letter with a singularly acute observation. He explains the narrative in the gospel of Matthew thus: Our Saviour having come up from Jericho and having passed Bethany, was crossing the low undulating ridge which separates the valley of Bethany from that of Bethphage, when he said to two of his disciples, "Go into the village *over against* you, and ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her; loose and bring to me." But from that day to this the path has not changed, since from the character of the topography it must run along the slope of that water-shed which leads up to the Mount of Olives. But the village of Bethphage was not situated on the road itself; it stood on the height up to the right, apart from the route, yet nearly facing Bethany. Therefore the direction of the master was to this effect: "Go directly over to Bethphage by crossing the valley, taking a short cut down and up again to the village, while we will follow the route and wait for you under the hill at the nearest point to the town; there join us with the ass and her foal." Now the suggestion referred to is this: "Of what interest to the faithful disciples of Christ is this singular *souvenir*? It was graven in their memory, and has survived by tradition, because it was the rock on which Jesus reposed by the way, and by aid of which perhaps he mounted on the ass."

This conjecture is found by M. Clermont Ganneau, (who communicates the matter to the *Revue Archéologique* in a late number, commenting thereon at some length,) to be fully borne out by chronicles of the middle ages. It will be a matter of interest to go back of these, and trace the record of Bethphage and its Stepping-stone from earliest times.

Eusebius, writing about 320 A. D., says merely, "Bethphage, a village close upon the Mount of Olives." *Onomasticon*, s. v.

But Jerome, in narrating the journey of the matron Paula in 386 A. D., writes more

fully: "After having gone into the tomb of Lazarus, she saw the hospice of Mary and Martha, and Bethphage, a city deriving its name from the sacerdotal jaw, and the place in which the unbroken foal received the bit from the people of God." *Peregrinatio S. Paulæ*, ed. Tobler, p. 21.

About 570 A. D., Antoninus Martyr found the region of Mount Olivet and Bethany abounding in religious establishments, one of which may have been the circular edifice surrounding the monolith of Bethphage. "Thence turning back we came by the left hand to the town of Mount Olivet, into Bethany, to the monument of Lazarus. Surveying those valleys and wandering through many monasteries and places of wonderful things, we saw a multitude of men and women in retirement on the Mount of Olives." *De Locis Sanctis*, ed. Tobler, p. 81.

Possibly the spot in question was referred to by Arculf, when he wrote in 700 A. D., "There is also a much frequented church to the north of Bethany on that part of Mount Olivet where our Lord is said to have preached to his disciples." *Early Travels in Palestine*, ed. Wright, p. 6.

Should the date of 1040 A. D. for Eugesippus be true, he preceded the Crusaders on holy ground. He reveals the fact that Bethphage was not situated on the Mount of Olives at all, but distinctly to the east of it. Writing of Mount Olivet and the Mount of Offence, he says, "But a road divides them, which leads from the valley of Jehoshaphat through Bethphage." *De Distantiis Locorum Terræ Sanctæ, Symmikta Leonis Allatii*, p. 115.

The first of mediæval pilgrims who mentions the spot is John Würzburg, observing in the year 1165 A. D. He saw there a tower used as a church, which must have been none other than the circular enclosure whose remains have now been partially exposed. "Between this Bethany and the summit of Mount Olivet, about half way, was Bethphage, a certain village of priests, whose vestiges are still extant as it were two towers of stone, of which one is a church." *Descriptio Terræ Sanctæ*, ed. Tobler, p. 131.

Such words as, "very nearly half way be-

tween the Mount of Olives and Bethany," fix the traditional site of Bethphage on the height above the newly discovered round ecclesia and venerable block.

Next the Greek monk Epiphanius, in 1170 A. D., offers testimony respecting this holy ground. After speaking of the church of the Ascension on the top of Mount Olivet, he continues, "From thence farther back about a thousand steps is the place in which Christ took seat upon the foal." *Enarratio Urbis Sanctæ, Symmikta Leon. Ellatii*, p. 58.

But both situation, sanctuary, and hallowed stone are fully described by Theoderic, of 1172 A. D.: "A mile distant from Jerusalem stands Bethany, where was the house of Simon the leper, also of Lazarus and his sisters Mary and Martha, where frequently our Lord was wont to be entertained. Now Bethany is situated near the valley of Olivet at the eastern termination of the mountain. But on the day of Palms our most beloved Lord Jesus Christ proceeding from Bethany and coming to Bethphage, which place is mid-way between Bethany and the Mount of Olives, where a worthy chapel has been built to his honor, sent two disciples to bring the she-ass and foal, and standing upon a large stone, which is seen openly in that chapel, and sitting on the foal, hastened toward Jerusalem by way of Mount Olivet, whom to meet a great throng came out in the descent of that Mount. He, indeed, continuing beyond the valley of Jehoshaphat and the vale of Cedron, came to the Golden Gate which is double." *Libellus de Locis Sanctis*, ed. Tobler, p. 52. Thus in the latter half of the twelfth century the site of Bethphage was known to lie between the Mount of Olives and the hill of Bethany, and there an appropriate little church marked the spot where the ride of Triumphant Entry began. Nay more, even the stone which our Lord was supposed to have mounted in order to seat himself on the ass or her foal was preserved in that noble chapel, and was pointed out and visited as a precious relic of his footsteps. That Stepping-stone esteemed so sacred by the Crusaders, because of the touch of Divine feet, evidently was the very monolith lately so accidentally discovered, carefully detached

from the mass of rock around, after the fashion followed in like manner in the church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and in that of the Virgin Mary near Gethsemane; and was affectionately covered on all sides with coats of mortar designed both to protect it, and to carry historical and decorative tableaux. The central position of the block in the sanctuary; the tower-like yet temple-like walls which surround it; the proximity of Bethany; the existence of the name of Bethphage in one of the inscriptions; the topical nature of the scenes chosen by the artist, leave no possible doubt that this Stepping-stone of Bethphage has been preserved through the centuries and recovered in this late era.

Such cubical blocks marked other of the more important stations of our Lord, as well. A confusion would appear to exist respecting this very stone of Bethphage, among early and mediæval witnesses, were it not for explanations afforded by others of their own number. For Bernard the Wise, in 867 A. D., declares, "On the Western declivity of Mount Olivet is shown the Marble from which the Lord descended on the foal of an ass." *Early Travels*, p. 29.

Willbrand of Oldenburg entertained the same opinion: "Thereupon we ascended the Mount of Olives, and from thence saw the village Bethphage, of which Matthew says: 'And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage, unto the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two of his disciples,' etc. Upon the top of the Mount of Olives we saw two ruined monasteries." *Peregrinatis*, ed. Laurent, p. 28.

Anselm, the Franciscan friar, in 1508 A. D., tells the same story: "Ascending then from the aforesaid brook [Cedron] through the intervening garden, and passing the aforesaid church [*Ecclesia Orationis*] which is on the right hand side of the way, at the end of a furlong, is the stone from which the Lord mounted the ass when on the day of Palms he came to Jerusalem." *Descriptio Terræ Sanctæ, Thesaur. Monument. Canisii*, IV., 786.

But other observers at this point looked and learned to better effect. For example,

Odoricus de Foro Julii in 1320 A. D. "And near there is the stone, standing on which our Lord predicted turmoils, and indicating Jerusalem, wept over it, saying, 'If thou hadst known,' etc." *Liber de Terra Sancta*, ed. Laurent, p. 151.

Sir John Mandeville, in the year 1322 A. D., says: "Also in comynge down from the Mount of Olyvete, is the place where oure Lord wepte upon Jerusalem. And right nyghe is the Ston, where oure Lord often sat upon, whan he prechede: and upon that same schalle he sytte, at the day of Doom; righte as him self seyde." *The Voiage and Travaile*, ed. Halliwell, p. 97.

Daniel Ecklin of Arow, in the year 1553 A. D., on leaving the Garden of Gethsemane, makes note as follows: "As then one goes up the Mount of Olives and when about half-way up, just there is a stone where the Lord Christ wept over Jerusalem, as he on the Day of Palms rode toward it on an ass." *Beschreibung der Reyss ins heylig Land, Roths Reyssbuch*, p. 755.

Nor yet is a circular form for the church a strange feature for such a shrine. Every traveler in the Holy Land knows that the chapel of our Lord's tomb is a rotunda; or, nearer Bethphage, that the so-called Church of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives is a circular enclosure of no great diameter. This one, at least, has retained such shape from early centuries. Thus Arculf testifies, a witness in 700 A. D.: "On the very top of Mount Olivet, where our Lord ascended into heaven, is a large round church. In the midst of it are to be seen the last prints of our Lord's feet, and the sky appears open above where he ascended." *Bedæ Opera*, ed. Giles, IV, p. 416.

Bernard the Wise, describing what he saw in 867 A. D., bears witness: "On the summit of Mount Olivet, where our Lord ascended to heaven, stands a round church [*ecclesia rotunda*]." *Receuil*, IV, 801.

Sæwulf, a pilgrim of 1102 A. D. to the Holy Sepulchre, also testifies: "But from the church of Saint Mary above mentioned one goes up by an arduous way nearly to the summit of Mount Olivet, towards the east, to the place where our Lord ascended to heaven, the disciples looking on. The

spot is surrounded by a little tower, and honorably adorned, having an Altar within raised on the spot and also surrounded by a wall on all sides." *Ibid.*, p. 845.

More particular is Anselm the Minorite, in 1509 A. D.: "The most sacred place of the Ascension of Christ is on the summit of Mount Olivet, where is merely a round church sufficiently ample, constructed by Helena; but already the middle portion of this church is falling down. In the midst of this church there is a little round chapel, in whose midst lies a square stone [*Lapis quadratus*] from which the Lord Jesus ascended into heaven before the eyes of his disciples, and on that Stone he left the print of his right foot, which remains even to the present day." *Lib. cit.*, p. 786.

Bernard found the sanctuary connected with the tomb of Mary, the mother of our Lord, at the base of the mount, to be circular also. "In the same valley the round stone church of Saint Mary occurs." *Receuil*, IV, 801.

It is certainly to be hoped that further excavations will bring completely to light the circular enclosure of the ancient church recently discovered only a short distance far-

ther east at Bethphage. And yet how true it is that the preservation of both encircling chapel and precious stepping-stone is due to the embrace of kindly earth. While other quadrate blocks have disappeared long ages ago, this has been kept to our day only through the ruin of the house that enclosed it and by burial underground. Nor are time and natural decay the only agents to be feared; as soon as this inestimable stone was exposed, how quickly were its beautiful pictures of mediæval art and letters of so great significance destroyed by vandal hands!

The discovery of this Stepping-stone positively confirms the traditional site of Bethphage. Whether the traditional site of this hamlet should be considered the true site, is another question. But this immovable rock greatly strengthens the testimony of tradition, and makes the legendary spot of Bethphage more probable for the real locality. Its influence is felt even so far away as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; for now one may well hesitate the more to question the immemorial belief of men respecting the spot where the body of our Lord lay.

J. A. Paine.

TOM'S HEATHEN.*

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOEL DYER RECOGNIZES HIS ANTAGONIST.

It was some time before I got back into the old routine broken by a year's absence; and when at last I settled to work, I found that my round of practice had considerably changed. Several families who had employed me for years continued to call upon Dr. Hope whenever medical attendance was desired; others, life-long friends, had wandered to various practitioners, and only a few of my old patients returned to me like sheep to a shepherd. Of course I could find no fault; it was all right; but sometimes I moralized upon the mutability of human

affections and interests. I went so far as to subscribe to this:

"That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume this life,
They would but find in child and wife
An iron welcome when they rise."

Now that Robert Lyon was off my mind, I found time to look after my own household, somewhat. Hal came up to see me and report progress in his studies. After mature deliberation, he decided to stick to his first choice, my own profession; believing he could serve as effectually there as in the pulpit; and he was now pushing his studies vigorously. He was improving every way. His disappointment in regard to Miss Dyer was hard to bear, but he was too

*Copyright, 1877, by Josephine R. Baker.

healthy in body and mind to be seriously crippled by a trouble of this nature. In fact, painful as it was, its influence had been salutary. A man is either better or worse for suffering. An added dignity, sympathy and compassion, told that Hal was already better.

And Maud—I could not bring myself to believe that after all my pet cared for Northrop Duff except as her own and her brother's friend, till she told me so with her own lips. She was a courageous little piece. She liked Northrop and she would not be coaxed or laughed out of it, absurd as it was. At first I felt that I must protest against so unequal a match. Why, the child could walk under his elbow; and when I spoke of the disparity, she laughed and asked if tall men did not always select short wives, and small men stout women? Besides he would be such a convenience; he could reach where she could not; he could see where her sight failed; and if danger came, he could pick her up and carry her off with no trouble at all. And then, more seriously, "I love him, Uncle Doctor, and he loves me, and who or what shall stand between us?" And so I held my peace and made ready for the inevitable.

I still saw Mr. Dyer occasionally, but my presence was by no means as essential as formerly. As soon as Robert Lyon was found and the proposed payment became a fact, his hold upon me visibly relaxed. With the occasion went the demand. He knew that I could do no more for him. It was his way to use people while he needed them—an old habit that he would carry to his grave. Gratitude was by no means a part of this man's structure; and it was apparently too late to put in anything new. All this I discounted before it came. Then Agnes was an excellent nurse, and with occasional consultations could take my place professionally. What was a great relief to me was an added burden to her. Then, too, not long after my return, I perceived that, although he was as courteous as ever, he avoided speaking of himself, and no longer cared to be left alone with me; and the reason for that was also evident. He was by no means at peace with himself.

The relief he supposed he had purchased, and had so confidently expected, came not. It was in vain that he read over his receipt, and assured himself that he had done even more than the most scrupulous could demand—that he had behaved magnificently. And he was unwilling to have me see that after all he had been defeated. He invented all manner of excuses for the delay of returning peace; and as they proved futile, one after another, he was deeply chagrined as well as troubled. Of course, under such conditions his health could not improve, and I expected to see him run down now that he had no longer a special motive for living; but he lived on and on, seemingly no better and no worse, till I began to think he might outlive us all.

More than a year after our return from Paris, I found a note from Agnes on my office table. She was troubled about her father. Would I call?

Toward night I went over. I had not seen him for several weeks, and a marked change was apparent. A new difficulty of breathing, with dropsical symptoms, convinced me that the beginning of the end had arrived. His face was indescribably anxious, though he bore his sufferings with unbroken courage. Agnes, too, was more anxious than I had ever seen her before. She did not ask me to tell her his condition. There was a certainty in her own heart that shrank from expression as confirmation, and for a while she was touched with something like despair. She had so longed and prayed that even at the eleventh hour her father might see how thoroughly wrong and selfish and barren of all good to others and himself had been his life, and that he would repent while repentance was possible. And now the eleventh hour was at hand, and he would die as he had lived, blind and hopeless of any life but this. Perhaps she understood that a man can live so intensely here as to deprive himself of any realizing sense of a hereafter,—however orthodox may be his theoretic belief. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?"

After a few days his suffering abated somewhat, and one morning I said: "You are looking better to-day, Mr. Dyer."

"But I am no better, and I am so tired of living, I wish I could die to-night," said he in so weary a tone that I could but second his wish. I saw Agnes sink down out of her father's sight, and cover her face with her hands, and taking a seat at his bedside I asked:

"Because your sufferings are so great?"

"Yes; though I can bear pain; but if I was dead I should stop thinking. At least I should get away from myself."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. Why not? You see I have a poor, worn-out body, so thoroughly diseased that it affects my mind, and keeps me thinking of things I should never think of if I were well. And when I get rid of this body, as I shall when I die, these things will trouble me no more."

"What things, Mr. Dyer?"

"Well!" said he after a moment's hesitation, "I will tell you, that you may see how this disease operates. You remember that affair of Robert Lyon;" (this was the first allusion he had made to Robert Lyon since the receipt was placed in his hands; he neither knew, nor cared to know what had become of him,) "and how this disease brought it up and kept it continually before me, till I was bribed to buy him off. Well!"—and he paused, lost in thought—"I might have saved my money. I ought to have known that it was this distemper, this disease, and that it was not to be bought nor sold. For when the money was paid and I was released from the supposed claim, the torment would not go. There he stood, asking, not now for money, but with that absurd demand for his 'lost life,' his 'ruined soul.' Those were the words; I have heard them ever since. Now admitting for the moment that there was anything wrong in that transaction, did I not repay him fully and fairly all that he could claim?"

"So far as money goes I think you did."

"So far as money goes?" money covers the entire claim. Could I—could any one—give him back his 'lost life' his 'ruined soul?' If he had fooled away one and destroyed the other it was his own fault, not mine; and it is only this disease affect-

ing my mind, that keeps this preposterous demand in my ears and before my eyes."

"You consider yourself a sane man?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And you have a full and intelligent use of all your mental faculties?"

"Of course I have."

"Then if Robert Lyon demands of you an impossibility, why are you troubled?"

"Because I am sick; because I am no longer master of myself."

"That is partly true. If you were well and sound, and about your usual business, you would not think of these things at all."

"Not for a moment," interrupted he eagerly.

"But you are, as you say, sick; you have known for the past three years that you could never be well again. You felt your hold on life loosen daily, and you could not help *thinking*. Now was it your disease that made you think? or was it the consciousness that you were almost through with life, and felt within yourself the need of some preparation, some protection before entering the Unknown; as a man puts on his overcoat and his hat before going out into the night?"

"Have I not made preparation?" asked he hurriedly, reaching for his pocket-book. "See, here is the receipt!" and he nervously unfolded the paper, worn and cracked with frequent handling, and held it out as if that was to stand between him and eternal bankruptcy.

"But is it sufficient? Are you untroubled?"

"It is my disease; I tell you it is my disease that makes me so troubled;" said he, with increasing earnestness.

"I grant that your disease has rendered you less capable of resisting thought, less able to turn away from the demands of something within yourself, something that most people call conscience."

"Is it that? Is it that which sides with Robert Lyon in his demand for what I cannot give?" questioned he, with a startled look.

"I fear it is."

"But it is not a legitimate demand. I

did not make Robert Lyon a gambler or a drunkard."

"If Robert Lyon had never lost his money would he have gone to gambling to get it back? Would he have gone to drinking to make himself forget that he was a gambler? He did these things of his own free will; but, consciously or unconsciously, you were the first cause, and as such are answerable." Cold drops stood upon his wrinkled forehead, and his gaunt hands were locked in a death-like gripe. My heart ached with compassion, but to spare him now would be a cruelty. It was his last chance, and with my whole soul in the words I added, "And it is *not* Robert Lyon, who brings this charge against you!"

"Who then?" cried he.

Before I could answer, Agnes came forward and threw herself on her knees before her father crying:

"Father, if some one were to rob me and ruin my reputation, would he hurt *me* alone? Would he not hurt *you* even more than me?"

"My child," said he tenderly, dropping his tremulous hands upon her head.

"Well, father," cried she, her voice broken by uncontrollable weeping, "Robert Lyon was God's child."

Suddenly his face became not as the face of a man, but as the face of a spirit before whose startled vision some awful truth stood out. It was as if for that one moment he went in behind the veil and saw what he must soon see forever and forever.

"Is it *He* I have wronged? Is it *He* I have fought?" whispered he to himself.

What knowledge, what revelation came to him there, no mortal can tell. In that one instant all self-assertion, all antagonism fell out of him. His changed face never recovered its wonted look.

"Take away the pillows; lay me down," said he gently.

For an hour I sat beside him while he lay with closed eyes and folded hands, and that spirit-face peering through his wan features till I was benumbed with awe.

At length Agnes followed me into the ante-room. "What *can* I do?" she whis-

pered with bated breath, as if afraid to break the pregnant silence.

"Tell him of Christ, and pray."

With an absent mind I hurried through the remainder of my calls for the day and returned to him.

He lay as I left him, motionless, and with folded hands. Agnes sat beside him with an open book. She had been reading from John: "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved," and other passages setting forth the Atonement, and now she took up John's account of the crucifixion, reading slowly and tenderly that mysterious death of the God-man for men. He made no sign, but a certain attentiveness in his face told that he heard.

For several days he lay thus, never speaking except to answer briefly some necessary question; taking whatever was offered him as obediently as a child, and enduring his pain, for he suffered greatly, without a murmur. The only person he noticed was Agnes; for though his eyes were closed he knew the moment she left his side, and was restless and uneasy till she returned. The way she bore this terrible strain was wonderful. Tireless, tearless, calm and ineffably tender as He who said: "Come unto me and I will give you rest." The peace she would have imparted to him sustained her.

At the close of the fifth day it became apparent that he was rapidly drifting away.

"Stay with us to-night," she entreated, as I entered the room.

"All through the long hours we sat beside him, watching, hoping, praying. Towards morning he moved restlessly, grasping about with his hand.

"Agnes!" called he, speaking clearer than he had spoken for many days.

"Yes, father;" bending over him.

"Agnes, I leave Robert Lyon to *you*."

"What shall I do for him, father?"

"Save him."

Another long silence broken only by his slow, irregular breathing. He was going fast now.

"Agnes."

"Yes, father."

"Kiss me."

White and tremulous were the lips that kissed him, and she laid her face on the pillow beside his.

A little later I led her from the room and closed the door.

CHAPTER XX.

HER FATHER'S LEGACY.

As we stood in the outer room, neither speaking, for at such a time words hurt more than they help, the church clocks tolled out the hour with four slow, heavy strokes; and when all was still again, I was startled by the sound of heavy breathing near us. Pushing open the door into the hall I saw on the upper landing, and almost at our feet, a man, crouched as fallen in a heap. I turned up the gas and despite the tattered garments and uncleanness, recognized Robert Lyon.

How came *he* here—he of all men—and at this time? I had not seen him for months, and knew only that, unable or unwilling to resist his evil propensities, he had broken away from all restraint and his brother's eutreaties, and obtaining possession of his money had gone to New York and was living in his own way. When he returned or how he got into the house no one ever knew. He had evidently been through a long debauch, and had fallen in a drunken stupor. He must be moved.

I endeavored to keep Agnes from seeing him, but some strange premonition made her stoop over and turn his bloated face to the light. There was a pitiful tenderness in her low voice as she said,

"My father's legacy."

"He is intoxicated. I will have one of the servants take him away," said I, starting to go down the stairs.

"No;" she answered. "My father left him to me; the Lord sent him hither, and here he must stay if he will."

During the day I ascertained that Robert Lyon had come up on the midnight train from New York; that he had been more or less intoxicated for weeks; had lost all his money at the gaming table, or otherwise; that a comrade bought him a ticket and left him in charge of the conductor to be put off the train here, where he had friends to care

for him. He might have mistaken Joel Dyer's place for his brother's house, or he might have intended to reproach Mr. Dyer to his face, for it was his habit when in his cups to dwell upon his wrong without sense or reason. However that might be, he was there, and before night a summons from Agnes called me to attend him professionally.

It appeared that while Mr. Dyer was being made ready for his last resting-place, Robert Lyon was cleansed and put into bed, and that what I supposed a drunken stupor was likely to prove something much more serious. In fact a close examination proved that he fell on the landing in a fit of some sort, and that apparently there was little chance of recovery. Perhaps it was just as well.

As I was going out I met Tom, who called to offer Agnes his sympathy and such consolation as was possible. He supposed that Robert was still in New York, and must be told of his presence and condition, which could not be done without betraying the secret kept inviolate while Joel Dyer lived. Tom followed me up to the room where Mr. Dyer lay in his last sleep, and gently as possible I told him that this was the man who had wronged his brother, who had also sought and found him, and made restitution, and with his last breath left Robert to his daughter's care.

"He? *He*?" demanded Tom, retreating from the dead man's side. His dark face burned and his fists clenched. Even the presence of death could not still his indignation. "Did I not tell you he was a heathen? aye; a thousand times worse than a heathen. How dared he look me in the face? Despoiler!"

"Hush, Tom. He died without knowing that Robert was anything to you. And yet, strangely enough, you were your brother's avenger."

"I?"

"Yes. Something in your voice and manner recalled your brother long after the transaction had been forgotten. When he sat and looked so intently at you it was not you he saw, but your brother Robert. And, Tom, if you knew how this man has suffered,

you would pity and forgive him, even if he were still alive."

"He deserved to suffer; he has gone into eternity burdened with my brother's ruin."

"He knew it all at last, Tom; and I believe accepted his share of the responsibility. Your brother's ruin must be charged to himself, as well as to Mr. Dyer, and remembering *that*, you cannot withhold the forgiveness we all need sooner or later."

"How strange," said Tom, glancing at the dead face and compelling himself to be quiet, "that all this should be and I not know."

"And the strangest part is untold. Robert is in this house, and unconscious." I related how we had found him, the account given by the conductor who brought him from New York, and that Agnes, gladly accepting her father's charge, was caring for him with a sister's tenderness.

Tom's eyes filled with tears, and turning to the dead man he said with emotion, "I will forgive him for his daughter's sake."

"And for his own?"

"Sooner or later—sooner or later—let us hope."

He went in to see Robert, who still lay in a lethargic sleep and would have taken him home, only I convinced him that it would be unsafe to move Robert in his present condition, and also that an added grief and trouble would be laid upon Miss Dyer, who had already enough to bear.

Tom could not refuse Miss Dyer's request that he should conduct the services at her father's funeral, a request she would not have made if she had known his relationship to Robert Lyon. That was the only pang I could spare her then.

It was remarked that the Rev. Mr. Peebles was strangely overcome more than once during the burial service. It was indeed a trying hour for Tom, and one that tested his Christian qualities to the utmost. But the battle was fought and the victory won, and all bitterness and resentment died out of Tom's heart as he saw Joel Dyer's body lowered to its last resting-place.

By this time Robert Lyon was dimly conscious, and it was apparant that he had sustained an attack of paralysis, rendering his

speech unintelligible, and that he would be helpless for a long time, if not for the remainder of his life. Agnes had a long, weary task in store, which she accepted eagerly, not only as her father's legacy, but in the hope that somehow she might atone for the wrong her father had done. It was not only a work of love and mercy, and as such appealing to her Christain sympathies, but a peace-offering to Robert Lyon's Maker for the injury His creature had sustained. Then, too, I detected a fear, which was perhaps an inherited remnant of some ancient superstition, that somehow her father's suffering, if he still suffered, would be greatly augmented if Robert Lyon's soul was finally lost; and a hope that his happiness, if he was happy, would be increased in a corresponding ratio if Robert Lyon's soul was finally saved. All these feelings, like the rivulets that feed a lake, were merged in the one great desire to do all she could for him; and probably she was unconscious of their separate springs.

As soon as she understood that the Rev. Mr. Peebles was Robert's brother, she sent for him, and they had a long, earnest talk, resulting, as I expected, in Tom's willingness to let Robert remain in her care till the Lord should otherwise dispose of him.

"I think there is more hope for Robert now, than at any time for many years past," said Tom to me as we were talking the matter up one day. "The Lord has put upon him a restraining hand. He is laid aside from the temptations he was unable to withstand, and as he gradually recovers the use of his faculties he can but feel the influence of so pure and sweet a nature as Miss Dyer's. She can do him more good than I ever could, though God knows it has been the great desire of my heart for years to obey my mother's charge. I have tried and failed, and now if any one can win him to better ways, she can, and I must be content to leave him with her and with his Maker."

Tom and I saw this matter from two very different stand-points. Much as he admired and respected, nay almost revered Miss Dyer, Robert was his brother, and he could but feel, that although there was no

law binding her to this work, there was, after all, a kind of justice in it that made him the more readily acquiesce in her expressed desire. If the sins of the parents descend to the third and fourth generation, why should she not, as far as possible, atone for her father's sin; for in so doing she benefited herself, as well as Robert, and perhaps, who knows? the dead.

To me, I must own it took on the appearance of a cruel sacrifice. That a pure young life like hers, already burdened by sorrow, should be held down to wait upon, to bear with, to suffer for a poor wreck like him, seemed monstrous. It was as if the selfishness that had governed her father's life reached from his grave a controlling hand bidding her suffer for him. And I questioned her wisdom in her willingness, nay even desire, to give herself to this hopeless task. I knew better than she or Tom could know, the long, weary hours in store for her. Already in imagination I saw her fair young face wan and worn by unremitting care, aged by a fruitless struggle. I knew the time would surely come when in the depths of her heart she would cry, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

If I had been Tom, I would not have allowed this sacrifice for an hour. But I was not Tom; and perhaps I, too, was selfish.

CHAPTER XXI.

AGNES AND ROBERT.

How much of comfort or hope Agnes derived from the change manifest in her father during the last few days of his life, I was unable to determine. To my apprehension the proportion of comfort or hope was exceedingly small. Of course it is possible that a man may live a long life devoted to selfishness, unrighteousness, and even crime, and yet on his death-bed repent and be saved, but it is not among the probabilities. As Mr. Joseph Cook puts it, by persistence in such a life a man comes into a "permanent dissimilarity with his Maker," which in all probability becomes a growing dissimilarity throughout the eternities.

There is but one record of a repentant thief upon the cross. Death-bed repentances

are doubtless, sometimes, genuine; but in most cases, followed by unexpected recovery, the man gravitates to the old, selfish life when the fear of what lies behind the veil becomes less vivid as its proximity withdraws. In this case, I believed the man, by the light of a dawning eternity, saw his own sins, as a drowning man sees all his past life in the one moment preceding unconsciousness; but that the change in him was thorough and radical I could find too little evidence. The most hopeful sign was his thought for Robert Lyon at the very last, and his desire that *he* should be saved.

What Agnes thought was known only to herself and to Him who gave her the power to think. She rarely alluded to her father,—never, unless necessary; and all signs and tokens of his past presence were carefully placed by her own hands in his room and locked up. I knew that she sometimes passed hours alone in that room; but she came out quiet and calm, and did not break down as I expected she would after so long a period of intense watching. Probably the fact that her time and attention were so largely absorbed by Robert Lyon helped her to bear her loss with a greater degree of equanimity than would otherwise have been possible. There was no void in her time or care to remind her of the dead. The power that had sustained her hitherto sustained her still. If there was a tender solemnity about her, a sense of remoteness to things present and of nearness to things absent, she was also hopeful, cheerful and courageous, and her smile was none the less sweet that it was also a little sad. I grew to believe that she was thankful for Robert Lyon, and accepted him as the double gift of her father and of her Master. She watched the signs of returning coherency of thought with the gladness of a mother who sees the dawning intelligence of her child. The same nurse who aided her through the last months of her father's life was retained to do for Robert Lyon what she could not; but it was all under her care and supervision, and he watched her coming and going with an eagerness that told that at last his benumbed affections

were being stirred into life. I could but respond to Tom's feeling that there was now more hope for Robert Lyon than at any time the past twenty years.

I subsequently found that there were two sides to the remarkable equanimity with which Agnes bore the death of her only relative; the father she had loved and served with such earnestness and fidelity. I must own that I had been a little surprised at the utter absence of tears and expressions of grief. Either she was living on too high a plane to be touched by selfish considerations, or this calm was unnatural and would force a reaction.

One night, some three months after her father's death, at the conclusion of one of my visits to Robert, she called me into the library for consultation in regard to some scheme she had in thought, for establishing an asylum or retreat where inebriates could be treated medically. The suggestion grew out of her care and study of Robert Lyon. As we stood talking her hand fell upon something by a chair her father was wont to occupy. She paused suddenly, and turning took up his cane that had lain forgotten since he used it last. She held it in her hands, remembering the days when, by its aid, he went slowly through the house; remembering the last evening he passed in that room; how, with his own hand, he put the cane in its place, and leaning on her arm went to his bed never to rise again. A sudden realization of her loss rushed upon her; it was as if he had that moment died. Her lips quivered, her breath came quickly, and all at once the grief so long held in abeyance burst in such an agony of cries and tears as I never witnessed before, and hope never to witness again.

It was to me an inexpressible relief that in her anguish she turned to me and not from me. I took her in my arms as I would have taken Maud, and tried my utmost to soothe and comfort her. It was all of no use; there was no staying the tide now. I knew that she carried beneath her quiet exterior the still intensity that characterized her father; but I was wholly unprepared for such an intensely passionate outburst. I grew seriously alarmed and laid her on

the lounge, praying that peace and rest might speedily come.

At last, utterly exhausted, she fell into a heavy slumber, disturbed ever and anon by long shuddering sobs. Her pallid face, drenched and worn, was a pitiful thing to see. I sent the driver home with my horse, and sat by her till late in the evening she awoke.

For days after this she moved wearily about the house, and her eyes were often full of unshed tears; but she kept up bravely, declining to be sick. A curious sympathy, recognized but unexpressed, existed between us from the first; and ever after that night, if she was seriously troubled or perplexed, she sought me out and gave me her hand to hold for a moment, seemingly comforted and quieted by the unspoken sympathy she was sure to find.

As the days and months went on, Robert Lyon recovered strength of body and mind; and though he was never to walk again, when the anniversary of Joel Dyer's death came around, he could be put into a chair and rolled about the house and grounds, thoroughly happy and content. In the absence of temptation, and under the influence of Agnes's gentle teachings and affectionate ministrations, the change Tom had predicted gradually came. Patient, humble, grateful and loving, there could be no doubt that Robert Lyon was a regenerate soul. Tom passed an hour or more with him every day, and the interchange of thought and feeling was blessed to both. As for Agnes, she glowed like a star.

CHAPTER XXII.

MISSIONARIES AND MARRIAGES.

HAL was now ready for practice, and hesitated between starting out for himself in New Haven, and going into partnership with me.

"I can tell better to-morrow," answered Hal one day when his mother pressed him for a decision.

That evening he dressed with scrupulous care and went out. He had called upon Miss Dyer frequently of late, and I surmised that he was going to see her now.

The next morning he followed me into

the office, and after a moment's deliberation said:

"I have concluded to go to New Haven, for the present, at least. Jack enters Yale, and mother thinks if I am in New Haven I can look out for him, though he does not require as much looking after as she supposes. Jack tells me that he confided to you some time ago his intention to study with the ministry in view, and that you approve his choice. So it seems we are to have a minister in the family after all."

"Yes; if he sticks to his determination, and I think he will. He is an earnest student and a hearty Christian, and if all goes well, I trust he will see his desire fulfilled."

"But who would have thought it of old Jack,—such a careless, headlong fellow as he used to be!"

Hal began to walk up and down the room in a thoughtful manner. I knew there was something more to be said, and waited till he stopped in front of my desk, adding:

"I saw Miss Dyer last night. Of late she has been quite friendly, and I was foolish or blind enough to hope that since her father's death she regarded my suit with more favor. I found that she was a warm friend, but only a friend, and could never be anything else. In the course of our conversation I satisfied myself that she could not love me, because she loved some other man before she ever saw me," said Hal impressively.

I looked up. Hal was eyeing me keenly. Absurd as it was, I felt the hot blood rushing to my face.

"What prompted that remark, young man?" queried I, studiously turning over the papers on my desk. "Are you so conceited as to suppose that if she had been 'fancy free' she must perforce have fallen a victim to your manifold attractions?"

"No," answered Hal sincerely. "I only spoke of it as a fact, and wonder I did not see it before."

I made no remark. I was tidying up my desk, and I saw that somehow my hand was a trifle unsteady.

"Uncle Doctor," asked Hal in a low tone, "Do *you* know who it is?"

"No;" able to meet his eyes frankly now.

"Well, I believe *I* do. And if I am right, I hope the lucky fellow will be as happy as he deserves to be." Hal's voice suddenly thickened, and jamming his hat down over his eyes he strode off to the barn.

What did the boy mean? I leaned my elbow on my desk and hid my face in my hands, essaying to still the confusion in my brain. Perhaps I may as well acknowledge here, what I was forced to acknowledge to myself long ago, that I, who had never loved any woman as a man loves one woman above all others, loved Agnes Dyer before I had known her a month. But there was a wide difference in our years, and before I ceased to regard that obstacle as unsurmountable, Hal saw and loved her; and feeling that if she returned his affection it would be an altogether more suitable thing, I endeavored to conquer myself, and so far succeeded as to give Hal all possible chance, and not to feel very unhappy about it either. Of course there were, sometimes, bitter hours known only to myself; but I was none the worse for that. Since her father's death, and notwithstanding the fact that I had myself well in hand, my affection for her had grown into a passion scarcely to be controlled. The supposition that she cared for Hal kept me from thinking long or seriously that she could ever be mine. But now—what if Hal's words were true? What if she loved some one before she ever saw him and what if that some one were —. My heart was pounding like a steam-hammer, and I felt the hot tears on my hands, when the office door opened with a slam and a boy howled out excitedly:

"The baby's got a fit, and mother wants you to come right off."

"Whose baby?"

"Mother's."

"Well, who is mother?"

"Bill Jones's wife."

"And where does she live?"

"Down in the alley."

"What alley? You will have to be a little more explicit, young man, if you expect me to get there in time for the baby to have another fit."

So long a speech upset him entirely, and I have never been able to this day to ascer-

tain what alley or whose mother wanted me.

Hal did not return to New Haven at once. He was to remain with us till after his sister's marriage, which was proving a severe trial to us all. At the meeting of the American Board, the previous year, Northrop Duff conceived it his duty to offer himself as a missionary to the far-away heathen. His offer was accepted, and he was assigned to a station in South Africa. In a few days he would sail, and Maud would go with him. Maud, our pet—Maud who was so homesick in Italy—Maud who could not bear to leave her mother's side, was going a stranger to a strange land, probably never to return.

We could not endure the thought at first, and we used every argument to dissuade her. It was of no use. If it was Northrop's duty it was her duty; where he went she would go, and the Lord would bless them both. Mary cried herself into a fever, but she yielded before I did. Jack was the only one in the family who encouraged Maud. He told her that she was all right, and bade her stick to her choice and go ahead, like a brave little girl as she was.

When we found that arguments and entreaties only distressed her, we submitted. All that could be done for her present or future comfort was done with loving alacrity, and for her sake the parting was made as easy as possible.

One morning they were quietly married. I took leave of her at home, but her mother, Hal, and Jack, accompanied them to New York in order to remain with Maud to the last moment.

That night I left the deserted house and went over to see Agnes.

She came to me in the library. Not with many words, but full of tender sympathy, she tried to comfort me for the loss of my pet. We talked long of Maud and her prospects.

At length I arose to go. Agnes gave me her hand, visibly moved. As I looked in her face all manner of possibilities were in my thoughts. Surely it could do her no harm to know that I loved her, and if—and if—she loved me, had I not a right to know that

also? I must tell her what I could no longer withhold. With a quick pressure I carried her hand to my lips.

"Agnes," said I huskily, "could you love an old man like me?"

She gave me a startled glance, and as she understood my words her face flamed with a sudden light. In a low voice that I bent my head to hear, she answered:

"You are not an old man."

The hand that I was holding was not withdrawn.

Years have passed. Years of earnest toil, years strewn with blessings, for no evil has befallen us that has not proved a blessing in disguise. And now, as

"I sit by my fireside dreaming,
This still October night,
Tracing a backward journey
By memory's pale moonlight;"

I hear in an adjoining room a sound of happy voices. Maud, our wee pet, "the moon-faced darling of all," is pleading with Uncle Robert for just *one* more story before bed-time; and Robbie, curly-headed, impetuous Robbie, is clamoring for a promise that the very first thing in the morning Uncle Robert will make him a new kite. And I see, as well as if I were in the room, Robert Lyon, the Uncle Robert of the little ones, in the center of the happy group, smiling, benignant, and ineffably content, a child among the children. They delight to roll him about the house in the chair from which he may never rise without help. He spends his days, and profitably, in cutting out paper dolls, making kites, performing surgical operations on broken horses, fitting on eccentric wagon wheels, and telling stories; most wonderful stories, of ships at sea, of foreign lands, of mermaids, fairies, princes in disguise; and he is the most besought if not the most beloved member of our household. The only sorrow he has known in all these years was a sorrow that he shared in common with us all, when we surrendered our first-born, our angel Agnes, to Him who gave her.

Now I hear the mother's voice, to which the years have lent a mellower music, saying:

"Come little ones! it is bed-time: Kiss Uncle Robert and say Good night."

Tom, whose black hair is fast turning gray, steps in to have his daily chat with Robert, and to say that he has heard from the travelers. Jack has married one of Tom's daughters, a most beautiful girl, and they have gone to South Africa to see Northrop and Maud, and to bring home their two sons to be educated here, after which Jack is to settle over a city pastorate.

Hal has married a brilliant young widow, has an elegant home, and is stepping into my shoes as fast as possible. Mary is prouder than ever of her eldest son.

Here comes Agnes with her father's leisurely step and her hands clasped behind her in the old way; and she looks at me with a

wistful light in her tender eyes. Our lambs are folded for the night, and she has come to talk with me about some poor fellow just admitted to the Asylum. I must not omit to say that immediately after our marriage the Dyer place was sold, and the proceeds, along with a considerable portion of Mr. Dyer's large fortune, invested in the "Dyer Asylum for Inebriates," a pet project that grew out of her study of the Robert Lyon case. A certain physician of her acquaintance has the concern in charge. But she was its moving spirit, and is its good angel; giving these poor unfortunates her tender sympathy, helpful words and earnest prayers; seeking in this way to atone for her father's sin, and to keep green the memory of Tom's Heathen.

THE END.

HAVE WE A CHRISTIAN STATE?

WHEN the communists gained possession of Paris, they were seized with a mad eagerness to obliterate every vestige of the empire. It was not enough to have established republican methods. They could not rest till they had burned the government offices, sacked the palaces with vandal hands, drilled out the old mottoes of glory on the walls, and chiseled in their places the watchwords that stood for their own wild theories.

There is a secularizing party in our country that seems anxious to perform the same service for the State in its relation to religion. Not content with abandoning the organic union of the civil and religious powers, it seems feverishly anxious to abolish from civil affairs every religious idea and practice whatever. For centuries hardly a civilized government in the world has thought it could safely or successfully exist without a close alliance with the Christian Church. But this party desires to legislate every recognition of Divine Sovereignty out of our public documents, and every token of reverence out of our public institutions. Individuals may be religious if they choose, but the State, as such, is to know no God, no

ideal of life higher than the notions of its legislators, no motive but expediency, no law above "the will of the majority."

Very different motives actuate the various advocates of this theory; but whether the purpose springs from wrong conceptions of a State and of right, or from mere hatred of religion, they are united in the common aim of the complete secularization of all civil affairs. They expect the State to thrive after they have eliminated every vestige of religion from education, law, and every public institution. If their ideas have full sweep, the State must no more invoke Divine help in any civic gathering; it must not speak of God in its Constitution nor in its courts; it must not thank Him for its prosperity. The soldier, dying in hospital, must expire without the comforts of religion; for the State can employ no chaplain. No ray of heavenly comfort may be cast by song or sermon over the dark trouble of our insane in State asylums, for the State can know of no gospel. No Reform School may invoke the aid of the Bible; the State must not recognize the existence of such a book. Children in its schools may read Shakes-

peare and Darwin, or even Thomas Paine and Ingersoll; but it shall be a misdemeanor to read the Bible there. They may sing minstrel songs or trashy ditties, but it shall be illegal to sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." In our higher institutions, text-books and teaching must be carefully winnowed of all references to a Creator or immortality. In short, the whole aim of this movement is to force upon the State Atheism as the standing religion.

But a small minority of the people, as yet, holds these views. It is an increasingly aggressive and noisy minority, however, and has already carried its point in some places. It seems important, therefore, to find some solid foundations on which to stand in the issue which they desire to force upon the whole country, and which may imperil the welfare and most sacred rights of the people.

Before we ask, what is the right and wise course of conduct for a free State in its relation to religion, we must settle a preliminary inquiry. Are these States which compose our Republic in any just sense to be called Christian States?

What is a State? It is not the territory occupied, nor the sum total of its physical resources. Neither is it the constitution and laws and political machinery through which the civil power operates: these are but the voice and hands through which it expresses its will. The State is the organized people within certain territorial limits, united in community for the protection and help of all. It is the collective Humanity, systematically co-working for the Common-wealth, seeking the highest welfare of each citizen and of the whole society.

But what is the peculiar, organic relation between these people, that gives to the State coherence and power? They are all free-men, having, as we say, an "inherent right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Yet in this social league no man has a right to live absolutely as he pleases, nor is he at liberty to do whatever he may wish, and pursue anything he may choose to call happiness; he is controlled by the demands of the public welfare. But what gives the whole community a right to restrict the liberty of any freeman? Is it true, as Hobbes

held, that "those whose power cannot be resisted derive the right of ruling from the power itself?" That opens the door for every kind of tyranny, and justifies all the historic atrocities of irresponsible power.

Is it true, as Rousseau held, that all men have an equal right to rule, but from motives of prudence they mutually agree to delegate that right to the whole people, and agree to abide by the will of the majority? This "social contract" theory makes government a mere bargain between men from motives of expediency. It is only a huge partnership. Contracts may be annulled, and a partner may withdraw from sharing the duties and responsibilities of a firm; but no man has a right to secede from a State, and the Commonwealth never loses its right of authority over him while he remains within its borders. In a four years' war we have just written the doctrine in blood, that our government is not a partnership, but each State is an integral member of the whole body; so each individual is not a partner in a big firm, but an inseparable part of a living organism. Jefferson, who held this "contract" theory, saw clearly that it endangered the permanence of national life; for a social covenant is not binding after the contracting parties are dead. Hence, he advised that the Constitution should be submitted to the vote of the people every nineteen years, when a generation has passed away; but, as a critic shrewdly said, "that makes the life of a State shorter than that of a horse."

Searching a little deeper for the origin of the State, we shall find that it is a natural development of that Divine Order which is in all human life, and throughout the universe. It is a spontaneous growth from the needs and divinely implanted instincts of man. The family is a divine institution, not because it needed a special revelation to get it established, but because man is so made that he readily sees the family to be necessary to his highest happiness and welfare, and that it is the unit of a true society. So the State is a divine institution, not in the sense that its political machinery is ordained by a special fiat from God, but in the sense that God made man to be a part of

society, able to see that he can attain a complete life only as society is healthy and harmonious, and with all his instincts urging to the organization of society.

Aristotle puts this thought well when he says, "It is manifest that the State is one of the things which exist by nature, and that man is by nature a political animal." And President Woolsey, whose recent able treatise on "Political Science" throws much light on this whole subject, puts it better, saying: "The right [of a State] comes not from renounced power, but from the State's being, in the natural order of things, God's method of helping men toward a perfect life." And, again: "The need of such an institution as the State, the physical provision for its existence, the fact that it has appeared everywhere in the world, unless in a few most degraded tribes, show that it is in a manner necessary; and if necessary, natural; and if natural, divine."

The spontaneous development of civic life, then, shows the State to be part of the Divine Order for human welfare. Man is but a part of humanity. He is bound to submit to the control of the entire society, not only because the welfare of the entire community is more important than his own, but because his own highest prosperity can be secured only as the whole civic body advances. It was the divine recognition of this fact that made men yield enthusiastically to strong and capable governments in the past, even though they were despotic; and this idea is the very foundation of our Republican order.

If this statement of the origin and meaning of a State be true, then its aim will be broader than some have been willing to admit. It exists, not for its own transient gain or glory; not to provide for the mere physical wants of its citizens; not with the sole end of securing "Public Order and Public Freedom," as Haven says, but to secure all those conditions by which the entire community may best be elevated, and each citizen helped to the best and completest life.

But we gain a still wider outlook from our second position; that is, the State must have a good moral character, in order to

survive. No man, whatever his liberty, can do everything he wishes in the world, and yet expect to prosper. He is in the midst of a vast system of eternal laws, and he can succeed only as he conforms to them. He cannot persistently violate physical laws without becoming a physical wreck. He cannot live in open defiance of social laws without becoming a social outcast. He cannot disregard the eternal principles of rectitude, without suffering the natural and inevitable penalties. When he discerns this, and his purposes and habits become fixed in a strict conformity to these unchangeable laws of right, he becomes a man of principle, and has a moral character that makes him safe.

But a State finds itself under the dominion of precisely the same eternal laws. The State is a responsible individual, entering into contracts that involve integrity; recognizing and executing principles of justice; forming and pursuing an ideal for the general welfare. Vattel in the "Law of Nations," asserts that the State has a conscience; and Whewell declares that "the State undoubtedly possesses a moral character, and has duties of the same description as those of individuals." Practically, the State is simply a larger man, and like any other free moral agent must render an intelligent obedience to that "great, immutable, preëxistent law, prior to all our devices and contrivances," of which Burke said that it "does not arise out of our conventions and compacts; but on the contrary, gives to our compacts and conventions all the force and sanction they can have."

It is the wildest folly, therefore, to hold that a State can safely do whatever it pleases, and that "the will of the majority" is the only law for it to consider. It cannot disregard the divine law of periodic rest as necessary for mind and body, without suffering for it. It cannot violate the natural principles of social exchange without paying dearly for its temerity. There are visionary notions afloat about the power of government to "regulate the currency," as though a nation could at its pleasure make by law a certain bit of metal or paper to be a dollar, when it is worth only eight or nine-tenths of

a dollar; but history shows that no man nor state ever succeeded in the attempt to tinker the social laws of the universe for their own gain, and God has often denounced the sin of meddling with his laws of exchange, by the financial confusion and distress that invariably follow. The only safe thing for a State is to find out the everlasting principles which, from the foundation of the world, have been established for man, and then conform its action thereto. Justice is not something which the people make. Right is not something a legislature invents and coins into a statute; it is an eternal law, inwrought into every fibre of the texture of society, and with all the forces of the universe combining to support it. Montesquieu well says that "Law in general is simply human reason" undertaking to interpret these unalterable principles of social life.

A State, then, must make righteousness the supreme aim of its life; it must conform all its purposes and actions to this great cosmic plan for rectitude; in short, it must have a good moral character, or it cannot long prosper. And along the shores of time, thicker than the broken hulks of unseaworthy ships that fringe the Atlantic coast, lie for our warning the wrecks of nations that undertook to be wiser than God and despised the principles of social order, till at last the breakers of inevitable tendency hurled them upon the rocks of penalty.

We must take a still more advanced position; a prosperous State must also be religious. This does not necessitate a national creed, nor any particular form of worship which the State is to enforce and support. It simply means that the State, in the great body of its citizens and in its organic life, must have a recognition of a Divine Ruler to whom it is accountable, a belief that God's ideal for man and society is the goal it should aim at, and a conviction that the principles of righteousness which God has revealed are the standard to which its laws must conform.

The history of civilization and the testimony of its great leaders abundantly support this view. To the most successful States of antiquity, "faith in the existence and prov-

idence of the gods was considered to be necessary, both for public morals and to secure their good will toward the State." "A city might more easily be built without ground," said Plutarch, "than a State be founded or exist without faith. Religion is the cement of civil union and the essential support of legislation." Socrates said: "If you wish public measures to be right and noble, you must give virtue to the citizens. To act justly and wisely, both you and the State, you must act according to the will of God." Plato held that faith in superior beings who abhorred wrong was necessary, not only for the State's welfare, but for the individual's perfection. "*Pro aris et focis!*" was the rallying cry of the Romans, as though religion and the home were the two things dearest to the State, and especially to be defended.

Hardly a great Continental statesman, from Charlemagne to the Emperor William, has held that a State can be permanently great without a religious character. The brilliant list of English political leaders, from Wolsey to Beaconsfield, have assumed it as a fundamental doctrine of state-craft that the nation must be religious. "Religion is the chief bond of society," says Lord Bacon. "Religion is necessary to the right employment of a State as a state," says Gladstone. In our own country, Chief Justice Parsons solemnly declared his "conviction of the necessity of a public support of religious institutions." Judge Story asserted that it remained "a problem yet to be solved in human affairs whether any free government can be permanent, where the public worship of God and the support of religion constitute no part of the policy and duty of the State." Washington sagaciously predicted in his first inaugural that if the nation should separate itself from God, it would lose the ground of its unity and continuity. After a careful study of our institutions, De Tocqueville said: "Despotism may govern without faith, but liberty cannot. Religion is much more necessary in a republic than in a monarchy. How is it possible that society should escape destruction if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? And what

can be done with a people which is its own master, if it be not submissive to the Divinity." In a recent review of Charles Sumner's life, Senator Hoar remarked: "Is there a force in this universe so permanent and prevailing in the affairs of men, like that of gravitation in the world of matter, that to act in harmony with it insures success and prosperity in the lives of men and states; and to act against it brings disappointment, failure and sorrow? Is that force the power of an Omnipotent Being, sanctioning and vindicating what we call Justice? This Charles Sumner believed."

This *consensus* of the foremost nations, and of the great leaders in them, goes far to show that a prosperous nation must be religious. Belief in God and in His eternal principles of righteousness is needed to furnish a solid basis for morality, and to supply a high standard and powerful motives to integrity. And when we behold the present condition of our political society, it would seem that instead of robbing the people of what little restraint and stimulus religion is now allowed to exert, it should be given larger opportunity of influence in our civic life. When we consider the glaring immoralities that are every-day occurrences in political life; that hardly an election from President to coroner, is held without bargains, appeals to cupidity and passion; that men seek the public service with deliberate purpose to use it for selfish ends; that truth is shamelessly forgotten when there is a chance to fire a telling shot in a campaign; that the means often used to carry out partisan ends would cover men with infamy if practiced in private business; and when the public conscience has become so debauched by familiarity with corruption, that it has hardly vigor enough to cry out against it as dishonorable, it seems clearly time to bring back the remembrance of God into politics.

Behind the judge, in every French court of law, hangs a painting of the crucifixion, that the picture of that crowning injustice of the ages may bring to mind the eternal justice of God, who will yet make murdered Truth triumphant, and will suffer no wrong to go unrequited. And it were well if we could have in every court and caucus, every

legislative hall and public office in the land, some reminder of that Divine sovereignty whose sword of penalty will surely smite every sin.

But if it could be shown that our country has a certain religious origin and character, it will still be objected that religion and Christianity are by no means synonymous. Let us ask, then, what is a Christian State? It is not essential that it incorporate a confession of faith in its constitution. Some men insist that ours cannot be entirely a Christian nation till the name of God, and the distinct recognition of the authority of Jesus Christ is by amendment put into the preamble of our constitution. But this is by no means necessary, and may be exceedingly unwise. Neither is it essential that a Christian State establish and support a State Church, as in England and Germany. There may be in it wide diversities of belief, great differences in forms of worship, and even a considerable portion of the people possessed of no faith at all.

But a Christian State is one where there prevails a general belief in the truths of the Christian religion; a recognition of the transcendent value of Christ's ideas, and a purpose to incorporate them into public and private life. Where the homes of a people are permeated with Christian conceptions; where the type of character toward which the children are trained is that presented by Jesus Christ; where the most solemn events, like the wedding contract that creates a new family, and the burial of the dead, are almost invariably attended with Christian observances; where courts of justice have for their ideal the establishment of Christ's Golden Rule, and the principles of righteousness and integrity he set forth; where a large majority of the people believe in God as Christ revealed him, and in His way of life as the only noble and safe way,—there you have a Christian State. Especially is this true where the prevailing character of the people has been such from the beginning in unbroken continuity, making the Christian character of the State historic. That a considerable minority may hold very different views makes no difference. If the dominant sentiments, ideals,

aims and institutions of the people are Christian, the living organism which they compose is Christian.

Have we a Christian State, then, in any such sense? This is a simple question of fact, and is to be determined by evidence. What is the historic record of the nation in this respect, as interpreted by the purposes and views of its founders, and its most eminent civil leaders?

Every intelligent student of American history admits that the seed of the Republic was borne across the sea in the Mayflower. The sturdy independence of that Pilgrim band, their statesmanlike appeal to principles rather than precedents, and their resolve to organize society on the basis of liberty, formed the germ of our free Nation. But they made no secret of the fact that they came hither, not for freedom alone, but for "Freedom to worship God." They wanted opportunity to exercise their God-given rights, but they had no conception of a successful free colony that should not constantly feel its responsibility to God, and conscientiously exercise its liberty in carrying out Divine principles.

How inseparably, in their thought, religion was associated with civil government is seen in the opening of the compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower: "In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten . . . having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian Faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern part of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic." Palfrey, their historian, has well set forth their view in these words: "A godless population is a population ungovernable except by a despotism. To be capable of liberty a people must be religious. It is vital to free government that they who are to sustain and enjoy it should have a sense of the government of God." And a recent writer has said: "Their legislation rested on the unwavering conviction that religion was the foundation of society, and that the furtherance of religion was one

of the prime functions of the body politic."

Such were the ideas of the founders, men of such rare quality that Cotton Mather said, "The Lord sifted three countries to find seed wherewith to plant America;" and of whose fellow-workers, Hume said, "for all the liberty of the English Constitution that nation is indebted to the Puritans." These ideas they incorporated into the fabric of their civil law. If they went too far at first, and adopted measures inconsistent with their fundamental principle, it only shows their intense purpose to construct an ideal community, and their belief that a religious State was the only safe one. They corrected their mistakes as fast as they discovered them. But whatever they changed, the intense religious character of that community never diminished, and it persistently encouraged and fostered Christianity as a chief ally of the State. And, in turn, the churches threw open their meeting-houses for town-meetings, deeming it a true Divine service to gather there "to settle civil government according to God."

And what was the result? They made New England for two centuries the finest model of state life the world had ever seen; free, orderly, frugal, prosperous, intelligent, devout. Other portions of the country made great contributions to the public welfare during that period; but no section furnished so much nor so rich treasures, out of all proportion to its size, as did New England. There were good homes scattered elsewhere; but no cradles of great manhood clustering so thick as all over these hills and valleys, where a boy drew in with his mother's milk a Hebrew love of God, and a Roman's reverence for law; and had it curried into him with Spartan discipline. The highest culture of the land was there. Our best poets, philosophers, statesmen, colleges, sprang spontaneously out of that rugged soil. The most general and thorough intelligence, and the greatest average wealth was there. On the census charts still, the whitest corner and the yellowest is New England, showing the best schools and heaviest purses.

This little community, that so persistently yoked its liberty with the gospel, achieved

unexampled influence as well as prosperity. Its ideas permeated all the rest of the country. There was much truth packed into that grim retort of Hillhouse to John Randolph of Roanoke. As they stood on the steps of the capitol they saw a drove of mules pass down the street from the North. "Your Yankee constituents!" snarled the great Virginia wit. "Yes," replied the imperturbable son of Connecticut, "going South to teach school!" As a matter of fact New England has taught the whole country. Her ideas and methods have moulded its institutions, penetrated its laws, developed its schools, shaped its destiny. Never again can she have the commanding relative importance she so long maintained. Her population is now diffusing itself throughout the entire North, and an alien element has pushed in to interrupt the homogeneous life that manifested such potent vitality. The Nation, now grown to mammoth proportions, has its center, not only of territory, but of political power west of the Alleghanies. But the political student may well linger over the remarkable history of that favored region, and trace its prominence to the ideas of the founders, foremost among which was the principle that a prosperous State must be a God-fearing and a Christian State.

The Republic was simply the New England idea made national, and in it we find substantially the same characteristics. The sacredness of the individual man was the root-idea of the Pilgrim colony, and, later, of the Declaration of Independence. When the Abbè Mabley of France desired to write a history of our Revolution, the elder Adams cautioned him "not to undertake this war without first mastering the church system of New England," which he regarded as containing the germ of our liberties. De Tocqueville remarks: "It must never be forgotten that religion gave birth to Anglo-American society. In the United States religion is commingled with all the habits of the Nation, and all the feelings of patriotism. . . . There, Christian sects are infinitely diversified and perpetually modified; but Christianity is a fact so irresistibly established, that no one undertakes either to attack or to defend it."

Christian observances constantly attended important civic events in the early days of the Republic. As Cromwell halted his troops after a victory that they might sing a Psalm of thanksgiving, so after the triumph at Yorktown, Washington ordered a special praise-service for his army. When Congress heard the thrilling news, it marched in procession to the principal church in Philadelphia, "to return thanks to Almighty God for the signal success of the American arms," and appointed besides a special thanksgiving day. At the first meeting of the Continental Congress, there was doubt in some minds about the propriety of opening its sessions with prayer, on account of the diversity of religious belief in that body. But Samuel Adams said, "It did not become men, professing to be Christian men, who had come together for solemn deliberation in the hour of their extremity, to say that there was so wide a difference in their religious belief, that they could not as one man bow the knee in prayer to Almighty God, whose advice and assistance they hoped to obtain." His words made a profound impression, and the sessions were opened with prayer. So, also, when the convention for forming the Constitution had been in session four or five weeks without making progress, Benjamin Franklin rose and said: "In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers were heard; and they were graciously answered. . . . I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men; and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? . . . I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business." The motion prevailed. These things certainly do not look as though the founders of the Republic thought the State so secular that it must divorce itself from all religious observances.

Soon after our Revolution, indeed, owing

to our intimacy with France, a wave of sentiment swept in upon us from that country, carrying the idea that a nation was a mere political machine to accomplish whatever the sovereign people pleased, and had no religious obligations at all. "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," was its motto. No counsel was to be taken of God and his eternal laws; but God might accommodate himself as best he could to the "will of the majority." It needed a little longer experience to show, as a recent writer in the *Westminster Review* has said, that "where the *vox populi* has not been *vox Dei*, it has been *vox diaboli*." Thomas Paine was the noisiest advocate, and Thomas Jefferson the ablest political apostle, of the theory that the State is wholly secular. But they found little following among our eminent statesmen, and throughout our history the leaders have held that the nation is under Divine guidance, and is amenable to God for fidelity to his laws, and that national recognition of this relation is always in order.

Sir Matthew Hale declared in the English courts that "Christianity is part of the common law of the land." Our judges have often explained that this does not mean that Christianity as a speculative system has any statutory or binding force here; yet all admit that the principles of morality as set forth by Christ, carry such inherent authority of conviction in themselves that they are our acknowledged standard of justice, and as the supreme court of Pennsylvania has declared, they are "the firmest auxiliary, and only stable support of all human laws." Nowhere has this point been more clearly made than by Daniel Webster in the Girard will case. "There is a general and settled public policy in all States," he says, "drawn from its history and its laws. These are sometimes established by constitutional provisions, sometimes by legislative enactments, sometimes by judicial decisions, sometimes by general consent. . . . Wherever there is any religious sentiment among men at all, this sentiment incorporates itself with the law. . . . All, all proclaim that Christianity, general, tolerant Christianity, Christianity independent of sects and parties, that Christianity to which the sword

and fagot are unknown, general, tolerant Christianity, is the law of the land."

The history of the Nation has been largely the history of the development and triumph of Christian ideas. Frederic the Great used to say: "My people and I understand each other; they say what they please, and I do what I please." And yet, though he allowed no persecution for religious or philosophical opinions, no one could safely talk against his plans in that despotism. But we have enjoyed here the freest thought and the freest speech, as a development of Christ's ideas of fraternity, and of that finding of truth that comes only from free comparison of views. Our record has been a history of reforms growing out of Christian ideas—Temperance reform, Missionary reform, Anti-slavery reform, persistent work for the amelioration of mankind.

The individual States have shared these Christian characteristics with the general government. In the charter of Pennsylvania, drawn up by William Penn, stands the declaration that "the preservation of Christianity is one of the great and leading ends of a State." The first legislative act in the colony, as its supreme court reminds us, "was the recognition of the Christian religion, and establishment of liberty of conscience." Massachusetts, in the Preamble to her Constitution, "acknowledges with grateful hearts the goodness of the great Legislator of the Universe," and implores his direction. It is a significant fact that similar expressions of gratitude to God, and prayer for his assistance, are found in the Preamble of the Constitution of every State in the Union save six, (three of which have no Preamble at all,) and these in their provisions for religious liberty, recognize God and our relation to him. Several of the States, asserting explicitly the duty of all men to worship God, and to cultivate "piety, religion, and morality," and the right also to do this "in the mode most consistent with conscience," make this conjoint duty and right the express basis of entire religious liberty.

Their entire civic life has been colored from the first by public religious observances. Their officers have been inaugurated

with religious ceremonies, the Constitution and the Bible appearing side by side. In every court of justice, the sanction of God is invoked in confirmation of testimony, and as Webster has said, "a system of oaths, by which we hold liberty and property and all our rights, is founded in and rest on Christianity and a religious belief." Our public documents go forth conspicuously dated "in the year of our Lord." Congress and most of our State Legislatures appeal for Divine guidance at the opening of each day's deliberations. National and State Thanksgiving-days are annually observed throughout the land. And in every state the minister of religion is constituted a civil magistrate to consummate that most sacred of all bonds, the marriage contract.

The census-tables contribute additional testimony. Less than 70,000 of our fellow-citizens were born in non-Christian lands; and it would seem a fair estimate from other statistics that over nine-tenths of our forty millions are, theoretically, believers in Christianity. Since the Revolution our population has grown twelve-fold, but our churches have multiplied thirty-seven fold. Some have believed that with foreign immigration infidelity was "sweeping in like a flood;" but let us look at a state, over one-third of whose citizens are foreign-born. It

is safe to estimate five-sixths of the population of Wisconsin as believers in Christianity. From 1850 to 1860, its population increased 153 per cent; but its churches gained 193 per cent; from 1860 to 1870, the population gained 35 per cent, and during the same period its churches more than doubled the relative increase, gaining 74 per cent.

The immensely prevailing conviction of the people, then—the home life throbbing with Christian sentiments, our social institutions, our aims and methods of jurisprudence, our public observances, our historic record, all show that Christianity is the atmosphere the nation breathes, and has entered as a leading constituent into its organic life. It has given steadiness to the public conscience, clear views of public duty, and breadth and stability to our public action. A Christian Nation is our inheritance from the founders, and we have a Christian State which we may pass on to posterity. There is no reason why we should sell this splendid birthright for any mess of pottage the secularists may offer. There is no reason why we should dethrone the God of our fathers, and set up in his stead the Dagon of atheism, or bow down before the fetich of indifferentism, as they clamorously demand.

Charles H. Richards.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember a day long past,
When we roamed alone through a wind-filled wood,
And came to a ledge of rock at last,
Where with hands clasped close we silent stood?
We heard the murmur of shining streams,
The whisper of leaves that swayed above,
And over our souls swept the golden dreams,
That come with the dawn of love.

Do you remember the sigh that stirred
The bending grass in the rising breeze,
That brought us the note of a distant bird,
And wild, weird murmurs from far off seas?
The bird's call came like a happy song,
And we gave no heed to the sea's sad tone,

For fear is forgotten, and hope is strong,
With love's great gladness known.

Do you remember? will you forget?

These words are common and quickly said;
But they will be treasured when eyes are wet
With the tears of those who mourn us dead.
Not dead, but sleeping; we cannot die;
Our souls are deathless by love's sweet grace;
And wherever God's glorious kingdoms lie,
There I shall see your face.

Thomas S. Collier.

CHIPS FROM A NORTHWESTERN LOG.

I.

IN THE DEACON'S SEAT.

THE month of December in the year 1866, found me in a condition of health, the result partly of my own folly, partly of the "environment," which more or less affects us all. A medical student when the war began, I had graduated in season to see one year's service as assistant surgeon, and returned to New York, to enter the Theological Seminary, according to my original intention. This union of medicine and theology came naturally from the plan which had shaped most of my life,—that of joining an uncle and elder brother in the missionary field of India. Interrupted by this year of army duty, I sought to make up for lost time by double hours of study; and, already weakened by the long fever which had sent me home prematurely, was an excellent subject for the sharp fit of pneumonia which attacked me in October. By early December, I realized that something must be done; and taking counsel only with myself wrote to an only friend in St. Paul, whose reply to my letter arrived on the same evening in which one of our professors, a man not very much older than myself and a staunch friend, decided he must speak to me. He was an eager, energetic fellow, whose quick run up the stairs leading to my attic meant always a spirited discussion of the latest theological kink.

This night he came slowly, and sat down

before my little air-tight stove with a hesitation I did not understand. A few moments of indifferent talk, and he turned upon me suddenly:

"Camp, do you know how you look?"

"Tolerably," I answered, somewhat taken by surprise. "Why?"

"Because it is time for you to realize it. I've been watching you. It is simply frightful to see a great six-footer like you, dwindling into a mere clothes pole, and marching straight to his grave. You have ceased to be a live man, and are merely a ghost. Something must be done and at once."

"Something has been done," I said. "I have been thinking too; and the result is right here in my pocket. I saw my chances of life lessening, and realized the frail quality of the stock which my native southwestern river-bottoms produce. That rank, rich soil, sends up a growth, having all the appearance of strength, but which snaps in an emergency like an old cottonwood. There are three southern Ohio fellows here and we're all alike. Tall, all right till it comes to shoulders, and then you have the fatal weakness. We are all narrow-chested, half-developed, saleratus-faced wretches. I wrote to an old friend in St. Paul, who is head of a lumber-camp, and sends some forty or fifty men up the river every winter. I told him I doubted my ability to do a full day's work, but wanted the privilege of hiring for the season, payment to be condi-

tional upon my accomplishing anything, and probably to be only board and lodging. Here is the answer, hearty and whole-souled like the man, saying, 'Yes, and welcome!' In fact he is astonished that theology has left enough common-sense to ask for such a thing."

"You'll never stand it, Camp! You haven't strength enough left to hold an ax ten minutes."

"Neither have you. Theology as we take it does not develop strength. That is not the question. Very soon I shall not have enough to hold it one minute. I wish you could come with me?"

The professor thrust out his legs inevitably.

"What possessed you to think of Minnesota?"

"Because absolute dryness of air is the first essential. I suppose the Maine woods would answer the purpose, but there is no possible suggestion of sea-air in those of Minnesota. Then too I can pay my way after a fashion, which I could not so well do, in going South for instance. It is a long way off, but that makes little difference. 'Heaven is as near' you know; though I have every intention of living, if I can."

That evening's talk settled the matter finally. We arranged details, and a week later parted, he feeling as he afterward told me, that he saw my face for the last time.

"Bring no books," my friend had written; "or at most, only your Greek testament and a small edition of Shakespeare. Be content to let your mind lie fallow for one season. You will find study enough in the 'gang' to which you will belong; and I guarantee you an experience in the 'Deacon's Seat,' unlike anything your seminary has to give. Drop the divinity element and be merely a student of men and of the great woods."

I obeyed literally, and some days later found myself in St. Paul, trembling from the fatigue of the long journey, and looking so much worse than my real condition, that I did not wonder at the shocked expression which rested for a moment on my friend's face, but was as instantly dismissed. His wife could not so easily disguise her real

feelings. I saw her, when she fancied my attention elsewhere, examining me with an anxiety I knew to be unnecessary and at last turned upon her:

"I know just how I look," I said; "but believe me, the real case is not half so bad as it seems. I shall get well, I think. Don't you?"

"No, I do not," she answered slowly and pitifully. "If it were any one else, Dr. Wheaton, I should evade the question; but I know you are stout-hearted, and I cannot think it right to let you go into those lonely woods, and perhaps never come back. You should go home to your mother, and gain some strength to start with. Oh, you don't know how many poor souls I have seen come here as a last hope, so weak they had often to be carried from the boats, and too late to do anything but die. Do be persuaded to go home."

"No," I said. "I have counted the cost. I breathe better already, and I should soon cease to breathe at all if I did go home as you wish. It is a poisonous region there, and my present weakness is in great part the result of the deadly malaria in which we all lived. So, don't pity me any longer, but tell me about stores, and if I really need all the woolen socks Dwight says I must have."

"Do exactly what he tells you," she said, smiling a little. "He is waiting for you now, at the door, and you must work fast to get everything ready for to-morrow."

That drive was not inspiring, save in the sense of breathing an air pure and invigorating beyond anything I had ever known. The cold was intense, the mercury as we rode registering 8° below zero; but the shivering, crawling chills which even eight above would have involved in the salt air of New York, found no place here. But the procession of invalids, in all stages of suffering, some leaning on the arms of attendants and seeming as if walking straight to their graves,—the hollow coughs and ghastly faces struck me with horror. A sense of unreality crept over me. Had I journeyed to join this sad procession, whose faces all bore the one stamp of hopeless disease? What if my fate were as clearly evident to them as theirs to me, and the dark woods waited for me

only as a victim? "God forbid," I said unconsciously, aloud; and my friend looked around suddenly and started, as he saw my face.

"You have the true invalid look," he said cheerfully. "I am very glad, Wheaton, that you are not to stay in these demoralizing surroundings. Be encouraged by thinking that many of these people do get well, and that half the inhabitants of Minnesota have only one lung, if the doctors are to be believed. All you have to do after to-morrow is to swathe yourself in flannel and drop broadcloth for six months. You will see a transformation on my part, and a buffalo overcoat, soft hat and moccasins, will work an equal one in you."

For the benefit of those who may follow in my path, let me say that a full outfit for a lumbering camp can be obtained at various outfitting stores in both St. Paul and Minneapolis, far more advantageously than farther "up the river;" and that the invalid needs to add to the regulation woolen shirts, socks, heavy outer coat, mittens and moccasins, an extra blanket or so, condensed beef in the French form, (which, from the fact that it comes in easily rolled sheets is more advantageously packed than the cans containing Liebig's Extract,) and a flask of brandy for emergencies. Condensation is the first law of the lumberman's outfit, there being not one inch of spare space for superfluities of any sort. I left my trunk behind and renewed my army experience in packing my belongings in the gray blankets, and strapping them to the dimensions of an ordinary valise. At noon of the next day we left for St. Cloud, my friend sending up his horses and sleigh on the same train, to take the place of the frightfully uncomfortable stage running between St. Cloud and Crow Wing, a few miles above which was our destination. At St. Cloud we spent the night at a dreary, barn-like hotel on the banks of the Mississippi—a night more exhausting than any I had for some time known, and leaving me barely able to crawl down at six o'clock to the most inadequate of breakfasts, had breakfast been a thing to desire. My friend drank a cup of the rye-coffee, and broke one of the dark yellow biscuits, a

Western luxury which, fortunately, like many others, is fast disappearing.

"Never mind!" he said encouragingly. "Twenty miles up there is a blessed New England woman who has bread and coffee which are true to their name. By that time you will be hungry. I am now, but must wait. Roll this blanket around you before you sit down. The great point is not to leave one crack where cold can get in. That's why I had a special hood put to your fur coat like my own. The Indians understand that thing. Their blanket coats all have a hood, and that sensitive point, the back of the neck, is perfectly shielded. Here is a hot water can for your feet. When you come down you'll have vitality enough to do without it. Now steady. Here we go."

I settled back in my seat, too miserable for the first half-hour to note surroundings. In fact, it was still an hour before daylight, though the pale moonlight gave a still colder expression to a desolate expanse of snow-covered prairie, with here and there dark clumps of scrub-oak. The spirited horses fled over the ground. We passed the stage shortly after we left, congratulating ourselves on being outside rather than in the long, black box, and a little before nine drew up before the door of a long, low log-house, chinked with mud, but having an unmistakably comfortable expression. Evidently my friend was well known. A boy of fifteen, smiling broadly, led the steaming horses to a stable, and we entered a wide room down which a motherly-looking woman advanced beamingly. The clear air had done its work. I was fiercely hungry, and looked with greatest interest for some signs of the promised breakfast.

"I am pleased," she began, shaking hands. "I didn't look to see you so soon again, Mr. Dwight. I'm pretty sure what you want, too; and you shall have it right away, just as soon as me and Miry can get it. I'm pleased to meet you, Dr. Wheaton." This, as my friend introduced me. "Good gracious, though! I guess you'd better stay with me a day or so. You ain't going on be ye?"

"Yes," Dwight answered for me. "He is going on. All that he needs is your

hot coffee, Mrs. Slade, and the sooner the better."

That breakfast I shall never forget, for while "Miry" drew out a small table and proceeded to make it ready, I watched every detail, from grinding the coffee down to frying the venison steak. Life seemed pouring in as we ate and drank, and I confess to having gorged like an anaconda.

"Well done," Dwight laughed, as we rose. "That's the sort of meal for a man who is going to ride sixty miles farther before night. You are improving, Wheaton."

"You ain't the same man, that's a fact," said Mrs. Slade, who had watched us with intense approbation. "I'm free to say I thought you was more likely to fall down than sit up when you came in, but you look a sight better. You be sure and stop here on your way down, Dr. Wheaton."

"No danger of my forgetting," I laughed, "only it will be a long time still. I'm going into the lumber camp for the winter."

"For the land's sake!" gasped Mrs. Slade, and then was silent. Dwight hurried out and settled me again in my corner, returning a moment to pay the bill, and we rode on. The sun had risen and shone with an intense white light on the miles of snow before us. I pulled my hood over my face and settled back, closing my eyes in a half doze till roused by my companion's pointing out a dark line, the edge of the forest we were approaching. Houses were less frequent. We had seen only two or three in the last fifteen miles. The country had been dreary as a Russian steppe, the almost dead level being relieved only by the clumps of scrub-oak, not close enough to break the piercing wind which now and then swept down from the north.

"Good-bye to civilization!" said Dwight, as we reached another turn of the Mississippi and crossing on the ice pulled up a steep bluff, and flew through a line of wigwams. "This is the outpost; a village of half-bloods and Indians. Once past this point your mail is a question of chances, and you almost cease to believe that there is an outside world."

We stopped for a moment at a log-hut, a trading-post; threw a roll of St. Paul papers

to an old man who sat on a barrel, smoking, and sped on through the twilight. At last we were in the "great woods," stretching in almost unbroken line from Michigan and the northern lake region, along the course of the St. Croix and Mississippi. We moved more slowly now. The narrow road was barely suggested by trees cut away here and there, the stumps of which often grated against the bottom of our sleigh. The tired horses pricked up their ears and shook their bells with a sort of questioning energy. The stillness was something almost frightful, and the cold seemed more and more intense. Suddenly we came into a cleared space. A dark building rose before us, a shower of sparks streaming from the chimney.

"Halloa!" shouted Dwight.

"Halloa!" came from within. The door opened, giving a view of blazing logs against which many dark figures stood out in relief.

I stumbled out, stiff from long inaction, and in another moment made one of the surprised group who came forward to meet us.

There are scenes that photograph themselves in the mind insensibly but permanently, and that start out on the least suggestion from memory, as the negative answers to the acid. Thus, while hardly knowing that I saw—only feeling a deadly cold which led me straight to the roaring fire in the center, before which I sank down without energy to turn and so thaw evenly—I was conscious a day later of the impression made in that first five minutes. My friend spoke for a moment with one of the men, who nodded and went out, returning shortly, with his arms full of hay. Dwight pulled off my heavy coat, spread my blankets, forced me to swallow a basin of hot tea, and then tucked me in, with an extra blanket for pillow and my feet toward the fire. I heard one of the ghostly company mutter, "Looks like you'd brought him along for us to lay out;" and then slept, with one final look up to the sky toward which a column of sparks shot through the wide wooden chimney. I wakened once from a dreamless sleep, roused by one of the men who crept from his bunk to a barrel in the

corner, swallowed a dipper of ice-water, and returned cautiously to his place. Above me on a square frame a few feet below the roof, hung a forest of woolen socks. I reflected feebly that the Minnesota lumberman must have as many feet as a centipede to require so many coverings; then slept again.

It was high noon when I awoke. The camp was empty, save for the cook, a tall, dark-haired Frenchman, moving about the fire. I sat up, feeble, but with a sense of coming vigor; a belief that this blessed sleep had been the turning point, and that my face was set toward health. Baptiste, as the cook smilingly announced himself, gathered up my bed and carried it away. I tempered the tin basin of ice-water he furnished for my toilet, with a little hot water from the great iron kettle swinging over the fire, shook off the spears of hay, and sat down refreshed upon the "Deacon's Seat," to examine my surroundings.

The camp was about thirty feet long and twenty wide. Pine logs formed its walls, notched at the ends that they might lie closely, and chinked with moss. Pine splints composed the roof thatched with grass and mud, in which an opening at least six feet square had been left, and built up with more notched logs to form a chimney. Below, on a bed of closely packed earth with sides of logs also tightly fitted, blazed the fire, fed from a pile of logs without and keeping up an immense draft which made the ventilation absolutely perfect. Opposite the one, low door, was a small projection, a species of "lean-to," containing a pantry and cook stove, on which Baptiste carried on the more complicated portions of his cookery. At the same end was a long table, hewn from a pine log and considered as dining-room, while on two sides of the fire, was the double row of bunks. "Bunk" would be more appropriate, as there was no division above or below; each bunk holding a dozen men whose heads nearly touched the wall and whose feet were turned toward the fire. Hay formed the beds, and the regulation gray blankets the covering; and overcrowding seemed to me the only objection to be made to this mode of sleeping, far more

comfortable than many army quarters I had known. At the foot of these bunks, between the lodger's feet and the fire, was a long flat beam, running from side to side and resting on the logs which formed the wall. There were other beams on each side the table, equally useful as benches, but this was the seat *par excellence*; the "Deacon's Seat," known to all lumbermen East or West, as the representative and emblem of camp life. Here they settle at evening before the blazing fire, a jolly row, each contributing song or story. Here they mount themselves in the morning to dress their feet in the myriad coverings necessary for those who stand all day in the snow; here they receive their pay, and here is the final leave-taking in the spring.

While I looked about Baptiste had been busy. Great store of small tin basins appeared from his pantry and were ranged on the long table, with an accompanying tin plate, knife, fork and spoon, all shining with cleanliness. Baptiste himself, in his white apron, moving deftly about, struck me as more appropriate to the Astor House than to his present quarters; but I discovered shortly that his elegant manner had positive grounds for being; a cook being really one of the most important members of a camp, receiving high pay, and having a far easier life than the regular lumbermen.

An appetizing smell filled the air. Baptiste sounded a tin horn, and then disinterred a huge iron pot of beans which had remained buried in the hot ashes over night, acquiring by this primitive means of cookery, a flavor unknown to any other method. These beans, dumped into a large tin dish, stewed cranberries, tea, with an abundant supply of milk from a cow kept in a small out-building, and excellent bread, formed the meal. The men trooped in in comparative silence, nodding as they passed me; shoveled in vast mounds of beans and pork; drank basin after basin of scalding tea, and were out again before I had fairly finished my first. Then Dwight appeared, astonished to see how much better I seemed; we ate and drank an amount which made Baptiste's white teeth gleam as he replenished our plates, and then Dwight arose.

"I have waited," he said, "because I didn't know but that I should have to carry you back with me. There's a new look on your face, though. Not but that you're considerable of a ghost still, but I believe you'll pull through. If you're worse at all, old Mat Anderson has his orders and you are to do as he says. Now, my boy, I've barely time to get over to the other camp before the snow comes. Write often. God bless you, old fellow."

Dwight wrung my hand with an energy quite disproportioned to my strength, and turned away. For a moment a certain terror possessed me. I had almost said, "Take me with you. I can't be left alone." Then courage came. I followed to the door, watched him take his place in the sleigh and touch the prancing horses, in haste to be gone. The bells jingled; another moment, and a turn in the road hid him from view. My camp life had begun in earnest. More sleep seemed the most imperative need. I nodded before the fire, Baptiste keeping up a current of conversation which sounded, finally, faint and far-off like the drone of a big bumble bee. I crawled into the nearest bunk and knew nothing more till supper time.

I awoke to find that a small bunk for myself alone had been built out on the side nearest the pantry, by old Mat and Baptiste, and filled with hemlock sprays from which every projecting rough twig had been removed. Hay laid over this foundation made a spicy, springy, delicious nest, for which I was doubly grateful from the fact that I had dreaded more society than that of the men, in the common bunk. In this bed I spent most of my time for a week, rising punctually to eat enormous meals, and returning as punctually to this business of sleeping. It seemed as if the arrears of years were to be made up; and as I lay, sometimes in a half-dozing, half-conscious state of utter quiet and contentment, breathing the balsamic breath of my pine bed, and the air which swept down the wide chimney bearing healing and strength, I seemed to feel worn-out nerves recovering spring and lax muscles becoming tense and strong. Fanciful or not, the end of a week had at least given sleep enough,

and I was up, bent upon exploring and examining my neighbors at last with a somewhat human interest.

Thirty men, eleven of whom were Maine Yankees, the remaining nineteen representing half a dozen nationalities—prominently the Scandinavian, which is finding a congenial home in Minnesota—made up the camp. Were the object of these papers simply to give the phases of lumbering life, there was here abounding material for certainly thirty distinct sketches, each man being more or less a pioneer, and possessing sharply-outlined characteristics which, in settled communities, are soon lost. The life proved anything but monotonous. At half-past five the small alarm-clock sent out a ringing and brazen call, utterly disproportioned to its size. From my bunk I watched the men crawl out, dress their feet for the day and swallow a hasty breakfast—dividing then into separate squads, according to their respective charges: "choppers" who fell the trees; "swampers" who prepare the roads; "sawyers" who saw the trees into logs, and a foreman who goes from group to group, taking a hand at everything, and being referred to in all critical questions.

The camp itself stood in a clearing, the men's work beginning a quarter of a mile beyond, where the pines grew thick and tall, their stately trunks like the columns of a great temple; their shaggy tops the fretted roof, and the snow the fair marble floor beneath. These perfect trunks I had supposed would be found only in open spaces where full chance for sunshine and free growth could be had, but old Mat at once convinced me of my mistake.

"It's this way," he said. "The pine won't stand any shakin' or knockin' about. Give it a close packed wood that henders side branches from growin' out, an' it'll shoot straight up nigh the sky as a tree can git. But you give it what you call a chance, and the side branches grow out an' fill it with knots, and the wind shakes it so it can't grow solid. Now sometimes you see a splendid, han'sum tree in an openin', an' come to cut it down you could run a knife between the rings. All soft an' no evenness to it. Do for firewood, an' that's about all.

Then some trees are kind o' cancerous; all et up inside. An old lumberman looks to the bark, an' sounds with his axe an' tells that way; but a green haud in a hurry, chops away an' gets scart out o' his senses with a tree bustin' to pieces every which way, instead o' falling straight and steady. There's hypocrites among trees same as among folks, an' you tell 'em about the same way."

Now and then I joined the "choppers," whose duty was simply to fell and trim the tree; but the exercise was still too exhausting and I found the steady motion of the saw easier and pleasanter. Two men, standing on opposite sides of a fallen tree, one with the right, the other with the left foot advanced, grasp the upright handle of a cross-cut saw, and draw it backward and forward with an easy, regular motion. The ease was a delusion, as I soon found; but I practiced daily, rejoicing in the gradual piling up of the odorous saw-dust, as well as the perceptible increase of strength. Tired of this, I followed the "swampers," who clear roads, or watched the "loading up." The loading, till within a few years, had been a matter of mere brute force, depending on the strongest hands in the "gang," but all this had changed. A log-chain fastened to the middle of the log in such a way that on being pulled, the log rolled, the oxen to whose yokes it was attached did the rest. Two or three men standing by with their "cant dogs," or levers, directed its motions; and with no more effort than would have been given to the lifting of common fence-rails, six enormous logs were placed on the sled and moved toward the "landing." The sleds, much wider than usual, made a "broad gauge" path to the landings, in the case of this camp numbering a dozen, and at different points on the brook, which emptied first into Rum river and finally through that into the Mississippi. Standing on the banks of this brook one saw thousands of logs on its ice-bound surface, waiting for the "spring opening," and the voyage to Minneapolis, where they would be translated into lumber.

A narrow bridge crossed the brook at a point some little distance below the camp, and as night came on I sometimes stood

there a few moments, listening to the gurgle of the imprisoned water, and watching the column of sparks from our camp-fire against the dark background of pines. So standing one evening, a fortnight or so after my arrival, a sense of something near though unheard caused me to turn, and having turned to start with as great, though momentary fright, as though my scalp were in danger. A tall Indian, smiling broadly, stood there in full hunting costume, as picturesque a figure as my eyes had ever rested upon, and with a "How, how!" passed with swift, silent steps, down the trail. At almost the same moment old Mat, who seldom allowed me long out of his sight, came from the camp; and as he followed the direction of my eyes and saw the vanishing figure, shook his fist at it with such fury of gesture and expression that I was still more startled.

"The red varmint!" he said. "I'd burn him in a slow fire if I could!"

"What do you mean? What has he done?" I asked.

"He? No more maybe than been born, though that's harm enough. It's his kind. Sneaking devils, just fit to be hung, an' that's all. If I was the goverment, I'd run every soul of 'em across the continent and uever stop till I saw the last one sink in the Pacific! There is no place on God's earth for such varmints!"

"Nevertheless God made them, and your way would be hard measure for a fellow-being."

"None o' your parsoning!" returned Anderson, with a roughness of which I saw he was hardly conscious. "No fellow-being about it; no more than there is with rattle-snakes. Your eastern folks talk loud about human beings. Wait till you find your own baby nailed to the roof, and your women chopped to mince meat, an' you'll shut down on that kind o' talk I reckon."

I was silent as Anderson walked along, muttering unintelligible words, curses which he tried to suppress but could not.

"I'll tell you my own story some time, an' soon too," he said presently; "and then if you go in for any more sickish talk about fellow-beings and their souls, I'll set you down as just as free of sense as most parsons.

I thought you wasn't the common sort, but they're all fools; all fools;" and with this summary characterization, old Mat went in to his supper, and to his bunk directly afterward, refusing to come out, even to look at the double-shuffle danced by two of the men, to the music of young Bjornson's fiddle. I found him the next day in the deepest wood, marking trees; and he at once gathered together material for a fire, started it, piled on some logs as soon as it was well under way, and laid down an armful of boughs.

"Set there" he said, "and I'll tell you what's on my mind, and don't you bear malice for rough words either. You can't when you know what cause I've got for 'em. Shake hands, if you aint gritty, an' I'll give you the gist o' the whole thing."

We shook hands heartily and sitting there, old Anderson poured out his story with a fierce energy strangely in contrast to his usual quiet and impassive demeanor, but often found in these silent and reticent natures.

Campbell Wheaton.

LITTLE PILKINS.

IN a certain June that has long gone by, late on a balmy afternoon, I sauntered forth to make the tour of my garden.

Now the fashion of the garden was on this wise: It lay in the angle of two streets, with a very good width in front, but stretching back still farther along the unpretentious little thoroughfare at the side, until it abutted upon a row of small but decent dwellings in the rear. A high board fence enclosed the greater part of it, but on a line with the middle of the house this ugly, impervious barrier sloped gradually down into a low, green, open paling.

It was dewy morning when I had last seen my cinnamon pinks and pansies, my yellow roses, and the beauteous big shaft of double white rocket; and it will never do to leave flowers too long by themselves; they need looking after and talking to very often, to keep them in their first perfection—persuasive admonitions twice a day, at least.

As I wandered leisurely from plant to plant and from shrub to shrub in a meditative way, I became suddenly aware of a strange sound of labored breathing, and directly I discovered a little plump, pink face pressed in between the palings; one fat hand grasped a slat on either side; the eyes were tight shut, the mouth was puckered to a mere point, and the little bud of a nose was quite engrossed in snuffing up the air most assiduously, and then exhaling it again with a long sigh of satisfaction.

"Fine or superfine?" pondered I. "Snips and snails" or "sugar and spice?" Boy or girl? But the question speedily answered itself, for behind the bars I caught sight of two sturdy little legs in gray stockings and knickerbockers, and out of one side-pocket peeped a blue-edged handkerchief, and out of the other the apex of a top. Still the little bud of a nose kept snuffing on and on.

"Well, well!" I said at last very gently, so as not to frighten away my little visitor; "what kind of a nice little boy is that looking through my garden fence?"

"It's a boy coll'd Ev'ett," was the response, in a tone more gentle still. "A boy coll'd Ed'ard Ev'ett. A boy coll'd Ed'ard Ev'ett Pilkins," he repeated; and still his eyes were shut and still his nose went snuffing on.

"And what *are* you doing," I asked again, "that makes you look so funny I can't help laughing?"

The eyelids opened and disclosed a pair of mild, pale blue eyes, and the puckered mouth relaxed into a smile as he answered, "Oh, I'm only smellin' up this good smell in here. It smells so dreadful splendid in here that I stop and smell it up every day when I go to school, and every day when I come home again." Then he shut his eyes and puckered up his mouth, and went to snuffing again.

"Why don't you come inside?" I asked.

"Darsent do it, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"Might get turned out and taken up."

"O, not when you are invited. If you would like to come in I will open the side gate for you."

"Wouldn't I, though!" and this time he opened his eyes for good, and his whole face was one big smile. "Wouldn't I, though, like to get nearer to those posies that smell so dreadful fine!"

In a minute more he was among the flowers.

"Well, well, well!" he said softly. "I never, never 'spected to be inside of this. Which do you think smells the very bestest of all, ma'am?"

"I don't know, for I love them every one; but perhaps this bed of pinks may please you best."

The child took one snuff at the mass of pinks, and then went plump down on the gravel walk on hands and knees, and hung over them as one bewitched.

"Oh! oh! I never, never!" he ejaculated at last in his little gentle way; "no, I never, never! I can't breathe it in fast enough, nor hard enough, nor long enough."

"Oh, you need not feel so discouraged about it," I answered; "you shall have plenty of time, and some of the pinks, too; put them in water when you get home, and they will keep fresh a long time. When they wither, come back and get some more."

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered with a little blush. "Maybe that wouldn't be manners. Maybe my farer wouldn't let me."

"You can tell him I asked you, anyway," said I, gathering the pinks.

"Now they'll *know* I've been in here, won't they?" he asked with a radiant gleam in his eyes. "'Cause how could I get the flowers if I wasn't? I never, never 'spected I'd come inside! It wasn't wicked, I guess, to smell 'em through the fence. Farer says what you can carry away in your eyes and ears isn't stealing, and the same to your nose, I guess. It looks 'actly like heaven in here, don't it ma'am?"

"Does it?" I answered laughing; "what do you know about heaven, little man?"

"Oh, lots and lots," he replied serenely.

"I'm glad you do, but I think heaven has

far more beauty and pleasantness than even my dear garden."

"Maybe so; but this is the nighest to it that I ever saw."

"Now hold the flowers, Edward, as I cut them."

"Yes, ma'am; but I ain't coll'd Ed'ard."

"Oh, I thought that was your name."

"Yes, ma'am, so it is; but I'm an Ed'ard coll'd Ev'ett."

"All right, sir; we'll make no more such mistakes. Everett it shall be."

As I gave the boy the pinks, I saw that he put first one in his right hand and then one in his left, with perfect regularity. "Pinks to the right of me; pinks to the left of me!" thought I to myself; "into the valley of bloom rode the young Everett!" When I cut the roses they were sorted in similar fashion, and the geranium leaves, also, went their diverse ways. "There," said I at last, "you have two gay little bouquets, indeed! And now tell me who told you so much about Heaven."

"Oh, diff'ent ones; Joey, and the minister, and my Scunnel-school teacher, and my farer more'n anybody."

"It isn't every boy that has a father like that; you are fortunate."

"Yes, ma'am. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he *can* try to give 'em religion; 'cause religion's cheap in this country, if anything is; so he's tryin' very hard to give us all religion 'fore we grow up."

"Well, how is it turning out?"

"Joey's got it, and Marty's got it, and Nelly hasn't got it yet, and Florry and me's a-trying, and the baby's too little to know much, and the speck of a new baby can't do anything but sleep."

"You must have a good father, Everett; I hope his best wishes will be all fulfilled."

"Yes, ma'am; I've got a good movver, too, only she's so busy she can't talk much;" and then my little visitor departed with his twin bouquets and a radiant face.

It was only a few days later when I saw the pleasant little visage thrust through the palings again.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you!" I cried; "Do come in!"

"Thank you, ma'am. Can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Got put in the closet last time."

"For what, pray?"

"Coming in without being washed and scrubbed. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he *can* make 'em clean, for water is cheap in this country, if anything is."

"Well, then, can't you get washed and scrubbed?"

"Yes, ma'am; Joey'll do it."

"Fly home then, like a bird, and I'll wait here for you."

When he came back there was an extra glow on that round and ruddy countenance; it gleamed like a red-cheeked apple just polished for the fruit basket. He went down on his knees again over the bed of pinks, and seemed like one enchanted. As I cut the flowers and gave them into his hands we fell into conversation as before.

"I'm so sorry you were put in the closet for coming here, Everett," I said. "It was a very unpleasant ending to the afternoon."

"No ma'am, not so very," he answered serenely. "Ought to have minded what I was told. Besides, I just shut my eyes and thought of the pinks till Joey let me out."

"Are the others at home as fond of flowers as you are?"

"They like 'em very much; they thought what I took home from here was awful nice, and they knew I'd been in here. The first thing Joey said when farer came home was, 'Oh, farer! farer! what do you think? Ev'ett's been in the Gardena-Edena, and here's some flowers that grew there!'"

"In where?" I asked.

"In the Gardena-Edena; Joey always calls it so. That's my house;" he continued, pointing; "one, two, three, down the row; and when you go up stairs in the back room and squeegee your head way over sideways against the shutter, you can see a little piece of this Gardena-Edena. If your barn wasn't there, and our house was a little further back and turned a teenty-taunty bit this way, we could see lots of it. Joey's glad we can see even a speck of it."

"Joey's your oldest brother, I suppose."

"No ma'am, Joey's my big sister. She's

a girl coll'd Jophesine Panoleon Bonaparte Pilkins."

"Oh; and Marty's your next sister then?"

"No, ma'am, Marty's my big bro'rer; he's a boy coll'd Martin Thuler Pilkins."

"Why,—what long, large names!"

"Yes, ma'am; we've *all* got 'em. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he can give 'em good names, 'cause good names is cheap, if anything is, in this country."

"And may I know the names of the others, too?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. Next comes Nelly."

"Another sister?"

"No, ma'am, a bro'rer. He's a boy coll'd Hosharo Nelson Pilkins. And next comes me. And after me comes Florry. Florry's a girl coll'd Florence Gightinale Pilkins."

"Is that all?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," he answered very mildly. Next comes the baby. He's a small boy call'd Christoper Bolumkus Pilkins. Last of all comes the speck of a new baby. He's a *very* small boy coll'd Henry Bard Weecher."

"G-r-r-acious!"

"Ain't that a nice name, too?"

"It's so tremendously long and strong for such a mite of a child! I should think it would wear him to the very bone!"

"No, ma'am," returned Everett gently. "He don't appear to mind it. Perhaps because we only call him Henny."

In the meantime, I had been cutting flowers and Everett receiving them, and dividing them as before quite impartially between his right hand and his left. Pinks, pansies, roses, phloxes, myrtle, jasmine, went twig for twig and sprig for sprig on this side and on that.

"You always make two bouquets, Everett," said I.

"Yes, ma'am," repeated he with great mildness, "I *always* make *two* bouquets."

It would have been gratifying to know why, but I did not ask him, for I respect the plans and purposes of little heads, and know that little hearts have often "long, long thoughts" in them. Not that I approve for an instant of the wild and cataclysmal doctrine of Budge-and-Toddyism, which, if once permitted to prevail, would sweep the entire

American nation from the face of the earth within six months, and leave the great Bird of Freedom himself, only a plucked, denuded fowl upon a barren strand. No, never that, for a moment; but a feeling that there is an individuality in the little people as well as in the larger ones that deserves consideration. Perhaps the feeling has been strengthened by the still vivid memory of sundry sore-hearted hours, when the "Pshaw! pshaw!" the "Tut! tut!" or the "What's the good of it, child!" of an older will, went like the besom of destruction straight through certain little cob webby plans that had been long a-weaving.

During that beautiful early summer Everett and I had many a pleasant meeting. Two or three times a week he came to see me; we always fell into conversation on matters grave or gay or lively or severe; I always cut a nosegay of flowers for him, and he always divided them in his own little way. One day in mid-July I said to him:

"I have something this morning I know you will like. Almost all boys would like them better than flowers."

"I don't know what it is yet," he answered softly, "but I like *everything* in here."

"It's cherries! That's what it is! 'Cherries are ripe! cherries are ripe! and children can have some!' Come into the house and get them." And I showed him the way up a half-dozen miniature steps tucked deftly into a small corner, that led from the garden into the bay-window of the library.

"Oh what a nice quirky steps!" ejaculated Everett gently. "There's everything strange and pretty and nice like fairy tales in this Gardena-Edena."

We sat down by the library table where the basket of cherries stood, and I picked from it the biggest and reddest, with the longest stems,—for a stemless cherry is an imperfect treasure; half the fun is to shake and dangle it and twirl its ruby roundness before eating;—and as I gave them to him his eyes shone with pleasure, but not one was put in his mouth. One cherry went into his right hand and one into his left. I tried with a pair devoid of stems. The result was the same. One was enclosed by the palm of one chubby hand, the other by the

palm of the other. Verily, thought I to myself, this is growing uncanny. The boy behaves as if he were a fairy himself, and some inexorable ogre compelled him to go through with this unmeaning pantomime. If he does so the next time I see him, I will surely ask the reason why, and break the wicked spell.

And when I saw him a few days later, and gave him first flowers and then cherries, and found that he did just as before, dividing them with exactitude into two portions, I fulfilled my vow.

"Everett," I said, "you have always made two bouquets out of the flowers I have given you."

"Yes ma'am," he replied with great mildness, "I have always made two."

"And now, instead of eating the cherries, you are making them into two bunches as you did before."

"Yes ma'am, I'm making them into two."

"I should like to know why, if you are willing to tell me."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I'd like to. Half of all I have is Florry's. Half of all I *ever* had is Florry's. Half of all I'm ever going to have is Florry's."

"Then the flowers were always for her, and these cherries too?"

"Yes, ma'am, and everything I get. I always want her to have her half first, so as to get the best, and she always wants me to have the best, and sometimes we can't tell which is the best, and that makes us laugh."

"Is Florry your favorite, then?"

"Yes ma'am," he answered very gently; "Florry is my favorite."

"Why?"

"Because Florry's sick. She's very sick. She can't get well. She's too sick to stay here much longer. She's got a 'sumption, and she can't live long."

"You never told me that, Everett!"

"No ma'am; you never asked me."

"But my dear little man, you must tell me whatever you want to, without my asking."

"Must I?"

"Certainly; don't fail to do so."

"Then I'll tell you something now; shall I, ma'am?"

"Of-course, my dear."

"Florry wants very much to see the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena before she goes away. Florry's my dearest pet. Half of all I have is Florry's. Half of all I ever had, except you. I've seen you and talked with you and been in your Gardena-Edena, and Florry hasn't. You have been just as sweet as a angel to me, and smiled at me ever so many times, but not at Florry. She calls me 'Etty.' Almost every day she says, 'Etty, dear, I want to see the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena before I go.'"

"I wish you had told me this before, Everett. I will go with you any hour of any day she wants me."

"Thank you, ma'am; I knew you would. Florry's seen a little bit of this Gardena-Edena. She used to sleep in the little front room, but when she got worse and couldn't sit up but a little while at a time, then she changed into the back room, so that when she *did* sit up she could squeeze her head sideways over by the shutter and see a little bit of it. Sometimes when the wind blows, she smells the flowers from 'way over here, and then she's glad. She hasn't sat up this week."

"Have you a good doctor for her?"

"Yes, ma'am. Used to have two, but it wasn't any good. They said she couldn't get well. Now we've got another that does all he can."

"I am very sorry about your Florry."

"Yes, ma'am, so am I," he answered softly, while the tears welled up in his eyes; "but it can't be helped. Farer says, when you can help a thing help it, and when you can't, then *bear* it with patience. Farer says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he can teach 'em to go without, and have patience, 'cause patience is cheap, if anything is in this country."

"Sound doctrine," I answered, "but sometimes hard to practice. Give your Florry my kindest wishes, and tell her the minute she wants me, I will come."

"I will, ma'am, and thank you too;" and he went away happy in his double treasure of flowers and fruit.

It is not within the power of words to describe the exceeding mildness of this

little child. His most joyous joys seemed subdued; his troubles appeared to leave him quite untroubled; his strongest enthusiasms were completely under control. We have seen saintly mothers and grandmothers, like goodly vessels that have breasted the waves, and been tossed by the tides and have bowed to the gales, at last floating into quiet harbors, in the mellow sunset light, but it is rare to meet such ripe serenity in youth or childhood.

My little Pilkins seemed even to be aware of and to contemplate his own small lingual deficiencies with an unperturbed urbanity of soul. I sometimes wondered that the father or the mother or the helpful Joey did not correct them, and make the little fellow mind his p's and q's, and various other consonants; but perhaps with a Josephine Napoleon Bonaparte, a Martin Luther, and a Horatio Nelson before him, a Florence Nightingale, a Christopher Columbus and a Henry Ward Beecher behind him, not to mention a mother that was too busy to talk, these sinless blunders were not thought worthy of notice. I supposed myself quite familiar with his especial methods of speech, but he continued to puzzle even me, sometimes.

The time of cherries had passed, and the breathless heats of August had come, when Everett told me one morning, that the doctor said Florry was worse.

"Yes, my Florry is sicker and sicker," he said with a tremble in his voice; "but next week," he added, trying to smile, "she'll feel better. She'll feel a good deal better, 'cause next week's got a bursday in it. I'll be nine years old, and I'm going to have a present."

"Won't that be nice!" I answered.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going to have a present, and it's half for Florry. In the country where we used to live, right across the road from Darby-coll'd-Deacon's there's a cousin that's going to send me a present. It's a present of a Collo-coll'-toodles."

"A what, Everett?"

"A splendid Collo-coll'-toodles; and it's half for Florry. Isn't that nice?"

"Oh, very; I should like to see it when it comes."

"Yes, ma'am; you shall; I'll bring it right over and show it to you."

On the following Thursday, therefore, he came to me all aglow with a mild radiance, and told me that his birthday present had arrived. "It's here!" he cried jubilantly. "It's here, and Florry likes it!"

"How very pleasant," I replied.

"Yes ma'am, very pleasant; and if you'll let me, I'll run and get it, and show it to you. Nelly's holding it for me outside the gate."

And in a moment he had fled and returned, bringing with him a profusely woolly white poodle, which he sat down on the floor between us. It was so shaggy there was no knowing bow from stern until it walked, and it looked like a little sheepskin door-mat that had suddenly rolled itself up and determined to be somebody.

"Oh, *that's* it," I exclaimed with a sigh of relief.

"Yes ma'am, *that's* it; that's my Collo-coll'-toodles. All that kind of dogs is coll'-toodles, but this toodles' own name is coll'-Collo." "Carlo! Carlo!" I said, "come and get a neck-tie;" for I just bethought me of a sky-blue ribbon in the library drawer. We tied it on, Everett and I, with a stylish bow behind his left ear, and then Everett kissed him over and again with chastened rapture. "The only matter of Collo-coll'-toodles," said Everett with a gentle sigh, "is, that we can't divide him. We don't know which half is Florry's and which is mine. I think the best way is for Florry to have all of him now, because you know when she,—when she goes away,"—and there was a little choke in his throat,— "I can't *help* having all of him. I'm afraid she'll go very soon now. She thinks so. She's made movver wash her white dress all clean, and buy a white ribbon for her hair. She's glad that Collo-coll'-toodles came so soon, and she'd be glad if you would come and see her to-morrow. She said to-day, 'Etty, dear, tell the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena, that I'd like to see her in the morning if it's perfly convenient.' I'll come and bring you when her room's broomed up, if you'll come."

"Of course I will, dear child, gladly."

It was early the next morning when Everett came for me, earlier than I expected him; but I went just as I was, in my white morning gown, stopping only to gather a few flowers for the little sister, as we passed through the garden.

With a strange delicacy, no one of the family appeared. Everett alone conducted me through the passage, up the stair-case, all very plain but very clean, into the sick child's room. A great pang of infinite pity rushed through my heart at the sight of the little fading life before me; the white, patient, hollow-eyed child, hurrying on with hot, quick pulses, into the great hereafter. Almost as instantly came also the remembrance that for her this visit should be a time of peace, rest and soothing, without so much as one disturbing look or gesture. I laid my hand gently on hers, and looked down in her eyes and smiled.

She smiled in return. "I thank you ma'am," she said; "I thank you very much, but I can't talk much; my breath goes so fast."

"I came to talk to *you*," I answered, "as long as you want me, and about anything you like."

"Tell me about your Garden of Eden, please. I'd like to hear all about that. How it's shaped out, and where everything grows."

The little Carlo was nestled down by her side in the bed. Everett climbed up and rested near him leaning on his elbow, looking part of the time at Florry and part at me. I laid the flowers in one of her little thin hands, and took the other in mine.

"It's so strange and so nice to see you," she said, stopping between every few words to breathe. "I've wanted it so much and now I've got it. Almost everything comes just as I want it. I wanted to see Carlo, and Carlo's here, and loves me already. I wanted to see you, and you're here. I was afraid my white dress wouldn't be ready, but mother washed it, and Joey ironed it and sewed a frill in, and that's ready. They all wear white there, don't they?"

"I think so," I answered slowly, "of one kind or another. Do you care so much for the dress, dear?"

"I know what you think. Yes, I know. *He* could make it white and clean as he could my heart, as I think he has; but I just wanted to *look* ready, too. I *am* all ready but one or or two little things. I want to go. There's too much pain and weakness here for me. I love the home up there. I love those that live there. They seem like dear, kind friends to me. But one thing troubles me,—and that is *how* I'll go. Etty thinks a shining angel will bear me to the sky, don't you, Etty, dear?"

"Yes, Florry, I'm sure of it."

"But if it should be a stranger angel," she said anxiously, "wouldn't I be afraid? If only the kind Lord himself could come! But of course he can't for every child that has to go! Do you think I'll be afraid?"

I patted the little thin hand, and shook my head and smiled. "Not even one tiny bit; I think the 'dear, kind Friend' you have there will send such a messenger as you will be glad to go with. He has made all the other things come right, he will make this right too. Only trust him for this as you have for the rest."

"I think I can," she said looking earnestly at me. "I will. I do. Will you tell me now about your Garden of Eden?"

I described to her as well as I could the general plan of the garden; the little lawn in front, with its trees and shrubs, and the gravel walks that ran in and out among the grass, waving now to the right to give space for an arbor vitæ, and now to the left to make room for a clump of sumach; and then hiding themselves in a little thicket of greenness; the close-cut grassy terrace that went quite around the house; the high trellises that carried the vines to the top of the piazza; the shorter ones that supported the roses and clematis; the summer-house over in the corner; the geometrical flower-beds bordered with thrift, and blazing with brightest colors; the hemlock hedge that ran across between the flower-garden and the kitchen-garden; the row of great white Antwerp raspberries that were planted all along the side fence; the spicy strawberry-patch behind the hedge, where the rows of currant and gooseberry bushes were planted; where the pear-trees stood; where the cherry-

trees grew;—and then the whole wonderful procession of the blessed flowers, from those that blossomed first and bravest in the damp, nipping, early spring morning, to those that opened boldest and latest in the dark autumn frosts, until finally, the flowers and the summer had to move together into the big bay-window of the library, and stay captive till the spring came again. The child's eyes were earnestly fixed on mine, a faint smile flitted over her face now and then, and once in a while her fingers pressed mine.

"Go on; go on, please," she said when I paused. "Isn't there any more?"

"Oh yes, any quantity; all you want to hear."

So I went on then to tell her of the robins that had built their nest in the elm tree, with a little piece of pink tissue paper at one side for a festive banner; of the felonious old gray puss that tried to steal the baby-birds, and got sent away for it; of the two fat toads that lived at their ease in the lettuce bed, and came out at dusk to ensnare insects with their little lasso-like tongues; of the great green spotted frog, a perfect stranger to all the the family, who suddenly arrived one morning from foreign parts, without a shadow of an introduction, and coolly settled himself in the high grass around the mossy trough that catches the drippings from the well.

The sultry August morning had been growing sultrier and more oppressive every moment; the distant, busy hum of the streets was only an indistinct murmur, and the house was absolutely still. The great, bright eyes that had been fastened so earnestly on mine at first, had slowly drooped and languished, and closed more than once, and the child seemed too drowsy to speak. But again the little fingers pressed mine faintly, and again I talked on, in the most dreaming, droning tones I could command, spinning an endless thread, spider-fashion, out of myself about anything that came uppermost; the bees that visited my garden, and foraged for honey and pollen in such a fussy, buzzy, blundering way, hurrying and scrambling for fear some other bee should get ahead of them, and muttering and talk-

ing about it all the time, like some people who take their dinner with so much needless noise and commotion that their friends wish they would do their eating in Greenland, and only come home between times. And then of the butterflies, the gorgeous, beautiful creatures, the floating flowers that perch upon the anchored ones, and fan them with their painted wings, and display their beauties in the sunshine, and sip so deftly, that like some other people who take their bite and sup most daintily, pleasing you with their brightness all the time, you hardly ever remember that they eat at all.

And then of the wasps, those fervid fire-worshippers, who seem to die with every chilling wind and to be born again with the sunshine; idle as well as peevish, they like best the viscous silene and other gummy flowers that have already generously exuded their treasures for them; but most of all they love the juice of a bruised strawberry, an over-ripe raspberry or a fallen pear! That's the wine for their lordships! They tipple and tipple, till they scarcely can rise again into the warm summer air, and then go drifting lazily by to leeward, center-board down.

The child's eyes had now long been closed, her fingers had fallen quite away from mine, her whole frame seemed relaxed and tranquil in a sweet, calm sleep. Softly rising from my seat, and holding up my finger to Everett as an entreaty for perfect stillness, I stole silently away again to my own Garden of Eden.

Not many days after, my little Pilkins came once more to see me. I spoke to him cheerfully as he entered the library, but he did not answer. I asked him if anything had happened,—if Florry was worse, but he *could* not answer. I opened my arms and he ran into them, hid his face on my shoulder and cried long, long and heavily.

True to himself, however, he struggled with his sorrow; he checked it as manfully as he could, and soon lifting his head, he said gently:

"My Florry's gone, all gone at last! She went away this morning, just a little while ago, and everything happened the way she wanted it. She had a good sleep the day

you were there. When she woke up she said, 'Etty, dear, when you see the lady that lives in the Gardena-Edena, tell her she soothed me to a sweet, long sleep, the best I ever, *ever* had.' And in that sleep she had a vision. It was a vision of an angel. It was dressed in white and it looked like you, and had flowers in its hand as you had.

I smiled at the simple childishness that did not see how the living fact had suggested the dreaming fancy."

"Yes," Everett went on, "and *it* smiled, too, like you smiled at Florry, and it looked in her eyes, and it laid its gentle hand on Florry's, and it said, 'I'm sure you would not be afraid to go away with me,' and Florry said 'Oh no, not at all! I'd love to go with *you*!' And then it said, 'I shall come soon,' and it faded away like a light, fainter and fainter, smiling at Florry all the time. It looked like you, only it was ever so much bigger and stronger, and dazzled up all the room. Joey said it was a dream, but Florry said No, it was a vision; and farer said 'Who knows? let the child take her comfort!' The next morning Florry made them wash her nice and clean and lay her white frock by her. 'It may come to-day, Etty, dear,' she said, 'or it may come to-morrow; and I must be all ready.' And yesterday she got all ready again and waited. But this morning she called Joey early, and made her put the white dress on her, and tie her curls with the new white ribbon. 'This is the day,' she said; 'I wasn't sure before, but now I know it; call them in, and kiss me good-bye, all.' Then we all kissed her good-bye, one by one; and little Collo felt lonely, and climbed up on the bed, and cried and lapped her cheek, so she kissed him good-bye too, and he cuddled right down by her side. Then she said she was tired and wanted to go to sleep; but first she wanted Joey to lay the little new baby on her arm so that she could feel it there a little while, and then she smiled at us and said, 'I'm just as happy as I can be,' and fell fast asleep."

"And did not wake again?"

"Only for a minute. We think the angel must have come for her; for after a while, she opened her eyes quick and bright, just

as if somebody had called her, and said softly, 'Yes, yes! I'm all ready!' and smiled and lifted up her arms to be carried, and then,—and then,—they said she was gone!"

Once more the poor little man gave in to his sorrow and leaned his head on me, and sobbed, while I spoke such words of sympathy as seemed to soothe him best. "Everett," I said at last, "let us do something for Florry that we know she would like. Let us take quantities of flowers, rich and sweet and beautiful, and let us make a perfect bed of them—bed and pillow and coverlet—for the little form in its little white dress that Florry left behind her."

"Oh, that *would* be nice," said Everett; "my Florry did *love* flowers so much."

And so we did; the little pearl-white child with all that was beneath her and about her, we so garlanded and crowned and wreathed and decked with flowers that the last picture of her on earth was that of a waxen bird in a great wilderness of glowing brilliant blossoms.

This happened on the eve of a long-planned visit to the sea-shore.

When I returned, after six weeks or more, I missed my little comrade. I looked often

at the place in the open palings where the pleasant little face had been wont to frame itself, and listened many a time for the soft footfalls that used to come so unintrusively in at the side gate, but in vain. At last I bade my handmaid Rose summon him to his friend and the flowers once more.

"Oh dear, ma'am," she exclaimed penitently. "I do beg your pardon, I'm sure! I forgot entirely to tell you that the little fellow was here twice to see you. The last time, when I told him you'd be away for a couple of weeks yet, he just cried and said he'd never see you again, and he left a long message for you. I passed particular remarks upon it, ma'am, he gave it so wise and old-fashioned like! 'Tell her,' said he, 'that I came to say good-bye. Father says a poor man with a big family can't do much for his children, but he *can* give 'em room to grow, for room's cheap out West in this country, if anything is; so we're going out West, far, far West, and I'm afraid I'll never see her again!'"

His foreboding was true; I have never seen or heard of him since; but still, through the dissolving years, my heart has ever remained faithful to the memory of my own Little Pilkins. *Olive A. Wadsworth.*

WHAT IS THE USE OF THE ALPHABET?

An old grammarian says that orthography is intended to lead the writer from the sound to the symbol, and the reader from the symbol to the sound. In other words; letters and sounds are mutually representative; and, as the same author says again, there should be for every sound one symbol and for every symbol only one sound; "this nature and reason crave, and I can but trow that the worthy inventors of this divine faculty shot at this mark."

So wrote Alexander Hume in his "Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue," which he dedicated to King James the First at about the time that the authorized version of the Bible was made, some two centuries and a half ago. He was a hard-

headed Scotsman, and he enunciated a sentiment which the most advanced phonologist re-echoes without change to-day.

Written language does not begin with an alphabet but with pictures of objects—with figures representing the names of the objects which the writer wishes to bring before the reader's mind. Professor Whitney says that "an alphabet is the final result of centuries, even ages, of education and practice in the use of written characters." Our own alphabet, which is used by a large portion of the civilized world, as we all know, is traced to the Phenicians, and it seems probable that it grew out of the civilization of Egypt, the very ruins of which astonish the scientific explorer after the lapse of so many ages.

The Greeks took up the work of the Phenicians, and by adding to it and changing some of its signs, adapted it to the faithful representation of spoken language. The Romans, in turn, adapted the same series of letters to the wants of their speech, and from them it descended to the modern European people.

The Roman alphabet was first introduced into England about thirteen hundred years ago, each letter being used to represent the English sound nearest to the one it had in the Roman pronunciation of the time, three signs being added to denote sounds not provided for. The spelling that resulted was so nearly phonetic that every change in it indicated a change of pronunciation. That is, spoken language was written down by the ear, as short hand reporters record it now, instead of in accordance with orthographic tradition, as the rest of the world writes it.

The spoken sounds were, however, reduced to writing by persons of comparatively little phonic culture, who were satisfied with roughly indicating the sounds, and by writers who were careless of accuracy if only the thoughts were conveyed to the minds of their readers. From time to time, too, the sounds of the vowels changed without a corresponding change in the orthography of the words in which they occurred. At the time of the Norman conquest a considerable addition was made to the English vocabulary of words from the Latin which had been modified by use in the Norman French tongue. In some cases the French spelling and pronunciation were transferred to England, in others the French sounds were expressed in English spelling, and again the French word was not changed in orthography, but was pronounced as if it were English. Without going into the details it may be said that seven variations in spelling are exhibited in the classes of words that have come to us from France. Words have likewise been incorporated into our vocabulary in the same careless manner from most of the languages of the civilized and uncivilized nations of the globe. A few classified specimens will serve to show by what various combinations of letters some of these words of foreign derivation are spelled.

From the Hebrew come abbot, amen, cherub, seraph, jubilee. From Arabic,—almanac, atlas, sherbet, bazaar, chemistry, elixir, giraffe, tariff, syrup, zero. From Persian—caravan, chess, emerald, sash, shawl, turban. From Hindu—calico, chintz, boot, nabob, paunch, pundit, rajah, rice, rupee, rum, sugar, toddy. From Malay—bantam, gamboge, rattan, sago, verandah. From Chinese—caddy, nankeen, satin, tea, mandarin. From Turkish—divan, odalisk, scimitar. From our own Aborigines—canoe, cocoa, hammock, squaw, skunk, potato, wigwam, yam. From Italian—bandit, bust, canto, charlatan, domino, ditto, folio, gazette, harlequin, stiletto, studio, umbrella, volcano. From Spanish—alligator, armada, congo, cigar, desperado, mosquito, punctilio, tornado. From Dutch—boom, boor, breeze, ogle, scamper, schooner, yacht, loiter. From German—loafer, waltz, wicket, quartz, zinc. From Greek—demagogue, strategy, anarchy, symbol, chronicle, paradox, method, hydra, cycle, optic, monopoly, psychology, sycophant, blaspheme, blame, police, pore, epistle, anatomy, phlebotomy, syntax. From French—bivouac, badinage, bouquet, brochure, etiquette, omelet, brusque, foible, penchant, coit, duke, count, chivalry, homage, service, beef, veal, pork. From Latin—action, agent, coagulate, covert, candle, audit, candidate, cap, cant, accent, add, abscond, diary, journal, condole, ambition, lucifer, frail, defy, gentle, progeny, remain, grief, grave, legacy, ominous, pace, adore, expend, arrest, devote, terminate.

It is evident that in these words the letters are not used with their proper values, nor, indeed, are they used with any systematic values whatever; so that no one who has not committed to memory the pronunciation of each individual word on the list, can be sure that he knows how to utter it properly. The same result will be plain if we look into our English dictionaries to learn, first, how many sounds each letter of the alphabet has in speech, and then to count up the number of different ways in which each sound is represented.

Casting out the superfluous letters k, q and x, we have twenty-three left to represent forty sounds, which makes it necessary to

assign several sounds to one sign. Thus we express four sounds with the letter *a*, as in *at*, *fame*, *far*, *all*, and we misuse the other vowels in a similar manner. It would create considerable confusion in society if one person were called indiscriminately by four names, and if many persons in the same household bore the same name. Suppose that we have the name sound of *e* to write. We express it variously, thus: *Cæsar*, *seal*, *see*, *seize*, *people*, *key*, *ravine*, *field*, *foetus*, *quay*. Take, again, the name sound of *u*, which is found in *beauty*, *feudal*, *feud*, *few*, *ewe*, *lieu*, *new*, *due*, *suit*, *yew*, *youth*, *yule*. If we try *i* in the same way we have *spite*, *aisle*, *height*, *eying*, *eye*, *tie*, *guide*, *buy*, *by*, *aye*. We find the name sound of *o* written thus: *note*, *hautboy*, *beau*, *yeoman*, *sew*, *oak*, *foe*, *brooch*, *soul*, *mow*, *owe*. Of course, as we have asserted, we cannot tell how to write words in which these sounds occur, without referring to a dictionary; unless, indeed, we have previously committed them to memory, and in view of the confusion they present we may well ask, "What is the use of the Alphabet?"

It is apparent that the English alphabet has lost its original use, and is now a means rather of hiding sounds than of expressing them. As regards the divergence between the spoken and written forms, English stands somewhere near the Celtic or the Chinese, and it behooves us to take some steps in the direction of the restoration of the proper relations between our letters and sounds. The language contains in itself all the elements required by the most thorough spirit of reform. All that is needed is that we make up our minds to use every symbol with a single sound, and to put upon paper by their means the true words, and not the confused and absurd forms to which custom has made us used.

But no sooner do we state this proposition than the sentimentalist rushes to arms in behalf of the word-forms which he tells us are hallowed by time and rendered sacred. He forgets to look at the letters of his grandfather, where he would find much spelling which he would think barbarous. He does not reflect that the English classics were not first printed in the orthographic dress in

which they now present themselves to us. He may not know that our version of the Bible contained in its earlier editions a great variety of spelling—the same words being often printed differently on a single page, if not, indeed, on the same line. Were he to read Chaucer and Wiclif he would find startling variations in spelling, and would learn that until Dr. Johnson made his dictionary the author-class cared comparatively little for orthographic consistency.

If the conservative sentimentalist, with whom we confess to have a warm sympathy, at last gives his consent to our using the alphabet for the purpose that it was made to subserve, we find our progress obstructed by the small philologist. He has read "*Trench on Words*" perhaps, and knowing no more of the subject of historic etymology than that book can teach, he feels it his duty to protest in the name of scholarship against any change in a spelling which he avers contains a record of the pedigree of living words. As Temple Bar with its venerated associations choked the stream of travel in the thoroughfare of the Metropolis, so the small philologist thrusts his spectral obstacle in the way of orthographic reform. He does not know that the philological giants of the day scowl at such an objection; that the greatest of them are the warmest advocates of a reform, saying with Whitney that "every theoretical and practical consideration makes in its favor," and with Max Muller, that "etymological spelling would play greater havoc in English than phonetic spelling."

The truth is, that there is no argument against phonetic spelling, which, if carried to its legitimate conclusions, would not also make against the present orthography. If any principle were involved this would not be so. Dr. Johnson tells us that this department was in a condition of anarchy when he began to make his dictionary. This state of affairs had resulted from the carelessness of writers, who permitted compositors in the printing offices to spell for them; and they did it in the way that agreed best with their individual notions, or with the resources of the office. If any principle involving the relation of letters and sounds

had guided these early spellers, the work of reform would be one of comparative simplicity. We might return to the old ways. But to return from the present confusion to a state of "absolute anarchy" is absurd. We cannot restore a historic spelling, simply because there is no historic period to which we can point and say, "Here English spelling was systematic and sensible." It was absurd five hundred years ago. It was chaotic after the conquest, and before that time the language as we use it did not exist. Since the last great accession of words, then, the alphabet has not been used in its legitimate work of expressing sounds. The etymological spelling is impossible; the historical scheme is no more practicable; and the present typographical or dictionary orthography is unreasonable. This shuts us up to some phonetic system, and the only question is, What shall it be?

We have said that the language already contains all the elements needed for the most exact reform. Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, of England, who is acknowledged to be the most eminent and careful phonologist on either side of the ocean, shows that all the sounds of the language may be readily expressed by the present letters in the powers which they now most ordinarily have. The requisite additional signs are obtained by the use of a few diacritical marks and diagraphs. A system formed in this way has the great advantage of being read with ease without previous study; and it has the merit of being a development of the language itself, and of not involving the addition of signs from other alphabets, or of letters that would appear odd and repulsive.

Professor March of Lafayette college, who is well-known as one of the foremost of American philologists says of this plan: "Two powerful reasons may be urged for a trial of this method. (1.) It can be easily read by every one who can read in the present spelling. (2.) It can be printed with common types. It may be further said, that it is in the line of the regular development of our language. It is the tendency everywhere in language for minorities to conform to majorities. The unusual modes of spelling would naturally, according to this law, give way to the most common mode, and this would ultimately be the only mode of denoting each sound. So that in adopting this system we should only be hastening the natural process by which cosmos comes out of chaos; and this our scientific men say, is the true office of the reformer."

The problem to be solved, is not "How shall we form an alphabet?" for it is agreed on all hands, as the American Philological Association puts it, that "the Roman alphabet is so widely and so firmly established in use among the leading civilized nations that it cannot be displaced." Our efforts then, should be to learn the true use of the alphabet we have, and then to apply it to that use in conformity to the genius of our language. When this has been done we shall no longer be worried by the irregularities of orthography; foreigners nor natives, will have no right to ask "What is the use of the alphabet?" and the English language will take another stride towards becoming the universal speech of the world.

Arthur Gilman.

A SONG FROM A SIGH.

The little bird sang in his sleep, they said:
From his golden cage he warbled low,
With golden wing above golden head,
As the clock ticked to and fro.

So sings the heart when a dream beguiles
Its thought from the cage below;
And care departs and the dreamer smiles,
And the clock ticks to and fro.

Samuel W. Duffield.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SUNDAY READING.

FROM nearly all of the religious newspapers SUNDAY AFTERNOON has received the kindest treatment. No heartier words of praise could have been desired by us than those which have been spoken by journals of every variety of belief. The fact that this periodical might have appeared to some of them in the light of a possible rival has not abated the heartiness of the welcome with which they have greeted it. For these friendly words we are duly grateful.

One or two journals, however, have qualified their commendations. The magazine ought to have a different name. It is good for other days, but not for Sunday. It ought to be laid by, with the other magazines, till Monday morning.

But what would these editors have the people read on Sunday? Their newspapers, probably. Surely a paper which advertises itself as "a family religious journal," must be intended for Sunday reading. But there are not many of these papers by the side of which we are not ready to put SUNDAY AFTERNOON for a fair comparison of the amount of "religious" reading which they respectively contain. Of the one hundred and three articles and poems printed in the first volume of this magazine, fully three-fourths were of a decidedly religious character; the rest were such articles as "The Germantown Relief Experiment," "The Ethics of Hospitality," "College Morals," "The Truth about Barbara Fritchie," and "The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland," most of which either contained valuable information, or had a direct bearing upon the conduct of life. We have printed quite a number of stories; and we are not at all afraid of contradiction when we say that these stories are better Sunday reading than the average Sunday School novelette, and quite as good as the average story found in the pages of the religious weekly. Both of our serials have been of a religious character, and the same thing is true of three-fourths of all the stories we have printed.

Compare with this showing the contents of any of the more conspicuous religious papers. One of the most respectable of these, representing one of the leading denominations, lies before us. It is one of the three or four papers that have taken exception to SUNDAY AFTERNOON as not adapted to Sunday reading. What do we find in this journal?

To begin with, thirteen out of the fifty-six columns are devoted to advertisements, among which various quack medicine-men display their nostrums. Four columns in reading matter type, and immediately following reading matter, are devoted to what purports to be an "important and interesting lecture," and turns out, on examination, to be a disgusting advertisement of one of those medical humbugs by which ignorant people are being at once swindled and slaughtered. Is this the sort of reading to which the public are advised to devote their Sunday afternoons?

Besides the advertisements, more or less questionable, that fill up nearly a quarter of the space in this religious newspaper, one or two columns are generally filled with reports of the markets, in which the Sunday reader can learn all that he needs to know about what is doing in print cloths, and how the flour trade is going, and what is the demand for codfish and petroleum, and what are the ruling rates of call loans, and what American gold and five-twenties are selling for. Of course the merchant or the broker may live who is so devout that he would never suffer his eye to rest for a moment on that column while he holds the paper in his hand of a Sunday afternoon; but the chances are, very decidedly, that business men will not skip this department; and we are not afraid to assert that the portion of the Sunday which, at the instigation of the religious newspaper, is devoted to this purpose, might as well be spent in reading a chapter of "Tom's Heathen," or Professor Sumner's Essay on "Money and Morals."

Another full column of this newspaper is devoted to a well-conducted Agricultural Department, in which the Christian reader is taught how to kill the curculio, and how to pack butter, and what kind of manure is best for maugel wurzels, and how to keep his cows on fodder, with all the benefits which do either accompany or flow therefrom.

Three or four columns more are given up to secular news, with comments upon it. Sometimes these matters are treated from a moral or religious point of view, as our readers know that they always are in SUNDAY AFTERNOON; generally, however, this department of the paper has very little in it to suggest to Sunday readers the existence of a kingdom of God in the world.

Thus fully one-third of the space of this reli-

gious journal is *set apart* to matters that have no reference to religion, and no place in Sunday meditations. Throughout the other two-thirds of the paper, in editorials, stories, sketches, bits of news and science and travels, secularities have quite as large a place as they do in SUNDAY AFTERNOON. *Ecclesiastical* matters do, of course, have much more space allotted to them than we give them; but of reading that helps directly in increasing the knowledge of the Christian student, or in stimulating the earnestness of the Christian worker, we may safely claim that this magazine contains fully as large a proportion as does this newspaper which finds fault with it. It would seem, therefore, that the Scripture about the moles and the beams might be applied without much straining to this case. A careful examination of the complete contents of these captious journals does not lead to the conclusion that they are entitled to throw a great many stones at SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

We wish however, to repeat, at the beginning of the second volume, what we said as clearly as we could in the opening of the first: "We do not promise that all the reading of SUNDAY AFTERNOON shall be technically religious reading. 'The Sabbath was made for man'; and whatever reading helps a man to a better manhood is good Sunday reading." We do not think we have fallen below this standard.

Sunday reading does and must take a wider range in our time than it once took. It is beginning to be clearer than it once was that religion is not something fenced off from life, but that it is the element that ought to be infused through the whole of life. And Sunday is none too good a day to think about a good many questions that were once regarded as wholly secular. As Mr. Marsh said in our first number: "A good article on the tramp question would be as appropriate to Sunday thought, I am sure, as the story of the Good Samaritan." None of the scrupulous readers of this number will have any difficulty in accepting Professor Paine's article on "The Stepping-Stone of Bethphage" as good Sunday reading; but some of them will hesitate over Mr. Abbott's "From Platform to Prairie." Yet, to our thought Mr. Abbott's article is quite as appropriate to the day as Professor Paine's; for it points out to us one of the great questions that are pressing just now upon all in the cities who love their neighbors as themselves; and gives us a hint, at least, of a way in which suffering may be relieved, and a door of hope opened to some who are helpless and in want.

For people who are not willing to have Sunday invaded by such thoughts as these SUNDAY AFTERNOON is not intended. But this class of people is not, happily, in these days so large that its opinions need to be consulted. The steady and warm approval with which our work has been

received by the Christian public shows that we have not erred in our judgment of what is good Sunday reading.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

THE religious newspapers of this country as compared with those of Great Britain are less dignified but more readable. American journalism is brisk, aggressive, enterprising; it seizes every scrap of passing news, and shoots the item as it flies; it affects raciness more than thoroughness of discussion and deals freely in controversy and repartee. Religious journalism in this country partakes of this vivacity. Our best religious weeklies contain much more that is entertaining and stimulating than the best English papers. The scholar may find in them less of profound and profitable discussion, but they do get read by the average citizen; and that is more than can be said of the typical English weekly.

Another difference between the religious press of this country and that of England is in the greater prominence given here to the personality of the writers. The name of the editor is commonly hoisted at the head of the editorial columns. In the controversies that arise, this name is dragged before the public, and the personal faults of the editor, whether they have any bearing upon the dispute or not, are sure to get an airing. This is one of the most disreputable features of American journalism; and the religious press quite as much as the secular press is responsible for it. Newspapers ought to be editorially impersonal, and then much of this scandal would be avoided; but so long as men will set their names up as targets they are likely to be fired at. It is a silly piece of egotism, at best, for an editor to put his name every week at the top of his newspaper. The minister might as well go into his pulpit every Sunday and proclaim: "I, John Smith, by the grace of God pastor of this church, propose now and here to preach the gospel."

Signed articles from contributors are not open to this objection. The minister may properly introduce to his congregation any preacher who occupies his pulpit, though he does not feel the need of introducing himself every week. The name of the writer assists the reader somewhat in estimating the utterances. Allowance is made for known peculiarities or prejudices of the writer, and for any coloring which statements of fact may in this manner have received. When you read an article treating of the conduct of the negroes of the South you wish to know whether it was written by an ex-slaveholder or an ex-slave. Therefore, although the practice of running newspapers upon great names may have been overdone; although the exhibition of titles and notoriety as mere matters of merchandise

may have been carried to a ridiculous excess, yet the affixing of contributors' names to their own papers is, on the whole, a desirable practice; and is not open to the objection that fairly, lies against personal editorship.

But if it is a mistake to publish the name of the editor or the names of his staff, it is sometimes worse than a mistake to announce as the editor the name of a man who is not the editor in any true meaning of the term; who writes almost nothing for the paper, and who has but little to do in shaping its character, but whose name is used simply as a bait to catch subscribers. That is a method of obtaining money under false pretenses; and the newspapers that resort to it generally and deservedly come to grief before many years.

Most of the religious newspapers in this country are organs of the various denominations. Denominational organs are subject to the same temptations that political organs are exposed to. There is a constant tendency to take narrow and partial views of truth. Those peculiar methods or dogmas for the propagation of which the denomination exists are sure to be exaggerated. Methodism, for example, has its excellences and its defects; but the readers of a Methodist paper are apt to hear all about the former and very little about the latter, while the weak points of the other denominations will be magnified to their view out of all proportion. All this is inseparable from denominationalism and from that human nature in which denominationalism takes its rise. It is not wholly bad in its practical results; for as there are few minds that are able to take comprehensive views of truth, the only way to get the whole truth told is for each of us to tell as clearly as he can that part of it which he sees. Still, it must be admitted that a little more comprehension on the part of the sectarian press—a little more readiness to see and recognize the truths that other Christians have found, and to rejoice in the work that they are doing, would be salutary.

If the sectarian press, like the political party press, is in danger of becoming narrow, the undenominational journals, like the independent political journals, are in danger of becoming censorious. A newspaper that has nothing in particular to fight for is apt to find any number of things to fight against. Simple undenominationalism is not a good platform any more than simple unbelief is a good creed. It is liable to degenerate on the one side into mere goody-goody prattle about Christian union, or on the other into the Donnybrook school of journalism. An undenominational journal must stand for certain definite ideas, and work for certain definite results or else its existence will have no justification.

Most of our religious papers, of all types, freely

discuss social and political questions. This is just as it should be. We want these matters discussed from a religious point of view; and it is vastly better that religion should be made to cover all departments of our life than that it should be kept in a department by itself.

That the religious press of this country has been a powerful help in educating the people, cannot be denied. Not only to our politics, but to literature and science it has contributed sentiment and stimulus; it carries every week to the homes of the people the best thoughts of good men on all the topics of the time; it stands almost always for the highest virtue and the truest charity.

There is one taint upon its influence, and that is the questionable character of its business management. There are exceptions, of course; but a good many of our religious journals have queer ways of doing business. The moral standards of the average newspaper publisher are not the highest; and it is a pity that religious journalism should have suffered on this account a serious loss of respect in the minds of sound business men.

A QUESTION OF EMPHASIS.

THE text of this discourse may be found in *The Watchman* of May 23:

"It is not a very weighty apology for any evil thing to point out something that is worse. A writer in *SUNDAY AFTERNOON* thinks it evident that there is a 'worse heresy' than the teaching of erroneous doctrine. No doubt of it; but the corruption of the Gospel is a *very bad thing*."

It ought to be noted, to begin with, that no "apology" was offered, in the article referred to, for any "evil thing." It was pointed out that certain questionings of commonly received theories are abroad in the church; and it was neither affirmed nor denied that these questionings are "evil." But, admitting them to be evil, the point was made that other evils are prevalent in the church of a far worse character. The *Watchman* says that there is "no doubt of it." We are glad to have our judgment on that point confirmed by so competent an authority. And we are quite sure that the *Watchman* will, on second thought, admit that we were not less accurate in our second statement that the lesser evil receives far more attention from the defenders of the faith than the greater evil; that the speculative doubts of a few devout and earnest Christian men are assailed with far greater vehemence than the rank infidelity and irreligion that are making a tremendous onset upon the very foundations of the faith.

"It is not a very weighty apology for any evil thing," the Pharisees might have replied to Jesus, "to point out something that is worse. No doubt a beam in the eye is worse than a mote, but a mote is a very bad thing. Every one who has

had one in his eye knows that it is. And so it may be," they might have gone on, "that the neglect of judgment, mercy and truth, is worse than the neglect to tithe the fruits of the garden; but the failure in this latter duty is a very bad thing."

Yet the capital mistake (to call it by no harsher name) of these Pharisees was this very vice of disproportion. It was the exaggeration of small things; the neglect of great things; the gross want of perspective in all their moral judgments. Against this fatal error the severest words of Jesus were spoken. Upon the "blind guides" who so grievously distorted the truth of God—who made so much of technicalities and so little of the supreme interests of truth and righteousness, his wrath was steadily visited.

It is a very bad thing, let us suggest, for the religious teacher to fall into this vice of disproportion. It robs his utterances of all their power: the words of such a teacher are as an idle tale in the ears of discerning men. And when the great body of religious functionaries has become addicted to this habit, religion ceases to be a practical power in the world, and becomes only a genteel observance or a well-preserved antique curiosity.

There is a good deal of danger on this score in this land just now. Immoralities of the most shocking nature are coming to light in all our communities, and the worst of them are the work of men who have held high places in the churches. Unbelief of the most radical description is making its way in every quarter. Doubt is taking on some ghastly shapes; it is not the theories of imputation or of retribution that men are thinking most about in these days; it is the question whether there is a God, and a moral law, and a future life. And in our churches themselves, practical denial of the very law of Christ is a great deal more common than any divergence of intellectual belief. The immorality that brings shame upon our religion; the materialism that undermines all its doctrines; the practical Paganism that sets at naught Christ's rule of life—these are the evils that most endanger our churches to-day. And yet anyone who looks over a score of the religious journals of the country every week will see that these are by no means the evils that occasion the deepest concern to those who assume to be the leaders of religious thought. Something is said about these things, of course; but they are not the topics that rouse the denominational war-horses, and call forth the flaming zeal of the defenders of the faith. The things that men grow hot and intense about are such questions as whether open communionists shall be tolerated in the Baptist denomination; and whether the damnatory clauses shall be left out of the Athanasian creed; and whether the belief in the continuance of free will after death can be

allowed in a Congregational minister. These are the burning questions of to-day, in the view of the denominational oracles. These are the issues that convulse councils, and divide churches, and fill broadsides in the newspapers.

It is to this pitiful misreading of the signs of the times that we have ventured to call attention. The men who are fit to be masters in Israel know that the real issues of this day are far more profound and vital than those over which most of the noise is made. And it is about time that the Watchmen on the walls of Zion began to discover the real dangers and to sound the alarm. It would be a pity, if while we were discussing a question of fellowship, the multitudes about us should come to the conclusion that there is no God; or if, while we were zealously stopping the cracks by which heresy creeps in, the Lord himself, in the persons of his poor, should be quietly shut out of his church.

We do not urge that the questions which now absorb the sectaries be disregarded; we ask that they have the attention that rightly belongs to them and no more. The Pharisees were not censured because they tithed mint and anise and cummin, but because they neglected the weightier matters of the law. We do not plead for the omission of any truth; we only ask that the word of truth be rightly divided and that the emphasis of our censure be put where it belongs.

We know what reply will be made to all this. "*Obsta principibus!*" our friends will cry. But we beg to suggest once more that it is too late to resist the beginnings. The battle is on us, and the simple question is where the outset is heaviest, and where the line is weakest. That is where the good soldier wants to be. And when he is there he will be careful not to fire into the men that are fighting on his side.

The old proverb about the nose of the camel in the door of the tent is likely also to be quoted for our discomfiture; but it may be well to consider whether it is worth while to spend all our strength in holding the tent door against the camel's nose, when all the rest of the menagerie are tearing down the tent itself and threatening to devour the household.

MATERIALISM IN LITERATURE.

If the materialistic doctrines now prevalent in certain quarters were to be generally accepted, how would they affect our literature? What would be the character of the poetry and the fiction produced by writers who believed that mind and matter were only different names for the same thing, and who wrote for a public holding the same belief? It is evident that the prevalence of such doctrines would modify in many important ways not only the morals, the politics, and the religion of the people, but that their influence would also be felt in our literature.

Certain sentiments that now play an important part in the popular poems and stories would cease to appear in them; certain motives to which the playwright and the moralist now confidently appeal would be no longer operative; the whole aspect of the field of letters would be changed; the atmosphere pervading our books and our newspapers would be no more like that which we are now breathing than the air of December is like the air of June.

Materialism identifies mental facts with material facts. It denies the existence of all forces that are not physical,—that cannot be estimated in pound feet. The separate existence of the soul is therefore discredited; immortality is denied, and the moral law becomes only the sublimation of physical experiences. Now when we come to strike out of the popular literature the elements that have been contributed by the belief in the existence of a moral law outside of and above the physical nature, and by the expectation of a future existence, we shall find that a very important part of it has disappeared. It is not easy to imagine such a change. Yet one or two features of the resulting movement might be predicted with tolerable certainty.

Through the literature of all Christian lands the ethical sentiment has been largely interfused. Notably is this true of English literature. English philosophy has had for many years a materialistic tendency; but the popular writers of England have not been greatly affected by this influence. A belief in the right, and a strong expectation of the triumph of the right have been among the deepest convictions of most of the great poets and novelists of England and America. A large part of the action in all dramatic writing, as well as in the novel and in the narrative poem, has been occupied with the struggle of this transcendent principle for the mastery. Our writers have not been content with describing the things that are; they have given to the moral sense the wings of the imagination and have tried to show us the things that ought to be.

M. Taine complains of the strength and prevalence in English literature of this moral sentiment. He declares that a novelist has no right to be a preacher; that it is his business to describe and not to moralize; that he must not be a partizan even of the right. This indicates precisely the result that materialism would produce in our literature. The ethical element must disappear. Moral obligation would not be recognized and could not therefore be represented. Utility would be the only law; pleasure the supreme good. The spectacle of an unworldly and heroic self-sacrifice, through loyalty to the higher principles of duty, would therefore disappear from our literature.

The harm that would be done by a literature thus devoid of moral sentiments need not here

be estimated; for the supposition we are considering is that this philosophy is prevalent, and that its fruits in the lives of the people have already been harvested. But it would seem that one of the chief sources of our pleasure in the lighter literature would be dried up. We are greatly interested, not only in the delineation of facts, but in the triumph of principles. We recognize certain natural laws unfolding themselves under the hand of the ethical novelist; and we see also the individual shaping the issues of these natural laws; mastering the troops of adverse circumstances; working out his own salvation; and this representation gives us no small show of the pleasure that we find in the productions of literary art. All this we must forego when materialism becomes the fashion. For if what Carl Vogt says be true—if "free will does not exist, neither does any amenability or responsibility such as morals, and penal justice and Heaven (*sic*) knows what else, would impose upon us;" if "at no moment we are our own masters any more than we can decree as to the secretions of our kidneys;" if "the organism cannot govern itself but is governed by the laws of its material combination," then all these people who stand up so stoutly for what they imagine to be right are fools; and the pleasure that we find in their heroic devotion is like the pleasure of the child who attributes life and thought and moral feeling to the doll or the hobby horse.

Another effect produced by materialism upon our literature would be the elimination from it of the element of hope that has so largely entered into it. The denial of immortality leads to despair. Hope lights all her torches at that fire; let it be quenched and darkness covers the land. The outcome of materialism is pessimism. Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann are the true representatives of this philosophy; they have learned its doctrines well, and have drawn from them the only possible inference. A belief that there is no future existence will result sooner or later in a belief that this is the worst possible universe. The posthumous influence that Mr. Harrison promises us is no sufficient compensation for the loss of that existence of which Dr. Buechner would rob us. Unconsciously the disciples of this philosophy themselves bear witness against it. For explain it as we will the shadow of this despair does lie upon the pages of those writers of our own time whose faith in a future life begins to wane. Even those agnostics, like Mr. Spencer and Mr. Huxley, who decline to dogmatize on the subject, and who only say that they do not know anything about the future life, speak to us, most often, in a tone that is far from hopeful. George Eliot is one of these; and over all her books this somber shadow lies. Mentally they are invigorating; and they would be morally bracing were it not for their prevailing tone

of hopelessness. Many of her characters exhibit the highest moral qualities; but they seem to be fighting against fate, and the question often arises whether the victory is worth winning.

If such effects as these are seen in the writings of one who regards immortality as a doctrine that may be true but that cannot be verified, how much thicker must be the darkness that broods over the products of a dogmatic materialism. The literature of materialism is sure to be the literature of despair. Men may argue against this conclusion, and undertake to prove that it does not logically follow; but all the signs show that this is the inevitable result. On utilitarian principles the existence of such a literature could not be justified. The work whose natural result is the production of pain rather than pleasure must be disallowed. We may therefore infer that the triumph of materialism would be the suppression of literature. The statistician would flourish under such a regime, and the geologist and the physiologist would continue to exist; but the novelist as well as the moralist—the poet not less surely than the preacher, would find his occupation gone. The sentiments upon which literature thrives would be exterminated by materialism.

THE microscope is a useful instrument, but it does not greatly aid us in our study of geography. For that study we need a larger view than it can give us. For all the great matters of philosophy and religion the large view is also indispensable. We are living under the reign of the microscope, and that is one reason of the prevalence of skepticism. Specialization and not comprehension is the characteristic of scholarship. After this era of analysis has made way for a completer synthesis many things will seem to be true that are now left in doubt. In the meantime we are reassured, now and then, by the word of some thinker who is something more than a specialist, and who does take a comprehensive view of the whole field of thought. Such a word is that letter of Professor Henry's printed since his death, and containing this remarkable passage:

"How many questions press themselves upon us in these contemplations. Whence come we? Whither are we going? What is our final destiny? The object of our creation? What mysteries of unfathomable depth environ us on every side! But after all our speculations and an attempt to grapple with the problem of the universe, the simplest conception which explains and connects the phenomena is that of the existence of one spiritual being, infinite in wisdom, in power, and all divine perfections; which exists always and everywhere; which has created us with intellectual faculties sufficient in some degree to comprehend his operations as they are developed in nature by what is called "science." This being is unchangeable, and therefore His operations are always in accordance with the same laws, the conditions being the same. Events

that happened a thousand years ago will happen again a thousand years to come, providing the condition of existence is the same. Indeed, a universe not governed by law would be a universe without the evidence of an intellectual director."

There are two points in this paragraph which, we predict, will become more and more clear as the investigations of science proceed. The first is that the theistic hypothesis is "the simplest," and therefore the most philosophical hypothesis of the universe. The second is that law will be found to reign in many departments of life in which it has not hitherto been recognized. The confirmation of the faith of man in the existence of a personal God and in the uniformity of his methods of work, will be the final result of science.

THE doctors in convention at Washington have been giving the materialists some nuts to crack. The theory that the brain is the mind has been subjected to a severe strain by the facts reported. It has long been known that people might lose half of their brains without losing any of their wits, but it has been the theory that while one hemisphere was intact it would do the work of two. Now comes a report of a perfectly sane and very intelligent person, who was proved by a post-mortem examination to have "suffered from a disease which wasted away one side of her cerebrum and the other side of her cerebellum till neither was one-fourth of the natural size." The theory now seems to be that the mental faculties reside in the focus of nerves at the base of the brain. Dr. Brown-Sequard says, however, that "the brain, like the hand, does the work of the mind, as it is ordered; but is the instrument, not the motor." And that is something very different from materialism.

WHEN a Christian minister, following his convictions or his preferences, goes from one communion to another, it would seem that he ought to carry with him the blessings of those among whom he has been laboring instead of their sneers or their curses. If he has been a faithful and useful minister; if his change of relation is the result of a change of belief; and if the people to whom he is going are not heathen nor enemies of Christ, but true and worthy disciples, then there is no reason why he should not be assured when he goes that he has the sympathy and respect of his old friends. If there are barbarous and antiquated formularies of deposition that must be used, it will be made plain that their harsh words do not represent the feelings of those who send him forth. If a body of Christians ever should arise that treated seceders in a Christian way,—indulging in no slurs nor disparagements, but speaking always of good men departing from its ranks as generously as of good men entering them,—that body of Christians, it may be safely

predicted, would not be greatly troubled with secessious.

THE little sister of the Episcopalians—the Reformed Episcopal Church—is growing finely and behaving very well. Eighty organized churches, fifty missionary stations, one hundred ministers, and nine thousand communicants is a fair report for a four-year-old sect. The *Churchman* notes the claim of the Reformed Episcopalians that they have eliminated from their system “baptismal regeneration, sacramental grace, sacerdotal function and apostolic succession,” and comments: “So. One is disposed to ask what is left to them.” Several good things, we should hope. The Lord, and his Word, and his Spirit, and his work, and the glorious company of the apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, and the holy church throughout all the world, and heaven by and by. Quite a number of things, indeed, are left, after the above dogmatic inventory is exhausted,—things as precious, we trust, to the *Churchman* and its persuasion, as to the Reformed Episcopalians and the rest of us.

THE funeral services of a member of his congregation who was washed overboard from the deck of a ship in mid ocean, gave the Rev. Mr. Jerome, of Patchogue, L. I., a good opportunity to say some sensible words about funerals. The exposure of the face of the dead to the gaze of the public, was justly characterized by him as a heartless and senseless custom. Just because we wish to remember our friends, we ought not to wish to look upon their corpses. And, in order to emphasize this protest, the preacher announced that he would never again be a party to this custom:

“It is sustained, I can but believe, against the truest feelings of friends, by undertakers who naturally enough may favor this display of the inside as well as the outside of the casket. But at any public funeral which I may be requested to attend, I shall assume that the minister and not the undertaker has control of the services. And if the nearest kindred whose wishes must always govern both undertaker and minister shall in any case desire and themselves order that the invitation be given for the congregation to pass up one aisle and down the other to view the remains, let them please ask some one else to make the announcement, and I will withdraw.” Against public funerals, in all their aspects, this preacher also bears witness—not only because of their violation of the most sacred privacies of the bereaved, but also because of their great expense, and the pernicious effect upon the public of their costly parades. The utterance is wise and salutary and will help toward the formation of a better sentiment.

In two districts in India lately afflicted by famine Bishop Caldwell of the English Church reports that more than sixteen thousand natives have embraced Christianity during the last year. “These people have not been bought over by

famine relief,” he says; “for relief has been given to all who required it, without distinction of caste or creed; but the extraordinary kindness shown to the famine-stricken by our Christian Government, and by English Christians, has produced very generally in the minds of the people the impression that Christianity is the only religion which bears any traces of being divine.” It will work in just that way in this country, brethren! Put your religion in practice and you will have no difficulty in getting Hindoos or Americans either to believe in it. Try it and see!

WHAT is said on another page about the magnifying of trifles and the minimizing of the things that are greatest, finds a ringing confirmation in a recent speech by the English Bishop of Manchester:

“Who can have a cheerful view of things when people are splitting hairs, as they did in the olden days, about the length of a vowel or a diphthong, and about the length of the surplice. I am going to have a deputation this morning, I believe, to complain that the choristers’ surplices don’t come down to their knees. Really, these puerilities take the heart out of me, seeing what I believe the Gospel of Christ has to do in the world. If they—the clergy—could only put down war; if they could only sow the seeds of peace and goodwill among men; if they could make us realize the great bonds of human brotherhood that make us sons of one great Father and heirs of one great hope,—that’s the Christianity that interests me.”

HERE is an aspect of the woman-suffrage question that may not have occurred to all of its opponents. In the Episcopal Convention of South Carolina, the Rev. Milnor Jones advocated the voting of women in the parishes, on this ground: “I do not conceive that any man who has proper control over his family need have any fear that his wife and daughters will vote against him. I am a married man, and I have not the slightest doubt but that Mrs. Jones will vote exactly as I do.” This remark gives rise to a horrible suspicion that the men who oppose woman suffrage do so because they have not gained “proper control” over their wives.

FATHER CURCI’S submission to the Pope is entire and hearty. He “adheres fully and without any reservation of thought or feeling,” to all that the Sovereign Pontiffs have said about the temporal power of the Holy See, and withdraws from his writings all that Pope Leo deems worthy of censure. The truth that he has told remains true, however, even if he has renounced it.

It is a pity that there should be any room for doubt as to the purposes of the current Congressional investigation. Mr. Potter protests too much, and his explanations do not explain. If the committee was appointed merely to discover whether frauds were committed in the counting of the votes, then its work is superfluous. Everybody knows that frauds were committed by the

Southern Republicans. A committee might as well be appointed to find out whether water is wet or ice is cold. Everybody knows, too, that frauds were committed, and something worse than frauds, by the Southern Democrats. What a good many honest people are in doubt about is which party did the most to vitiate the election. A fair attempt to find that out would have some show of reason; but that attempt the majority in the House of Representatives have refused to make. The fact of this refusal casts suspicion upon all their operations. Furthermore, the device of the Electoral Commission was, as we have

already pointed out, of the nature of a treaty. It was a method, solemnly agreed upon, of settling a dispute that had assumed a very dangerous character. And anything that has the semblance of an attempt to set aside the decision of that Commission ought to be repudiated, instantly, by every man of honor. There are a great many voters in this country who do not care a button for the Republican party nor for the Democratic party, but who do believe in good faith and fair play; and the Democrats in Congress ought to understand that they are not operating, just now, in a way to secure the votes of these citizens.

LITERATURE.

THE great revival of interest in eschatology which has invaded the daily papers, and laid a heavy hand upon the great secular magazines, appears in two kindred volumes now lying on our table. Both these books advocate the doctrine of "conditional immortality." One¹ of them in a less complete form has already had a wide circulation. It was originally a pamphlet of 120 pages, and was prepared by Dr. Ives for his Bible class in New Haven; but the favor with which it was received, as indicated by a circulation of thirteen thousand copies, and the demand for a new edition, has stimulated the author to rewrite the entire work. The argument, as the title indicates, is almost wholly Scriptural. Dr. Ives undertakes to prove that the Bible not only does not affirm the essential immortality of the soul, but that it positively denies this doctrine. And it must be admitted that under the laws of interpretation commonly laid down by Orthodox exponents, the argument can be made to appear a strong one. The number of texts that can be quoted as conveying this doctrine in their literal sense is very large. Dr. Ives presents the following as the proper canon of interpretation: "The literal meaning takes the precedence in all cases; so that the possibility of its being intended must be exhausted before a figurative meaning can be considered." Of course Dr. Ives finds no difficulty in making this canon serve the exigencies of his argument. When the literal meaning of a text makes against his theory he very summarily "exhausts the possibility" of its being literally intended. A strong will in such an emergency goes a long way. The parable of Dives and Lazarus, which to any ordinary reader conveys a meaning wholly opposite to his doctrine, is man-

aged by him in a marvelous way. The force of mysticism could not much further go.

We do not wish to deny—indeed, this volume contains ample proofs of the fact—that the dogmatic expositor who sets out with this law of interpretation to prove the immortality of the soul, or any other doctrine for that matter, will land in equal perplexities. The attempt to force the free, popular, Oriental language of the Bible into formal and philosophical statements always results in difficulty. The straits into which all these dogmatic exegetes are brought are often pitiful. So long as the literal meaning serves them they hold on to that and tell us with a loud voice that the Bible always means just what it says; but when they fall in (as they surely must again and again) with a text whose literal meaning does not fit into their scheme they roar you a very different tune—rationalizing like Paulus, or spiritualizing like Swedenborg. They will cast a man out of their synagogues for applying to one text a method of interpretation which they themselves freely apply to many other texts. We do not say that Dr. Ives is a sinner in this respect above all those that dwell in New Haven, or Hartford, or Princeton, or Andover; we say that upon his law of interpretation (which is the law laid down by many expositors) he can probably bring quite as much Scripture to the side of his theory as his antagonists can bring to the support of theirs. But there are plenty of texts that cannot, without the most violent treatment, be made to agree with either theory; and it ought to begin to appear that an attempt to make out this doctrine or any other doctrine by the marshaling of texts and the appeal to etymology is in itself absurd. The question that needs settlement, first of all, in these days of theological reconstruction, is the question of the interpretation of Scripture. Not until some principles of interpretation are found

¹ The Bible Doctrine of the Lord: or Man's Nature and Destiny as Revealed. By Charles L. Ives, M. D. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

that can be agreed upon and adhered to will there be much profit in exegetical disputes.

Dr. Ives is, however, quite confident not only that his method is the right one but that his result is the final one. To prove his confidence, he makes the following liberal offer: "If a reply shall be written within two years from January 1, 1878, which by a majority of three arbitrators shall be adjudged to have refuted the argument from the Bible of this work, the writer of this hereby pledges himself, at his own expense, to publish and to place at the disposal of their (?) author, five thousand copies of such reply."

The other book¹ to which we have referred is largely exegetical also; but it enforces the doctrine by arguments drawn from nature and from reason as well as from Scripture. The ethical reasons for disbelieving in endless misery and in universal salvation are strongly put; and the argument for a conditional immortality is presented with clearness and good temper. "That the good only will live forever; that immortality is not the natural inheritance of all men from Adam but the gift of God's grace through Jesus Christ; and that those who do not seek it or receive it from him cannot have eternal life"—this is the doctrine here set forth. It was formerly held almost wholly by the Adventists; but many men in all the Orthodox churches have now accepted it; and it has supplanted, in many personal creeds, the doctrine of endless suffering.

"The survival of the fittest," is the adopted phrase by which Mr. Pettingell describes his doctrine. Doubtless the recent speculations of the scientists have made way for the doctrine of conditional immortality. Some points of analogy between this theory and that of Mr. Darwin are supposed to exist. Whether it will serve to commend the Christian faith to the favorable consideration of men of science is a question.

This theory springs, no doubt, from a reluctance to accept the doctrine of endless suffering. Devout men who read the absolute statements of the Scriptures concerning the future condition of those who die in their sins, feel that they are debarred from hoping for the final restoration of all men; and yet the belief that God eternally preserves the existence of millions of his creatures in order that he may inflict suffering upon them is one that they cannot entertain. The doctrine that the death threatened in the Scriptures is the extinction of being is the refuge to which they fly from a theory which seems to them morally untenable. There is, they think, no moral objection to this theory. It is not incredible, nor

unjust that a creature failing to fulfill the law of its life should cease to live. That fact is constantly before our eyes in nature. And therefore they find in this theory a certain relief.

It is not for us to pronounce upon either of the theories of this trilemma. To all of them there are strong objections. The ethical difficulties in the way of the doctrine of endless suffering we have already referred to. The doctrine of universal restoration, on the other hand, seems to be largely a dogmatic assertion—against which many facts of human experience strongly militate. And as for the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, while there is nothing in the moral sense or in human experience that directly contradicts it, the step that it takes toward the doctrine of the Sadducees, in relinquishing the essential immortality of man, is one that many good men are quite unwilling to take.

This whole question of the future condition of men is one that must be thoroughly reconsidered. And in order that the truth concerning it may be reached there must be liberty of discussion. The teachings of the Scriptures concerning it are not clear enough to warrant us in denouncing those who fail to accept any given theory; the conclusions of philosophy are yet quite doubtful. Whatever any honest and reverent thinker can say upon the subject ought therefore to be welcomed by all good men. Honest and reverent thinkers these authors certainly are; and their books are worth the consideration of all those who wish to know the truth.

It is evident that the Dutch Rationalists have taken Holland, and are now making that country the base of operations for the conquest of the world. Their last expedition¹ is under the command of Doctors Oort and Hooykaas; and it attacks, in a vigorous fashion, one of the strongholds of evangelical faith—the inspiration of the Bible. The opinion of a single "very grave doctor," in the Jesuitical casuistry gives to any doctrine a degree of "probability;" the opinions of two doctors as grave as Doctor Oort and Doctor Hooykaas must, on this principle, give to their doctrines concerning the Bible two degrees of probability. But there is so much of conjecture and assumption in their arguments that they will fail to carry conviction to some minds.

It can not be said, however, that these are irreverent thinkers. They treat the historical portions of the Bible with great freedom, but they accept with equal devoutness the spiritual truth it contains. Even its historical portions are not

¹ The Theological Trilemma: The Threefold Question of Endless Misery, Universal Salvation or Conditional Immortality (i. e., The Survival of the Fittest), Considered in the Light of Reason, Nature and Revelation. By Rev. J. A. Pettingell, M. A. New York: Sherwood & Co.

¹ The Bible for Learners. By Dr. H. Oort, Professor of Oriental Languages, etc., at Amsterdam, and Dr. I. Hooykaas, Pastor at Rotterdam, with the assistance of Dr. A. Kuenen, Professor of Theology at Leiden. Two volumes. Authorized Translation. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

to be despised. They contain "almost our only authorities for the history of Israel and the origin of Christianity." Some portions of the Bible, too, "have seldom been equaled as works of art and may therefore serve to ennoble our taste and elevate our sense of beauty. But above all the Bible is the book of religion. Observe, we do not say, the book of *our* religion, but of *religion*. Not that we would treat the other Sacred Books as of no value. Far from it. Hindoos and Persians, Egyptians and Greeks have thought of God and the invisible as earnestly as the Israelites; and what the men of greatest piety and genius among these people have believed, what the founders of religion or the philosophers among them have disclosed, so far as it has been preserved to us in writing, not only in their sacred books but elsewhere too, furnishes no small amount that might safely be placed by the side of many portions of the Old Testament at least. Nor can we assert that every part of the Bible gives us a pure reflection of God's being and God's will. Time after time we shall be compelled to allow that the writers of the Bible were men—constantly going astray as such, in their search for the way to God. But we call the Bible the book of religion, because the place of honor in the religion of mankind and of each man belongs to Jesus, and because it is upon Jesus that the whole Bible turns. In this lies the value, not only of the New Testament, a great part of which turns upon him directly, but of the Old Testament as well."

To the great majority of Christians, a volume like this, which deliberately sets aside as mythical a large share of the Bible, could only give perplexity and pain. But those scholars who wish to know the results of the latest rationalistic criticism upon the Biblical narratives can find them here in small compass and in readable form. The style of the writers is luminous and the translation is admirably done.

In the "Wisdom Series," a place is now given to the German mystic John Tauler.¹ "The History and Life of Tauler," by his friend Nicolas, showing how a layman instructed him, and led him into a deeper knowledge of spiritual things, is given almost entire; along with a portion of Miss Winkworth's historical sketch, and several extracts from Tauler's sermons. The little book will serve as a convenient memorial of the saintly man, and of that type of piety which he so well illustrated. The German mystics have their spiritual successors in these days. As there are always philosophers who are trying to define the infinite, and mathematicians who wish to square the circle, and mechanics who are determined to

produce a perpetual motion, so there are always pietists who will be content with nothing short of an absolute holiness. The determination to attain this develops a few noble characters, and produces not a few bitter and narrow-souled Pharisees. Everything depends on the grain of the nature to which this forcing process is applied. Tauler was one who was not spoiled by it; and there is much in these meditations of his that will prove nutritious; but his method of introspection and his passionate concern about his own spiritual condition may easily enough be copied by modern Christians to their great detriment.

THE second generation of the Abbots appear to have inherited the industry as well as the talent of their fathers. Indefatigable book-makers are they all; and many of the books that they are making are likely to have something more than an ephemeral usefulness. Mr. Lyman Abbott, for one, has done some extremely good work, not only in journalism, and in the lighter forms of literature, but also in lines of work that require research and accurate scholarship. His "Life of Christ" is one of the best yet written in this country; his Dictionary of Religious Knowledge is a most serviceable work; and the commentaries¹ that he is now preparing ought to take the place that has long been held by the notes of Barnes.

Barnes was, indeed, in his day no mean interpreter. His fair scholarship and his rare common sense enabled him ordinarily to give the meaning of the text. But the bonds of a traditional and dogmatical exegesis were strong when he wrote, and he was not always able to break them. We often find him trying to tell what the text must mean rather than what it does mean. Besides, his notes, following the fashion that before his time was nearly universal, are largely homiletical. The "improvement" often quite overshadows the explanation. Ready-made sermons are not so popular as once they were: the majority of Bible students prefer to be told what the text means, and to be left to make their own reflections upon it. Moreover, since the day of Barnes much fruitful study has been expended upon the Scriptures; a freer and juster criticism has obtained among Orthodox expositors; and the discoveries in Bible lands have thrown much light upon the sacred page.

A new popular commentary has, therefore, an open field; and Mr. Abbott's shapely and sensible volumes are taking possession of it. The Commentary on Matthew was published in 1875; the

¹ An Illustrated Commentary on the Gospel according to Matthew. By Rev. Lyman Abbott. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

An Illustrated Commentary on the Gospel according to Mark and Luke. By Rev. Lyman Abbott. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

¹ Selections from the Life and Sermons of the Rev. Dr. John Tauler. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Commentary on the Acts was made ready for the use of Sunday Schools during the last year, and the volume containing Mark and Luke has just been issued.

Mr. Abbott has all the qualifications of a good popular expositor. He is an industrious scholar; the results of the latest Biblical study are carefully sought out and set in order by him; and he shows great discrimination in his use of these materials. He is also a journalist; he knows how to write clearly and tersely; and his notes are neither scholastic in form nor obscure in style. The ethical sense is strong in Mr. Abbott; and the primary purpose of the Scriptures is therefore always emphasized. Dogmatism and sentimentalism are forced to make way for the truths that bear directly upon conduct. Mr. Abbott possesses one other happy qualification for his work, and that is candor. He is by no means a radical in his theology, and his natural reverence keeps him close to the beaten ways of interpretation; but when a fact is shown him he does not deny it, nor seek to hide it. The spirit in which his discussions are conducted is the spirit of fairness and of Christian sincerity.

The illustrations in these volumes are not the least valuable part of them. Excellent wood-engravings representing most of the principal places mentioned in the text, as well as many of the Jewish antiquities and customs, are generously supplied; and not only to young readers, but to those no longer young, these pictures are often worth more than whole pages of description. On the whole we know of no Commentary on the New Testament which is so serviceable to ordinary readers as this of Mr. Abbott.

"THE most conspicuous soldier" that Massachusetts sent to the civil war, according to Governor Andrew, was General William Francis Bartlett. And yet there were few of all the gallant company who sought less to make themselves conspicuous. The modesty of the man was as rare as his courage was splendid. And in this neat volume¹ by his comrade in arms we have a record of his life that does not shame his character. The simplicity and reserve of General Palfrey's story admirably befit his hero. Of the story, indeed, General Palfrey tells but little in his own words; the diary and letters of General Bartlett make up the greater part of the memoir.

It is curious to note the sudden change that passed upon the spirit of this young Harvard student during the fervid days of the spring of '61. He was a southern sympathizer of pronounced opinions; he had maintained the cause of the South in college themes written during the first months of that year; yet when the attack upon

Sumter brought the nation to arms, the instinct of loyalty quickly determined the young man's choice. There was little room left for doubting what this man's calling was. King David was no more divinely chosen to be a soldier than was William Francis Bartlett. He was a born leader of men. It may be—for his fate on every battle field would justify such a judgment—that he was somewhat lacking in that prudence which is the better part of valor; but there was never any want of thought for the safety of his men; if he forgot anything it was his own personal safety.

The record that is made in his diaries and his letters to his mother of the engagements in which he took part is one of thrilling interest. The story of Ball's Bluff is told as no man but Bartlett could have told it, yet there is not a boastful note in the whole narrative; he has no other consciousness than that of a man who has done a simple duty. This terrible slaughter was the first serious engagement in which he took part; and the coolness and judgment of the man were beyond praise. At Yorktown a few months later a bullet from a sharp-shooter's rifle cost him his leg. The entry in his journal is simply this: "While I was visiting the pickets, watching the enemy with my glass, a sharp-shooter hit me in the knee with a minie ball, shattering the bone down to my ankle. Dr. Hayward amputated it four inches above the knee, and I started for Baltimore in the same afternoon." Once during the operation he looked up to Colonel Palfrey and said, "It's rough, Frank, isn't it?" and this was the only word of complaint that came from his lips. His conspicuous bravery afterwards at the assault upon Port Hudson and in the mine at Petersburg are part of the history of his country; and his diary gives us something of the dreariness of prison life that followed the last named engagement.

Though every inch a soldier, the life of General Bartlett after the war was one that reflected great honor upon him. The part which he played in the politics of his country showed that his judgment and his high-mindedness were fully equal to his courage. Though flattered with the offer of the nomination to the governorship by both of the great parties in the same year, he declined both offers for reasons highly honorable to himself. This entry in his journal tells the story: "The papers in Massachusetts and elsewhere nominate me for high office, as if that were the only reward a man can seek. I don't propose to decline any office until it is offered; but just as sure as I am offered the governorship of Massachusetts I shall take the opportunity to prove that the satisfaction of doing one's duty so as to win the applause and approval of good men is a reward greater than any office, and I am already repaid." Toward the restoration of friendly relations between the North and the

¹ Memoir of William Francis Bartlett. By Francis Winthrop Palfrey. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

South General Bartlett contributed a powerful impulse. His speeches at the Harvard Commemoration of 1874, and at the Lexington Centennial, were appeals for amity and concord that thrilled the heart of the whole nation. "As an American," he said at Lexington, "I am as proud of the men who charged so bravely with Pickett's Division on our lines at Gettysburg, as I am of the men who so bravely met and repulsed them there. Men cannot always choose the right cause; but when, having chosen that which conscience dictates, they are ready to die for it, if they justify not their cause, they at least ennoble themselves. And the men who for conscience' sake fought against their government at Gettysburg ought easily to be forgiven by the sons of men who for conscience' sake fought against their government at Lexington and Bunker Hill."

The glimpses of his domestic and social life that this memoir gives us, show that this high-minded soldier was also a tender husband and father, a generous neighbor, and a humble and hearty Christian believer. The life is one that cannot be read by any American without a quickening pulse and a swelling heart. The race of knightly heroes is not yet extinct. The records of chivalry can show no braver and no truer man than this young soldier of Massachusetts.

ANOTHER story of the "No Name" series is "Gemini,"¹ and a very good story it is—unstrained, wholesome and thoroughly human. The heroines are the twin daughters of a Vermont country minister; and their lives, with the homely life of the village, are recorded by one who knows New England country life, and is able to discern the romance that lurks under its homespun reality. The names of the twins were *Peuserosa* and *Allegra*, shortened by the country folks into *Penny* and *Lally*. The comical combination of "invention, imagination and sensationalism" frequently exhibited by these Yankee rustics in the naming of their children is well hit off by the writer. The New England provincial dialect is written also, more accurately than we often find it. There is an occasional exaggeration, of course. "Arter" for after is almost never heard in New England in these days even among the most illiterate. And why should "again" be spelled "agen," in this dialect? Our country folk commonly pronounce it "agin" when they talk, and "agane" when they read; but if the word were correctly pronounced there would be no reason for spelling it wrong in these representations of their dialect. One would like to know in the same connection why "any" should be written "enny." These are the very letters employed by Webster to indicate the proper pronunciation

of the word. Our dialect writers must be careful lest they overdo the business. For the most part, however, this writer is entirely accurate; the speech of the farmers and villagers is reproduced with great fidelity. A brighter fate could have been coveted for the devoted and heroic *Penserosa*; but the motto of the book is a felicitous justification of its plot: "Some have beautiful, well-rounded lives; others only supplementary lives, woven in here and there with other people's to eke them out where they are wanting—never quite blended with any one life, or taking a completed form of their own. These do not look quite so satisfactory—perhaps because we do not see enough of them; they are curves of grander circles that pass out of our ken."

CIVIL service reform is indebted to the realistic narrative¹ given by Mr. Luigi Monti of the life of an American Consul abroad. The romance of the Consulate is effectually dispelled by this plain story. The office in any considerable port is no sinecure; and the small salary of the consul makes it necessary for him, unless he be a man of fortune, to live in the most frugal manner among the representatives of the European governments whose allowances enable them to keep up splendid establishments. Hard work, difficult and embarrassing questions of duty, and much social humiliation render the position of the American consul abroad one to be coveted only by those who feel that they need discipline more than comfort or riches. The story is capitally told, and we commend it to the great cloud of candidates for consular appointments.

HERE, now, is a book that you can commend to your boys—*The Voyages and Adventures of Da Gama*.² Mr. Towle is a painstaking student and an entertaining writer, and he has told all that is known about the great Portuguese sailor and discoverer in a way that youthful readers will enjoy. The book is the first of a series for young folks devoted to the "Heroes of History"—the second volume on Pizarro being already in press and others in preparation.

Of the books that are printed most readers must do without a good many; and there are few that can be better spared than "How She Came into Her Kingdom."³ It is called "A Romance,"—but that is a weak name for it. It is extravagant, improbable, and unwholesome.

¹ *Adventures of a Consul Abroad*. By Samuel Sampleton, Esq. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

² *The Voyages and Adventures of Vasco Da Gama*. By George M. Towle. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

³ *How She Came into Her Kingdom: A Romance*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

¹ *Gemini*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. II.—AUGUST, 1878.—No. VIII.

FISHERS OF MEN.

BY S. T. JAMES.

CHAPTER I.

It was at fifty-one minutes after seven o'clock on a March morning, that the Lower Falls train on the Great Western road, stopped, with its customary precision, so that the cow-catcher toed an imaginary line drawn across the track at the first mile-stone out of the city. It stopped, as by law required of every train, before crossing the track of the Little Southern road, which lay a few rods beyond, and the engine-driver could not start it again until the white iron shutters in the watch-tower at the crossing were plainly open. A bridge covered the road-bed just by the mile-stone, and under it were standing a half dozen travelers who met each morning at this point, coming from different quarters to board the train during its single moment of halting. They were workmen with their kits, school-boys who swung themselves upon the rear platform and acted as amateur brakemen, and young women who by frequent practice had discovered the least awkward way of clambering upon the lowest step, and at the same time of holding fast such baskets, books, parasols and other impediments as knocked against them or poked out from them. The train itself never officially recognized the passengers who boarded it here; if any one chose to risk his legs or his neck, the company looked the other way, so to speak, only winking at the irregularity by the occasional

gallantry of a brakeman who would lend a hand to some young woman not yet used to the *mauvais pas*.

Just as the train stopped, with an impatient snort of steam, a young man sprang over a board fence which separated the road-bed from an adjoining stable yard, and walking quickly to the train, which began to move as he reached it, swung himself upon the platform step and entered one of the cars. He was a recent comer in the little group of habitués, and the two or three school-mistresses, who journeyed daily by this train, had begun to speculate mildly as to the probable destination of a young man who made such regular, yet slight use of the conveyance; for he remained scarcely five minutes, leaving the train at the first station, where he could be seen from the car windows, as he was seen by the gently inquisitive teachers, stepping quickly down the road leading to a bridge, which at this point crossed the river, by the side of which the railway ran.

There was just a touch of country to be had by this young man, taking a somewhat roundabout way to his daily business, which reconciled him to the peremptory demands of the railway, and to the petty punctuality which attended a start in the morning. The little station where the train left him was the depot of a charming suburban village, in summer hidden in a depth of green, and the river which here broadened sud-

denly on its way to the sea, gave a generous breadth to the whole landscape. Going over a bridge is next to flying, and there always was an exhilaration to him in stepping upon this bridge, and feeling the freedom of the scene. As he walked briskly along, everything seemed just a little under his feet. The sun, only an hour and a half high, gave a remote, almost foreign look to the city that lay stretched along the horizon on his right, while up the river, bordered by flats on which lumps of brittle ice left by the receding tide were strewn desolately about, he could see hills and distant spires; near by a promontory jutted out, upon which was a secluded little brick building, surrounded by fir trees. It had formerly contained a store of powder, and a disused wharf was built against the bank. He half closed his eyes and found it easy to translate the whole into foreign speech, and to fancy himself a foot traveler entering a new country in the early morning.

The bridge was an old one and constantly in need of repair. The toll-house keeper and his sons had a way of going about with hammers and spikes, giving the timbers a tap here and there, and this morning he met a company of bearded laborers, shouldering axes and carrying baskets, who came along in single file, past the line of stump willows that bordered the low fence way. There was a picturesqueness in the sudden addition to the scene, which still more effectually fastened the foreign aspect. He fancied himself in England. The procession passed him, he left the bridge behind, and with it the special charm of his daily walk. One thing only remained to notice. Upon a street which he could choose as one of the ways to his work, there was a low, old-fashioned house, the windows of which were always crowded with dark, rich geraniums pressing against the glass. On the first day of his walk he had seen a young girl in a scarlet sack moving about behind them, and the effect was so bright that he always now chose this road, but the girl was not so regular in her visits to the window as he was.

With the bridge and this house at his back, the remainder of his walk led through the somewhat untidy street of a manufac-

turing suburb. Perhaps if he had been exploring a foreign city, he would have found something worth jotting down in his notebook regarding the tenement and boarding houses which lined the streets, the shop for making pulpits, the carpenter-shop of the Swede with a name out of an old Edda, who had just put up a shining sign announcing himself as a carpenter and *bulder*, the shop for making conductors' pocket-books, the news shops with fly-specked picture papers hanging in the windows, and remainder stock of impudent valentines; he might even have noted the former home of a great artist, whose idealism was in singular contrast to all this show of matter-of-fact life. But the dismal commonplace, after the first day or two, had driven him in upon himself, and he walked as one blindfold, his eyes being no more to him than a little dog and stick.

The part of the town in which his business lay was called the Port, and the brick building which he entered gave forth a confused rumble of sounds. The sign of Job Arkwright & Sons, Brass and Iron Founders, 1808, by the side of the doorway, was eminently respectable in its aged rust. Job, who had been dead thirty odd years, and Job's son Job who had died twenty years later, and Job, the son of Job's Job, who had died a few weeks since, leaving the business to this younger brother Edward, had suffered the iron sign to collect all the rust it would, and Edward himself, as he looked at it, felt a little of its tonic properties. Good wine needs no bush, but if there be a bush, the older the wine in the cellar, the more dry and withered, brittle and scraggy should be the bush over the door. All the family pride with its essence distilled in Madam Arkwright, Edward's mother, would have rebelled at the suggestion of replacing the old sign with a more glittering one. Indeed, no modern symbol could possibly have told the tale that this did: The within business is conducted by Edward Arkwright, aided by the ghosts of his brother, father and grandfather.

The counting-room was occupied, when Arkwright entered it, by an elderly man with close-cropped beard, who sat at his

desk with the books by him, and a paraphernalia of black ink, red ink, pen-rack, pin-ball, rule, file, rubber, pounce, mucilage, blotting pad and various other ingenious contrivances, by which book-keepers and accountants manage to give their work the appearance of being one of the fine arts. He answered Arkwright's good-morning with a glance at the clock. Everything which had to do with time was referred in Mr. Simon's mind to the clock or watch. Good-morning? yes, but what hour and minute of the morning? If he made an appointment, no matter how far ahead, he would take some time-piece as witness to the engagement.

"When will them castings be ready?" a customer might ask, and Mr. Simon, touching the spring of his hunting-case watch would look at the white face and give answer:—"Let me see; this is the eighteenth, you may expect them by the twenty-first." For years he had sat in the little counting-room, taking orders, writing letters, keeping the books, making analyses of the accounts, and acting as a receptacle for all the minute facts regarding the affairs of the concern, yet as devoid of opinions as the books over which he pored. He had seen one after another of the Arkwright family disappear from the counting-room, for he had come as a boy under the oldest Job, two generations back, and for more than twenty years had been the only other occupant of the room. It was not without both passive and active objection that he had resisted the intrusion of an assistant, whom the late Mr. Job Arkwright had finally succeeded in introducing. Mr. Simon, for months, as the growing business required more clerical labor, had carried his work home, or come himself to the counting-room in the evening. He could not understand why his work was treading on his heels so constantly. Mr. Arkwright pointed out to him that they were steadily doing more business; he maintained that this was an exceptional state of things, that certain contracts had brought detailed work which would presently be completed, and that as soon as he could get his desk cleared of the accumulation of papers, everything would go on as before; the trouble was that

Mr. Simon, working with prodigious industry to clear his desk, was oblivious of the steady accumulation which was going on of new matter. He would lay out his day's work in the most orderly manner, arranging his papers according to their importance, and begin at the top of the pile. Everything that came afterward in the course of the day, unless held persistently before him by some quick-witted claimant of his attention, was dropped into a drawer at his side, to be attended to as soon as the desk should be cleared. But when 'night came, the pile of papers by his side had been diminished, not disposed of, and in the morning the contents of his drawer were added to the remnant, to make a pile just a little larger than that with which he had started the day before. To get his desk cleared became Mr. Simon's absorbing ambition, and as his ordinary duties which he had done daily for nearly fifty years were always minuted on separate bits of paper, with *To be done to-day* written at the top, and committed to the pile at his side, he never lacked for material with which to feed his fire of ambition. Everything which he did or intended to do had its memorandum, and in his religious belief, perhaps the article of faith which he held unconsciously with most positiveness was that of a recording angel; indeed, his conception of judgment was defined very exactly by the image of a great book with its debit and credit sides neatly ruled off. He was punctilious to the last degree; and failing once or twice to greet his employer when he came in the morning, he resorted to his customary safeguard and wrote a memorandum: Say good-morning to Mr. Arkwright,—which he placed on the top of his pile. It was an irritation to him that Jim, who had finally been squeezed into the counting-room service, entirely refused to put things down on paper. For a long time Mr. Simon had a memorandum: To make Jim make memoranda,—which he pinned in a private corner of his desk; but although he recurred to it punctually, Jim never was known to use any outside memory. The late Mr. Arkwright used to say that if Simon ever died, he would leave a bit of paper with, "Mem. To attend my funeral," on it.

It was for this Mr. Job Arkwright that Simon had a special admiration. He was a man of business after his own heart, scrupulously exact and thorough, just and unyielding. Toward the young man who had succeeded him he looked anxiously and with a mixture of respect and admiration. He admired his heartiness, and he respected in him the family name, but he could not help remembering how very young he was and how much he had to learn. Wisdom, in Mr. Simon's estimation, was capable of the most exact and complete statement. If wisdom, as of old, was personified to him, it would scarcely be as a gracious lady, but as a bald-headed man, with a pen behind his ear, expressing himself entirely in proverbs; and he always regarded it as a shot well directed when he could himself discharge one of these little missiles at the young proprietor. It would not be becoming in him to offer to teach the youth about the business, but a proverb had the advantage of being at once pointed in its application and general in its authorship. There were occasions, indeed, when Mr. Simon's mind seemed inspired by the divinity he worshiped, and he delivered himself of sayings which might easily be mistaken for proverbs of most ancient and forgotten origin.

Edward Arkwright took his place at the old transmitted desk, the pigeon holes above him a diminutive columbarium, well stocked with the ashes of dead transactions. The morning mail lay beside him; he found the city letters by themselves for earliest attention, the general mail by itself, the printed circulars in another pile, and in a corner his personal mail, confined this time to two foreign postmarked letters which he slipped into his pocket against a leisurely reading. The paper knife was in full sight, with the waste paper basket drawn out from under the table ready to receive the bones of the feast. It was a sort of *invitation à déjeuner à la couteau à papier* which Mr. Simon played every morning. As Arkwright opened and read his letters, he laid them aside. They were mainly orders to be filled, but presently he came to one of a different tenor.

"How is this, Mr. Simon? Here is a letter from Ireson & Co., in which they com-

plain that the valves which we shipped them on the sixth have failed to reach them."

"Are you sure they were shipped?" asked Mr. Simon, without looking up from his book, while he laboriously scratched with his eraser some superfluous marks, and puffed away the paper fuzz.

"Why, yes; I attended to that myself. Let me see the letter book. Certainly, here it is—March 6: 'Messrs. Ireson & Co., Gents. We ship you this day by freight B. & P. R. R., 1 cwt., 5 in. valves, as per enclosed mem'd.' Townsend must look into this."

"Sure the goods were shipped?" asked the old clerk again.

"I'll have Townsend in here now," said Arkwright, and thereupon followed an examination which disclosed the fact that though this was the fifteenth of the month, the goods had not yet been sent, owing to an accident in the foundry.

"But you told me that very day, Townsend, that they would be ready to be shipped in the afternoon, and so I wrote my letter to them."

"So I did, sir, but you see it was after that that we had the accident; but they'll be ready to-day."

"Very well. I suppose I shall have to write a letter of apology. Don't let it happen again." Townsend went off and told of the interview in the shop.

"If it had been old Job," said he, "what a raking down I should have got."

"If it had been old Job," replied his fellow workman, "the accident would have been known in five minutes."

"If it had been old Job," said a third, "the accident would never have happened at all. He was a powerful fellow for looking after us."

"The young fellow's good looking, but he's green, I tell you. He came in by the cabin window; that's what's the matter with him."

The little incident of the morning worried Arkwright all day.

"Your brother used to say, 'Follow 'em up, is the first commandment with promise, Simon,' said that worthy. 'If I were you, Mr. Edward, I'd make a memorandum of these things. It'll help you amazingly. Mr.

Job, now, never made any memoranda. He had a wonderful head. It was as full and as orderly as your desk there. He used to say he didn't believe in any outside memory. But he was a man of genius, and it isn't everybody can do as he did. Now, there's Jim. I can't make him put things down on paper. I gave him a slate on purpose, and a sponge and slate pencil, but that boy just uses that slate to figure on, and that's all."

"He remembers well enough without it," said Arkwright, who had been struck by the boy's retentive memory. He himself had the theory that he should destroy his memory if he did not trust it, and therefore he tried to carry the business in his mind. He was vexed that he should have forgotten Ireson & Co's order, and he could not understand why it was. But he threw himself into the day's work and sought to gather into his hands the various lines which ran through the business. His personal familiarity with such details as he knew was owing to the fact that during his college vacations his elder brother had insisted on his working in the counting-room. Job always meant, when Edward graduated, to put him through a regular mechanical course under his own supervision, but the young man begged hard for a year in Europe, and it was while absent on his tour that he had word of his brother's sudden death, and of his own recall to the business which had fallen to him as successor.

In our modern world, and especially in our modern American world, business has assumed somewhat the proportions of a personal divinity. It is not worshiped so much as it is obeyed, yet in the ardor with which men follow its lead, in the admiration with which they regard its favored votaries, there is something of a religious fervor; and, indeed, the sacred idea of business is capable of most extensive and varied illustration. As a mordant in character, it has extraordinary power. Take a person of varied interests and tastes, fluctuating not from lack of principle but from the absence of a ruling spirit in his life, and introduce the element of business; confine him by apparently petty details of occupation, force him by humiliating experience into habits of order, and the punctil-

ious performance of minute obligations, make him feel the full force of Fouche's, "It was worse than a crime, it was a blunder," and if he be made of good stuff there will come forth in time a well-knit mind and body, using all that taste and good feeling which once merely kept him in a half fluid condition. We hope, by and by, to know better this young man whom we have seen placed in the center of this busy web of business, and I who know what is going to happen to him, look with admiration upon the resolution with which he applies himself to the day's work before him. Beyond the walls of his counting-room there is a clangor of iron and hammers, a roar of furnace, the confusion of laboring men and swift moving machines; within the little enclosure where he sits is brain that gathers, or seeks to gather, all the material processes without into definite order, and to connect each man's labor with the great world which lies outside of counting-room and work-shop. A great factory, with its traditions and its multitude of interests, seems almost a living organism, pulsating with all the shocks and motions of a human being, and surely nowhere else is its vibrating life more intensely felt than in the brain and heart of the one who stands as representative of the business.

Arkwright had a lively conscience, and a touch was enough to set him in motion. He was wont to bring his lunch with him and take it in a brief interval at noon when the place was still, during the dinner hour of the workmen. He gave himself no other rest, and scarcely knew how bent he had been on his business, until he essayed to recover himself at the end of the day. With him this came a half hour earlier than the closing of the factory, but he never left the office before Mr. Simon without the feeling, more or less determined, that he was regarded in the light of a shirk. It is true that the time which he gave to work was long enough to leave him exhausted and fit for nothing else when he left; still there was the plain outside fact that others stayed and he went away; he, who had more at stake in the economical and wise conduct of the business than they possibly could have; and it was a fact which looked most disa-

greeable to him as he saw it in fancy from Mr. Simon's side.

If anything could drive out such morbid and irritating thoughts, it would be the walk homeward by another route than that which brought him to his work. The sunset was behind him, to be sure, but much of the way lay over a long bridge, connecting the Port with the city, across which the wind blew with rarely failing strength; a purgative wind that seemed to riddle one's mind and drive out every uncomfortable thought or sickly fancy. Arkwright strode along, crushing his hat down upon his head, and let his eyes fall upon the water which broke in small waves and looked of an icy coldness. Horse cars jingled beside him, but they offered slight temptation, and they could not carry him very far on his way, since as soon as he had crossed the bridge he turned down a narrow street to the right, untraversed by rails, and so made his way home.

The house in which Madam Arkwright lived with her son was one of those plain, old-fashioned city houses which would scarcely strike one as having any peculiarity, unless the absence of all peculiarities could be so called. It was a silent reproach to all fanciful houses, a protest against show; and yet it lacked that quaintness, either of structure or furnishing, which so often renders a well preserved house of a past generation interesting, in spite of any intention on the part of its first occupants. One finds a house, as one finds people, perfectly unpretending, substantial, orderly and convenient. A certain dignity, which always accompanies truthfulness, may be affirmed of it, but beyond this the effect is without color, and the evenness of tone about the house depresses one. The Arkwright house was a square-built, large-roomed dwelling. The doors were of mahogany, the fire-places of dark marble, cut precisely, with narrow mantel shelf; the walls were painted gray, the windows were guarded by wooden shutters within and green blinds without. The carpets on the floor were dull, of large flower patterns which had become, in course of time, mere variation in the grain of the material. The furniture was all of mahogany,

and the free use of black hair cloth gave an irresistible effect of stillness to the rooms. The pieces of furniture all seemed to be whispering at a funeral.

There were dark green, old-fashioned lamps, that stood on either end of the mantel pieces, never lighted now; there was a cabinet of curiosities never opened; beside the cabinet stood a curiosity too big to be shelved,—a gigantic club made from some gnarled South-sea island wood, and brought away, a generation back, by a maritime kinsman of the family who had a childish recollection of the cabinet of curiosities, and bethought himself of it when off on one of his voyages, with a laudable desire to add to what had been a mysterious collection to him; for the cabinet being the only thing in the drawing-room which put out any tentacles by which to catch in a child's imagination, the children who came to the Arkwright's and sat upon the black horse-hair chairs, invested the queer cabinet with a mysterious value, and when permitted to stand before the doors open but under strenuous charge not to touch anything, they looked with excited imagination upon the stray coins, conch shells, ivory carvings, grinning little heathen idols, faintly scented Indian fans that waved a distant Ceylon isle perfume as they were moved solemnly back and forth; birds' nests, Chinese butterflies and Indian arrow-heads,—an oddly assorted collection in which each particular object seemed to have retreated to the farthest possible corner from its original use and belongings. There were pictures on the walls equally fertile to a child's imagination, in the desert where they were hung; pictures by West from Biblical subjects, colored prints, severely framed in rose-wood; Peter addressing the people; the finding of the cup in Benjamin's sack; the healing of the blind man at the gate; all of them representing an academic orientalism in decorous robes, wildness and luxury made equally proper and discreet.

The people who in former days moved about this house, had used it for shelter until compelled to move into narrower chambers scarcely more devoid of life and beauty. The only occupants now left were Edward

Arkwright, who had lived in it as little as possible, and his mother, who now scarcely left it at all. She passed her time in a regular, formal fashion, ordering the petty affairs of her little domain with scrupulous exactness, receiving and paying a few calls of ceremony, and for the rest sitting upright in her chair, crowned with a white cap and knitting an endless succession of hosiery. There was something, no doubt, in this harmless industry which tallied with the closing years of a life full of steady labor and association with men of labor. Silently knitting, her mind traversed again and again the well worn paths which her memory tracked over the past; all her mental strength was given to that, while her manual exercise could easily be satisfied now with the unceasing knitting. As Madam Arkwright and her son sat at the dinner table, Edward, as had been the wont of his brother and of his father before him, told over the events of the day. His mother exacted from him a multitude of details.

"I think you ought to examine Simon, mother," said he finally, laughing. "He would render his accounts to you with commendable particularity."

"No one can master that business, Edward, until he has the power to take Simon's books from him and keep them himself, and until he could take the place, at a moment's notice, of any and every workman in the shop."

"I am far enough from the mastery then," said he. "I suppose you are right, and I have sometimes fancied myself stepping down from my place and donning a leathern apron, bringing my dinner in a tin pail and mounting all the steps of the business. Unfortunately there is no one to take my place in the meanwhile."

"Your brother Job meant you should do this, Edward. He did it, and it gave him a wonderful control of the business."

"I know it, mother, but I mean to learn by my mistakes. The house of Job Arkwright & Sons will be proud of me yet. I expect to be an accomplished brass and iron founder one of these days. You know I have great confidence in will."

"And I in work," replied the old lady.

"It seems to me that people nowadays are trying to see how little they can do themselves, and how much they can get others to do for them. In my day we had no such machines as you have now at the foundry, and I think the work was better done. There never was invented a better machine than a man, and when the last and most perfect machine has been invented, some man will come forward and show how the work really should be done. But you people nowadays are crazy over machines and short cuts. Your father never believed in patents, though he had to use them. He used to say that the art would die at the moment people thought they had it all arranged to be executed by a self-acting machine; but I expect there are folks nowadays that would think Gabriel's trumpet an old-fashioned instrument, and would recommend him to get a steam whistle made."

"That belongs elsewhere, mother, if the English are right. They give it the name of the American devil."

"There never was a truer name. It's the devil's own plaything. There was a time when a bell called men to work, and a bell called men to pray, but we've got over that, and now the sacredness has gone out of work. But mind you, Edward, the day is coming when the sacredness will get out of church too. You can't have a bell for church and a whistle for work, but there'll be a divorce. The church will go one way, and the work will go another, but both will go to the devil. Faith without works is dead, and you might as well talk of a ship drifting from Boston to Liverpool, as of an indolent Christian. There's no such thing. If I were a minister I'd preach every Sunday from the text, 'Work out your own salvation.' A good many people will be mistaken when they get to heaven. They'll be surprised at finding themselves in a workshop instead of in a music hall."

"And yet," said Edward, used to his mother's energetic homilies, and not unwilling to draw her out, "there remaineth a rest for the people of God, and Sunday itself is a symbol of heavenly freedom from labor."

"You're wrong, Edward, you're wrong

The rest that remains for the people of God is a rest from traveling, from journey. They'll get home then and be able to go to work, and thankful enough they'll be not to be hindered in that any longer. And Sunday! why, didn't our Lord say, when the Jews rebuked him for working on Sunday, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work'? Why, He was the great workman himself. You haven't read your Bible if you haven't found out that work lies at the bottom of salvation and of all right human life."

"We were always taught that Adam and Eve led a charming life in the garden, and that it was only when they were driven out that toil came, and sorrow with toil. The ground was not cursed till those misguided people had sinned."

"O, poor ground!" exclaimed Madam Arkwright, with a grim smile. "You have to bear your curse and men's curses besides. Why, don't you see, Edward, that the ground was cursed for the sake of Adam and Eve? The whole creation groans still, waiting for the redemption of the children of men. It is for us that the earth which was ready to gladden us, is made to suffer. That's what sin brings, and it is by the work in redeeming the earth that man is to be redeemed. Our Saviour came to show us a Father who worked, and if we only knew how to read the Bible, we should see that the whole history of man was the history of redemption through work. It is when men think they can escape from work and get their work done for them, that they fall back. And that's why Paul gloried in calling himself a slave of Jesus Christ. He liked the word that showed him absolutely given over to work and obedience. Depend upon it, Edward, a theology's all wrong which doesn't make work the center. God works, Christ works, the Holy Spirit works, and it's only lazy, sinful man that wants to get others to do his rightful work. If I had been at Westminster, I'd have changed the first answer in the catechism. Man's chief end is to work the works of God. That's all. Of course he'd enjoy God forever in that case. It's only the man who works the devil's work, and lazy people do that, who is unhappy forever."

"I had a letter from Marian to-day, mother," said Arkwright after a pause.

"Where was she when she wrote?"

"In Paris, but thinking of going to Italy."

"Does she talk of coming home?"

"Not yet."

"Well, what is she doing in Paris?"

"O, doing as the Parisians do. I doubt if she hears such sermons as you preached just now," and Arkwright laughed good-naturedly.

"The more reason that you should hear them, Edward. I've no doubt that young girls who go abroad see and hear very different things from what they are used to at home, and sometimes they are the better for it. But you're in a position that won't let you have idle fancies. Business is a jealous wife, Edward, and when Marian comes home, I don't know how she will like your attentions."

"Who, mother, business or Marian?"

"I'm very fond of Marian, Edward, though I've never seen her much; but I hope she understands what it is to marry a business man."

"She will marry me, and I don't suppose I shall be anything else than she has known me to be. Am I to change my character now that I have taken off my coat?"

"Yes, Edward. You may laugh if you will, but you cannot succeed in your business and remain just what you have been. Business makes people over as surely as religion does. I've seen it."

"Well, I hope Marian will know me when she comes home. I don't myself begin to be conscious of putting out any new buds."

"Interest her in your life, Edward," said his mother. "Let her see how much you care about it, and if she is true, she will be eager to come home and join you. Now we'll have our game and then you may go."

The chess table was brought out, and Madam Arkwright, resuming her knitting, sat down to a game with her boy. She was a watchful, steadily clear player. From the first movement to the last, her mind never ceased its action of going over and over again all the possible combinations which the board presented. She followed each

piece, whether her own or her adversary's, and only when she first began a series of checks which usually ended in check-mate, did she so far relax as to treat herself to a whiff from the fat little bottle of aromatic salts which she always kept by her, and applied, as the sole indulgence of which she might be charged, to a corner of her mouth, drawing in thus the sharp sting, when the ordinary sense had become deadened by long use. Not that the game was always hers. Edward never sat down to the board without a certain inertness, overcome only after a dozen moves or so had been made. It was an exertion to begin the game, his pulse quickened as the forces drew nearer, and when the critical moment came he was fairly roused. He made mistakes; without being rash, he eagerly followed one clue forgetful of others, and when he did beat his mother, it was by a combination too subtle for her to have foreseen, and not wholly anticipated by himself.

The old lady was content with one game, and invariably went to her rest at nine o'clock. At that hour, too, Edward, glad to escape from the deadness of the lower regions of the house, went upstairs to his own room, which was only less dismal in that he had strewn about at hap-hazard such of the spoils of a European tour as he had brought home with him, but had as yet lacked the interest to put in place, or make serve any definite purpose of adornment. One thing after another, as he had thought of it, or required it, he had pulled out from its packing case or trunk, and bestowed in the most convenient place, so that his room looked like some temporary stopping place on a longer tour. In truth, he had scarcely acknowledged feeling that his present circumstances were temporary. He had come

back to the only home he had ever known, yet he had left his betrothed in Europe, and his domestic associations had begun to cluster about her and their future life, easily letting go those which had hitherto held him. So true is it that before marriage a man deserts his father and mother; the old ways of living which have grown out of years of habit are set aside eagerly for the new modes that lie in charming uncertainty in the near future. It happened to this young man to ask the fateful question and receive the promise when he was in expectation of a year of delightful leisure, and almost immediately after to be summoned home by the news of his brother's death. The lovers could find small comfort in the romances they had read of men impressed into military service upon the very day of their nuptials; their own case was too painfully like them. A day or two of hurry, a snatch only of that bliss which follows engagement, and they were separated, one to plow the Atlantic wave on his way to a business life, the other to cross the channel and draw near the city of pleasure. An ocean lay between them now, and certainly a great gulf between the pursuits. Wider spaces, however, than these have failed to separate lovers' hearts. I confess myself to have had a faithful love for a heroine two centuries dead.

Arkwright put on a loose jacket, threw himself into a comfortable chair, and drew forth the two letters which he had received by the morning's mail. If we have overheard his conversation with his mother, and even ventured to detect changes of his countenance, and to guess at what he was thinking about, is it greater rudeness to read with him what he had already read in the morning by himself when the counting-room was empty and silent?

A PRISON FOR WOMEN.

THE prison for women at Sherborn, Mass., was opened November 1, 1877. As only six months have elapsed since that time, its ultimate success is not assured; but the

rapidity and thoroughness with which it has been organized and its present constitution, give promise of a satisfactory future. Time and space will not permit us to enter upon

the great subject of prison discipline, which is endless, and which has deeply touched some of the greatest minds in our own and other countries. The enormous increase of crime and pauperism must ere long imperatively claim a more thorough attention than it has yet received from the public. We must deal with it wisely, or be submerged by the rising tide. Here it can only be briefly stated that hitherto our system has been simply to punish without seeking to instruct and improve criminals. The condition of female convicts has been especially hopeless, not from unjust discrimination against them, but because the burdens and the helplessness of the sex have made a careless and merely penal imprisonment more blighting to them than to men.

About fifteen years ago good women in Boston and vicinity established a temporary asylum for discharged female convicts at Dedham, where they were received on leaving prison, instructed for a time, and furnished with employment. This institution is still carried on, and its labors have been rewarded with reasonable success. The Springfield Home for Friendless Women, founded in 1865, has also devoted a part of its means to caring for discharged female convicts, with some encouraging results. Other institutions have afforded a shelter to fallen women; and Sunday Schools in prisons, also, have long been maintained by Christian people. But the more thoughtful workers saw from the first that they were working only at the top of the tree, and must go to the root to accomplish real good in large measure. The necessity of making the term of imprisonment one also of instruction, was apparent; also the vital need of purifying the corrupted by personal contact with pure and good women, laboring among them in a spirit of love and sympathy.

In 1870, after a preliminary meeting in Boston, where Governor Claflin presided and Henry Wilson took a prominent part, a memorial was presented to the Legislature, setting forth the need of separate prisons for women, and of better and reformatory discipline for all criminals. This was called "The Memorial of the Temporary Asylum for Discharged Female Prisoners in Ded-

ham, and of the Springfield Home for Friendless Women and Children and of Others Concurring with Them." It was signed by a noble list of names, among them the late Chief Justice Chapman, Bishop Eastburn, Henry Wilson, J. G. Whittier, and many equally well-known citizens. The immediate result was the establishment of the Prison Commission of the State, and ultimately the building of the separate prison for women in the town of Sherborn.

The site of the prison is very near the Boston and Albany railroad station at South Framingham, which gives the nearest access to the prison. South Framingham is a great railroad center, and an officer can go thither from any part of the State and return on the same day, an important matter in the cost of transporting convicts. The State purchased thirty acres of land in Sherborn for the site of the prison, on a fine knoll commanding an extensive view of the fair farms and groves of Middlesex county. A neighboring pond affords an abundant water supply, and the facilities for drainage are excellent.

The form of the building is a cross, with two more transverse sections, one across the front and one at the rear, the last for hospital use. It is so placed as to receive the direct rays of the sun during some part of the day on every room. The facilities for heating and ventilating are excellent. It was thought unnecessary to incur the expense of building strong cells for the ordinary class of female prisoners, and there are but forty-eight of these in the first division for the more refractory class. The other prisoners occupy small separate rooms, divided by brick partitions, each with a window; these are not more secure than the rooms used by lunatics in our hospitals.

There are four divisions in the prison for the classification of convicts. The three higher divisions each contain a "privilege room," where prisoners who have obeyed the rules spend an hour each evening in orderly recreation under the supervision of matrons, before being locked in their rooms for the night at half-past seven. The usual hour for their locking up in county prisons is six o'clock. Four large cheerful dining-

rooms are provided, and the women there eat their meals, always under supervision, at table from neat plates and basins, instead of being served in their separate cells from a tin pan, as in the county jails. Their food is the ordinary coarse prison fare, and they have no luxuries of any kind; but the various arrangements of their daily life are calculated to teach them neatness and decorum.

Female prisoners are often mothers, and sometimes give birth to children while in prison; therefore a nursery department is essential in a woman's prison, where the poor little ones may be kept and cared for. It is a cheering sight to those visitors who have been used to seeing prison babies tumbling about on stone floors, sleeping on a narrow iron bed in a strong cell with their mothers, and managing as they can during the working hours, to see the large room where these babies live by day, their plain warm clothing and neat little cribs, their wholesome food, and their happy little faces. In the nursery department are sixty rooms, each ten by twelve feet, containing each a bed and a crib for mothers with infants. In the second story is a lying-in ward, with all the necessary appliances, where may always be found three or four women patients, most of them very young, and unmarried. These are nearly always the neglected children of dissolute parents, whose miserable life has culminated here, but many of whom may be rescued from further degradation by the influences brought to bear upon them at this time.

The hospital is detached from the rest of the group of buildings, for sanitary reasons. It is thirty-two feet wide by seventy-seven long, and three stories in height. A large elevator permits a sick person to be lifted on a bed to the upper stories. On the ground floor are the dispensary, with convenient wash-room, the doctor's sitting-room and several small wards for special cases. The dispensary is well supplied with medicines and surgical instruments. On the second floor is a large ward with space for twenty beds, delightfully sunny and airy; also bath-rooms, and a small room where the dead are laid until burial. A convalescent ward is on

the third floor. Exquisite neatness prevails here as everywhere in the prison.

Only persons familiar with criminal women, can know to what variety of diseases they are subject. Intemperance, unchastity, abuse from male companions, neglected childbirth, hereditary taints, poor food and clothing,—all these tell upon the frame of woman more surely than man's vices and sufferings do upon him. A day spent in the dispensary and hospital with the physician while she goes her rounds reveals an abyss of misery hitherto unguessed. Not only the peculiar disease which curses sins of licentiousness and the innocent offspring of sinners, but numerous surgical and other diseases demand humane care. Then, too, especially, is the prisoner susceptible to Christian influences. The kind care mingled with counsel awakens the dulled sensibilities, calls out love and gratitude, and finally hope and desire for better life. When death alone brings freedom for the prisoner, the last hours are comforted with the ministrations of a faithful chaplain and with the companionship of women who can uplift the fainting spirit and teach it to look with assurance to God's love and mercy.

In the central portion, and second story of the main group of buildings were two large work-rooms, one of which is now used for making cane chair bottoms, the other for sewing. Several sewing-machines are in use here, and clothing is made in large quantities for this prison, and recently for another state institution. A school room in this story is occupied during six hours each day. The women go in classes; about an hour is assigned to each class during the day, so that every woman receives that amount of instruction. The teacher is an experienced and judicious woman; the discipline perfectly good, and the interest taken in the studies quite remarkable. Most of the women are very ignorant. A large number are learning to read and write. Easy arithmetic and geography lessons are taught, and instructive reading is given.

In the basement are two large laundries, one for prison use, the other for outside washing, from which a profitable income is

derived for the support of the prison. Over the laundry is the prison kitchen and bakery, where the work is all done by prisoners under supervision. The chapel is a large hall in the third story on the front. Near it is the library, which as yet is not well supplied. Besides the Sunday services, the women assemble in the chapel every morning and evening for short devotional exercises. The chaplain, who is a woman, like all the officers, does not pretend to the office of a clergyman, but is simply a religious instructor, capable of interesting these simple minds by practical exhortation, and of leading the devotions in a reverent and interesting manner. She devotes all her time to personal effort among the prisoners, and her instructions are received with pleasure and profit.

There are about twenty solitary work-rooms for special cases, and in the basement are the strong cells, where turbulent prisoners are confined for punishment.

The matrons occupy comfortable rooms, which command a view of the corridors between the cells or rooms. A pleasant dining-room for their use and an adjacent kitchen in the basement are well supplied with conveniences and comforts. They have also a large parlor on the second floor. The matrons are carefully selected for especial fitness from a great number of applicants. Thirty matrons and assistants are now employed.

The superintendent may be either a man or woman, at the pleasure of the governor, who appoints; so also the steward and treasurer. All the other officers and subordinates within the prison must be women. There is among these a deputy superintendent, a chaplain, a physician, a school-mistress and a clerk. Governor Rice carried out the wishes of those persons who first sought the establishment of this prison, by appointing a woman superintendent; the steward and treasurer, very appropriately is a man, experienced in the duties of his office—Colonel Whitton, formerly in charge of the House of Industry on Deer Island. His duties are wholly outside the prison, and are those of purchasing supplies and keeping money accounts.

In the selection of the chief officers Governor Rice has shown great care and discrimination. The superintendent, physician and chaplain are all highly educated, and refined women of Christian character, who have undertaken their arduous labors for the sake of doing a good work. Not one was an applicant for the office, but all were induced to accept the situation, in consideration of the importance of the work itself. Mrs. Edna C. Atkinson, the superintendent, was for many years a resident of Boston, where she is well known and appreciated. She possesses rare powers of organization and of control; and has the good physical health and serene temperament, so necessary to carry out her design. It would be so distasteful to those ladies, to attempt here to describe their qualities in any way, that it is improper to say anything very personal, but only to mention that Dr. Eliza Mosher, the physician to the prison, has received a thorough medical education in Boston, and has the friendship and counsel of some eminent physicians there. She has had a good general practice since, which must have been more agreeable than her present hard and repulsive work. She has had excellent success in the prison with the babies, as well as with the women, and has already encountered some very serious cases. It is almost impossible not to dwell upon the pleasing appearance of the matrons generally; the quiet goodness and refinement of manners so plainly evident among them. Great care has been taken, not only to choose them, but to guide and instruct them in their duties.

The superintendent lives in a house separate from yet adjacent to the prison, where also the steward and his family live. This house is very pleasant and home-like. The prison is adorned and beautified with plants in many rooms, and though rigidly plain has an air of cheerfulness and womanly care everywhere.

The question naturally will be asked whether it is well to make a prison too attractive and comfortable: crime should be punished. These women are usually grave offenders against the peace and order of society; why should they be gratified by

pleasant sights and bright, clean quarters? In the first place the loss of liberty is a terrible privation, especially when the term of confinement is long. Most persons will bear any hardship rather than be confined, even in a pleasant place. Then, too, the depraved women of our prisons are indifferent at first to the things which please a higher taste. The dark and filthy slums of Boston are far more charming to them than the clean and sunny prison. The work is hateful to their idle habits; and being unpaid, it has no motive to incite them to performance. The silent, separate rooms, the quiet work-room, try them inexpressibly. There is no danger that the prison will be too tempting. They long for the intoxicating drinks, the low carousals of their usual life, and when discharged from an ordinary prison, with no reformatory influence, eagerly rush into the old haunts, and begin anew the foul life. Most of these women never knew a decent home. Here for the first time they learn cleanliness and order. And here under the long sentence now allowed to "vagrants," under which term most unchaste women are sentenced, there is time to acquire new habits, and to lose in a great measure the passion for strong drink. It has been found in the experience of the Asylum at Dedham and other similar institutions, that very degraded women can usually be reclaimed, if they will consent to stay long enough under the influence of the institution. Gradually they learn that there is something better than their old life. They acquire skill in manual labor, and then take an interest in it. But above all they find in the good news of the Gospel the solution of all life's mysterious sorrows. The unselfish nature of the care and aid which they receive from others deeply impresses them. Wonderful has been the change and restoration in many apparently hopeless cases. The trouble has been usually in cases of failure, that at first the restraint was too irksome, the desire for old indulgence too strong. Already in the prison a change for the better has begun among a large number. It is a most interesting sight to see the large assembly in the chapel at evening, orderly, meek, joining with pleasure in

singing the "Gospel Hymns," so popular everywhere.

It was a matter of serious doubt before the opening of the prison, whether such desperate characters as some female prisoners are could be governed by officers of the weaker sex. Persons unfamiliar with convicts have very little idea of the violence and turbulence common among women of dissipated habits. A refractory female prisoner pouring forth a volley of profanity and obscenity, resisting all attempts at control, is a terrible sight. Fearful struggles sometimes take place in prisons with such women, who are beyond measure irritating; and male officers are occasionally rough and brutal in dealing with them. It was foreseen and foretold that the ladies in charge of the new prison would meet with terrible difficulties in their enforcement of discipline, of order and diligent industry. Legislators and experienced prison officers shook their heads doubtfully or scornfully, and a Hampden senator strongly asserted in debate against the proposed prison that "no woman could govern a ferocious woman!"—a phrase received with uproarious laughter, but too truly appropriate. No one better knew that than the women who were most anxious to secure the prison under female government. Ferocious indeed are they, when long habits of intoxication joined to ignorance and strong passions, are subjected to the restraints of a prison. But the "experiment" had already been tried successfully in England, where at the great prison for women at Wodling, women alone had been for several years in charge of eight hundred convicts, and had maintained far better discipline than male officers had previously been able to preserve. At the "Tombs" prison in New York, also, Flora Foster, for thirty years matron, has exercised a power of control over refractory women far beyond that of any man.

Soon after the opening of the prison a woman was transferred there from a neighboring jail, with great indignation on her part. She came threatening all sorts of revenge, and the officers who brought her said that "no prison was strong enough to hold her." The women's prison is not strong.

Its strength is partly on the principle of the Lush intermediate prison in Ireland, that "the strongest wall is no wall," and is rather a moral than a physical repression. This woman began at once to create disturbance; and had she not met with wise management, might have caused such an insurrection as we shudder to imagine. It became necessary to call in the assistance of three strong men from the yard to take her to the punishment cell. This was done, however, under the personal direction of the superintendent, and no violence or abuse could occur on the part of the men, however irritated they were. For a time she was wholly unsubdued; but at the end of ten days she returned to her work in a peaceful, orderly and obedient manner. She told one of the ladies of the prison commission that "Mrs. Atkinson's patience and kindness had conquered her." Other outbreaks have taken place. Three young girls were seen by the writer, each with her window entirely closed by boarding, as a punishment for smashing every light of glass. "I shall never do so again," said one, after spending several days in this gloomy apartment. All returned to obedience soon. The firmness of discipline; the inevitable punishment for breach of rules; the reward for good conduct equally sure, have the same effect that we see in a family, where firm, kind, strict rule prevails, and the good of all is sought.

The superintendent has shown great womanly sense in clothing the prisoners. Each division has a dress of blue check of a different pattern, and one sees directly to which grade a woman belongs. Neat white aprons are worn on Sundays by the upper grades. Night-dresses and pocket handkerchiefs are provided for all, to teach cleanly habits; and the expense thus incurred is very small. Feeble prisoners have warm flannels when ordered by the doctor. Every woman looks perfectly neat; the hair always smooth, feet well clad, but everything plain and coarse. The babies look so comfortable, their clothing is so suitable, it gladdens a motherly heart to see them. The ladies of the Advisory Board of the Prison Commission constantly visit the prison, and assist the commissioners in making rules and regula-

tions for its government. They also, with the aid of the managers of the Temporary Asylum at Dedham, make provision for the employment of discharged prisoners. As we previously stated, the great obstacle to the successful working of the prison is its overcrowding, which interferes with classification and separation. At present, June 1, 1878, there are in the prison four hundred and thirty-nine women and fifty-one children under eighteen months old, that being the limit of age which is fixed by law for prisoners to retain their children with them. One hundred and thirty-three women with four infants have been discharged. Ten infants and five adults have died in prison; twenty-two infants have been born there. This is the record for six months. The constant and rapid increase by sentencing makes it difficult to know how so many prisoners may be accommodated.

Various kinds of labor are being performed — among others knitting both by hand and machine; also corset making by hand and sewing-machine, all by contract; also a good deal of dress-making and sewing.

The law is most strictly enforced which forbids officers to receive "perquisites or emoluments" other than the regular salary. The superintendent requires that the slightest service rendered by a prisoner to an officer be paid for to its full value to the Commonwealth. A similar strictness in other state and county institutions would be a great reform: the amount of perquisites received by officers through sewing and other labors taken from inmates and prisoners, is very great, and a large leak in the public treasury.

There are yet many difficulties to overcome, many knots untied in the development of the Women's Prison. The Board of Commissioners who have it in charge have a grave responsibility, and laborious duties to perform. They receive no payment for their services, which have been undertaken in a missionary spirit and with a desire to create a new and more enlightened and Christian system in dealing with convicts. But during the years when the establishment of this prison was so earn-

estly sought, amid so many discouragements, against so strong a tide of opposition, there was ever visible the strong guiding and sustaining hand of that Providence who cares for the outcast and the fallen. Thus far all has gone on steadily progressing. If God's servants are faithful He will aid them in this and in every other good work.

It is not well that names should be published of any of those men and women who have striven to do their part for this or any similar object. But two names we must introduce—that of a good man gone to his rest, and a good woman who is approaching the close of her earthly labors, and who probably will not long be with us; who has

not had the strength to witness the realization of her cherished wishes. The latter is Miss Hannah B. Chickering of Dedham, the founder of the Dedham Asylum for discharged female prisoners, for thirty years devoted to labors in prison Sunday School teaching, and the person who first sought the establishment of the Women's Prison and organized all the efforts made for it. The former is our honored ex-governor, judge, law professor, and benevolent citizen, foremost always in good works, Emory Washburn of Cambridge. This was one of his last labors on earth, entered into with all the zeal and enthusiasm of his earlier years.

Clara T. Leonard.

THE BADNESS OF HYMNS.

HYMNS ought to be very good. But they are not always; nor often, if we may credit Mr. Matthew Arnold, who says we may disobey the law of our being by using them. "God is displeased and disserved when men sing a hymn like *My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow*, or indeed like nine-tenths of our hymns." (*Literature and Dogma*, pp. 62, 314.) He "regrets their prevalence and popularity among us," as "mischievous and deteriorating;" and hopes for the time when they—at least such as we have got now—"will disappear from our religious service."

The opinion of a critic so eminent, and by no means unfriendly to religion, compels attention. However unwilling to go all lengths with him, we cannot pretend the complaint to be without too liberal foundation. The eccentricities of hymnody might fill a volume rather than a brief paper. Thus:

Jehovah, thy wise government,
And its administration,
Is found to be most excellent,
On due consideration.

Or a verse describing the infant Savior in the manger at Bethlehem:

Brute beasts smell with respect
At him, and feel some joy

That the world's Architect,
Became a little Boy.

These examples have a pleasing archaic quaintness. We may approach nearer our own time without gaining in polish or edification. The late venerated Elder Knapp had somewhat peculiar ideas as to lyrical exhortation:

Good morning, careless sinner,
For you I am alarmed;
Why are you not afflicted,
Or why not dead and damned?

No less remarkable is he in the consolatory and autobiographic vein:

Jesus spoke to me so sweet,
Saying, Children, have you any meat?

* * *

Altho' you see me going along so,
I have my trials here below;
Yet everybody is talking about
That very same Jesus.

From a work of which the "Twenty-fourth Thousand" appeared in Philadelphia, 1864, I venture to extract the following:

O Christian, Christian, don't you feel
This to be your bounden duty, Hallelujah!
To climb up Calvary's rugged hill,
And, like Joseph, beg his body, Hallelujah!

* * *

And what do you think of dying, Hallelujah!
Don't you think it's very trying, Hallelujah!

The force of—whatever you please to call it

—can no further go than this last; unless it be in that deservedly famous effusion, "Zion's Bank;" which may be found in several collections, and has attained the honor of publication all by itself in book form—indeed the smallest of books, and in an "Improved(?) Edition," so lately as 1862, and at the American Athens. This Bank has been so often and largely drawn upon (even the *Nation* gave it an extended notice once) that I will refresh the reader's memory with but two passages. Here is the lofty moral:

Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow:
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow!

The conclusion goes beyond pleasantry:

But see the wretched, dying thief
Hang by the Banker's side;
He cried, "Dear Lord remember me,"
And got his cash—and died.

These sundry citations recall the memorable sermon of a certain Evangelist, noted for his "apostolic simplicity," about Marthy and Mame, and Laz, at whose house the disciples with their Master so often took tea; and how Laz, after he was raised, took his father's arm-chair and the old family Bible, and had prayer-meetin'. The uncouth *naïveté* of these productions would appear to suggest remoteness from the district-school-house and the peripatetic pedagogue. It may indeed be claimed that they are the monstrous excrescences of hymnody, representing nothing but their abnormal selves.

Unfortunately for this view, they can be too nearly paralleled from the works of reputable hymnists. Here was a favorite style with good John Berridge:

Ye maidens who want
Rich husbands and fair,
Nor can be content
Till wedded ye are—

what follows would not read nicely of a Sunday afternoon—nor any other day, in this year of grace. But he has no end of such.

Our great-grandfathers were fond of Solomon's Song versified, after this fashion:

Though once he bowed his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.

That is Dr. Watts—none else. And so is this, and it is not so very long since it was to be found in books largely used:

My heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies,
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

Imagine what Mr. Arnold would say of this, which is also Watts:

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead!

Nor can the rival prince of English sacred song escape. The verse which frightened Shirley (if I remember right) as howled forth in some rural conventicle,

For ev-e-ry fight
Is dreadful and loud!
The warrior's delight
Is slaughter and blood,
His foes overturning,
Till all shall expire,—
But this is with burning,
And fuel of fire—

is Charles Wesley's. So is that which provoked the special wrath of Mr. Arnold, as above. And so is one worse than either:

Lord, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell?

It is time to stop this oppressive flood of ill-judging piety, or at least to inquire how we may escape its continued devastations. What makes a hymn bad? The presence of bad qualities, or the absence of good ones? It may be dull and lifeless; mere prose tagged with rhyme; unhymnic and unlyrical; "utterly destitute of the ethereal spirit of true poetry, wanting alike in light, life, power and pathos," as the late Dr. Campbell absurdly accused Mr. Lynch's "Rivulet" of being. It may be flat, stale, and unprofitable in the last degree, like the dreadful stuff so many excellent men used to turn out by the cord a hundred years since—not to hurt anybody's feelings let us say Heginbotham or Hoskins; they are dead long ago, and have probably left no near relatives or warm admirers. Or like some of those highly civilized but slightly dreary long meters in Hymns Ancient and Modern—but hold, the makers of that eminent collection are still living, and it is used by several thousand congregations; so it becomes us to proceed with bated breath and whispering humbleness. We were about to say, Right Rever-

end Fathers and venerable brethren, do you really think there is much profit in hymns like——. Pause there. Hushed be the breath and palsied the hand, of profane iconoclasm! Some of these have even been reproduced in the Protestant Episc——. Speech is silvern, silence golden. Let sacred reverence check our song, and criticisms sit silent on our tongue.

Or if not lacking in vitality, the hymn may have a life that is not healthy. It may be hydrocephalous, top-heavy, overcharged with doctrine, like some of Toplady's, Joseph Hart's, Bishop Mant's, almost everybody's. It may suffer from enlargement of the heart and be overflowing with unchastened and unadvised emotion; as *I thirst, I faint, I die to prove*, and the same author *passim*. It may have a diseased throat or a coarse voice, and so unburden itself in a manner noisy, blatant, vulgar. In short, the Sacred Muse may be afflicted with lame feet, and hobble painfully, or with a bad cold, and wheeze, or with deafness and roar us like Bottom, when she means to be as gentle as any sucking dove. Many a first-class hospital might be filled with these variously disordered lyrics; but alas! the patients are past mending.

The author of *Rock of Ages* came near the mark in these opening words of the Preface to his "Psalms and Hymns," 1776: "God is the God of Truth, of Holiness and of *Elegance*. Whoever, therefore, has the honor to compose or to compile anything that may constitute a part of his worship, should keep those three particulars constantly in view." As this is not a diatribe theologic, we may restrict our examinations to the literary view-point, and inquire simply in what ways hymnists have disregarded the latter of Toplady's three particulars. By "elegance" he plainly means good taste and good judgment as inevitably entering into that. A hymn then needs doctrinal ethical, or spiritual, and æsthetic soundness. Setting the two former aside, it is bad in so far as it offends against good sense and good taste, by violating any of the laws which govern literature and poetry in general, and especially this peculiar department thereof. It may not take shelter under its sacred character from the operation and penalty of these

laws. No more than a priest is it now entitled to benefit of clergy. It is as open as an ode or epigram to criticise; and the exercise of the critic's vocation upon it is neither impertinent nor useless, if he have familiarized himself with the special as well as the general laws which bear upon the subject, and do not come to his task (as critics have too often done) with a rash preconceived contempt for hymns at large, an assumption that no good can come out of this literary Nazareth. For example, Mr. Arnold has not displayed his usual acumen in stigmatizing *Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise*, as "doggerel." A closer inspection would have shown him that Mrs. Adams's famous deistico-evangelical lyric is very far from being doggerel, in whole or part. Who is there, brethren, so wise or enlightened, that he needs no longer beware of that subtle and ever alert foe to sweetness and light, hasty generalization?

We proceed to instance various kinds of badness in hymns, beginning with what is not the worst:

1. Overmuch decoration will put its subject hopelessly out of court. Hymns are intended to be sung by people of all sorts, congregated in mixed masses; and that not as a mere adjunct to music, but as an expression of and incentive to feeling of the deeper and more sober kind; feeling which is near akin to principle. This, and their sacred character, require simplicity and directness as their primary characteristics. To a certain extent Dr. Johnson was right: "The sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction." We do not want our attention distracted by a glittering crowd of images which have no essential connection with the topic.

The saffron tints of morn appear
And glow across the blushing East;
The brilliant orb of day is near,
To dissipate the lingering mist;
And while his mantling splendors dart
Their radiance o'er the kindling skies—

and so on, *ad lib.* This is but a mildly pietized form of "Despairing beside a clear stream," or "Fluttering spread thy purple pinions, gentle Cupid, o'er my heart."

The above of W. B. Collyer is probably the worst sample of founcing and furbelow

ing; but some Latin hymns open in like manner, confining it, however, to a line or two:

Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky.

Dr. Neale, a great hymnist and incapable of extended namby pamby, was rather given to this roundabout mode of announcing sunrise:

The winged herald of the day,
Proclaims the morn's approaching ray.

Contrast these with real and live outcomes of the same school, "This is the day of light," or "The sun is sinking fast, the daylight dies."

A similar criticism has been passed upon Neale's finest rendering from Anatolius:

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white.

* * * * *

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!

But this is a genuine and exquisite poem; and if not a true hymn fails of it only by the rare but not unique merit of being too intensely and unmitigatedly poetic.

2. There is an over-elaboration of outline rather than of detail; an ambitious and made-to-order air, often found in professed poets when their steps are forced this way. Mr. Whittier, for instance, is far happier in "Our Master" and "The Eternal Goodness," than in his few formal "Hymns," written by request or for occasions. That is of course. Stiffness is natural in any unfamiliar exercise. A practiced horseman might feel and look awkward enough when first mounted on a camel, especially if he were riding at a fair and for a prize. Such stiffness we detect or fancy in Hitchcock's much-praised effusion (Sabbath H. B., 614):

Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings,

Under correction, that seems (fine as it is in a way), to have been made, not born.

3. So—yet not exactly so—with excellent Bishop Mant. That learned prelate was not without poetic gifts, but his accurate mind and scrupulous conscience seem to be always

curbing Pegasus, lest he prance unwarily. His hymns "commemorative," "commendatory" and "condemnatory" of this, that, and the other thing, are admirable in substance and spirit, but just a little prosy. Of one especially are we mindful. It was on a subject not well provided for. Its ideas and tone were such as must command the approval of all Christian minds and hearts. Its meter and rhyme were faultlessly correct. With inward compunction and doubt (for there was no precedent for its use), we admitted it into a certain collection. Then uprose a critic and smote us with the assertion that he could "almost hear the creaking of the machine." The metaphor was harsh; but its meaning, as to this and many other sacred lyrics by no means destitute of merit, was, alas, too true.

4. A worse vice is unreality. In all good things we should never be far from hardpan. There is a copy of verse commencing, "And is this Heaven? and am I there?" To which the reply at once suggests itself, "'Tis not; you aren't at all." A more reputable lyric proceeds thus:

Earth is past away and gone,
All her glories every one;
All her pomp is overthrown;
God is reigning—God alone.

It will be time to sing this when its statements come true; they are as far from that now as the distance from A. D. 1878 to the millenium. So with some pieces in general use: "Day of Judgment, day of wonders," "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," and the like. It is an act of imagination at long range, rather than an act of faith, to chant, "Now redemption, long expected, see in solemn pomp appear." Such statements should be strictly confined to the future tense, and even then a suspicion of thinness and inapplicability hangs over the extended and lively anticipation of matters beyond the grave, and only remotely bearing on present experience. But we will not press this point, for most readers would differ.

5. There is also a risk of unreality in hymns penitential and experimental, unless they be couched in very general terms. Prophecies of private interpretation should be put by themselves. A promiscuous as-

sembly cannot very fitly or honestly join in

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

or lustily troll forth:

In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

One is tempted to respond: "Speak for yourselves. If your religion has done you so little good, there must be something wrong about it."

6. Fleshliness, in a spiritual subject, is another form of unreality. There was a deal of this in the Moravian hymns, as in the mediæval Latin. It is often impressive, but usually ill-judged.

Stream through the bottom of my soul,
Blood of the Son of God!

That is powerful and striking; too striking altogether, seeing that it is purely figurative and the more violent the figure the more likely to lead people out of sight of what it signifies.

Blest thro' endless ages,
Be the precious stream;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

That is very pretty, very vigorous; one feels like joining in it, but it is only a modified form of image-worship; and though it be sacrilege to say so out loud, "There is a fountain filled with blood," is a bad case of mixed metaphor. The "fountain opened" in Zechariah was not full of blood at all. The free, warm flow of the verses, the manifest sincerity and beauty of the *feeling* (not thought) which inspired them, and the throng of associations gathered round them, have cast a veil of enchantment for innumerable cultivated people over what, if they saw it for the first time and with unbiased minds, would appear a gross and offensive conception; one almost as bad as that of Watts, which few dare to sing or even to print: "There the dear flesh of Jesus lay, and left a long perfume." Metaphors must not be strained too far, or the recoil is perilous. Even in prayer and praise it is as well to keep our wits about us. "Devotion helps the intellect," it is said. However that may be, it is desirable that the intellect

should assist devotion. Poets have sometimes forgotten that, and allowed themselves to be carried away by their emotions.

7. And so have the rest of us. There is a large class of very favorite hymns which fall under the reproach of sensuousness. They have beauty and fervor and eloquence, but they are erotic, scarcely chaste, surely unwise. Everybody but Methodists has felt this in the mass of compositions by that great poet and saint, Charles Wesley. It seems never to have occurred to him that self-repression might be a virtue, that the rule of cross-bearing could apply to the feelings. Nor is Wesley alone open to that censure. If he had written some few of Watts's "best," divines and critics of the soberer school would long ago have exclaimed, "How unduly emotional!" They are perfect as poems—if man were merely an esthetic animal. Tried by a higher standard, they seem to transfer his noblest concerns from the region of conscience to that of "the heart," in the lower sense of this vague word. Dealing with Infinite Wisdom as with a human mistress is of dubious propriety. Let any one who understands analysis try it with "My God, the spring of all my joys," or with "When I can read my title clear." These are like certain strains of music—relaxing, unnerving. "He who lets his feelings run in soft luxurious flow"—for the rest, inquire of Father Newman, or of Keble, or any professor of mental and moral philosophy who understands his business. Self-restraint, repressive power, is almost the first step on life's ladder. He who has got this lesson knows that it is applicable always and everywhere. If in the songs which convey faith and aspiration there be jejune self-indulgence in lieu of this, taste and judgment (not to go beyond our present limits) are offended.

8. Little need be said, after this, of a sort of religious music-hall balladism; rollicking lyrics which to the fault above noted add a coarseness all their own. There is a sliding scale of vulgarity from "Come ye sinners" down to "Run out the gang-board and take him aboard," and "O children be engaged."

9. If exhortation has no fit place in hymnody, no more have dry narrations of fact and statements of doctrine. Versifications of Gospel or creed are not properly singable. By this two-edged canon are condemned some translations and not a few originals. Dr. Neale's

Trinity, Unity, Deity Eternal:
Majesty, Potency, Brilliancy Supernal,

must rank here, for its sins, with Hart's rhymed catalogue (R. D. Col., 499) of the merits of Sovereign Grace, Election, Perseverance and Imputed Righteousness.

10. Likewise with dull didactics, whether of the kind that may be addressed by a barbarian to savages, as

The devil can self-denial use,
And that with devilish selfish views,

Or Kirke White's milder vein,

What is this mortal scene?

A peevish April day.

These are not hymns, and should not be offered as such.

11. A decent attention to appearances is sometimes neglected. Grammar and good breeding are not wholly to be despised. As a gentleman may not go to church in his slippers, nor a lady in her night-cap, so a hymn no less should complete its toilet before entering the sanctuary. "Rudely blowed the wind" will not do. "Surpass" and "grace," "sin" and "clean," are not reputable rhymes. Dr. Watts was very careless here; and others have taken from his example a license to be loose and slovenly. Who can blame the choir which, feeling that these matters had not been sufficiently attended to, offered the improved version:

"My passions fly
From vanitēe to vanitye"?

12. In passing through the hymnic forest, a deal of dead wood impedes the traveler's progress and wastes his time and temper. Well meaning but too generous persons who never had an idea to divide nor a spark of fire to impart, apostles of the commonplace, typical Anglo-Saxon "divinities of dullness," have taken up a trade for which they were not intended, and flooded the market with goods that would be wholly unsalable, were not buyers often far too easily content. Others have made one or

two tolerable successes and a host of failures. Even the most eminent writers of the elder schools usually poured forth in an indiscriminate flood good and bad, with the latter sadly weighing down the balance. In this mill is ground much chaff to comparatively little wheat.

As general cultivation advanced, it was thought not to apply here; compilers and congregations were piously uncritical; the end was taken to justify or excuse the means; "the sanctity of the matter" dispensed with profane human decorations of wit or taste, and easy-going charity covered a multitude of literary sins. Clergy and church-goers rejoiced in an abundant vehicle for the metric and musical conveyance of doctrine and experience, or (in cases of rare sensitiveness) silently adjusted their Sabbath shoulders to a load which could be forgotten through the week, and literary men passed by on the other side, protesting with a sniff that hymns were not poetry and could not be expected to be. "It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well," is Dr. Johnson's dictum. "Entirely unworthy of his powers," says Shaw of Cowper's contributions to the Olney Hymns. "A class of compositions for which I have no fancy," cries Mr. Arnold.

The critics are neither wholly wrong nor altogether right. Our language may probably claim the proud distinction of possessing more hopelessly bad hymns than any other. The above attempt to classify their badness is imperfect enough, no doubt; for spiritual songs are a disorderly and mongrel tribe; few of them are content with exhibiting one solitary vice. But as much, perhaps, might be said about their goodness, even from a purely literary point of view.

A somewhat extended acquaintance with those which speak English, from atheism to Rome in doctrine, from John Mason to John Ellerton in time, from Addison to Joseph Hart in style, and from the Wesleys to Thomas Row in spirit, has satisfied us that while their story is not so creditable as their admirers seem to fancy, while the mass even of those now at service may deserve almost all their enemies have said in dis-

paragment, the tale is not wholly told. A body of hymns might be selected which, purely as poetry, would not be utterly shamed before an equal number of our best secular lyrics. There are some in existenee *too good* for present popular demands; more are being produced; and as religious taste

becomes more correct and more exacting, the lumber will be gradually delegated to the garret, and its place supplied—say a thousand years hence—by articles which even a future Matthew Arnold might possibly be not ashamed to contemplate and use.

Frederic M. Bird.

CHIPS FROM A NORTHWESTERN LOG.

BY CAMPBELL WHEATON.

II.

FOR AND AGAINST.

"I DON'T suppose there was a better contented man in the state of Minnesota than I was that summer of 1862," Mat began. "It looked as if all the luck I hadn't had all my life was comin' to a head then. I'd been working my way along from Vermont, you see, ever sence I was a boy about fifteen. I'm fifty-five now, though I'm grizzled enough to makè anybody add on ten or fifteen years easy. There was roving' blood in me, an' how it got there is more'n I can tell, for my folks had stuck to one spot up in Washington county—two or three generations of 'em—tight as ticks. There was seven of us boys, so one going' wan't no great loss; and when two of our neighbors started for the West, I went along with my own heifer I'd raised, and ten dollars father counted out for a start. West, then, meant the middle of York state; and I staid up near Elmira, two or three year, till another set I'd got to know there, moved on to Ohio.

"Well, I kep' a movin' on. I was a master hand for clearing land and breakin' it in; an' it came handy to work round first with one set o' folks an' then another. Then there was always news coming of better land farther on. I didn't like Ohio any too well. Too much shakes along the bottoms if it was a good farmin' country; an' so first one man an' then another would work along up north, an' I was always ready for the last one.

"You wouldn't believe it, but I'd got to

be over forty before it came over me, that I hadn't any place to speak of, and wasn't nobody. Here was I, coddlin' other folk's children an' never a chick nor child o' my own, an' that handy about a house, that the women folks all said I was worth two women any day. Everybody I'd helped along had a half or may be a whole section, and comfortable houses; an' wherever I was I turned in my stock; for my heifer had done well, an' her calves couldn't be beat for milkers. I hadn't married, you see, because it never come just handy; but now I said to myself, 'You'd better be stirrin' round, Mat Anderson, else there won't be much chance for you.' It came over me all to wunst, as it were, hearin' 'em call me 'old Mat;' an' I said to myself I wan't goin' to be 'old Mat,' an' none o' the perkisites of age to show for't.

"Well, by this time I was up in Minnesota, an' here I planted my foot firm. I took a section—no trouble to clear, for there wasn't much but scrub-oak, except along the rivers; an' I built a house, an' set ont strong for myself. That was the time I began to see Indians thick as grasshoppers. My claim lay along the Redwood River, and the lower Agency for the Sioux wasn't ten miles away. Government had a treaty with 'em then, and was working to civilize 'em as fast as it could. No settler had any such chance as any Indian that was a mind to take what was given him an' settle down. So much money a head, an' carpenters to help his house along if he wanted one, an' blacksmiths for his axes an' plows an' what not—even farmers to plow an' show

him how, an' teachers for the children. I believed in it too. I said we'd taken their huntin' grounds, an' driven them clear across the continent, an' the least we could do was to try to civilize 'em an' make 'em into good neighbors, same as the English had the Canada Indians. Then I said too, they'd been cheated and bamboozled out of all reason; an' I didn't wonder they hated the whites. A man that couldn't live among his own kind, he was so pison nasty and ugly, would settle down among the Indians and lie an' steal and cheat, sell 'em bad whisky, and break every commandment past patchin'. I said nine-tenths of 'em were wuss'n Injins; an' anybody could get along well enough that treated 'em decent.

"I did get along. What they wanted I gin' 'em when I could; an' I see well enough it was a hard row for them that wanted to learn new ways. A farmer Indian would cut off his scalp lock, an' settle down to live like folks; an' like as not, a lot o' blanket Indians that hadn't had good luck on their hunts, would set up their tepees alongside, an' never budge till they'd eaten him out o' house an' home. Long's they had anything to give they'd give, for that's Injin fashion; an' then they'd go off on a hunt themselves an' the farm would go to the dogs.

"Young Huggins an' I talked it over often. He was missionary teacher at Lac qui Parle, born and brought up among 'em, an' morally certain that he was goin' to save the whole nation; an' I made many a trip up there with little stores they couldn't a got any other way. I had a German fellow to see to things, an' I'd take my team an' go down to St. Peter's, an' load up with anything I knew would sell easy. This kind o' light peddlin' kept me from gettin' uneasy, an' I learned the whole country like a book.

"All this time I'd been lookin' around trying to settle, an' never seein' any one it seemed as if I'd want round all the time. Anton had married—that was my man; an' I'd built on another part for him, so's not to have any mixing up, in case I did settle. Everything fixed itself straight off, you might say, different from what I'd laid out

for, as things always does. I'd about made up my mind Lavinia Harvey, a Connecticut woman with a farm an' three children, was the one for me. Her husband 'd been killed in a 'jam,' going down with Tidd's gang two years before; but she an' a hired man had carried on the farm, with what hand I could lend now and then, an' I said to myself, 'Here's a stirrin' woman, an' a family all ready to my hand, jest about old enough, an' I'm pretty certain she won't say No if I ask her.' I made up my mind I'd do it after my next trip down to St. Peter's, an' I went below that time pretty easy an' settled in my mind. I laid in a good many things I thought she an' the young ones would like, an' instid o' hangin' roun' a day or two an' gittin' what news there was to take back, I didn't stay but one night, an' started off next mornin' before light. Fact was, I wanted to be more settled yet; an' as I drove along I kept a thinkin' more an' more, how me an' Lavinia might pull together.

"It was September then,—cool mornings and warm noons; an' my team stepped along so lively I pretty nearly run over somethin' sittin' by the side o' the road done up in a blue cloak. I thought it was a squaw, an' stopped a moment to see if I'd done any harm, askin' her pretty loud in Sioux, what she sat in the middle o' the road for? But it wasn't black eyes an' cheek bones an' strings o' black hair, I can tell you. I'd never in all the days o' my life seen just such a face, an' I never have since. All wet with cryin', and the tears streamin' down yet; but a blue eyed baby couldn't have looked up more innocent. I couldn't think of anything but the forget-me-nots in the madder by the river to home. For all her baby face and her long braids of hair below her waist, she looked tall and strong as she stood up; but she wasn't a day over seventeen, and a voice as sweet as a bird. You never heard a voice like that out of a German woman's throat before.

"I'd picked up a little German from Anton Kreiger an' some of the Germans round, an' I made out a little of what she wanted. She'd come to St. Paul by emigrant train, just as they do—packed like sheep an' about as senseless—an' then down

to St. Peter's to wait for some one to take her up to the Redwood settlement or New Ulm. Her money was all gone, an' she'd got kind o' scart an' set out to walk, an' had lost her way, an' when I found her she'd been out all night with nothin' to eat, and sat there like a hungry baby, jest cryin'. I took her into the wagon an' give her what I had, an' she looked up as grateful as if I'd saved her life.

"I found she was a cousin of Anton's, and had come expectin' to live with them. She said she'd written, but Anton hadn't got the letter; an' his mother she'd calkulated to be with was dead. His wife was a black-eyed, snappin' German woman, an' the more I thought the more I said to myself it never was going to do. I slowed up, an' at last I got out and walked so's to think it over, an' then I looked back, for I'd got considerable ahead; an' she sat there with a face to make a fool out of a harder man than I was.

"I made up my mind. There was a Catholic priest in the next village. Not that I'm a Catholic, for I'm rather agin more than for them; but a priest's a priest, an' he could fix what I wanted well as another. I got back in the wagon, an' I said, quiet an' easy as if I was askin' her to take more bread and cheese, an' in all the German I could muster, 'Anton's mother is dead. Anton is married. His house is too little for him and you. Mine is large. Will you live in it and help me?'

"First she thought I wanted her for a servant, and began to show me her arms, and how strong she was, and could milk and make butter. 'O, yes, she would be a good servant and work much.' 'No,' I said then. 'I want you for something more. I want a little frau. I'm all alone and nobody to think much about, and I'll be good to you, and there's a minister right here, and will you marry me now?'

"How she ever did it I don't know. She looked at me through and through. It was searchin' as the day o' judgment, an' my heart beat so I couldn't breathe. Then she put one hand in mine, an' bowed her head. I couldn't speak one word, but I put my arm round her, an' swore an oath to myself

stronger'n the priest could get out o' me, an' then I tied the horses an' walked over the prairie to old Péré Lacroix's. He didn't ask any questions. We knew well enough about one another, an' he jest went over to the little chapel an' married us then and there, an' I drove home with my wife!

"It came over me with a start as I set her down in a chair to look round, an' went out to put up the horses—for Anton hadn't got in—how clean I'd forgotten Laviny; but I didn't spend much thought on that. I tell you if ever a man went straight to Heaven on earth I was that man. There are things you don't talk about an' aint likely to, but I aint prepared to say saints above have much more comfort than a man finds in a woman that loves him as some o' 'em can. There wasn't a soul that didn't take to her, even sulky old Tayoo, that hated every white-face and told 'em so. An' then when the baby came, with her very eyes, I thought I'd got all a man could hold, an' I was scared.

"Justina picked up English fast, and she named the baby Mary Huldah after my mother, and talked about how we'd take it home sometime. I was ashamed, for I'd let a year or two to a time slip by without writin'; but I wrote now to the folks, and told mother she'd got a new grandchild. She was old then, nigh on seventy, but for all that nothing would do but that she an' father must come to Minnesota.

"We settled the whole. They wrote when they'd start, and I agreed to go down to St. Peter's for them when the time came. It was the middle of August, 1862. Not a week before I had been up to Lac qui Parle with Justina and the baby to show them to young Huggins an' his folks. The government buildin' had been finished the fall before, an' we went into the school room an' listened to him teaching the Injun children, jest as much pleased to do it as if he was President of the United States. He an' his wife an' Julia Laframbois, a pretty half-blood girl, all worked together, and for all they was with the Injuns day and night, they didn't know what was comin' any more than the unborn babe.

"The year before the cut-worm had been

pretty bad, an' made way with a good deal o' corn the farmer Injuns had planted, but the agent, Major Galbraith, did what he could to make it up. He made a requisition for five thousand dollars on the special fund for poor and destitute Injuns, and pulled 'em through the winter. That fall he'd had about a thousand acres ploughed by the government farmers, and the farmer Injuns above and at the lower agency did pretty nigh six hundred more. So when spring came this was all planted down, and jest as soon as the streams went down a little the major went up country seein' what was needed. Young Huggins took me round to show how fine the crops looked, and laughed, pleased as could be to think how well the farmer Injuns had done. He made his estimate, and said at the lowest rate there'd be seventy-five thousand bushel of corn and potatoes, with some odd vegetables for this lower reservation, while the upper one ought to have about eighty-six thousand. This was about twenty-one bushel a head for every man, woman an' child, an' he said there never had been such a chance before, an' he thought a good part of the blanket Injuns would be convinced of the comfort of havin' plenty an' come in to settle. I thought so, too, an' said then, 'Well, Amos, I reckon you're right, an' haven't lost your time after all.' I said to Justina goin' home that there wa'n't quite so much glory in it, but Amos Huggins was as good a missionary as any that went to Africa, an' I guessed the Lord thought as much of him. Two days after that they shot him down in his door like a dog, gutted his house, and led off the women with the few they let live, into a bondage everyone of them would have died a million times over rather than have gone into.

"I started down to St. Peter's that same day, never knowin'. Justina cried and held to me, an' couldn't bear to let me go; an' then she laughed an' said she was sick a little and foolish. She stood in the door and held the baby up, an' the last I see when I went over the knoll was the sun shinin' on 'em both, an' the baby puttin' out her hands."

Mat's breath came fast. His hands were clenched.

"How can I tell it, man?" he said with a groan. "Word of trouble come before I'd fairly got to St. Peter's. I knew something was wrong, for an Injun I knew well passed me with his head down and didn't shake hands. I told my folks to stay quiet a few days and I'd come back for 'em, an' I turned my horses' heads up country again. I tried to keep quiet, but half way home I begun to meet the people flyin' for their lives. Women and children half naked an' crazy with fright, and men wounded and bleedin', with faces white as death. I wouldn't stop. They told me the Injuns was up an' burnin' the houses an' killin' every soul they could, an' I was goin' back to certain death. I galloped them horses straight on. Two Injuns chased me awhile, an' one put a bullet through my arm, but I didn't feel it till afterward.

"I saw a man by the road with his head cut off, and up toward the river, houses burning and the people in twos an' threes dead all about, an' I pushed on. Then I saw the place the house had been—a heap of smokin' cinders, an' on a tree in the yard, my little baby, nailed to it, an' warm yet. I got it off, an' sat down with it in my arms. Somethin' moved in the bushes, an' then it spoke. 'Go away for God's sake. They'll be back an' kill you.' 'Where is Justina?' I said to it. It was Anton with his head mashed in and cut to slices, but life enough to tell me that they'd tried to take her away without the baby, an' she screamed and ketched it up, and then one of them got mad and knocked her over with his rifle, an' then they beat her brains out, an' set the house on fire and threw her in; an' the baby was cryin' and first they said they'd throw her in too, an' then they saw some spikes I'd been usin', an' so they did—that.

"Anton died before he was fairly through tellin' me. I looked in the ashes to see if I could find Justina. Then I got back into my wagon an' started for St. Peter's. It seemed to me if I could give the baby to mother an' have her lay it out quiet an' decent, there'd be a sort of comfort in it. I had a Henry rifle, and looked at it, an' saw it was loaded an' good for twenty-one

shots. I saw Injuns on horse-back off to the east, an' skulkin' over the prairie behind trees, an' I reckoned when I came to the next river they'd be after me. I didn't know till afterward that young Captain Marsh and his men had been ambushed on the way back to Fort Ridgely, and he an' half his company killed. There were dead bodies all along, but I was just behind the war-party, an' so they missed me that time. My horses were givin' out. I saw I'd got to stop soon; but I pushed on to the next creek, so't they could have water, an' stopped there, quiet as if there wasn't anything to look out for. I hadn't more than got 'em out the shafts, when there was a whoop an' a yell, and five of the devils rose up out of a thicket. One spring got me my rifle, an' I let fly fast as I could draw trigger. Three fell an' the other two ran, but not before they'd hit me over the head with an axe, an' sent another bullet into my shoulder. I had to sit down awhile an' get breath, an' tie up my shoulder best way I could; an' while I was doin' it I heard a groan in the bushes, an' a white man came crawling out with one of his eyes gouged out, an' his head split. There were three of 'em hid in the bushes, an' they'd been there all night. Crawled in after the Injuns stripped 'em an' left 'em for dead. I helped 'em into my wagon best way I could; but I said, 'There ain't one chance in a million, that we'll any of us get to St. Peter's alive. All we can do is to make it hot for 'em if they come at us.'

"Well I got there, an' took in my team packed with women an' children we picked up on the road. I give the baby to mother, an' some days afterward joined the 'Ren-ville Rangers.' Wounded to be sure, so I had to wait a little for the stiffenin' to get out; but I did my share o' shootin' all the same. I ain't a hard-hearted man; but I believe I should have killed even an Injun baby if I'd seen it. I followed up that thing three years—goin' off with General Sibley after the Sioux had been driven out of Minnesota, and followin' them till they were whipped an' give in.

"What's the use in tellin' you any more. I seen the leaders hung, an' hurraed with

the rest. I was up at 'Camp Release, when the poor souls they'd run off were given up, an' you couldn't tell which was white women an' which was squaws. I followed it through, till the last chance of shootin' was over; but I'm ready now the minute there's a call to go at it agin. There ain't lives enough in the Sioux nation to pay for the one I've lost, let alone the hundreds of others in jest as bad case as me. I'm a Christian man, leastways I was; but as I hope to be forgiven, I know I shan't be judged for an Injun I've killed. 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood?' Yes, I know all that: but it don't say anything about devil's blood, an' I'll take my chance. And the men that stand up and plead for these Injuns,—ministers and bishops,—deserve to see their own wives run off an' their children scalped. Now I'm done. I ain't going to talk about it, an' wont. Whatever you think as to the rights or wrongs of it you can keep to yourself. I've told you what an Injun is. If you're a mind to take to 'em after that, it's your own look out."

Mat moved away, still trembling from the power and fury of his own words; and trembling also, I rose up and returned to the camp, too exhausted with feeling to do more that day. There was no putting it out of my mind, however; and as I thought, it grew more and more frightful to me—that after over two hundred years of experience, the problem of what to do with the Indian was still no nearer solution. I determined to understand the matter if possible, and to this end wrote at once to Dwight, asking him to send up whatever books came in his way: Reports of the Indian Commissioners, and of the army officers who were in the campaign, and any local histories of the state, and its experience with Indians from the beginning.

As it happened, I had up to this time, for some cause, had hardly the slightest curiosity in regard to the few Ojibways, whose wigwams were only two or three miles distant. The men were all off on the winter hunt, and the few squaws who visited the camp, were unutterably forlorn and

repellent. Now I determined to see what their life was like. Mat was the only one in the camp, who had had any real experience of them, the other men simply sharing the feeling of all the lower class of western men—and I must add, the majority of the higher—that an Indian is a wild and dangerous animal, to be driven to earth whenever possible. An army wagon, going “below,” took my letter, and knowing two or three weeks must pass unless some unexpected opportunity came, before a reply could be received, I devoted myself to practicing a new art; that of walking on the snow-shoes Mat had made for me, and which I intended to use in an expedition through the woods to these wigwams.

So it chanced, that an afternoon or two later I left my place at the saw, fastened on the snow-shoes to which I was now well accustomed, and struck off through the woods, wondering and rejoicing at my own great strides, and noting as I went curious and suggestive tracks on the snow; the erratic and delicate print of the squirrel’s feet out on a morning’s expedition, or the deeper marks I had learned to recognize as belonging to the fox and lesser animals—stray rabbits or martens. I crossed a brook thickly settled by muskrats, and surrounded by a thicket of alders, “green in summer, white in winter,” on which perched and swung the one bird I had thus far seen in these lonely woods—gay and defiant, sound-hearted, merry-throated, sending out his welcome of “chick-a-dee-dee,” and flying so near that his wings brushed the hand I put out. I stopped for a moment, remembering Emerson’s snow-bird, who

“ Hops on the bough, then darting low,
Prints his small impress on the snow,
Shows feats of his gymnastic play
Head downward, clinging to the spray.
Here was this atom in full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death.”

My snow bird followed, apparently curious to know my intentions; but shortly flew back to his covert, distrusting the sound which came faintly through the wood—three or four plaintive minor notes, and soon a voice chanting in the same key. I followed the sound and came shortly to the clearing where a wigwam stood, and at various inter-

vals several others, the whole forming a community of perhaps fifty souls. Each one had near it a frame-work supporting poles some six feet from the ground and holding the frozen white-fish which form a large proportion of the winter’s food. Dogs lay about each one, abject and miserable as only an Indian dog can be, yet snarling as they saw me. I lifted the blanket, and with the “How, how!” I had learned as greeting, bent and entered the circle. A boy playing on a rude flageolet, stopped and stared, but the old squaw who seemed mistress, answered quietly, “How, how!” and made room for me on the mat; and sitting down by her I looked around with a curiosity which seemed rather to please her than otherwise.

The warmth astonished me first and most. A house of poles, open to the sky—birch-bark walls, blanket door—would strike one at least as liable to draughts, but I felt none. In the narrow space not over eight feet in diameter, five persons seemed to live at ease, one of the number, however, economizing space by hanging from a pole. The five consisted of two women—evidently mother and daughter—two boys, and the fifth a baby of whose age I could form no judgment, and who, bound down to a board by bands of gay bead-work, helpless to move anything but hands, placidly sucked a fish’s tail, as it swung back and forth from the pole to which it had been hung. A pile of dried rushes were near the elder woman, a few of them dyed some bright colors; and she sat weaving a rush mat like the one on which we sat. The younger one was working a wide strip of bead-work, similar to those which ornamented the baby, and the two boys, true to their Indian nature, were simply lying before the fire, the elder one now and then trying his flageolet. The elder woman smiled and nodded at intervals in approval of my call, and by way of conversation. Her face, wrinkled and almost toothless, was yet mild and pleasant, even refined in its expression; that of the younger one was stupid and lifeless, while the boys looked, one sly and cruel, the other heavy but good-natured. On the whole, family characteristics were no more diverse

than I had found them under many a roof among my own people; but these were, I soon discovered, more than usually favorable specimens of this particular band, being the family of a rather important chief.

This afternoon was the opening of a very thorough acquaintance with my neighbors. In spite of dark looks from Mat, and indeed of resolutions on my own part to let them alone, something drew me in that direction almost daily, and by the time my box of books arrived from St. Paul I had acquired a moderate stock of Ojibway phrases, and was seeking to evolve from them some notion of the construction of the language.

My box contained the Reports of the Indian Commissioner for 1861-66 inclusive; three Histories of the Sioux Raid of 1861 and the campaign which followed under General Sibley, with the Reports of the War Department for two years, including many phases of Indian experience; and last, a primer of the Ojibway language, prepared by former missionaries at Lake Superior, a hymn-book and New Testament. Dwight wrote:

"I half fancied when you went up country, that if your health became better established, your career as a lumberman would end suddenly. I knew that you would find that there was other and more important work waiting there, which would aid recovery quite as effectively as your camp-life. I confess to some surprise, however, that poor Mat's story has had precisely the opposite effect from that intended. To the majority of people here, the very word Indian is as oil to fire; but if you read the material furnished judiciously, I am convinced that in spite of the most fearful atrocities recorded there—atrocities never equalled in even the worst facts of savage warfare—you will find between the lines, at least, some justification. The man who has lost all, is hardly the one to go back of effects, or believe in any cause save that of inherent deviltry; but there is a cause which you will speedily discover, and should your leading be what I fancy it may be there is an opportunity waiting for you, of which I shall soon write at length."

I found two of the histories sent to be violently *ex parte* in character. "Red devils," "fiends," "demons," were the epithets which besprinkled every page, and with some justification; for my soul sickened as I read the "Personal Narratives" which made much of the volume, and realized the possibilities of Indian hatred and revenge. But it was easy to see that some hidden influence had prompted the rising, and it speedily discovered itself in the report of the Indian agents themselves, which recorded a course of broken promises and general faithlessness which have thus far, save with rare exceptions, been the course of the United States toward these wretched and practically helpless wards of the nation.

I pass over further mention of the Sioux. A new treaty had removed them altogether from Minnesota, and their places there had been filled by their hereditary enemies, the Ojibways, always friendly toward the whites, whose dealings with them had begun when the French settlers appeared at Mackinaw and Sault St. Marie. This once powerful tribe, numbering now only about ten thousand, was divided like all Indian tribes into many bands, each headed by a chief; the Mississippi Ojibways about Lakes Winipeg and Itasca; the Mille Lac Band; the Pillagers of Leech Lake, called so by their own people from their thieving habits; and last, the Red Lake Ojibways, representing a far better type, as I judged from the report of their agent, and proved in after intercourse.

The facts seemed to be—and I not only read, but studied my authorities, with an intensity born of entire absorption in the subject—that while certain tribes, notably the Apaches and other Indians of Mexico and Lower California, were not only barbarous, but apparently as little susceptible of civilization as Hottentots, there were many others who, when brought into contact with Christianizing influences, accepted and lived up to them. I saw that in nearly every case of murder or treachery recorded, whisky and outrage born of it had been at the bottom. Among these tribes many low whites were living, because they found a license unattainable in civilized communities; and

from this association nameless vices and deadly diseases were entailed upon the hopeless Indians. In the worst records I found no Indian atrocities more tragic than our own Chivington massacre, where even the literal report of the well-drilled army officers, told of Indian babies tossed from bayonet to bayonet, and Indian women, praying for life brained as they knelt. The wild beast element, latent in every man, springs up from time to time, fierce and unexpected in our very midst, after centuries of repression and Christian precept. That any rush of partisan feeling, or smell of blood in the air calls out an animal ferocity and fury, I had seen in my short war experience, and before that in the New York riots of 1863; and how should a people to whom war was a religion and scalps as much a guarantee of a future Heaven as victims to the old Niebilungen heroes, be judged alone from the Christian stand-point. I forced old Mat to listen to me. To talk of it all with some one was a necessity; and that he would hear me at all was a relief.

He flung himself back one day, after a reluctant admission of some rascality perpetrated by a border white, and said bitterly:

"I believe the devil's own guile is in your tongue, man! Before I know it you'll have me sayin' I deserved all I got. I, that never lifted my hand against a man till they took more'n my life! I told you before, an' I tell you now, there ain't lives enough in all the Indian nations on the continent to

pay for my two. But you're a born missionary, an' you ain't as much a fool as I thought; an' if you're goin' in for civilization go in an' make what you can of it."

A day or two later came another letter from Dwight, which decided my course for the next two years. Over three months of camp life had made a new man of me, and while by no means entirely recovered, I was convinced it was merely a matter of time, and that nothing could better serve this end than continuous life in the woods. The letter contained a proposition that I should apply for the appointment of physician to the Red Lake Ojibways—the terms of whose recent treaty with government gave them certain salaried officers—a teacher, physician, engineer, carpenter, farmer and blacksmith,—all intended to be Christian men with families, whose life among them would be a lesson in itself. Dwight advised my returning to St. Paul, and at least talking over the matter with Bishop Whipple, an ardent believer in the possibilities of Indian character, and one so absolutely beyond any suspicion of mercenary interest that the most bitter opponents of his theories could never sneer at his personal character.

So it chanced that a few days later I left behind the camp which had been the starting point of a new epoch in my life, and with many a hearty wish from its inmates, who had all been in greater or less degree my friends, turned my face once more to ward the East.

A TRIBUTE.

BLINDED I groped—you gave me sight.
 Perplexed I turned—you sent me light.
 You speak unto a thousand ears:
 I pay you tribute in hid tears.
 I pay you homage in the hopes
 That rise to scale life's scathed slopes.
 I give you gratitude in this:
 That, midway on the precipice
 You never trod and never saw,
 Where air you never drank, strikes raw

And wan upon the wasted breath,
 And gulfs you never passed, gape death,
 And crags you gained some sunlit way
 Frown threatening over me to-day,—
 That here with bruised hand I cling,
 Because I heard you yonder sing
 With those who conquer. If through joy,
 Then deeper be our shame who toy
 And loiter in the scourging rain,
 And did not pass by strength of pain.
 Laggard below, I reach to bless
 You who are king of happiness;
 You are the victor, you the brave,
 Who could not stoop to be *her* slave.
 Downward to me, rebuking, fling
 My privilege of suffering.
 I take and listen. Teach me. See!
 Nearer than you, I ought to be;
 Nearer the height man never trod,
 Nearer the veiled face of God.
 I ought and am not. Comrade! be
 Unconscious captain unto me.
 Unknowing, beckon and command:
 I answer you with unseen hand.
 You read in vain these lines between,
 And smiling, wonder whom I mean.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

VOLTAIRE IN GENEVA.

THE eighteenth century was more than any other a period of great men and strong individualities; it was also an age of action, but above all it was a time of thought. The old world had everywhere sunken into a corrupt routine, and in judging the public opinion of the time it should be remembered not only that armies were then composed of mercenaries, or of peasants hardly above the level of brutes; that in practical politics the favor of a king's mistress was often of more value than the highest gifts of statesmanship; that morals were as vicious as manners were elegant, but also that the Church had fallen into a deathly torpor; that in Protestant England as in Catholic France, a bishop valued his position more for the social and pecuniary advantages attached to it, than because it gave him an opportunity to serve

Heaven; and while feeling a deadly class hatred for dissenters and Protestants, was not disinclined to read Voltaire on the sly. It required Whitefield and Wesley to rekindle the religious life of the English people, and to reform its Church; and the Reign of Terror was necessary to convince the higher classes of France that Bossuet was a better prophet than Rousseau, and that the teachings of Christ were more efficacious than those of Voltaire in restraining vice and in holding up to mankind a high ideal. On the whole continent of Europe, sound religious life existed in but two isolated spots—the Low Countries and the city of Geneva; and, strangely enough, it was precisely here that the greatest enemy of Christianity came to live when he withdrew from the world of courts and cities to pass the evening of his

days in what, for any other man, would have been the profoundest peace and quiet.

Geneva was indebted to Calvin not merely for its form of faith, it owed to him its government as well; and that the French reformer was no less a statesman than a theologian, appears from the fact that the political edifice he erected lasted as long without alteration as did his system of morals. To protect the latter he had founded a rigidly religious aristocracy, and this theocratic patriciate, along with the habits of life founded by his sumptuary laws, found a grave only in the universal chaos of the French Revolution. Even then, so strong a hold upon life had the principles of the great teacher, that the destruction of the machine he had invented was brought about less because the motion produced by it was objectionable, than because of its own special character.

A hundred years ago, as to-day, Geneva was a great banking center, and its extensive commercial connection brought annually within its walls large numbers of strangers, many of whom became permanent residents. But not only the original "Strangers," as they were called, their children and grandchildren also, though often superior to the patrician families in wealth and education, were destitute of political rights, so that, as time went on, the struggles of the Patricians and Plebians of ancient Rome found here a humble, but far from harmless imitation. Attempts at a *coup de main* which should give them a share in the government, were not infrequent on the part of the strangers, so that every twenty years or so, the city was in a state of temporary anarchy, which had to be settled by the intervention of one or more of the guaranteeing powers, France, Bern and Sardinia.

Now in 1775, arrived at Fernex M. de Voltaire, already prepossessed against what he considered the hypocritical strictness of Geneva's Church, as the opposition was incensed against the exclusive character of its government. The two were natural allies. And, truth to say, life at Plymouth and Salem in the seventeenth century was free and easy compared with existence at Geneva

under the Calvinistic régime. Liberty is an acquirement of our own time; a condition of things with which neither ancients, nor mediævals, nor moderns, were at all acquainted. Till within a generation or two, everybody's aspirations for liberty lasted only so long as he belonged to the oppressed party; he would have considered freedom to worship God deprived of half its blessing if he had not been able to hinder others in the enjoyment of the same privilege. We find this feeling naively expressed in the journal of a French emigrant after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which was discovered and published a year ago. The writer had made his way only with great difficulty and suffering, in company with a few others from Cevennes. Having crossed the border he exclaims: "At last we were in a place of security! So we stopped, our hearts full of gratitude, and tried to discover by the starlight, that great and famous city, true bulwark of the Christian faith and of liberty, whither we, like so many others, had come for refuge in adversity." A closer acquaintance with the town showed, however, that it was not so much of a paradise as the pilgrims had supposed, for "the worship of idols and of Belial is held every Sunday in the chapel of the French minister, to the great indignation of all the citizens."

The volume of which we have just spoken gives also the diary of a citizen for the year 1690. One item, headed "Licentious Amusements," is as follows: "The Consistory (a body whose field of action corresponded very well to that of the Inquisition in other countries) is much alarmed on account of the really awful taste for worldly pleasures developed by the youth of our town. All Saints' Day, for example, there was an assembly of both sexes—the young girls with bouquets, and dancing to the music of violins, followed by a supper at the house of Tollot, the apothecary. There has been another party at Madame —'s, and still another at —'s, and although nothing scandalous has occurred on these occasions, (the guests have almost all gone home at ten o'clock,) still it is supposed that all participants will be prosecuted."

A few days later, our worthy friend re-

marks: "It is perfectly true that the sex displays at present an unreasonable fancy for warm beverages, tea, coffee, chocolate,—a new invention, with which, as is well known, numerous Genevese débauch themselves." Thirty years later we read of men being punished for wearing gay coats and vests; wigs were an abomination, and a young lady was even brought before the Consistory charged with having carried her watch, not in her pocket, as respectable people do, but pendant, in the way of ornament, thus exciting a public scandal. Gifts of whatever nature were severely prohibited, but they were especially obnoxious when given to brides, godchildren or domestics, a lady having been subjected, in 1722, to the enormous fine of one hundred florins, for having given a trifling gratuity to a servant.

Another thing which constantly got people into trouble was the temptation, on festive occasions, to give their guests more to eat and drink than the law allowed; the legal dinner of the Genevese, so admired on account of its republican simplicity by Rousseau, still consisting of "one dish of meat and one of vegetables, without pastry." And it is to be remembered that these regulations did not deal with a humble body of artisans or shepherds, but with a wealthy and cultivated society. The wonder is not that this primeval simplicity perished under Voltaire's attacks; rather that it lasted so long. Some of the persons the most attached to the old order of things saw the change coming. "We have already porte-cochères," wrote a pastor sadly, "and through them luxury enters with flying feet."

For fifty years or more after his death, M. de Voltaire was regarded as an arch enemy of the Christian religion, and a large portion of the world considered his writings directly inspired by the devil, very much as, during his life-time, the Savoyard peasantry believed him to be Anti-Christ in person. But of late years a successful attempt has been made to bring out the philanthropic and generous sides of his character; to represent him solely as a man of infinite wit, which he employed in a long and memorable struggle against the powers of darkness; that is, against superstition, bigotry, and social and

political abuses.* But, in point of fact, Voltaire, if not a literary fiend, was very certainly a person insensible to the feeling of personal honor or decency, and of a most malicious disposition. It was a pleasure to him (a pleasure whose enjoyment was naturally enhanced by the reputation it brought) to fight with his pen, as it was originally to the great Friedrich to fight with his sword, and when he had on hand no great causes worthy at once of his ability and his influence, he devoted, with equal alacrity, the same venomous wit and unrivaled ingenuity to the pettiest squabbles. In a perfectly well-governed and enlightened state, the poor man would have been very ill at ease; while the harmless, if absurd, strictness of the Genevese, affording, as it did, such a grand opportunity for the display of his peculiar talents, was probably a strong inducement to his settling in the neighborhood. He had not been established there a month before he wrote his friends: "I am going to corrupt this pedantic town." And this before the said pedantic town had tried to interfere with him in any way.

The philosopher seems to have considered that the best means of beginning his mission of enlightenment or corruption was the

* "In point of simple fact, he was only an enemy of the priesthood, bigoted and immoral of his own country, and 'the infamous' which he labored to crush was the persecuting Roman Catholic Church."—*Literary World* (Boston) February, 1878.

I will let Monsieur de Voltaire speak for himself. The subject is Christianity in general, and it is absurd to urge, as is often done, that much is to be pardoned Voltaire because the only form of it with which he was acquainted was Roman Catholicism. When he wrote the following lines, he had been for thirteen years in constant intercourse with earnest, sincere, and able Protestants: "Je la trouve absurde, extravagante, injurieuse à Dieu, pernicieuse aux hommes, facilitant, même autorisant les rapines, les séductions, l'ambition, l'intérêt de ses ministres, la révélation du secret des familles. Je la vois comme une source inarrissable de meurtres, de crimes, d'atrocités commises sous son nom; elle est le bouclier de la tyrannie contre les peuples qu'elle opprime, et la verge des bons princes quand ils ne sont pas superstitieux; je suis donc dans l'obligation de mépriser ceux qui la prêchent, et de vouer à l'exécration publique ceux qui la soutiennent de leurs violences et de leurs superstitions." On another occasion, apropos of a pamphlet written by a protestant opponent, he remarked: "I never could suffer the people who defended that religion."

establishment of a theater, and the result proved that he could not have made a better choice. In 1737, after Geneva had passed through one of its regular seasons of rioting and bloodshed, the envoys of France, Bern and Sardinia bestowed their presence upon the town as peace-makers, and suffering dreadfully from ennui, demanded the establishment of a theater—a request to which the government thought it best to yield, in spite of the vehement protest of the Consistory. The worldly-minded profited by the opportunity to attend in crowds, and the evil results were not confined to the time the actors remained; for many of the wealthy families, soon after their departure, began to have private theatricals at their houses. The protests, warnings, appeals, of the Consistory had no effect whatever. Thus Voltaire was sure to find support among a considerable portion of the community when he set up his theater at Pregny, just across the French border. Whereupon the Consistory presented a memorial to the Council in which was said, among other things, that “the taste for the stage was making dangerous progress, and strengthening the fondness, already far too strong, for dissipation, luxury and extravagance; which dissipation necessarily influenced morals, and produced a feeling of indifference to religion and patriotism.” The government satisfied the petitioners, in so far as it could, by adopting the severest measures against the amateurs who lived under its jurisdiction. “But we will play, and on Genevese territory too, in spite of the big-wigs,” was Voltaire’s exclamation; and at the same time he wrote to a friend: “I am expecting Lekain (one of the leading actors of the time); he shall declaim to the children of Calvin, who are much more civilized than they used to be; they wouldn’t burn Servetus nowadays. And speaking of Calvin, I am going to play them a trick they won’t fancy. I have got hold of an arm-chair which served their reformer as a sort of pulpit, and I am going to use it in the interview between ‘Anna’ and ‘Auguste.’ Won’t the parsons howl when they hear about it!” Some time after, the ministers

made official visits upon all the families in their respective parishes, to persuade the people not to patronize the theater; and their remonstrances were received with such edifying assent that it seemed as if Voltaire and his assistants would have to play before empty benches. “But what deception!” writes a witness. “Meetings were held; all true patriots, friends of religion and of their country, agreed not to set foot within the building, and then—the day arrives, and in the evening all the world goes to Chatelaine—it was a regular procession!” Soon after this the same letter-writer narrates that a celebrated Parisian actor being a guest at Fernex, and having consented to appear on the boards, “the popular madness was greater than ever. *Even I* have shared the craze, and have been unable to resist the temptation to see this renowned performer. I arranged to go Saturday in order to see him in ‘*Sémiramis*.’ . . . I arrived at Chatelaine at half-past eleven in the forenoon, and found the parterre already full.” Then our worthy friend bursts into ecstasies over the genius and skill of the actor. “All the town was there in spite of the bad weather; a louis (enormous sum in those days) was offered in vain for a carriage. There were none to be had.”

In 1766, the Genevese State was again in agony and the foreign physicians were once more called in. Upon the demand of the French envoy, who was thereto incited by Voltaire, the government was again obliged to permit a theater within the walls, which however, soon after completion, was one night discovered to be in flames. Presumably this was due to an incendiary; at any rate, the authorities took no measures to extinguish the fire; at which Voltaire was greatly exasperated. His revenge, however, was limited to a practical joke, he causing to be affixed to the doors of the churches a notice to this effect: “By permission of the Venerable Company of Pastors (alias Consistory) M. Papillon and his company (amateurs) will play the ‘*Barbier de Séville*.’”

Now let us take a look at the philosopher at home. A French author wrote a

book which he called "King Voltaire;" the following passage from another (Ultramontane) writer will show how well the title was deserved. "Glory, commerce and wealth," he begins, "have all had their metropolis; for twenty years, Fernex was the capital of intellect. No monarch hesitated to recognize this principality; each rivaled his neighbor in saluting it as the queen of peoples, the torch of civilization. What the king of civilization hated, they hated; what he loved, they loved; what he wished to ruin, they instantly destroyed. They sent him messengers almost every week; they ordered their ambassadors to respect his whims, to favor his enterprises, to ignore his faults. The Parliaments desired to proceed against the court of Fernex, but the court of France bade them hold their peace. The bishop of Annecy threatened him with his thunders, but the city of the seven hills, the city of the vicar of Christ, put up with his never-ceasing insolence, and his low and disgraceful insults. As once every road led to Rome, so now all roads lead to Fernex; if anybody proposed to go to Venice, Genoa, Florence, Naples, he went via Fernex. Whether the object of the journey was to kiss the pope's toe or the feet of the empress of Russia, every one took Fernex on his way. Whether the traveler had left his home on account of love, or politics, or business, or war, or persecution, or health, or pleasure—all were equally good excuses for making a call at Fernex."

And it made no difference to Voltaire what form of faith a visitor professed: he hated all equally; a Mohammedan or a Hindoo would probably have fared as ill as a Christian, at his hands. All the same, he considered it the proper thing in his quality as seigneur to attend the services at the manorial church; how much edification the peasants derived from their lord's example may be imagined from the following anecdote. One Easter, after the mass had been finished, Voltaire presented himself humbly and decently before the altar and received the communion from the village priest. Then, the moment for the sermon having arrived, he got ahead of his spiritual

director, ran up into the pulpit, and began a sermon on theft. A few days before one of his cows had been stolen, and believing that he saw the thief before him, he directed the thunders of his histrionic eloquence upon the supposed culprit, exhorting him to seek reconciliation with God, and to thank heaven that he was not hung; finally, if he had not yet confessed, to come as soon as possible to his curé and to him, his lord, and do so. The priest, naturally, left the church in disgust, and a part of the audience with him. Nor was this practical joke a single and exceptional irreverence on Voltaire's part. He got himself admitted into the Capuchin order, and claimed to have received from Rome the patent of general of the fraternity. Thus he wrote to Madame de Choiseul: "I expect immediately to obtain the cordon of St. Francis, which, I fear, will not restore me to the bloom of youth. Meanwhile, deign to accept the paternal blessing and the prayers of Brother Francois, unworthy Capuchin."

Yet his personal relations with the clergy, both Catholic and reformed, were generally excellent, as indeed, they were with His Holiness himself. The courtesy of the "gentleman in waiting," as he usually signed himself, was not, however, fire proof. One day a country priest desired to be presented, and having been admitted exclaimed, "My lord, in seeing you, I behold the great candle which illumines the universe!" This was too much for the apostrophised luminary, and he replied by ordering his niece, *Mme. Denis*, to run after the extinguisher.

His conduct toward the Quaker *Claude Gay*, was far less to his credit. This worthy man, a Philadelphian, had been staying in Geneva, where the sobriety and dignity of his character had attracted unusual admiration. So Voltaire desired to see him, but as, unlike the princes and generals who passed that way, he gave no sign of an intention to visit the shrine of Fernex, its master had no resource but to send him a special invitation to dinner. At first he was charmed by the calm and noble expression of his guest's countenance, but he soon began to talk in his usual strain, joking him about the patriarchs, and ridiculing the historic proof of

revelation. But the Quaker listened with imperturbable calmness, until, in his irritation, Voltaire's lively good-humor turned to anger, so that he became rude and insulting in his remarks. At this point the Quaker rose from the table with the words: "Friend Voltaire, one day, perhaps, thou wilt understand matters better; meanwhile, allow me to retire. May God preserve, and above all, direct thee;"—and left the house without listening to his host's excuses.

But to return to the Genevese and their struggle with their free-thinking neighbor. The next incident that occurred in the progress of the hostilities did not concern M. de Voltaire at all, but he acted all the same as if he had been personally insulted. He was at this time on the most cordial terms with the Empress Catherine, who desired to obtain a number of young girls belonging to respectable Geneva families as governesses for the daughters of her own noble subjects. Then as now there was a considerable emigration from the city for this purpose; and the Russian envoy had no reason to suppose he would be unsuccessful in his quest. Such, however, was the case. "The Council," as one of its members wrote the infuriated philosopher, with whom the envoy was staying—"the council regards itself as the father of all the citizens, and therefore it can not suffer its children to go to a court of which the head is strongly suspected of causing her husband to be assassinated, and where prevails the practice of unrestrained immorality." This naturally struck the lord of Fernex as highly pedantic, and only strengthened his desire to "corrupt" the hypocritical Genevese. Under the patriarchal sway of a Calvinistic aristocracy there could not fail to be plenty of persons inclined to run after forbidden fruit in the way of heterodox or indecent literature; and Voltaire's second campaign was planned with this fact in view. His poem "*La Pucelle d'Orleans*," was published at about this time, and while, as later in the case of "*Candide*," he denied its authorship, he lost no opportunity to further its dissemination. Finding that the poem was generally read, the authorities ordered all the copies which could be found collected and burned

by the hangman; greatly to the delight of the author, who rightly considered this an admirable advertisement. These books were written for the world at large, but the famous poet found time also to write numerous volumes for Geneva alone. He began with the "Pocket Dictionary of Philosophy," an amusing and witty resumé of all skeptical objections to biblical history; which, as always with such works, he denied having written. Then he published a crowd of pamphlets, which were truly wolves in sheep's clothing, for their external appearance was harmless, even edifying; and it was only after perusing several pages that the experienced reader began to perceive the snare laid for the unwary. These tracts bore such unexceptionable titles as "Serious Thoughts about Heaven;" "Sermons of the Rev. Jacques Rossetes;" "Homily of the Pastor Bourn;" "The Daily Evangel;" "Address of the Geneva Clergy to their Colleagues;" "Advice to Fathers of Families;" "A Letter on the Holy Land, establishing the Reality of the Lord's Miracles," etc.; and these volumes were filled not merely with rationalistic theory, but above all with that impudent and tasteless ridicule of the honest convictions of others which characterizes the philosophical literature of the eighteenth century, and which, happily, has disappeared in our time.

After the use of the false titles had been discovered, and in consequence, the sale of these productions was no longer possible through the booksellers, Voltaire not only caused them to be distributed gratis, but even put himself at considerable additional expense in carrying on his crusade against his pedantic neighbors, in which efforts he was ably seconded by the Geneva opposition. Clerks in the shops slipped them inside their packages, and when the customer happened to be a young woman, they took care, it is said, to choose the treatises most likely to corrupt her imagination. Others were slipped under front doors, or attached to bell-pulls, or "forgotten" upon the benches of the public gardens. Schoolboys found them continually between the covers of their text-books, and external, but far from internal, fac-similes of the cate-

chisms used in the Sunday Schools, were several times found substituted for the original article. Perhaps the shrewdest of all Voltaire's tricks was to bind and label an edition of his "Philosophical Dictionary" in imitation of the Book of Psalms, and to cause the same to be left in one of the churches.

Regarded as an individual and man of the world, Voltaire's great fault is not that he attacked Christianity or wrote immoral books, but that he was such an incorrigible and shameless liar. This side of his character is shown by the following incident: It was not to be supposed that a body of the learning and sincerity, and especially of the intellectual capacity of the Geneva clergy of that day, should allow his attacks to pass in silence; and among others, a pastor Vernet had published a reply to one of them. Voltaire responded by a pamphlet which he called "A Christian Dialogue; or Preservative against the 'Encyclopedie' by Monsieur V. of Geneva,"—in which the said Monsieur V. gradually yields every position (in regard to the miracles) to his skeptical opponent, and concludes by acknowledging that his and his brother ministers' interest in preaching the Word was a purely professional and pecuniary one. Some time after, Vernet having meanwhile answered other treatises of the philosopher, the latter added a note to his "*Guerre Civile de Genève*:" . . . "We have original letters of his (Vernet's) in which he requests M. de Voltaire kindly to intrust to his charge the publication of his '*Histoire Universelle*,' and to accept his services as proof-reader." This accusation caused much scandal, but the accused was soon able to right himself, by producing letters proving that he had been requested by Voltaire, not Voltaire by him, to superintend the appearance of the "*Histoire*," as he had sometime before superintended Montesquieu's "*Esprit des Loix*;" and that, having discovered numer-

ous errors in regard to Christianity, he had requested the author to accept his corrections; but, being refused, had declined further to have anything to do with the affair. "His Majesty's Gentleman in Waiting," was not, however, a man to be squelched by such proof as this; and set himself at work to manufacture letters of Vernet, which should substantiate his original assertion. These he read to those of his Geneva friends who visited him during the following days, until, one evening, Vernet himself appeared upon the scene. He was received with affected politeness, and then, in the presence of the large company which he found assembled, he drew forth the letters in question, and read one.

"Well," exclaimed Voltaire, "what does that prove?"

"It proves that you were wrong in asserting that I solicited permission to see your work through the press."

"All right: you are quite correct. We have, all of us, some little sins to reproach ourselves with, but let by-gones be by-gones: come and dine with us!"

It is needless to add that this impudent invitation was not accepted.

Although Voltaire himself never spared age nor venerable position when there was the smallest opportunity for turning them into ridicule, he was quite incapable of taking a joke himself, when, occasionally, without descending to his own rudness, his opponents ventured to attack him with weapons like his own. One of them had written a little book called the "*Reponse de M. de Roche*," and had bribed one of the philosopher's servants to place a copy at each cover, on occasion of a grand dinner-party given by his master. The wrath of the by no means lamb-like and easy-going Hermit of Fernex was not soon forgotten by his guests.

Gerald Smith.

MY MINISTER.

HE was the rector of the little parish in which I was born, and where my father had been the minister of the dissenting chapel.

I called him "My Minister,"—you will know why, when you hear what I have to say. He came into the parish just before my father's death. I saw him first when I was tossing on my bed, reckless with fever and doing my best to follow father.

None of the sea-faring folk could manage me, and old Janet, my house-keeper, did not know that I had a relative in the world. Nor had I one to whom it would have been well to send.

Old Christie at the Cove told the rector I was ill, when he went with his young wife, to comfort her for her drowned boy. He stopped at my gate before he went home. After a little talk with Janet, he came into my room, never waiting until she could speak to me. My eyes were closed, but all at once I heard a low, firm voice saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." I hardly know what followed, only I cannot forget the soft pity in his eyes. I told him I did not want to live, and he did not gainsay me. He only said: "You must not die till you find out what your father wanted. No one has touched his papers, and no one shall till you get about again."

After that, I slowly crept back to life. Every day some strong broth or delicate fish was served for me, after a fashion poor Janet never could have managed. I did not know till long after, that the rector himself came to heat his wife's broth, or laid the dripping fish across the coals just at the right minute. If I did not know it, sure no one else did!

I have often thought since that if the old rector had been like the new one, there would never have been any dissenting Chapel. The old rector had lived some six miles away. He preached once every Sunday, and gave away flannels at Christmas, out of some old "dole" belonging to the church; but he never knew any of the people, nor did they know him.

When the new rector came, there were all sorts of stories about him, but no one really knew who he was. Some of the better sort said he was of a grand family, and only took to the church because he had lost the succession to a great property. Afterwards we heard that he came to be a clergyman by way of a terrible thing that happened to him when he was a boy.

He was a handsome, brave, athletic lad more than six feet tall, and staying at home for a while, between school and college, when he saw a roystering squire fell a poor little hunchback in the village street with a blow from his heavy whip. He darted to the help of the poor boy, but to his horror the half drunken man fell dead at his feet, just as he put out his hand to shake him like a wet kitten. Poor lad! He stood over the dead body as white as a sheet, and never moved till the officers came.

It was a day or two before he knew that some artery had burst in the brain of the angry man, and that he himself had nothing to do with his death.

"But I might have done it, all the same," he said to the old family doctor, who came straight to him from the inquest; and until he made up his mind to enter the church, he did not know a moment's peace.

He came into a large property while he was in college, but he gave it all to his mother to help her bring up the dozen boys and girls that his father had left.

No one knew how he came to Stargate. His wife was a lovely, shrinking little creature who had seen some sorrow, and they had one beautiful boy—Harold, who danced along by his father's side, like a sunbeam. I hardly knew as much as this when I fell ill of the fever, which had been creeping through the fishing village for a month or two. My father and myself had been a great deal with the sick, and just before my fever broke my father died suddenly. They said an old heart-trouble had been growing worse and worse, through all the toil and worry, but I did not even know of his death until he had lain a week in his grave by the cliff.

There was no one to break it to me. When Janet brought in my porridge I asked for him, and in a moment she dropped the bowl, and gave one wild shriek that told me all. From that minute, until I heard that calm voice saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," I could not even think.

"Your father knew he was going to die soon; he has surely left some message for you," the rector would say as he came or went; and so he kept my courage up, until at last, I found myself before the open fire in the library, where father and I had sat together night after night for so many years. The house was a pleasant one, an old family nest given to my mother when she married; and I knew already that I need not leave it, if only I could find work and companions where I was. If not I must sell the place, and go away to some large town.

It was so the rector found me, the first time I could get down; and until I saw the gleam of pleasure flash into his eyes, I had never known how handsome a man he was, nor how strong. I was glad to know how strong he was, when I heard what had happened the next day.

"Is there any minister at the chapel yet?" I asked, when we had talked a little.

"No," he said, "nor do I see how there can be. I have been sorry to find a very bitter feeling between your people and mine; and now, since their loss, a bitterness has grown up among themselves, which threatens their very life."

I knew better than he could tell me how all that would be, now that my dear father was gone, but I must put the thought aside; I am talking about the rector.

"I can hardly bear to decide all these questions alone," I said, pointing to a pile of papers; "and I do not think I know enough either. If there were a minister in Stargate, I should ask to see him."

"I could send to Golden Brae," he said, naming a parish eighteen or twenty miles away, with which our little chapel had held fellowship; "but neither you nor I know the new man who is there, and I am sure, at least I hope, that we do know each other."

I can't think what came over me; I was

but weak then, and I just put out my hand and said feebly, "My minister!"

"Nothing could please me better," he said with a bright smile, stretching out his hand for the papers; and so a great burden was lifted for me.

I can never hope to tell what "my minister" was to me, but I think I can tell a little of what he did for the people round about, and how it came to pass that, as years went on, the chapel was shut up, our people came to church, schools were opened, and everybody seemed bright and happy in the little place.

Stargate was not on the open sea, although some things that I have said might lead you to think so. The village was on the side of a little cove made by the retreating shore, in such a fashion that it was almost a lake, and was a safe harbor in any storm.

Between the cove and the shore there rose a sharp hill, on which my own stone cottage stood, and had stood, they told me, for more than two hundred years. From my windows I could see the open ocean four or five miles away, but between me and it there was a "Throng" of rocks just fit to hide in when the coast-guard came in sight; and here, too, was a fishing village, only it had neither church nor chapel, and its people were the terror of the whole country side.

The very next day after our talk the rector went over to Flopping,—for that was what our people called this village. He had heard of a sick lad there, and no one could hold him back. Some of the men in the town offered to go with him, for not only had none of the Flopping men a good name, but one of them, a certain Archie Grant, was counted a giant in those parts, and was as violent and wicked as he was strong.

"No, my men, I am not afraid," said the rector; and he stalked away before they could answer. Some of them came up the hill and loitered near my gate, and so it was that I knew where he had gone. The men watched him until he joined the guard, and then strolled back into the town.

It was just after dark when Janet came in. "I'm 'feared for the minister," she said. I don't think anything could have made Janet call him the rector. Then she went on

to tell me the news the baker's boy had brought when he came with the crumpets for tea. The rector had stopped to speak with the guard on his way, so he heard in time that there had been trouble with the smugglers at Flopping the very day before. There had been a scuffle and a boy wounded, and the guard advised the rector to turn back. But my minister would not hear of it. "My poor lad might die," he said; so he kept on till he was in the midst of the "Throng" before anybody saw him. He could not run among the rocks, whatever happened, but he picked his way to the dying boy quite safely. When he came out of the cabin the fisher wife advised him to go back another way, for the boats were just in and the men in an ill-humor. The rector might have done this, but he had no chance. As he turned from her toward the Sands, Archie rose up from his nets and asked him with an oath what business he had there.

The rector had never seen the man, but he guessed in a moment who it was. Before he could answer for thinking, Archie lifted his hand and a club in it, but the rector was too quick for him. He warded off the club at the very moment that he himself planted a heavy blow in the fisherman's ribs, and laid him sprawling on the beach. At Archie's first word a dozen men had sprung into sight. What they were to do no one can guess, but while they stood there stricken at sight of Archie, the rector turned to them.

"See there, my men," he said, pointing to the senseless figure at his feet; "see there! I want you to understand that I can do that sort of thing as well as any of you, and better; better, because your man would have killed me, and I have only stunned him; but I don't mean to do it again; it is a bad thing to do, only justifiable when a man's life is in danger, as mine was just now. It is as well, however, for you to know from the first that wherever the sick and dying are, there I mean to go, and go alone. My rifle will be cocked. Next time I come we will shake hands. I have not time to-day," and before the men had rallied from their stupor he was out of sight.

It was, as he said, just as well that this

happened the very first time he went to Flopping, but I should never have told the story only the rector comes and goes as he pleases at Flopping now. There is a Sunday School at the "Throng," and a sewing-school, where I go with the rector's wife twice in the week. Nobody quicker now than Archie Grant to touch his hat to my minister!

The old rector who was always kindling fresh quarrels with the Dissenters, thought it quite enough to preach once a Sunday, but my minister had not been long at Stargate before evening prayers were regularly read by a lay clerk. The rector himself held afternoon service at a ruined church on Galloway Hill, half way to Golden Brae, and at Golden Brae itself after nightfall.

There had always been a small congregation at Galloway, and after the rector had been preaching a bit, an old friend to it died and left money enough to repair the ruined church, and more than half pay the salary of a resident. The poor old body who left the money meant well enough, but she left all her substance in the hands of two men who were knaves, and the rector was uneasy until, by riding all about the country, and at last going to the very Bishop himself, he had put the fund out of their hands and safely into those of the trustees for the diocese. Of course he made two bitter enemies of the wretches who wanted to gamble it all away, but more than that, the rector was a poor man.

His rectory was then worth very little, and he was paid from the mission fund for his services at Galloway. When he had saved the money to the church, and had seen an active little man settled at the Hill, of course he had cut himself out of his pay there.

The men at Flopping knew that if it had been to earn a thousand pounds, "my minister" could not have worked harder than he did to rid himself of that much needed fifty; and very soon the whole country-side could see that there were many things he cared for more than money.

Before he came there had been a lay-service held at Golden Brae, and while he was so busy about Galloway, "my minister"

never went to the Brae, except to offer the Communion, returning on horseback over the heath in the small hours of the morning. Many a sad hour has his little wife had watching for him, in deadly fear of the Flopping men; but the rector never would own that there was any danger for him, and I think now that he was right.

There was a large and flourishing chapel at the Brae, which would never have happened, if the church had been as it should. For some reason it had been a long time without so much as a curate; but when "my minister" began to go over it regularly he had his eyes open; and he soon had a talk with his bishop. No one knew what was said, but there was some money owing to the last incumbent from some of the parish. He had been but a sickly man and now lay on his death-bed not far away. Before long the debts were all paid to the old man, and a subscription was taken up for the relief of his family, whom none of us had liked. One of the great leaders carried the paper around, but we all knew who had started it.

At last, there came a day about midsummer when the rector went over to the Brae for morning prayers. In the vestry he was met by one John Thorpe, a Yorkshire man, who sometimes read the service in his absence—a strong, sharp fellow, well to do and much thought of in the neighborhood, but who with the help of the village ale-house, led his poor little wife a sorry life. Indeed there were but nine vestry-men in Golden Brae, and never a man of them was sober the whole week through, and one of them was the inn-keeper.

John Thorpe stepped up to the rector, and handed him the notices he was to give. Among them the rector found one, to say that Thorpe would read prayers as usual, the following Sunday; but he did not give it. Thorpe wondered, but at evening service he handed in another, which also the rector laid aside. After prayers Thorpe came to the rector for a word.

"Thorpe," said the rector, "you are one of the brightest men in Golden Brae. What would you say, if the Dissenters set Sol Arms, the town drunkard, in their pul-

pit? You know very well you are not fit to read the service, and I don't mean you shall, until you change your ways. Moreover, I have called the vestry together. I have something to say to them, and I expect you to stand by me."

The vestry came together, and my minister asked them all to resign, because as he said, they knew themselves to be unfit for the office; and that the church would never look up, till other men took it. They yielded without a word. When the news of all this first got abroad, people thought the rector would find trouble on every hand. John Thorpe would be sure to run against him; but it was not so.

The church began to prosper. More than a year passed, and John Thorpe had not touched a mug of ale. The sorry looking wife was now the merriest little woman to be found. "It was nobbut God's truth," John said when the men threw the rector's words in his face. The last I heard, the bishop himself was coming to see after the wonderful change. I have friends at the Brae, and as they take it rather hard that we have no minister yet at Stargate, and harder still that I am so fond of the rector, I go over to the Chapel service now and then. Once, I took it upon me to stay over to evening prayers, and it did my heart good to see the reverence those nine men showed the rector.

You see now that anybody might be proud to call the rector "my minister." This is the way he has gone on with his own people, and of course, the tussle with Archie helped him greatly with the men at Flopping. He has such hold of the whole country-side as never a man had.

It has come about in many ways. One night when the rector was coming home from Golden Brae, as weary as a man could be, he saw lights flitting back and forth over the cove, and when he got to the top of the hill, he found the whole village astir. He did not even put his horse up, tired as the poor beast was; but spurred him down to the water's edge. We had a few Irish Catholics at Stargate, and a troublesome set they were. They had come at first to work on a little railway, leading from the coal-

mines, some thirty miles away, to the Cove, where the coals were shipped. As they had no church, they were often idle and drunken on the Sunday. The day I speak of, three or four men had rowed to the far side of the cove for pleasure. They were all drunk when they started for home, and in some squabble, one poor fellow went over. He sank like lead. After watching and grappling for a while with the women all howling on the sand, one of the men went over to Galloway for a drag. But the man who came with it would not stir his hand without promise of three or four pounds. Nobody could give that, and he went back as he came.

The rector found the whole family waiting on the sand. He took the lad's brother up to the rectory, and as soon as his poor beast was fed, he set the man on him, and he was off once more for the drag. Before noon the next day, the body was found. My minister promised the whole sum himself, but he did better than pay it. He made every Irishman pay as much as he could, and then he went to the gentry, who gave freely, they were so proud of their rector.

So it happened that after the drag and the funeral were paid, there was a good bit left in my minister's hand for the needs of the old father and mother when the winter came.

Since that day my minister may do what he will with the Catholics. They do not come to church, but they quarrel and drink less, and are ashamed to sell their votes.

The next thing that happened had to do with the railway which some of these men had built. It was an innocent, sleepy little road, but still a convenience to the countryside. A great number of the church people were connected with it, and one day the rumor spread that it had been bought up by a great London road that would put in its own men and then turn all our people out. It would have been a sad thing for the Cove. The rector heard of it first from a bright little maid who had the telegraph, and feared to lose the place which kept a poor old mother in comfort. Then came a note from John Thorpe, who knew all about both roads, and before noon the rector was on his way to London. The next day he was back.

Sure enough the road was sold, but never a change have we seen in men or wages, though a few stiff-looking officers in the Company's livery were sent down from town to look our men up. They found the Star-gate men an honest set.

All this while the Dissenters had held out against the rector, but the chapel was not open. Some of them would never speak to me after I thought best to go to church, but there came a day to change all that. One dreadful night in March a terrible storm swept all the coast. The fishing smacks just making for the Cove were beaten back and wrecked. Not a single house but lost at least one man or boy, and harder still the means to earn its bread. The fishing folk were mostly Dissenters, and before the wall had died off the hill the old chapel was opened and made ready for the bodies that might come ashore. By and by there was notice of a funeral service there, and the poor fish-wives found it all dressed with greens and cypress, and what the coffins held was hidden out of sight with flowers. To everybody's wonder the Bishop himself came over. After the service was read my minister prayed out of his own heart for the people every bit as tenderly as my father could have done; and then the bishop told them that his steward who had come with him would stay over to see what each house needed, and what should be done about the boats.

Nobody found fault with me that day!

What did my minister do for me, do you ask? You know I had my house and a little money, but I soon found not enough to keep Janet.

We should have grieved sore to part. As soon as my minister heard of it he came over. He had long wished me to rent him a low stone out-building where my great-grandfather had been used to store his corn. It was to be for the village school, but he thought I might not like it. Would it not be better than to part with Janet? he asked that day. There were to be schools at Flopping and Galloway and Golden Brae beside, and a lady would be wanted to go from one to another looking after both teachers and children in a way. Could I not do this,

he asked, if he bought back my father's pony and gave me a small salary beside? I could not answer for the happy tears which filled my eyes, and I am sure it would be hard to tell who loves the rector best to-day, the rough men at the "Throng," or the squire at Golden Brae, Janet in her kitchen, or myself upon my pony, feeling my way along the Cliff, with my heart full of the bairnies and their need.

The rector's wife goes with me a great deal. I had come to know, by little, that all their sorrows had grown out of his love for her. Wishing to stand by her in some great strait, he had neglected some church duty in the parish where he was, and so offended a powerful person who had it in his way to put him forward in the church.

He came to Stargate so that he might not be a burden to his mother, even for a single month; and "I don't think," he said cheerfully when he told me this, "that I could be happier if I were Dean of Westminster."

Still, he and his wife always had the look of people who had lost something, but we only loved them the better the more we saw

it, if that could be. After a while little Harold, who was so like a sunbeam, had a sister Bessie. Such laughing little rollickers, the two of them! I could not but wonder how they should ever belong to so sober a man as my minister.

I have heard my father tell how the old Hindoos used to say, "A thought is a drop of light." Certainly these two children are "drops of light," born, perhaps, of the thought the sorrow brought. Bessie is a greater favorite than Harold. She has a little pony, and has trotted everywhere at her father's side since she was three years old. Not a man at the "Throng" but would shield Bessie at the risk of his own life, and she is a great pet with the gentry. I sometimes think the Squire at the Hall knows more about my minister than I do, and there have been rumors, lately, of a change to come.

I cannot believe my minister will leave us of his own accord, but if he must I am very sure that the good which he has done will stay.

Caroline H. Dall.

SUPERFLUOUS PRAYING.

A SUPERFICIAL religionism easily mistakes iteration for earnestness and abundance of words for intensity of desire. The "heathen" or more exactly the "nations" round about the Jews were addicted, as we learn from the words of Christ in Matthew's gospel, to this practice of tiresome repetition in their prayers,—just as all rude tribes have been. Thus the priests of Baal, in their invocation of fire from heaven, are said to have called on Baal from morning until noon saying, over and over again: "O Baal, hear us." In the Mussulman's daily prayer, some expressions are repeated thirty times and others many hundred times. Some Christians, even, have their rosaries of beads, on which they count off each repetition of the paternoster. Their

theory is that the Lord's prayer will be fifty times as efficacious if it is said over fifty times as if it is repeated once. The answer is not apportioned to the energy of faith but to the number of words.

There is more or less tendency everywhere to build on this foundation. The notion is prevalent that success in our religious work depends upon the number of religious services, and the multiplication of the means of grace; upon the quantity, say, rather than upon the quality of our devotions. An increase of religious interest is impossible, in the opinion of some good people, without an increase in the number of public religious services—in the number of audible and public prayers; a reduction in the number of meetings is proof of some

abatement in the fervor and strength of the religious feeling.

One who is religious only when he is in meeting, would better, indeed, arrange his affairs so that he shall be in meeting all the while; and one who is religious only when he is uttering the words of prayer, would do well to buy a rosary and devote himself to the saying of paternosters. But if it be true that the Christian life may find expression not only in the worship of the prayer-room, but also in the labor of the shop, in the conversation of the home, in the study of the school, in the pastime of the play-ground,—if it be true as George MacDonald once said that even trade may be so conducted that the counter of the trader shall become an altar, and the traffic itself a sacrificial offering to God,—then it is plain that the growth of pure and undefiled religion among any people is not necessarily proportioned to the number of their public services or of their formal religious acts. There is considerable room for the preaching of the Gospel, and the practicing of it too, outside of the meeting-house; and while the regular services of the church ought to be attended by all the members of the church who are able to be present, yet it is not safe to measure the power of a church by the number of its public services, nor by the quantity of its public devotions.

Besides those who “think that they shall be heard for their much speaking,” there are others to whom the spirit of Christ’s command about the vain repetitions equally applies. A vain repetition is any empty or meaningless form of prayer—any superfluous petition. Is there not, in all our closets, in all our chapels, a good deal of superfluous praying?

Do not understand this as an allusion to anything in the rhetorical or grammatical structure of our prayers. The man who can listen with the ear of a critic to any sincere worshiper striving to make known his wants to God; who can pick flaws with the sentences, and turn into ridicule the uncouth forms of speech in which the thoughts of the humble and uninstructed supplicant sometimes find utterance, is a man with whom I do not wish to keep com-

pany. Prayer is something far too sacred to be treated as a work of art, and criticised as one would criticise a play or a poem. If there be a willing mind and a sincere heart, no doubt the petition is accepted of God; and who are you that stand jeering at the honest seeker that has found his way into the audience chamber of the King of Kings and is speaking there face to face with the Majesty of heaven? Who are you that despise the man whom God welcomes to his presence and crowns with his beatitudes?

It is not, then, of any mere verbal tautology or infelicity that I speak when I ask whether there is not more or less of superfluous praying. But what if we are often heard asking for what we have already—or might have, if we would put forth our hands and take it? What if it be our practice to pray to God that He would do for us certain things that He never has done, and never will do for any of His creatures; things that, without wholly revolutionizing His government, he could not do; things that He could never do without altering the constitution of man and changing him who by reason of his free choice and the power of his personality is but a little lower than the angels into a mere machine?

If we ask God to do that which he has already done—that which He is all the while doing—that which could not be more thoroughly done than it is done already,—our prayers are clearly superfluous.

If we ask Him to do that which it is against every principle of his administration to do, then, surely, our prayers are superfluous if they are not something worse than superfluous.

Suppose that the citizens of Chicago should assemble week after week, and pass resolutions and sign petitions addressed to the government at Washington begging for the establishment of a post-office in that city; also requesting the privilege of having their clothes made of such fashions and fabrics as suit themselves; and the privilege of buying and reading such books and newspapers as they can afford? Do you suppose that the government would take any notice of such petitions? Would not

the persistent praying for things which were so fully and palpably theirs already, be conclusive evidence to the authorities that the people of Chicago were a set of maniacs?

Suppose that a petition, numerously signed, should be sent to Congress from the same city, begging the passage of an act authorizing and enabling people to go from Chicago to Boston by traveling due north. I am not at all sure that the petition would not be entertained, because legislators have been known to undertake things not much less preposterous than this; but what sane men there are at Washington would undoubtedly be astounded by such an impossible request. Now are not a good many of the petitions which we address to the Ruler of the Universe something like these which I have imagined?

For example, we very often pray that the Lord would send down his Spirit, or pour out his Spirit—implying in our prayers the belief that God's Spirit is not where we are—and that by dint of urgent praying he may be persuaded to visit us. Just now, the worshiper conceives he is somewhere else,—up in Vermont, or out in Missouri, or down at New Haven in Mr. Moody's hippodrome,—but not here. So He is besought to keep no longer at a distance, but to draw near to us. I heard a minister say, not long ago, in his theological examination before a council, that ever since the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit had been working *somewhere* in the world. "Somewhere"—that word exactly embodies the popular fallacy. *Somewhere*; now here, now there; fitfully, uncertainly—thus, it appears to be conceived, the Spirit of God is working in the world.

Now is not this all an error—a grave misapprehension of the divine operation upon human hearts? Do we not believe in the divine omnipresence? To David that truth was a profound reality: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?" he cries, "or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the

sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light round about me. Yea the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

These words are not a mere poetic exaggeration; they are a very inadequate setting forth of the all-surrounding, all-penetrating presence of the Infinite Jehovah. The conception that he is in one place and not in another; that he moves from one place to another; that he keeps at a distance from some and draws near to others, is an utterly childish conception of his being and his work.

But some may say: "We do not doubt that God is omnipresent in nature; what we ask for is his spiritual presence. Surely that is sometimes withdrawn from his people, and then there is need, is there not, that we should pray for its return?"

Ask David that question. It is not merely or mainly God in nature that he is speaking of in the prayer I have quoted. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?" It is the all-pervading *spiritual* presence of God that his glowing words celebrate.

Besides, is it not absurd and even monstrous to say that God is present everywhere in nature, and only present here and there to human hearts; to say that he is working all about us, in every particle of matter, in every manifestation of force, rounding every rain-drop, shaping every snow-flake, moving in every breeze, living in every physical organism,—but that he withdraws himself, except at certain favored seasons, from the spirits of his own children, only now and then working in them to will and to do? Is God here, quickening into life the plants that grow in your gardens, and yet refusing to touch the hearts of your children with the genial influences of his grace? While God is pouring down the rays of his sun upon the rejoicing earth, calling forth the flowers from their hiding-places underground into the blessed light, is the Sun of his Righteousness in an eclipse? Does God care so much more for things than for persons that he will visit with his constant

care and benediction the inanimate world, while he visits only occasionally and temporarily the world of men? Are plants and crystals more precious to him than souls?

No; it is a most injurious and abominable notion that the divine Spirit holds Himself aloof, except at benign intervals, from the abodes of men. He is never far away from any human soul. We cannot flee from his presence.

"But granting that he never quite withdraws himself from us, are not the influences of his Spirit often very faint and meager?" it may be asked. "Does he not sometimes work upon the minds of men with so little efficiency that the traces of his working are hard to find?" No: that is not a true way of putting it. The reason of the unspiritual and unfruitful conditions in which men are sometimes found, is not the withdrawal nor the inefficiency nor the limitation of the divine grace, but the refusal of men to accept and appropriate the grace that is waiting for them. It is not because there is any less of God's light or of God's power in the community; it is because men willfully shut their eyes against his light, and will not yield to his power. There has not been one day during the past winter when the Spirit of God was not in your city or your village just as really, just as vitally, in just as great abundance, as in any other city or town in the land. There is just as much of his power in one place as in another; the only thing that is lacking is the willingness of men to realize it, and use it. There has been just as much of God in your meeting-house, whenever you have met in it, as there has been in Mr. Moody's mass meetings; all the difference is, that the men in Mr. Moody's meetings have laid hold upon God's strength with a firmer grasp than you have done; have put themselves into closer and more constant communication with him; have surrendered themselves more fully to his will, and have given their time and energies more completely to his service.

I go up to the Armory in a busy time, and notice the long lines of shafting by which the power is conveyed from room to room, swiftly revolving overhead. In one

room I find the lathes all running and all the workmen busy at them; but on going into the next room I see that the lathes are all still and that the workmen are standing by their silent machines and waiting.

"What is the matter?" I ask them. "Why don't you start up?"

"We cannot," they answer mournfully; "we have no power."

"No power!" I reply. "Why do you talk in that way? Look overhead! Isn't the shafting running just as rapidly and just as strongly here as in any other part of the shop?"

"Oh, yes," they say; "we suppose it is; but then, our machines don't go. You can see for yourself, can't you, that they don't go? We have been asking the engineer for power now for a good while, but it doesn't come, and we have begun to be afraid that we shall be obliged to go home to-night without doing a single stroke of work. Out in the other room the machines are running briskly enough, but ours are perfectly still."

By this time I begin to wonder whether this room is not an asylum for insane machinists. "Men alive!" I say; "of course your machines won't go unless you connect them with the shafting. Why don't you put on your belts? Why do you stand here grumbling because there is no power and begging the engineer to send you power? The room is full of power. There is just as much power in this room as there is in the next room. And it is just as easy for you to make connection with it as it is for your work-mates in there."

Now I apprehend that this homely illustration exactly represents the case which we are considering. The divine power, the divine illumination, the divine grace, the divine life is always with us in abundance; if we are not moved by it it is simply because we do not put ourselves into communication with it.

"Is it true then," some will ask, "that all such prayers as those of the hymns 'Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,'—'Return, O heavenly dove, return,' and the like are superfluous? Should we never offer any such petitions?" I suppose that these words

may be used with some true meaning. Words like them are found in the Bible, and kindred forms of petition have become so woven into all our devotional phraseology that it would be well nigh impossible for us to pray without sometimes using them. To those inspired men who first employed them they must have been true words of prayer, and those saints of later days from whose lips we learned them, doubtless often put a good meaning into them. If, when we pray for the descent of God's Spirit, for the return of the Holy Dove, we simply mean to express our desire to be put into communication with God; our desire to receive the grace that he is waiting to impart; our desire to avail ourselves of the power that we know is within the reach of every sincere suppliant, that is well. Such a desire as that we ought to cherish, and it does us good to express it. *It seems to us* doubtless sometimes that God has gone away from us; and when we speak out just what is in our hearts, in the simple and natural utterance of feeling, we shall make use of just such expressions. But we must beware lest we suffer this language of feeling to harden into belief and theory, for God "is not far from every one of us;" and it is only our own unbelief and perverseness that make Him seem to be.

There is another variety of superfluous prayers, in which it is implied that God treats individuals, as well as communities, in this same partial and capricious manner. That hymn which is often sung gives expression to this feeling:

"Pass me not, O Gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry:
While on others thou art smiling
Do not pass me by."

The idea seems to be that the Savior comes into an assembly or a community, and goes about dispensing His favor to certain ones whom he picks out, and passing by others who are seeking His face, and longing for His love. Surely we may dismiss from our minds the thought out of which this prayer arises. Surely He is not given to any such whimsical favoritism. He who proclaims: "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink;" whose very last message to

the world is "Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely," is not one who goes about smiling upon some, and hiding His face from others who are longing to have Him speak to them.

I spoke also of prayers that are superfluous, because they involve requests that God would do what, in the nature of the case, it is impossible for him to do; requests which he could only grant by overturning that order of things which He in his wisdom has established. I am not now referring to physical causes at all; for I have no difficulty in believing that God could work a miracle, in the natural order, in answer to prayer. But there is a moral order which is to my thought much more inflexible than the natural order, and which it seems quite incredible that God should ever set aside.

Thus I cannot conceive that virtue could exist without free will; and therefore if men are to reach virtue and holiness of life it must be by their own unrestrained and unforced choice.

It is impossible, as the moral universe is constituted, for any man to be made good against his will or without his will. Yet we hear a good many prayers in which God is besought to do this very thing. Men often talk about themselves in their prayers as if they were sticks of wood or lumps of clay; as if they had no power over themselves at all; as if they expected God to take them in hand and work them over and make them good and pure and true, and meant to wait until he did it. Men sometimes pray "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil" when they have not the slightest purpose of using their own wits and their own wills in resisting temptation and in overcoming evil; they are going to drift right along with the tide of worldliness and sin and leave it all to the Lord to keep them out of mischief. All such prayers as these are most clearly superfluous. It would be absurd, would it not, to ask the Lord to give you a good garden this year, without your ever planting or watering or weeding at all? It would be preposterous to ask the Lord to give you an orderly house, or a profitable business, or a successful journey, and then lie down and

wait for your prayers to be answered. It would be foolish to ask the Lord to get your arithmetic lesson for you, or to give you in answer to prayer the glow of health and vigor that comes from physical exercise. Suppose you should lie down in a boat in the middle of the river three miles above Niagara Falls, and, after praying the Lord not to lead you into danger, but to deliver you from all harm, should go to sleep. Would not that be mocking God? Is not all such praying as this superfluous,—and something worse. When you keep asking God to do what it belongs to you to do, what it is within your power to do, what he has expressly required you to do, what he cannot do for you without setting at nought every principle of the moral order which he

has established, are not your prayers a very aggravated sort of vain repetition?

It is well to keep this thought in mind, in all our praying. We are not stocks and stones; we are the sons of God, endowed by him with the power of choice; clothed by him with responsibility; intrusted by him with our own immortal destiny. We are not machines, operated by natural or supernatural force; we are free agents; we are our own agents; our wills are ours, and they never will be in harmony with God's will till we determine that they shall be. It is vain to ask God to *make* us good. He never makes anybody good. We may ask Him to help us to become good. That He always does.

Washington Gladden.

GRANSIR.

A GRAND old man,
Built after the olden plan;
A muscular body, a massive head,
A man to value the longer he lives,
A man to remember when dead.
I wish you might see him
Sit back at his ease
(Awake or asleep, as you please),
While he whiffs, and he whews,
And I read him the news.

"Who's killed to-day?"
He asks in his ancient way;
"And what have they stolen this time, my lad?
The rascals, they thrive like 'pusley' in peas—
Bad works, boy, bad—very bad!"
Then for that ludicrous perch of the eye
While the pipe gets a slide
To the other side,
Where he puffs it and poohs,
Keeping up with the news.

A character!
When he begins, "I tell ye, sir,"—
'Tis worth a whole book of your modern talk;
Then the silence after his "say;"
The solemn shuffle of his walk
And tamping of his cane.

You may put it down
 When you see that frown
 And the dim gray eye lights unusually clever,
 He's about to settle some subject forever.

He's so complete
 From his head to his feet,
 Inside and out so made to keep!
 There's no one feature before the rest;
 He makes you laugh and he makes you weep,
 He stops the hole in your soul;
 He softens the tough
 And levels the rough
 As he snoozes and smokes
 And preaches and jokes.

His children and wife
 Have gone to the better life,
 And not a companion is left;
 But he says, "They've only the start—that's all,"
 And you never would think him bereft.
 He wears the calmest face on the farm,
 And with a genuine stamp of joy
 Often declares he's "young as a boy!"
 Still he smiles and he smokes
 Between sermons and jokes.

A grand old man,
 Built after the olden plan;
 A muscular body, a massive head,
 A man to value the longer he lives,
 A man to remember when dead.
 Years yet may he limber his cricks,
 This peerless old son of the past;
 And may I be the last
 While he whiffs and he whews,
 To listen, or read him the news.

John Vance Cheney.

AUNT HULDAH'S SCHOLARS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER VII.

"Consideration like an angel came
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him."

SCHOOL life was not always varied by such earthquakes as this of the arrival of Tirah Gardner. Often and often Rachel had nothing but steady monotony for days.

There would be more children absent on one day than another, and more late, or as the school jargon says, "tardy."

This depended on such accidents as decided how many mothers were absent from home to be examined before baptism, or whether the 29th colored infantry marched

at 10 in the morning or at five in the afternoon. For all the children had, or supposed they had, many other duties beside that of attendance at school.

Rachel Fredet was horribly overweighted, for she had eighty or ninety scholars under her charge. It did not much help, that, on the average, fifteen of them were absent.

But Rachel had the satisfaction of feeling, week by week, that order took the place of chaos; that the children certainly learned rapidly; that they were glad, one by one to "ally themselves to the side of order," and that some of the tall "monitors" were becoming, in their way, very competent teachers. Her greatest pleasure came whenever one of these assistants shewed any originality of resource, instead of blindly following, as they were only too apt to do, in the method which she had herself suggested.

Of all of them, however, there was no one who rendered service so loyal, and in the end so efficient, as Tirah, whose unexpected arrival has been described. After the first day the girl attached herself personally to Rachel, and resisted firmly all efforts to transfer her service, or even her home, elsewhere. Nor did Rachel long persevere in such efforts. At first Tirah showed simply an obstinate determination to shelter herself under the covert of the mistress's wing, and to risk herself nowhere else. But afterwards, this determination ripened into a disposition to protect her mistress, if the girl fancied she were in danger; and, indeed, into a wild desire to follow her in all her ways. Mrs. Templeman struggled for a little to divide this empire. But she was at a disadvantage, and had but little success. She called Tirah Rachel's shadow at first; but she had, at last, to confess that in the darkest weather the shadow was always there. "Friday" was the nick-name she was much more apt to give her. For it was on Friday that this poor waif had been thrown on this sheltering shore,—that the savages whom she had fled from had been repulsed, and that she had given in her allegiance to a somewhat lonely Robinson.

After reconnoitering the ground, and satisfying herself where she should be nearest to

the "misses," Friday took up her quarters with Aunt Dolly, almost without consulting Aunt Dolly on that subject. Certainly she came to no agreement such as is customary among white races at the present moment, or in that social system which we call civilized. The truth is that a certain trace of feudalism may be found, all through the arrangements of the negro race; and as Friday had determined that her life was to pass for the present in personal attendance upon Rachel, it was natural that she should select a home as near her as might be. As she was fortunately quite indifferent as to the conditions of that home, and as she chose to make herself sufficiently useful to Aunt Dolly, no farther hindrance attended the arrangement than an occasional growl on Aunt Dolly's part, intimating that it should not continue. It did continue, as need not be said, till Tirah determined to leave Georgetown.

We pity such people, because they have few artificial wants. We forget, in our pity, that they generally secure the gratification of those which they have.

At school Tirah declined, from the first, any position but that which she chose the first day. That is to say, she sat on the platform by the side of Rachel's table, making the platform her seat, and keeping her slate and book under the table. In this position she was available for any errand which she chose to undertake, with or without her mistress's order, or for any other duty which she chose to think might add to the mistress's convenience. It was long before Tirah shared that mistress's views as to the uselessness of physical punishment. Had she been permitted to work her sweet will, many a dull girl or boy would have been "lammed" or "licked," as in her forcible dialect she explained to the delinquents at recess time. She kept a good look out on both doors, and would proceed, either, quite without permission, to conduct any negotiation she thought advisable with any wayfarer or visitor. After a little these excursions of Tirah's excited no remark in the school. They were accepted, as in a finite world most things are accepted which cannot be helped. It was probably as the

antics of a lunatic are received in the East as tokens of a certain inspiration. In Tirah's case they were so well meant, and frequently so shrewd in execution and successful in result, that it was impossible to chide them seriously. Rachel herself soon found that the habit of such volunteer and spasmodic assistance must be guided rather than repressed. She kept her eyes well shut, and relied on time and awakening intelligence to do what she saw no orders would do.

Meanwhile, in the services of this redeemed Friday, who like her godfather gave two-fold the duty of a slave, with all the love and loyalty of a freeman, much of the friction of life was unexpectedly lifted from Rachel's shoulders. To do errands well—this alone is a great duty. It gives to angels their name, and that name has, on the whole, become the noblest name of all. For Rachel, from the moment of Tirah's reporting for duty, there was no physical drudging in life. Never did she carry a book from her lodging to the school. Always there was some one to bring an umbrella or an over-shoe; letters to the post-office, messages to Miss Jane Stevens, flowers to Mrs. Templeman, all went and all came with absolute regularity. Rachel could have sent despatches to the department of state, had she been in the political line, and would have received, to a certainty, the well-taped or well-waxed reply. Let Tirah know what was needed, and had it been a white stone from the bed of the Potomac, the stone would have appeared.

On the other hand, she learned, as no other scholar in the school learned. At her heart she depised every process in the school. For white and red and green chalks, as tools for gay ornament of the blackboards, she had a thorough admiration. For the numerals which they most often traced there, she had a perfect contempt. A book, if her mistress bade her take it to the school-room, was as precious as a roc's egg to Aladdin. But the jots and tittles on its pages were, to her notion, the meanest invention of the enemy. Slates and pencils had a certain interest for her, after Smart Fairburn had initiated her into the

mysteries of tit-tat-too. But for the processes of arithmetic she expressed scorn undisguised. Strange to say, Aunt Dolly could give to her a five-dollar bill, could send her to market with it, and on her return would receive the poultry, the potatoes, the eggs, the butter and whatever else had been ordered, and every cent and dime and dollar of the change right to a fraction. How this was done, by what process of exchange or political economy, Tirah scorned to explain. She was, in such matters, unto herself a law.

But Rachel had simply to say that she wished Tirah to learn to read and write and to do the sums, and it was enough; Rachel explained that she would be more useful to her, but Tirah did not care for that. She had never heard of Mr. Bentham, nor of Mr. Mill, nor would she have listened to them had they explained the doctrine of utility. "Yes, miss; I'll larn, miss;" that was all; and to Aunt Dolly, "Misses ses so, and I'll do it." The loyal love she bore her teacher would have sent the girl through fire. And the same loyal love did what was much more difficult. It sent her through the alphabet and the multiplication table.

CHAPTER VIII.

Day follows day and night succeeds to night
The watchmen write and watch, and watch and write.
Fortescue.

THREE MORE LETTERS.

So summer sped by,—and so autumn came on. No vacation for Rachel Fredet and the "Advanced Primary." If the scholars wanted holidays they took them, with little hesitation. But when one wave swept backward from that beach, another swept in. And Miss Jane Stevens and Rachel Fredet stood loyal, ready to pick up any poor waif or stray which might be thrown upon the shore.

Here is a little scrap of a circular letter which Rachel sent to all the girls, late in September.

"—Yes. I see that I write less and less. And, as I love you all the same and say just the same to each, it is better that I should write one long letter to all, than three

short ones. The truth is that there is never any time to write till I have finished tea, and made up all the reports, and then, though it is so nice to scribble to you, darlings, I always know just as well as I know anything, that I ought to be in bed.

"Clara! to think of your getting over to make a visit to Percy! Now if you only could lash yourselves to some raft of logs, and float down the Susquehanna to Chesapeake Bay, and then walk across here clad in gunny cloth, as two little contrabands did yesterday! Oh, dear! not one face from Aunt Huldah's have I seen since I came here. But I cannot believe that summer is gone. The weeks fly! I cannot tell what I do. It seems as if I did nothing. But the time rattles off like the silk from a machine. To be sure I am a thousand years older than the night of the play—

'Oh bête que je suis.'

I am, however, threatened with an earthquake. As we say in the army, my marching orders may come any day. There is to be a school opened somewhere in Virginia, and as our number here fell off a little, it has been proposed that I shall be transferred there. Do not be afraid that I shall go alone. For wherever I go, you may be sure that my man Friday, as dear Mrs. Templeman calls Tirah, will go with me, to carry my hand luggage and to confound my enemies.

"There! one candle has sputtered out, and I cannot trust the other! A thousand kisses from your poor dear

RA."

Clara and Percy to Rachel.

(In Clara's writing.)—"Adopting the circular plan, you are respectfully requested to refer this to Adjutant General Thekla for her instruction and for answer. There, dear old chief of staff, where do you think that your irrepressible Clara learned so much of your grand lingo of camps and courts?

"Why, you must know that some other folks can serve the State, and prepare reports, and sign requisitions beside your own dear, darling, old high-mightiness. Only the second day after I arrived at Percy's house, there came on, oh! such a woe-begone letter from Colonel Ramsdinn, who was, or

thought he was, a second cousin or half-second step-cousin, three steps removed, to Percy's mother's aunt. (Between ourselves I believe he is no such thing.) Anyway, he is a gentleman right through, though he is a rebel; and, Rachel, he is very sick, or rather, he was. He is better now. But when he thought he was dying, one of the nurses here told him that Mrs. Bradstreet's maiden name was Ramsden,—and so, as I say, he thought maybe she was his cousin. And maybe she was and maybe she wasn't. I don't know, nor do I much believe in that part."

(In Percy's writing.)—"Clara will never get on, so I take the pen. He is mother's cousin, there's no doubt of it. Two brothers came over together—or rather not together, but separate. One came to Boston and one came to Virginia. They spell their names with an i and double n; and mother spells hers with an e and one n. All the same he is our cousin, and I know he was forced into the war, though he is too brave to say so. He is better now, as Clara says, and we are to have him at our house if some board or something give him a permit, or if he can give a parole. He is not in our ward.

"As soon as we got the letter, my aunt and uncle came right over. It is only thirty-five miles by the turnpike, though it is longer by rail. And Clara came too. Well, when we got here it proved that all this hospital was in the care of the Commission. No, it is not. If they knew I said that I should be arrested. It is an army hospital as much as any of them. But every ward has the help of Commission ladies, and by the greatest good luck they were short of hands when we came, and Clara and I begged and prayed and were left here. She ranks as a second assistant's clerk in Ward K, and I rank as a second assistant in the special diet kitchen. She is under the dearest, sweetest little bit of a Quaker lady you ever saw, Hannah Forsyth, and my chief is perfectly splendid. She is one of the Woltmans of St. Lawrence County; and, is it not queer? her niece is the half sister of that Grey girl who was going to come to school last year, and did not, when Jane Eustace

did come. They say we do some good Rachel; I know I do my best, and I learn something that I never learned in the old physiology books. How I did hate them to be sure!

"The saddest is, dear child, that our poor boys are so home-sick. I suppose you hate all rebels, but that is because you are at the front. I don't want to be at the front now, if I've got to learn that. Rachel, they are real home-sick. A great many of them can't write, and I don't think their people can write. They never have any letters, and we never get any of their newspapers. General Ord just sent one *Richmond Whig* one day, and I thought they would read it to pieces. Why, I read that old paper through three times, every word of it, from the advertised letters to the bits of furniture for sale. And some of it was awful: I thought it would blister my tongue. But I read it, for half my boys can't read at all. And they were just as good and grateful as they could be. And Colonel Ramsdinn came to me afterwards, and said he must apologize for the paper, but that he was sure the editor never thought where it was going to."

(Pen resumed by Clara.)—"I am begging and praying papa to let me stay here all winter. But I am afraid he'll come for me. Perhaps I can go down to the hospital in Narragansett Bay. We get letters from there sometimes, and I have to answer them. There's a man lost that I have written no end of letters about. Wherever he is, he can't speak; and it is thought he has lost his descriptive list, and so it was thought that my nice Will Edson, who sings all day long, and is the life of the ward—rank secesh from Goldsborough, might be this lost William Eddison of the Marine Corps, who had his tongue shot out in Mobile Bay. But he is not, and they shan't have Will, though he is a rebel, to make a dumb marine of!"

[Then on a little separate scrap.] "Rachel, it is better that I am here than at auntie's. My aunt has consented, and I am to stay here all winter. Anyway, as that man said on the train, I look forward and not back, here. Mamma and papa are nicely; they are at Pau for the winter."

From Thekla Oelrich to Rachel Fredet.

"—Wo is me! You and the others serve the state, and I can only stand and wait. See, in my waiting I turn poet. I am so glad this hospital service turned up for our dear motherless Clara. For me, I have nothing more exciting than Dr. Prentiss's Mission Sunday School. But I bate no jot of hope. I carried to the school fifteen book-marks yesterday, with my dear old astronomer's motto:

'LOOK UP AND NOT DOWN.'

I believe I was more afraid the first day I went, than you among your wild-cats, or Clara among her rebels. Dear Doctor Prentiss has summoned this school from the high-ways and the by-ways. But he knew no more what to do with them, when he got them, than if they had been hawks and gulls with feathers, while in fact they had none. Nor had they any other wedding-garments. The parable fitted them well! There was one class of great hulking boys, who, I said, never ought to have been permitted to come, and meek little Mr. Anstice could not bear to send them away. So the day I reported for duty, he takes me right up to these pirates.

"Rachel! I sat down, and pretended not to be frightened.

"'Do I look like a lady?' said I.

"One of them said he thought I was a bully sort of person; and the others snickered.

"'If I am a lady, you will treat me like a lady. Take off your hats.' Two of the worst of them had on their hats still, by way of defying Mr. Anstice.

"Well, they took them off. I triumphed then, and since then no one has ever had more loyal attendants than I have in them. I followed up my shot. 'Do you like my dress, William?' I said to the only boy I had ever seen before. He said meekly that he did. 'So do I; and I want to go away as neat as I came. I don't want the people on the street to say Miss Oelrich has been to Mr. Anstice's Sunday School, and that is why she is all draggled with tobacco.' Nobody said anything, but when I turned to get the Bibles, six boys emptied their mouths, and six tobacco quids flew into the

church yard. We are getting on splendidly now. But all this seems very small, compared with your great history transactions.

"Pray write just as long letters as you can. I read them at the president's, I read them at the union, I read them everywhere. They have really renewed the life of our Aid Society, and Mr. Corliss of the *Phoenix* begs me for passages that he may print. So if cannot teach contrabands, I can hold up the hands of those that do. Dear Bertha has gone to dear Aunt Huldah's. She writes as if she were homesick; and I—am I not as homesick without her as she without me!"

So Thekla has yet to learn that her little pivot in the great machine is quite as important as the longest belt, or the shaft that groans most loudly of them all!

CHAPTER IX.

"To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."

—Coleridge.

RACHEL began one more circular letter to the girls which was never finished. Here is the beginning of it:

"Friday Morning.

"How I wish you could all look in on me in my great school-room,—and pay your homage to its queen. It is so quiet—so unusually quiet let me say—that I am tempted to try to write here; and generally that is impossible. But this morning everything works well. There are no new scholars to be entered, and no lost ones to be hunted for. Miss Jane Stevens has not sent a requisition, and"—

What other elements of peace Rachel would have dwelt upon do not appear on the record. At the moment when she had written thus far, Tirah laid down her slate quietly on the platform, and, without order on the one hand or explanation on the other, walked down the long passage to the door and opened it. By some magnetism unknown to the others, the girl had known that Mrs. Templeman's carriage was coming down the street; and at the same moment when Tirah appeared on one side of the door, the coachman drew up his horses on the other.

Tirah herself opened the carriage door and gave her hand to Mrs. Templeman, who descended with her usual eagerness. But in all her haste to see Rachel, she did not forget to ask Friday about her own progress and accomplishments; hardly refraining, as she said to Rachel a few minutes after, from enquiries about the Spaniards, the savages, Friday's father, Tom Atkins and the rest of the Robinson Crusoe connection.

"Dear child," she said in an undertone to Rachel, "I am afraid it is all settled. There was a special meeting at my house last night; there are letters from the Governor, from New York, very long and careful letters from the Culpeppers, and here, dear child, I have a long and careful letter from your Aunt Huldah, as you call her, this charming Miss Merriam. How I wish I had ever had such a teacher. I have done my best in urging the claim of this region and this school, but it seems as good as determined that you shall go."

And she looked anxiously into Rachel's face, almost tearfully, to see how she would bear the announcement.

But Rachel was very brave. "Dear Mrs. Templeman," she said, "what are any of us for? Only remember that I came here as much a stranger as I shall go there. Dear Mrs. Templeman, what is the difference? When I came here was I not wholly a stranger? Of course I cannot hope to find you everywhere." And here in spite of her bravery the girl's eyes brimmed over. Mrs. Templeman's were flowing already.

"But we must not sit here crying! And I must not be hindering the school!" she cried. "That is not what I came for. Send Friday here for Miss Jane Stevens, and we will have the last great congress of conspirators. Only I wish some of that hard-hearted central Board could see this room at this moment, and see what it is which they destroy in their fanaticism."

So Tirah was dispatched for Miss Jane Stevens. And the two friends tried to think of something agreeable, as people will in the face of sorrow and parting. "Let me show you," said Rachel, opening her portfolio, "let me show you what I promised you,—my contribution for your new grammar.

"There is the verb, 'I dun it,' in all its forms of the indicative, as I have heard it certainly a thousand times while these three months went by."

And she gave to her neatly copied in Tirah's newly acquired hand-writing, this paradigm.

"I DUN."

Present.

I dun it.

You dun it.

He dun it.

We or us uns dun it.

You uns dun it.

They uns dun it.

Imperfect.

I dun dun it.

You dun dun it.

He dun dun it.

We or us uns dun dun it.

You uns dun dun it.

They uns dun dun it.

Perfect.

I gone dun dun it.

You gone dun dun it.

He gone dun dun it.

We or us uns gone dun dun it.

You uns gone dun dun it.

They uns gone dun dun it.

Pluperfect.

I dun gone dun it.

You dun gone dun it.

He dun gone dun it.

We or us uns dun gone dun it.

You uns dun gone dun it.

They uns dun gone dun it.

First Future.

I gwine dun it.

You gwine dun it.

He gwine dun it.

We or us uns gwine dun it.

You uns gwine dun it.

They uns gwine dun it.

Second Future.

I dun gwine dun it.

You dun gwine dun it.

He dun gwine dun it.

We or us uns dun gwine dun it.

You uns dun gwine dun it.

They uns dun gwine dun it.

"This is too funny. You are as bright as you are good."

"Bright! This is only to write down what I hear every day. You can hear it too. Jeanette, come here!"

"Jeanette, did you and Betsey put away the towels after I left school yesterday?"

Jeanette's whole face beamed, and her white teeth shone, as the poet Antar would say, like a full moon breaking through the clouds.

"No, miss! not then, miss! Miss Jane Stevens, she spoke to we uns, miss, fust; so us uns done gone done it afore you told us, miss."

"Thank you, Jeanette!" And Jeanette withdrew, unconscious that she had knitted up a dropped stitch in the philology of the world.

"Thank you for it a thousand times," said Mrs. Templeman. "I shall send it to Max Muller for my contribution towards the grammar of the Congo-Aryan races. Only—dear me, my studies must end just where they begin."

"For shame!" said Rachel, laughing; "now you be gwine done gone beginning all over again, you be, miss. You must not talk of the dark things, you must talk of the bright ones. Did not I live without you all through the recess; and as soon as Father Abraham is inaugurated, will not you come with the General and see my new headquarters? And then will you not wonder to see Tirah keep the school, while I sit on a cushion and sew up a seam? and will we not ransack the whole valley but you shall have strawberries and sugar and cream."

"Seams enough!" said poor disconsolate Mrs. Templeman, who would not be comforted in the impending parting. "Poor dear child, I wish I thought anything was before you besides sewing up seams."

Of this parting the cause was this: General Mackaye, one of the keenest and most enthusiastic of the young northern brigadiers in command of colored troops, held an isolated post in one of the valleys of Virginia, where he was for the first time in an almost independent command. Three-fourths of his subjects—for at martial law

they were his subjects—were negroes, as all his soldiers were, except his officers. He had the wish which any true-hearted and far-sighted officer would have had, to improve circumstances so favorable for setting on foot the very best arrangements for the freed men. He had been in close communication with the newly-established Freedman's Bureau, and had made himself respected there—not to say beloved—among its officers. He found his requisitions were readily answered, as those of a man whose "head was level," as the phrase then was; and he could not but wish to add a school for children to the little church which he had re-opened, and to the other institutions, which, perhaps with hot-bed rapidity, he had called into being. When he communicated with his friends, all of whom were eager to oblige him, it happened that Rachel Fredet's name had been mentioned as that of a successful teacher. And, after some of these friends had reported to him regarding her school, he himself, in correspondence with the Bureau, asked if this lady might not be detached from Constitution Barracks to Laurens Harbor, the mountain valley where he was posted. It is but right to say that in asking this, he did not know whether Miss Fredet was young or old, plain or pretty, charming or stupid. He only knew that she was the head of a successful school; and he had enough of the army officer in him to "get the best" as our publishers say, if he could by asking for it.

He made his "requisition" for Miss Fredet in more respectful terms than if it had been a requisition for fixed ammunition. It was in form a request. Still, coming as it did from an officer whom the Bureau, and indeed every one else, was eager to oblige, it took almost the form of a command. In practice it was even obeyed as such.

It is but fair to say all this to free General Mackaye's credit; to explain that he had no thought of the ties he was breaking, or the pain he was giving to Mrs. Templeman and to Rachel. But such was in fact the reason, why Mrs. Templeman's visit announced the breaking up of the school, and a complete change in Rachel's life.

"After all," said Rachel, "if Miss Guish

had not been transferred to Florida, perhaps I should not have known you."

"My dear, you would," said Mrs. Templeman, kissing her. "Some things are settled in heaven."

But at this moment all sentiment turned into another direction. Indeed it seemed as if the school might be broken up by a shorter process yet than the ladies spoke of.

Dratt, rat-tat-tat, tat,—rat-a-tat.

The rapid heels of cavalry dashing by the school, silenced all conversation, and started every scholar from his books. Discipline was perfect now, and the ranks were not broken. Only Tirah, wholly without orders, went to the door to reconnoitre. A whole regiment passed; close behind, in rapid order, a battery. Tirah digested such information as she received from the passers, and came back hastily.

"The Rebs is comin', miss. They is up on the river at Great Falls. Sartin' they is, mum. Whole Union army ordered up the road; sartin true, miss, they is; see um yourself, miss;" and she pulled up the curtain of the side window. Mrs. Templeman's coachman verified the scout's report. There was an alarm above, which was sufficiently well-founded, to make the commander at Washington send to the relief of the posts there, the regiments and batteries which were passing and would be passing for some hours. Clear enough, therefore, that there would be no more school that day.

Rachel took her chance, in the pause between one regiment and the next, to dismiss the smallest scholars in the charge of those more reliable, with no end of warnings and instructions. But she kept on her own staff the largest boys.

"Did you not see how that man who broke ranks carried our bucket all along the platoon? Run Smart, run Dick, Barney, Michael, George, all of you—go to Miss Jane Stevens; go to Mrs. Dorety; go to John Flynn's; go anywhere where they are good to you, and borrow pails and dippers. John and Tony, bring Dinah's two large tubs. Quick now, all of you, before the next regiment comes!"

"My dear, you should be a Major General."

"I will begin by being a *cantinière*. Hard if the boys must go into battle thirsty." And as her tubs arrived, she set her staff to fill them. One and another of the negro mothers clustered round and helped; sometimes by advice, and sometimes by more muscular Christianity.

They were scarcely ready before a battalion of marines, exciting the wonder of the children, not to say of their seniors, by their somewhat quaint and old-fashioned uniform, passed by, with a precision of movement by this time quite unusual in the hard-worked army. An improvised battalion of good-natured sailors followed. This display startled Mrs. Templeman.

"Time I was at home, dear, and you must come too! If they are stripping the Navy Yard they are pressed indeed."

"Good-by! Good-by! you ought to go! But you know I ought to stay. Good-by."

"Yes, my sweet child," said the lady slowly and sadly. "Yes, of course I know it, and of course you will stay. Oh! God bless you and keep you!" and she flung herself on Rachel's neck to kiss her for the last time.

She was gone! Would Rachel ever see her again?

The staff of ready helpers carried out their buckets to the marines and sailors; and the officers grateful for the attention, halted the men by companies that they might drink, and then at double-quick hurried them up to join the column. Rachel had four tubs now, and negro women enough to keep two filled, while from the others the boys were dipping. The sailors passed by.

Then what a cheer woke the welkin! For in the next regiment were the husbands and brothers and sons of these very women. Here was a colored Maryland regiment hurried up from their camp below the city. The men had not had their uniforms a week. The women did not know they had them.

"Is your husband there?" asked Rachel, kindly.

"Aaron, mum? Oh no, mum; he's only a infant; he only drills."

But a moment more, as the regiment halted in turn, there was Aaron, within two of the sidewalk, large as life, and in his tight-buttoned coat, not in the least natural. One scream of delight, and Dinah herself, who last saw him on the eastern shore, gives to him with her own hand, the farewell draught of cold water.

Rub, dub! "Attention, company! Forward march!"

"Good-by! God bless you! God bless you!" and that company was gone.

Poor Dinah and the rest stood bravely at the pump and at the tubs, though they were sobbing and crying. Rachel knew most of them. But to one care-worn young woman, black as jet, who spoke no word, nor sobbed nor sighed, Rachel had to introduce herself as a stranger.

"Do you know any of them?" she asked, kindly.

"I? Oh no, miss. I knows nobody. Nobody knows me. I come up from Florida, miss, on the Oriental."

And Rachel understood the home-sickness of a stranger who had no right even to weep where others wept.

"Company halt!" and another company halted. "Order arms! Parade rest! Sergeants, see to your men!"

And a handsome natty black sergeant, well set up, and every inch a soldier, turned and touched his hat to Rachel, whose boys, however, were already running down the lines.

"Oh, God in heaven! Oh, sweet Jesus! Harry! Harry!" cried the lone woman. "Harry! my own Harry!"

And the smart sergeant turned and was in his wife's arms!

It was six years since he had been sold into Louisiana and she into Florida when their master in Virginia went into bankruptcy.

For these six years they had trusted and waited and believed in God.

THE ROYAL MOTHER OF A ROYAL RACE.

AMONG those friends of the Saxon dynasty who upon the final conquest of England by the Normans, sought asylum in Scotland from the alleged oppressions of the latter, was the unfortunate Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Saxon line, together with his mother, Agatha, and his two sisters, Margaret, and Christiana.

Edgar Atheling received his surname, which signifies prince royal, from the circumstance that he was heir to the Anglo-Saxon throne at the death of Edward the Confessor, the last of the Saxon kings. Edmund Ironside, the elder brother of the Confessor, had a son named Edward, known as Edward the outlaw, or exile, who was sent by the Danish usuper Canute into Sweden to be put to death; but the Swedish monarch spared his life and sent him to the Hungarian court, where he was educated. He subsequently married Agatha, a relative of the emperor Henry, and from that union sprang Edgar Atheling and the two sisters already mentioned, Margaret and Christiana. At the invitation of Edward the Confessor, the outlaw with his family finally returned to England, where he shortly after died. The Confessor dying A. D. 1066, Edgar of course stood next in descent and in the rights of inheritance. His youth, however, and the delicacy of his constitution, combined with a weakness of character which frequently results from want of physical energy, induced his rival claimants to come forward—Harold, son of Earl Godwin, and William, Duke of Normandy, both of whom were distantly related to the late monarch. The influence of Rome and the success of the Norman arms bore down all opposition, and in due time William was crowned in Westminster Abbey, and the Saxon dominion was at an end in England forever.

Soon after the arrival of these illustrious fugitives in Scotland, probably about A. D. 1070, Margaret, the elder of the two princesses, was espoused to Malcolm III., king of Scotland, a prince of great energy and valor, and whose subsequent long and illus-

trious reign, as well as his association with some of the most marked characters in the early annals of his country, render him one of the most conspicuous, not to say commanding, figures of that remote period.

Malcolm was the elder son of Duncan, who ascended the throne of Scotland, A. D. 1033—"the gracious Duncan" who, after a reign of six years, fell by the dagger of Macbeth;—"names," says Sir Walter Scott, "woven into that most thrilling tale of ambition and remorse that ever struck awe into a human bosom."

Dispossessed of his kingdom for nearly seventeen years, Malcolm, surnamed Canmore, having at length utterly crushed the aforementioned avenging usurper, ascended the throne A. D. 1057.*

The accession of this monarch was followed by many events which ultimately led to most important changes in the manners and customs of his subjects. But that event which, above every other, was destined to be influential for good, not only on Malcolm's personal character but on the institutions and fortunes of the country, was one to which reference has already been made—his marriage with Margaret, grand-

* Macbeth originally was the lord of the remote district of Ross, where it is probable he was all but nominally independent of royal authority. His lady, whose real name was Gruoch, had regal blood in her veins—being the granddaughter of Kenneth IV., surnamed the Grim, who had been slain fighting against King Malcolm II. Both these parties had deadly injuries to avenge on the present king. Macbeth's father had been slain by Malcolm, grandfather of the reigning monarch; while, not only had the grandfather of his lady been dethroned and killed, and her father assassinated by the same hand, but her first husband, Gilcomgain, lord of Moray, had, by this same Malcolm, been burned, together with no less than fifty of his retainers, in his own castle. Nay, it was while effecting her escape, along with her infant son Lulac, from the blood-stained hands of this relentless foe, that seeking refuge in the district of Ross, this woman seems to have been first introduced to Macbeth. The latter at once sympathized with her in her misfortunes, generously tendered to her the protection of his castle, and swore to do all in his power to avenge her injuries, and to redress her wrongs. In due time this lady, not unnaturally, rewarded the devotion of her truly knightly protector, by bestowing on him her all—her heart and her hand. Meantime, instigated thus at once by ambition and

daughter of Edmund Ironside, and grand-niece of that very Edward the Confessor, at whose court he had himself passed so many of his earlier years. Mr. Freeman expresses the opinion that Margaret had doubtless been acquainted with, not to say actually espoused to, Malcolm during the days of King Edward. At all events, the marriage of the Scottish king with the sister of the English Atheling was now not long delayed. Malcolm's first wife, Ingeborg, the mother of two young earls, must have been removed in some way, and for Malcolm's sake, we may hope by death rather than by divorce. But the eagerness for the match was largely, not to say wholly, on Malcolm's side. And well indeed might he be bent on such an alliance. Margaret was, to be sure, a banished wanderer; yet both her personal merits, and the splendor of her descent, set her far above such wives as the kings of Scots had hitherto taken to share their thrones. "None of Malcolm's predecessors had ever had the chance of wooing a bride whose fathers were the whole line of West Saxon kings, and whose mothers' kin went up to the Cæsars."

Meantime, both the sisters of Edgar were inclined to a "religious" life. Christiana actually took the veil, and eventually became the stern abbess of a famous English monastery. At first, we are informed, not only Margaret herself, but her brother

revenge, Macbeth attacked and slew Duncan, not as the dramatist alleges, in his own castle at Inverness, but at a place called Bothgowan.

Macbeth at once ascended the throne to which, it has been said, his title according to the Scotch rule of succession was better than that of Duncan. He appears to have been, in reality, a just and equitable prince; and there is reason to believe his administration was conducted with great ability, and to the general satisfaction of the people. The adherents of the family of the murdered monarch, however, resisted his authority from the first. After several unsuccessful attempts to dispossess him, they were at length joined by Siward, Danish Earl of Northumberland, whose relation Duncan had married, and by Macduff, lord of Fife, whose patriotism is said to have been inflamed by certain personal injuries. These two powerful chiefs, having espoused the cause of young Malcolm, who, on his father's death, had fled to England, advanced against Macbeth at the head of a formidable army. The contest was protracted nearly two years, when Macbeth was defeated and slain at Sumphanan, Aberdeenshire, December 5, 1056, in the seventeenth year of his reign.

and all her companions, utterly refused to listen to the king's suit. If this be strictly true, the fact would seem effectually to controvert Mr. Freeman's theory that Malcolm and Margaret had been affianced in early life. The love of the king, however, was not to be withstood. The marriage vow was finally plighted—unwillingly, says the historian, on Margaret's part—not, we may reasonably suppose, so much because of any lack of personal attractions on the part of her royal lover; but rather, simply because of her previous and long cherished prejudices in favor of a religious, or conventual life. And most assuredly was it a good day, not only for Malcolm, but for all Scotland, when Margaret was thus persuaded, or constrained, to exchange the easy self-dedication of the cloister for the harder task of presiding exemplarily in a palace—of doing her whole duty in that state of life so conspicuous and responsible, to which it had pleased God to call her.

Margaret was beautiful, accomplished, cultured, but best of all, eminently pious; and, from first to last, she continued to exert over the somewhat fierce and impetuous character of her royal and adoring husband, a most salutary influence. Though anything but religious himself, Malcolm yet most profoundly respected the religion of his spouse, was manifestly fearful of offending her, and ever listened most devoutly and earnestly to her admonitions. Whatever she loved, or disliked, he also loved, or disliked. Although he could scarcely read, as it is said, yet he frequently turned over her prayer-books, and reverently kissed her favorite volumes, having them often adorned with gold, and presenting them to her lover-like as a token of his devotion. They lived thus happily together for twenty-one years, he always the same knightly, chivalric husband to her; she, by her gentleness, amiability, prudence, and good sense, ever maintaining over his fiery impetuous temper, that complete and sweet control which won him more victories than even his own valiant and imperial arm.

Nor was Margaret's influence by any means limited to her salutary control over her husband. To her Malcolm seems to

have early committed both the religious and the internal policy of his kingdom. Various abuses had crept into the church, as well as among the people; and Margaret diligently employed her learning, not only in instructing her husband, but in controversy with the clergy, urging them earnestly to reform their various errors of doctrine and discipline. At this period the Scottish clergy had sadly neglected the sacraments, and were making but little if any distinction between Sabbath and week days. To the correction of these and similar abuses the queen, in a firm yet temperate manner, addressed herself; wielding the sword of the Spirit, truly, like another St. Helena, for the combatting of errors, and for the convincing of her recreant clergy.

Margaret labored meantime, not only to improve the manners and morals of her people, but withal to elevate their condition generally. We are told by her biographer, the excellent Bishop Turgot, that she encouraged merchants to come from various parts of the world, with their several and precious commodities, never before seen in that country. And thus, not a little probably to the scandal of old-fashioned folk, was first introduced into Scotland that elegance and taste in matters of dress and equipage which has ever been the characteristic of a high civilization. Induced, we are told, by the king, to array themselves in these new-fashioned and often highly ornamented vestments, the people in their own delighted eyes seemed to become new beings, and, doubtless, took a long and permanent stride forward and upward in their own sense of self-respect.

The queen, though a model of meekness and modesty, was yet magnificent in her own attire; as she was also courtly and cultivated in her manners. She exerted herself meanwhile to introduce into her own, and into the abodes of her nobles, elegant furniture and costly plate; while, by splendid pageantry, she taught her people how suitably to honor their king on great public occasions.

In the management of her own household, the queen displayed such a wise mixture of strictness and kindness, dignity and con-

descension, that she was equally loved and revered by all of whatever rank who approached her. She entertained many ladies, employed their leisure hours, mother-like, in the amusements of the needle; paying meantime strict attention to the decorum of their conduct. In her presence, it is said, nothing unseemly was ever said or done. Refined without being vain or superficial; a "society woman" without being worldly-minded; a patron at once of luxury and of industry, yet without ever being extravagant on the one hand, or parsimonious on the other, Margaret, whether employed in admonishing negligent priests, or in introducing some new and expensive pattern of furniture or dress, evidently always aimed solely at the highest elevation and improvement of her adopted people.

But, perhaps, in no otherwise does the exalted virtue of this noble woman shine out more radiantly or conspicuously, than in her deeds of benevolence and self-denial. She seems never to have quite forgotten her early consecration to a life of humble, blessed service.

She appears to have lived to do good, and no one was too poor to be the object of her bounty: not merely, indeed, in public and more or less ostentatious almsgiving, in feeding indigent orphans with her own hands, ministering at table to crowds of persons, and even washing their feet, was her beneficence exhibited; but in secret acts of charity, and especially in her unwearied efforts to relieve the necessities, and to ameliorate the condition of her own Saxon countrymen, of both high and low degree, who had been expelled from their homes by the oppressions of the Norman invaders. Hundreds of these unhappy exiles had reason to rejoice and to thank God that they had so powerful and sympathizing a friend at court. Many of these, by the want of the common necessities of life, had from time to time been compelled to sell themselves into slavery, and so became dispersed widely over the country. Moreover, it had long been the custom of the Scottish kings to reduce to slavery or serfdom the Saxon prisoners taken in connection with those wretched border wars that so long raged be-

tween and desolated some of the fairest portions of the two kingdoms.

Nay, according to Mr. Freeman, hardly had Margaret and her fellow-exiles arrived in Scotland, ere Malcolm, fresh from one of his forays, or raids upon his neighbor in Northumberland, returned to his capital rich with this human spoil. Scotland at this time, according to this same excellent authority, was filled with slaves of either sex; there being hardly a village, indeed, or even a house so poor but an English captive was to be seen there in thrall-dom. Meantime, whether exiles or slaves, not only did Margaret readily and patiently lend a listening ear to the appeals and prayers of the same, but even employed agents to go abroad and to seek out such persons, and to inquire into their condition; and whenever their bondage appeared to be oppressive or cruel she, redeemer-like, paid their ransom, and restored them to liberty.

Margaret's piety, it needs hardly be added, was sincere and fervent, though it must be admitted somewhat tinged with the asceticism characteristic of the Christianity of the period. This, indeed, would seem to have been almost the only blemish or weakness on the character of this otherwise truly saintly queen. Her vigils, fasts and mortifications were often such as, without doubt, seriously to impair her health. When, however, we remember that, as just suggested, these ascetic views of religion were universally prevalent in the Christian church of that day, that the very wisest and best of either sex without exception held them, we can hardly wonder at this.

Margaret died in the month of August, A. D. 1093. Shortly previous to this, Malcolm had set out upon a military expedition into England to humble King Rufus. Worn out, it is said, by her vigils and fastings, in connection with this event, she had for some time been suffering from a painful and lingering complaint. Her protracted abstinence, indeed, had brought on excruciating pains in the stomach, which it appeared death alone could remove. Her last moments, though full of suffering, were yet singularly affecting and impressive. To her

minister she said: "To you I commit the charge of my children; teach them above all things to love and to fear God; and should you see any of them attain to the heights of earthly grandeur, O faithfully reprove them lest they be swelled with the pride of momentary glory, and become careless of eternal life."

Her anguish of body being great, after having partaken of the communion, she composed herself upon her couch and calmly awaited the moment of her dissolution. Cold, and in the agonies of death, she ceased not yet constantly to put up her supplications to heaven. Just at this crisis her son Edgar, returning from the army, where Malcolm had long been besieging Alnwick castle, approached his mother's bedside.

"How fares it, my son, with the king and my Edward?"

The youth stood silent and tearful.

"I know all," she cried; "I know all. By this holy cross, by all your affection for your dying mother, I adjure you tell me the truth, and the whole truth."

He answered: "Your husband and son are both slain."

Lifting her eyes and hands to heaven, she exclaimed: "Praise and blessing be to Thee, Almighty God, that thou hast been pleased to make me endure such bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me from the corruption of my sins; and thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who, through the will of the Father hast enlivened the world by thy death, O deliver me! deliver me!"

While yet pronouncing the words, "deliver me, deliver me," she fell asleep.

And thus passed away one who would have been illustrious in any age, but who, in all that goes to make intellectual greatness, breadth and power of character, womanhood and true nobility of soul, immeasurably transcends her own time; and hardly less, indeed, towers above her sex, whether on or off the throne, in any generation. Early transplanted by the rude hand of fortune to a foreign and congenial clime, and surrounded largely by an imported, and hence selfish and time-serv-

ing nobility, instead of relinquishing either her culture or her religion, and taking on the manners of her new situation, she retained both, and unreservedly, and with the most unswerving constancy, devoted herself to the task of elevating her people to her own plane.

"Margaret," says Mr. Freeman, "became the mirror of wives, mothers and queens, and none ever more worthily earned the honors of saintship, afterwards accorded to her by her church. Her gentle influence refined and reformed all that needed refinement or reform in her husband; and none labored more diligently than she for the advancement of all temporal and spiritual enlightenment in her adopted country. There was, indeed, no need for Margaret to bring a new religion into Scotland; but she gave a new life to the religion which she found existing there."

Nor is the historical and political aspect of Margaret's career less remarkable or significant than the social and ecclesiastical. It was through Margaret that, as already intimated, the old kingly blood of England passed into the veins of the descendants of the conqueror. The illustrious King Robert Bruce was a descendant, on his mother's side, from Malcolm and Margaret. The granddaughter of the latter, Margery Bruce, married Walter Stewart, or Stuart—a name derived from the office held by his ancestors for generations in the royal household—and thus became the mother of the first of the Stuart kings of Scotland—Robert II. Later, the marriage of another English Margaret* widely different from the sister of Edward Atheling, with one of these Scottish Stuart kings,

James IV., may be said to have completed the work which the earlier marriage had so auspiciously begun. In three generations or exactly the space of one hundred years from this date, the descendants of this second Margaret, in the person of James VI. of Scotland, contrived, by an alleged hereditary right, to place themselves on the throne which the immediate descendants of the elder Margaret had striven so long, but in vain, to win. It is an interesting reflection that, in the person of Queen Victoria, who alone of all the English queens approaches the subject of this sketch in real dignity, excellency and elevation of womanly character, a lineal descendant and representative of Margaret of Scotland sits to-day on the throne of Great Britain. Across the abyss of centuries, Margaret and Victoria—two as noble women as ever illustrated the annals of royalty—may join hands.

Margaret may be regarded as putting the finishing stroke, in the land of her adoption, to the process that was fast making Scotland English. As the result of his own early and somewhat protracted residence in England, Malcolm was doubtless qualified not only to appreciate and approve but withal materially to help on this spread of English influence in Scotland. But it was pre-eminently the coming of Margaret and of the English exiles that finally and effectually settled this matter.

The kings of Scots that sprung from Malcolm and Margaret were emphatically Englishmen—speaking the English language, bearing English names, ranking as highest English nobles, and never wholly without hopes of the English crown.

R. H. Howard.

A BIT OF FLOTSAM.

THERE is a little sheltered spot on the south-eastern coast of Maine, where I go almost every summer, and which seems to me one of the pleasantest sea-side places in

*Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., of England.

the world. Few of my friends share my enthusiasm for it. "There is nothing to be seen but the ocean!" they say. Perhaps it is just this, with the home-like aspect it has grown to wear through long familiarity, which holds the secret of its charm for me.

From the moment when, nearing the end of the long, cross-country ride from the railway-station, the cool salt air strikes my face, thrilling every nerve with that wonderful exhilaration which makes all things seem possible of achievement, until the last narrow, crumpled ribbon of blue fades upon my lingering, backward gaze, the sea is itself a satisfying portion to heart and sense. It is called cruel, relentless—a soulless force which crushes those who trust it; but to me, who know its tender summer aspect best, it is a mighty mother, with face no more monotonous than that one, always the same, yet changing ever, which hung above your cradle or smiled away your childish tears. Only this mother's smiles are the rosy flush of sunrises, the white light flashing from the tops of the ripples, or shivered into prismatic tints on the lip of the breaker; her lingering good-night is the tender, lambent glow of the setting sun fading slowly from the far line where sky and water meet; and her lullabies through the long, glorious nights keep time to the rhythm of planets.

I lodge, year by year, in the same small, old-fashioned cottage, whose one spare suite of rooms, sweet with lavender, opens on a wide veranda, so near the sea that the wind blowing inland sometimes drives a fine mist of salt spray against my cheek.

The mistress of the house is a quaint little figure, that in her soft black gown and folded lace stomacher might have stepped out of one of the old *genre* pictures. Her widow's cap was put on when her hair was brown as the chestnuts that drop on the rocky hillside behind the cottage, but now its snowy frill is scarcely whiter than the soft, smooth bands parted on her forehead beneath it. The expression of her undimmed eyes is refined and kindly, and her old face is still fair, with a little pink flush lingering yet in the cheek, the refracted glow of a youth which set long ago beneath the waves of years.

There is a hotel at the end of the beach, a mile away, and, day after day, we may hear the rumble of carriage wheels and clatter of rapid hoofs on the smooth sand floor, or watch the bright dresses of the bathers

rising and falling with the surf. We care for no nearer view,—my little hostess and I. She sits patiently upon some rock with her knitting, while I wander here and there, tracing evanescent fancies on the wonderful palimpsest of sand, wading in the shallows at low tide for prisoned star-fish and sea-urchins, detaching with infinite pains the pretty, fragile sand-mold left, like a Pompeian cast, by some stranded jelly-fish, or vainly trying to approach the flocks of sand-pipers that keep pace with the edge of the wave in rapid alternate advance and retreat. It is so pleasant, once a year, to be free, aimless, an absorbent only! Then, when I come back deliciously weary from such childish escapades, she talks to me with her gentle voice and old-time accent. She has dwelt so long by the sea, that she seems a part of it all, and I am never tired of her stories.

The one which I shall try to tell you, as nearly as possible in her own words, is perhaps, the saddest and sweetest of them all. "A Bit of Flotsam" I have called it, for the twin floods of waters and of years have given back its secret of love and sacrifice. Remember that the story is hers, and spare me the device of quotation.

It was twenty years ago this very summer. My rooms had been engaged for an English lady and her daughter traveling in this country, who had been directed to me for a quiet boarding place. They would not arrive before the middle of July, and early in May I received a letter from Harry Wilmoughby, asking to come and stay with me for a few weeks. He was "overworked, used up, good for nothing," he wrote; and wanted the sea air and a motherly face to set him up again. Now Harry's mother and I had been friends in our girlhood. She married early, a wealthy Boston gentleman, and died when Harry was a babe. Her husband survived her but a few years, and the lad was left with a large fortune and no near kin in the world. It would have been small wonder if the dangerous legacy had been his ruin; but Providence was faithful to the dying mother's trust, and the boy seemed to walk through his early years with

a guardian angel at his right hand. He went abroad at last, to study—at Heidelberg, I think; and I heard no more of him for some years, until, all at once, he was at home again, and recognized very soon as the most brilliant and hard-working, too, of all the young barristers of Boston. I was very glad to know that his wealth had not made him content with a life of idle luxury, but that he had chosen his work and put into it all the best powers of heart and brain, just as if he had been a poor young fellow with his own way to make in the world.

If I had been a less timid traveler, I think I might have made a special journey to the city to hear him plead some time; for I read so much of his wonderful persuasiveness, the strange, sympathetic power he exercised over judges and juries, whether they would or no. One liberty, it was said, he always gave himself—to decline whatever cases he chose. He would never plead for what he believed to be a guilty cause. Perhaps it was the secret of his power, that he could always mean what he said.

It being still so long to the time for which my rooms were engaged, I wrote him to come as soon as he wished. All the old time when Jane Willoughby—Jane Barton then—and I were together came back to me; and her sweet face seemed plain to me as yesterday. It was so strange to think of her son older by years than she when I saw her last.

It was just at the edge of evening when the coach stopped at my door, and a tall young man got out—a little slowly and wearily, I thought. I went down to the gate to meet him. Jane's own boy! If only his mother could have seen him! Such a clear-cut, handsome face, and dark, true, straight-gazing eyes! He grasped my hand with a smile that won my heart in a moment. "They tell me you loved my mother," he said.

As he came into the lighted room, I saw that he was very pale, and there was a drawn look about the lines of his face, which I did not like. Supper was waiting, but he scarcely tasted it. "It must be the tedious ride that has made me feel so ill,"

he said at last. "I think I'll go to bed now, and wake in the morning quite made over new!"

But he did not rise next morning, poor boy! nor for many a morning after. When the breakfast bell had rung two or three times and he did not come, I went to his room to see what was the matter. There he lay, moaning to himself, half wild, and every vein one throb of fever.

As good luck would have it—though, indeed, I doubt if it is right to call such things luck at all—a great doctor from Boston was staying at the House, who had been ill himself, and forced to leave his practice awhile for a rest. So I had the best advice for Harry from the first. I sent for no one from abroad to help me nurse him; for, as I told you, he had no near relatives, and I thought my old love for his mother, which had seemed to pass over to him as soon as I saw him, might stand him in better stead than the bare skill of hired nurses. But with all that we could do, it was three weeks before the fever turned, and he began to mend, so slowly, at first, that we could scarcely trace the change from day to day.

Just then, what should my old black cook, Rosetta, do but fall ill and have to go away, leaving me with only a young, inexperienced girl in her place! I was at my wit's end, for Harry was in just that state of half-childish weakness that he needed constant watching, and some one in readiness to soothe and amuse him whenever he grew restless.

All at once, I thought of little Faith Denham, up in New Hampshire. Faith's father was a hard-working man, with six children to support off one of those rocky farms that seem fit for nothing but a sheep pasture. Faith was the oldest of the children, and she did her best to help along, sometimes teaching a class of little children in the summer time, or copying for the Portsmouth lawyers, or going for a few weeks together to some one who had sickness or company. I had myself sent for her two or three times, when I had been over-busy. I knew she was a good reader, which Harry would be sure to like; and so bright

and helpful and cheery that her face would light up the sick-room like a spring morning. So I wrote, asking her to come, and, the second evening after, there she was! I could have cried for relief, when she came running in, and kissing me on both my cheeks, put up her hand with a gentle, caressing motion, saying, "How pale and tired you look! But you shall rest now!"

I wish I could make you see my little Faith as she looked to me then. You would not have called her pretty, I think, but there was something in her face better than mere prettiness. Only her eyes were beautiful—I never saw lovelier. Fearless, trusting eyes—like her name, Faith!

Harry fretted a little at thought of a new face, but I felt sure he would not mind Faith after the first. It was odd—courted as he must have been with his money and talents and handsome face; but he seemed to have known but few women, old or young. I suppose it was because of his loving study so much, and never having had any real home.

Surely enough, after a few days he seemed as easy and happy with Faith as if she had been his own sister. Seeing this, and my household matters needing me so much, I left him more and more to her care as he grew stronger. I used to like to hear, through the open door, the steady rise and fall of her voice as she read aloud from some of the books he had brought with him. After a time the readings grew shorter, and I would hear the two voices mingled, and a peal of merry laughter now and then.

"Can you sing, Miss Faith?" he asked one day.

"A few Scotch songs, that my grandmother taught me. She was once a 'Highland lassie.'"

His face flushed with pleasure.

"O let me hear one, please!" he said. "I love the Scotch so dearly!"

And so Faith would sing, with no hesitation or bashful apologies, in a voice sweet and untrained as a wood-bird's. The charm of the child was in her unconsciousness. She never seemed to think of herself. The question with her was only, "Can I help, or

please?" and then she always gave her best, whether much or little.

By-and-by Harry could get out upon the shore in the sunshine, with Faith to carry his camp-chair and books. Then when he had grown far too strong to need such assistance, he would call her with him still. And so the weeks wore on, and I saw it all, yet in my foolish blindness, I had no thought of anything beyond. You will wonder, as I do now; but not the faintest idea of any possible love-making between these two had ever crossed my mind. To me, the bars of social position, education, all the circumstances and relations of the two lives, were absolutely impassable.

So you may guess how startled I was, when going out to join them, one evening, on the veranda, I saw Faith sitting on a low stool at Harry's feet. He had both her hands in his, and was looking down into her eyes. I stopped, struck through by a sudden revelation. As they heard my step, Faith would have risen hastily, but Harry put his hand on her head.

"Sit still, Faith!" he said gently, then to me, "Come and sit here with us."

"Dear friend," he went on in that rich, tender voice of his, "of all the kindness you have shown a lonesome boy, the sending for this little nurse was best of all. Can you not guess why I have grown so strong and well again? She has promised to take care of me always!"

I could not answer. Over and over I said to myself, "Why should I not be glad? There is no man of whom so sweet a girl as Faith is unworthy!" And yet there was an instinct of trouble at my heart, which I had learned to trust. I was painfully confused, and, all the time, I felt Faith's clear eyes scan my face.

"I—I was taken by surprise," I stammered at last; "I hope you may be very happy." My voice sounded cold in my own ears, and an awkward silence fell upon us which Harry was first to break.

"It is late, Faith," he said, "and we must be up betimes for our morning walk, if we are to see Roaring Rock at half-tide." He touched her forehead lightly with his lips, and with a pleasant good-night he left us.

His footsteps were scarcely still when Faith turned and caught my hands. Her own were hot and trembling.

"You think it is wrong, Mrs. Fairly!" she said in a half-whisper. "Yes, yes! I saw it in your face! He is so noble and grand, as far above me as a star. Do not think I cannot see it, too. All the world will wonder and pity him. Yet he says that I—poor, ignorant I—am comfort and strength to him; that he cannot do without me. What shall I do? O, Mrs. Fairly," she hid her face in my lap and burst into uncontrollable weeping, "I love him so."

My whole heart went out to the child, and for the time all my misgivings seemed to vanish. Were not both souls equal in God's sight? Why should she not take this gift freely, as it was offered?

"How could you help it, child?" I said warmly. "Love him and be happy. It is your right."

She lifted her head breathless. The tears on her flushed cheeks glistened in the moonbeams, and her great, dark eyes were full of a wonderful light.

"My right," she repeated softly, as if to herself. "My right?"

"Yes, dear," I said, as I kissed her, "your right. And now you shall worry your head no more with foolish fears and fancies. Good night."

There was a letter next day from Mrs. Gray, the English lady, announcing her speedy arrival with her daughter and maid. Harry's room must be given up, but he begged so hard not to be sent away entirely that I had the south store-chamber cleared and a cot put in it, and Faith made the room bright and neat with white muslin hangings, and pots of pansies and carnations in the windows. I scarcely knew the child, there was such an airy blitheness about her. Flitting here and there like a bird, singing at her work, she seemed a sunbeam with a voice. I love to think of those few happy days. My own youth came back to me as I watched her.

We all dreaded the coming of the new guests. It seemed a strange caprice of Faith's, but she would not rest until she had exacted a solemn promise from Harry and

me that no one should be told of their engagement, and that she should be allowed to assist me as usual.

"Why, child, the secret will surely be guessed," I said.

"No, no," she answered, "it is *ours*. I could not write it even to my mother. I must wait and whisper it in her ear."

When Edith Gray walked with swaying, willowy grace into the breakfast-room behind her mother on that first morning, a slender, shapely figure in a white morning-dress, her head rising from the lace neck-frill stately and fair as a lily, and crowned by waving masses of shining, golden-brown hair, the rose and white of her face pure and clear as the lining of a shell, her blue eyes darkened by the shadow of their heavy curled lashes, I knew that I had never before seen so beautiful a woman. One might pass a long life-time and never meet another. There was about her, too, a perfect grace of manner and address, the expression alike of exquisite breeding and true gentleness of heart.

As I advanced to present Harry, a swift glance of mutual recognition passed between him and the younger lady.

"If I am not mistaken," said Miss Gray, giving him her hand with a frank smile, "Mr. Willoughby was our traveling companion on one never-to-be-forgotten day between Chamouni and Martigny. Mamma, you have not forgotten the gentleman who so kindly exchanged seats with me, and so patiently endured the vicious antics of that mule?"

"Can it be possible?" said Mrs. Gray. "How strange, Mr. Willoughby, that we should chance upon each other here."

"I recognized Miss Gray instantly," said Harry, "although five years have left her taller." His eyes added "and more beautiful," though his lips did not.

"O, yes, I was scarcely more than a child then," laughed Miss Gray.

Established at once on a footing of old acquaintanceship, it was no wonder that they lingered over their coffee, recalling all sorts of delightful memories of travel, and chatting with easy familiarity of a score of places whose names were only dreams of ro-

mance to little Faith and me. She, poor girl, sat drinking it all in with unconscious delight, her cheeks flushed and her lips parted like a child's. Neither she nor I had ever heard Harry talk like that before. I do not think she once remembered, when we rose from the table at last, that he had not addressed one word to her through all the meal. The ladies went into the parlor, and it was but natural that Harry should join them there, while Faith busied herself helpfully about the house, as usual.

I speak of this morning thus particularly, because it was the first of many similar ones. You can imagine how it all happened. The new comers were included now in all the little plans of pleasure. They must be shown the pretty walks about the shore, or driven to "Roaring Rock" and the "Ledge;" they must sail in the little boat which Harry had bought, and timid Mrs. Gray must be supported in her struggles with the surf. The quiet strolls with Faith grew fewer, and the poor little Scotch songs on the veranda at evening were replaced by Edith Gray's guitar and the wonderful tones of a voice which might have coined for its owner uncounted gold upon the stage.

I was restless, ill at ease; all the more because I, too, felt the subtle charm; because I knew in my heart that Edith Gray was good and pure as she was beautiful; that she was all my poor Faith could be, and more—a thousand times more—in all those acquired graces of mind and person which Harry Willoughby's wife ought to wear. I say "ought," for I knew him, though unconsciously to himself, yet by birth and natural instincts, an aristocrat. I could not trust the quiet, undemonstrative affection which had been born in the patient, grateful weakness of his sick chamber. I feared the waking of that passionate heart. The danger he was in seemed all the more terrible because I knew he was drifting unconsciously upon it like a ship, with all sails set.

I watched Faith narrowly. There was no change at first, but after a time I noticed a slight heaviness about her eyes, as if she had not slept. She sang no more at her work, and oftener and oftener she excused herself gently from Harry's call. She was

calm, cheerful, helpful, but something indefinable seemed to have gone from her. I longed to speak to her, but as often as I would have opened my lips, something—I think, now, it was the magnetism of the girl's own will—held me dumb.

One morning, just after breakfast, Harry's voice sounded through the open window: "Come Faith, are you ready? And please tell the ladies that the carriage will be here in a moment."

"Yes, Harry, I will call them," I heard her answer; "but you will excuse me from going, for I have promised to do an errand for Mrs. Fairly."

She ran upstairs, and a moment later, I heard the footsteps and voices of Mrs. Gray and Edith descending. I went hastily to look for Faith, and to tell her that the errand could be deferred without inconvenience.

She was standing at the hall window, concealed from outside view by the shadow of the curtain. Her hands were clenched tightly together, her cheek showed startlingly thin and pale against the crimson cloth, and her whole attitude was one of hopeless misery. Her great, tearless eyes looked down upon the gay group below, Harry assisted Miss Gray to a seat in the carriage, and sprang lightly in beside her.

A sudden storm of indignation shook me. "Faith! darling!" I cried, "this is shameful! It shall not be! I will speak to him myself!"

She started violently at the sound of my voice. Sparks seemed to flash from her eyes and her whole figure dilated. She put up her hand with such an expression as I had never seen her wear.

"Indeed, you shall *not* speak to him!" she cried. Then, in a moment she sank on her knees before me in a passion of remorseful tears, covering my hands with kisses. "O Mrs. Fairly! forgive me! forgive me!" she sobbed. "I did not mean it! I did not know what I said! But O Mrs. Fairly! if you have any love for me, not one word to Harry! Promise me! O promise me!"

I raised her up and held her close to my breast. My own tears were falling fast. What could I do?

"O Mrs. Fairly! say that you forgive me!"

"My child, I have nothing to forgive!" I said. "And I will promise whatever you wish."

She kissed me again and again, then she went into her own little chamber and shut the door. When she came out, a few hours later, her face was calm as ever.

I shall never forget that evening. A land breeze had blown for hours, and the afternoon had been hot and stifling, but now the wind changed, and we all went outside for a breath. No one seemed inclined to talk.

"Sing, Faith!" said Harry, suddenly.

I felt her start. It had been long since he asked her last. There was a little pause, and she began:

"She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie!

She's gane to dwell in heaven!

Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice of God,

For dwellin' out o' heaven!

"O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?

O what'll she do in heaven?

She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,

An' make them mair meet for heaven!"

There was a strange sweetness in her voice, unlike anything I ever heard, as of one beyond all earthly pain and passion. I trembled while I listened.

"Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie!

Thy lips were ruddy and calm!

But gane was the holy breath o' heaven,

To sing the evening psalm!

No one spoke when she had done, but Edith Gray bent and kissed her on the lips.

A sail and lunch at Eagle Island had been planned for next day. We were all to go, but when morning came, Mrs. Gray was suffering from headache. Edith would have remained with her, but she insisted that she only wished to be quiet, so it was arranged that I should stay at home, in case of her needing any attention, and Harry take Miss Gray and Faith in the boat. Harry and Edith were chatting gaily as they set off for the lauding, but Faith was very still. The same new calm was in her face, which it had worn since yesterday. "The mountains shall bring peace," came to my mind, as I looked at her.

They started quite early, for Miss Gray was anxious to collect some pretty varieties of shells which Harry had told her abounded along a little cove on the lee of

the island. The day was beautiful and I felt no anxiety, for Harry was a good sailor, and with Faith at the tiller, felt wholly at home upon the water.

Alas! how little we know what the next hour may bring! Do you know what a "white squall" means? A summer day, a cloudless sky, sea flowing smooth as liquid glass, sails all set to the light breeze, rippling foam parted about the prow and meeting in a long wake of light behind the rocking boat; then, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, with no warning from above or beneath save one white crest of spray away to the windward, sweeping down with the rush of the hurricane—the tempest has passed; and behind it are splintered masts and shivered sails, and, too often, a capsized boat and poor souls struggling in the yeasty sea!

Thus it was with the little craft that held our three precious lives. I do not like even now to think of that hour! It is all like a horrible dream,—the running to and fro of helpless women—for the fishermen who lived nearest were all away for their day's work; the beating of the cruel surf upon the rocks, and out there, seen plainly through the glass, the black shape of the overturned boat and three forms clinging to its slippery sides. It tossed about in the waves—their holding out was a question of seconds now, and the life-boat from the landing, a mile above, was but just launched. God help us—two were gone! A merciful swoon came to save the poor mother from madness. The third form vanished in the depths! But, merciful heaven! what was that black speck moving towards us through the foam? The eyes of the gathering crowd were fastened on it,—our very hearts ceased beating! Could it be possible? It was! it was! O the awful suspense! Battling with the cross-sea, disappearing for an instant, rising again, nearer and nearer it came. Two strong men waded far out into the surf—they threw a rope—thank God! it tightened! Steadily, steadily, stout hands drew it in. Once and again thank God! for there were not one but two! A woman's form lay prone across the spent swimmer's shoulders. Gently they loosened the

clinging arms, and Harry struggled, gasping, to his knees. His gaze fell on the face of her he had saved. The tense muscles of his own face relaxed; he threw both arms above his head, and with one cry of "Edith!" in a voice of unutterable love, he fell back fainting on the sand.

When he came to himself again, he was lying on his own bed. His eyes opened wonderingly, then with a sudden rush of consciousness he tried weakly to rise. "Faith!" he said eagerly.

God forgive me! but I was cruel. I had no pity for him then. I could see nothing but a vision of my sweet girl's face tangled about with sea-weed, slimy with the spume of the murderous sea.

"Faith!" I answered slowly; "Do you not know where Faith is? You left her out there to die; your promised wife!"

A great wave of pain passed over his face. The tips of his clenched fingers whitened against his palm.

"As God hears me," he said, "I believed I had Faith in my arms."

He fell back and closed his eyes. I bent over him and kissed him, and the first tears I had shed fell on his face.

Some one called my name from across the passage-way: "Miss Gray is better, and wants you."

I went in. Edith lay propped up on pillows, her pale face turned eagerly towards the door.

"Come close," she said, in a weak but thrilling voice. "I wanted you to know. Faith gave her life for me. I clung to the boat, and I heard Mr. Willoughby cry out, 'Faith, throw yourself on my shoulders and hold fast, but for your life don't touch my arms.' I felt my fingers slipping, slipping, and I closed my eyes. Then, in an instant, my arms were wrenched away from the boat and clasped violently about something, I knew not what. I must have fainted then, for I knew no more till I woke in this room and saw my mother's face."

The tide gave back my little Faith that night. Tenderly she was borne up the long path her light feet had trodden so often; tenderly we took from her the dripping garments and laid her, robed in white, on her

own white bed. But no one but Harry and I saw the little letter, soaked and blotted, which lay crumpled on her bosom, addressed "Harry Willoughby."

All together we went up with our sad burden, carrying darkness to the humble home which she had brightened for eighteen years.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," said the white-haired minister, standing with uncovered head above her open grave.

Harry returned directly to the city, arranging with me to send his luggage after him. A fortnight after Mrs. Gray and Edith left me quite alone.

I saw Harry once more, two years afterwards. He was about to go abroad, and came to bid me good-bye. A few months later I received a paper with the announcement of his marriage to Edith Gray. He has never returned.

Just before he left me he put a little box in my hand. "It is Faith's letter," he said. "You may keep it; I have no need, since every word is written on my heart."

Shall I show you the letter?

My hostess and I rose and entered the cottage together. She unlocked the inner drawer of an antique cabinet, and drew forth a small, blue velvet casket. It opened by a spring, and on the delicate satin lining lay a yellow, folded paper, stiffened and defaced by the contact of the salt water.

I took it reverently in my hand. A score of years ago it rose and fell with the last throb of a heart whose love had vanquished death; a score of years the young hand that wrote it had moldered gently into dust, yet these blurred, half-illegible lines, held the last words of a great soul:

"MY DARLING:—There is something which I have wanted to tell you, and I write it now, because, if I were to speak to you, you might think that I was not in earnest, or that I was hurt with you for something that had happened, which I am not, nor ever could be, for I trust you with all my heart.

"I have been happier than I ever believed anybody could be in this world. As long as I live, I shall be thankful that I have had your love, even though it was not mine to

keep. And I am so glad that I know surely that you, yourself, would never take it away from me. Whatever happened, you are too noble and true for that. But, dearest, I am going to give it back to you now; not in anger, ah, no, no! nor in sorrow—at least, none that you could help—but freely, just as you gave it to me. Do not think me jealous. It is only that a little while ago I was blinded by happiness, but now I see clearly.

"You are so good that you might ask me to reconsider what I say; but, dearest, do

not, for my sake, because I never, never can, and it would only grieve us both. I will just give you this little note, and then we will never speak of it again, for since the mistake was our own we will correct it together, and all shall be right between us, now and always.

"I am sure you will not forget me. May God bless you forever and ever, and I shall be, dear Harry, till I die,

"Your loving sister, FAITH."

Mary A. P. Stansbury.

ANNA, THE PROPHETESS.

"And there was one Anna, a prophetess, * * * and she was a widow of about four score and four years, which departed not from the temple, and served God with fastings and prayers night and day."—*Luke II., 36, 37.*

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? * * * Therefore glorify God in your body."—*I. Corinthians, VI., 19, 20.*

St. Luke, the apostle, hath left in his history
To us a legend most soothing and calm,
Far off and dim, through its distance and mystery
Down the long ages it sounds like a psalm.
Homilies oft have less weight with more heaviness,
Much in few words to our spirits doth say,
The old Scripture that tells us how Anna, the prophetess,
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Through wedded bliss, from her innocent maidenhood
Softly led on towards a saintly old age,
Then through the shock and the anguish of widowhood,
To the one shrine that her woe could assuage,—
First through the myrtles, and then through the cypresses,
Up to the mountain where palms have their sway,—
Hallowed and comported, Anna, the prophetess,
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Veiled far within, were the Ark and gold Cherubim.
Veiled in the Court of the Woman was she,
Seeing in visions heaven open, with its seraphim,—
Seeing by faith what her eye could not see,—
Trusting, and teased by no vain, prying restlessness,—
Firm with a foot that went never astray
After forbidden ground,—Anna the prophetess,
Served in the temple by night and by day.

Many a daughter of Zion, in bravery
Mincing abroad, tinkling jeweled, and curled,
Proudly the livery wove of her slavery

Unto the prince of this perishing world,—
 Sought his delights with a greediness measureless.
 Seeking her God,—ever eager—to pray,—
 Grand in her weeds, awful Anna, the prophetess,
 Served in the temple by night and by day.

Sneered synic Sadducee. Large in phylactery,
 To the street-starers, rehearsing his part,
 Flaunted the Pharisee, Moses's charactery
 Writ on his raiment, and not in his heart,—
 Whitening the tomb of his inward unrighteousness,—
 Thee, Lamb of God, making ready to slay;
 While in her lowliness Anna, the prophetess,
 Served in the temple by night and by day.

Till when, in swaddling-bands, fashioned by mortal hands,
 Laying the glories aside of his home,—
 Leaving his sire, to survey over low tare-sown lands,
 The prince of the universe bowed him to come,
 He in his infant grace, to the meek votaress
 Came, in his mother's soft arms as he lay,
 Where, at her post suitress, Anna, the prophetess,
 Served in the temple by night and by day.

Low lies the temple that towered o'er Jerusalem;
 But in another, not built by men's hands,
 Where hallelujahs succeed to the requiem,
 Anna, the prophetess, jubliant stands.
 Still at our work, Father, us with this blessing bless;
 So to serve Thee, in these temples of clay,
 That we, when they fall, may with Anna, the prophetess,
 Serve in Thy temple of ne'er-nighted day.

E. Foxton.

FORECASTLE JACK.

"A SAILOR," says Mr. R. H. Dana in his inimitable "Two Years before the Mast," "has a peculiar cut to his clothes, and a way of wearing them which a green hand can never get. The trousers tight about the hips, and thence hanging long and loose about the feet, a superabundance of checked shirt, a low-crowned, well varnished hat worn on the back of the head with half a fathom of black ribbon hanging over the left eye . . . a slip-tie to the black silk handkerchief, etc." Thus nattily attired did the gallant mariner of a quarter of a century ago shiver his timbers at the call of distress, or splice the main brace at every signal triumph of virtue over vice. But with other pleasant illusions, the Jack Tar of bye-gone days is only remembered in song and story.

His individuality has disappeared with the picturesque garb alluded to, and even the sweet little cherub who in Mr. Dibbins's day sat up aloft for the express purpose of looking out for the life of poor Jack, has—if I may so express it—followed suit.

The true reasons for ending the cherubic watch once so helpful, are unknown. Perhaps it is because the present Jack Tar seems disinclined (except from what might be termed an abstract point of view) to

help himself. For it must be confessed that Jack compares very unfavorably with his prototype of former days. Once, our merchant sailors were largely made up of a self-reliant ambitious race of Young Americans who followed the sea from choice. Many of them were our friends and school-mates—some, perhaps, were those of our own household. Such were content to begin in a ship's fore-castle the rudiments of a nautical education which should be ultimately completed on the quarter deck. A dominant desire to excel in their chosen profession, no less than the influence of the Christian homes which they had left, were in most cases, effectual safeguards against the grosser forms of temptation. Their proverbial good-heartedness and daring bravery was accounted to them for righteousness by admiring friends—Jack Tar being then quite generally looked upon as an object of interest, in whom were extended possibilities for good. From this stock came many of the American ship-masters of whom we are to-day so justly proud,—but who will compose the commanders of the coming generation? For scarcely will you find one native born American in a ship's crew at the present time. And with the exception of the Teutonic races, the foreign element which is so largely in the ascendant comes, to an alarming extent, from the lowest grades of humanity, so that Fore-castle Jack, no matter what be his nationality, is reckoned among those who are pleasantly termed the scum or off-scourings of society. That he is a human being with a dormant or stunted human soul underlying the vices of a life-time, is sometimes lost sight of. Indeed, well-meaning Christians, failing in their spasmodic effort at straightening a sin-bent mortal all at once into an erect manhood, will tell you with a sigh that there *are* those whose moral natures are hopelessly warped by the heat of unbridled indulgence in sin.

Thus Fore-castle Jack is generally known to the public as an ignorant, insolent, dirty and dissipated sailor, careless as to clothing, with an appetite for strong liquors and an aptitude for strong language. But as he is seldom brought into notice except as iden-

tified with the charge "drunk and disorderly," or through some breach of social etiquette whereby he has made a freer use of his knife than is allowable by law, it is not surprising that society, which invariably sees him at his worst, regards him as a literal castaway, with few if any redeeming features.

Seemingly without hope and without God in the world, he affects a careless defiance for laws human or divine, declaring that he has but one life to live—and as he is treated like a brute on shipboard, he may as well maintain his right to the unenviable title, through the short, sad chapter of his life.

His peculiar form of belief varies somewhat, according to his nationality, except in one striking particular—he religiously believes that every man's hand is against him. He would have you understand that the name of God is oftenest associated in his mind with the idea of a familiar spirit constantly invoked by his task-masters, to emphasize their harsh commands. He is inclined to regard his soul as a mere figure of ob-jurgatory speech from so often hearing it verbally condemned to perdition. But he has no more doubt as to the reality of the "Gehenna" or "sheol" under present discussion, than of the absolute individuality of the devil. He would localize the former with the same practical and unfaltering distinctness that would mark his designation of the latter, who differs from his Scriptural representative, in that when resisted he flies at rather than from his opposer.

Do not understand me as taking up the cudgels for Fore-castle Jack, simply because they are both literally and in a metaphysical sense, wielded against him, when I say that from personal experience and observation, I am led to believe that his ill repute is not altogether due to his natural depravity, but may be to a considerable extent attributable to his treatment on board a majority of ships, where the idea is prevalent among those having authority that Fore-castle Jack can not appreciate kind usage. Let me speak of three different captains with whom I have sailed, to better illustrate my views on this point.

Captain Average was a fair sample of the larger proportion of his brotherhood at the present day. A kindly dispositioned man at his own home and courteous in the treatment of his inferiors, at sea he exhibited for the sailor who after a brief debauch had been thrust half-naked and penniless on board his ship an unbounded and not unnatural contempt, which he was at no pains to conceal. The great social gulf between captain and crew was too wide to be spanned even by such notice or kindly word as was accorded to the ship's dog who ate of the crumbs which fell from his master's table. True, this state of things on shipboard proceeds to some extent from the traditional theory that Forecastle Jack is ready to take an ell of liberty for every inch relaxed by the hard hand of discipline; but traditional theory is by no means an infallible rule for any line of conduct. No doubt there are sailors who cannot or will not distinguish between kind treatment and loose government, but as far as my own observation has gone they are the exception rather than the rule; and a firm hand will readily bring them into at least outward subjection. Captain Average carelessly regarded Forecastle Jack as a rude machine which could only be made to serve its special purpose under unremitting pressure from the propelling power exercised by the ship's officers, whose duty it was to keep this imperfect human machinery in perpetual running order.

The pithy speech made by Captain Average at the commencement of the voyage, was an abbreviated index of its history: "Now then, you fellers," he remarked, as he looked down upon the assembled crew from the quarter, "If you've come aboard to do your duty, well and good; if you haven't, you'll wish you had, that's all. Go for'ard!"

From possibly humane, and probably prudential motives, he prohibited his officers from everything except verbal abuse, especially when he was on deck. But to the foul oaths and fouler epithets which these officials freely used in enforcing their orders, he was calmly indifferent. Indeed, when the wind or the waves were adverse, his own

language was so profanely emphatic as to suggest the idea that the milk of human kindness suffers a material change in sea air or among sea surroundings. What a pleasant thing it would be for Forecastle Jack, if like its lacteal representative it could be condensed and "warranted to keep pure and sweet in any climate." This crew was if anything, a trifle better than the average when taken as a whole, but all the same they were hard worked, by no means overfed, and verbally abused from the day they came on board, until heartily cursing the ship, its captain and officers, they vanished over the rail the moment that the ship was made fast in port. That there could be any middle ground between severity and laxity of discipline was regarded by Captain Average as the wildest absurdity. "The better you treat an old sailor, the less work you get out of him," was his favorite maxim.

No alleged brutality having ever been charged upon Captain Average, he is quite generally regarded as a kind-hearted and humane commander, which I, for one, would not gainsay. But the indifference which suffers brute force, in the shape of a ship's officer, to wield an almost limitless sway over half a dozen cowed sailors is blameworthy, to say the least; for if the captain but choose, he can, by a word, make all discipline subordinate to his own directions. A little brief authority is a dangerous thing for an evenly-balanced mind to handle; but in the possession of a man of limited self-control it is worse than dangerous. To know that for a brief season a few fellow-creatures are cringingly subservient to his every order, that never so much as by word or look will they dare to question or refuse, is likely to bring what inherent badness there is in a man quite to the surface. At sea, those in authority are very apt to be a law unto themselves, and while, from prudential motives, men like Captain Average may outwardly forbid kicks and blows, there are plenty of methods, as the sailor well knows, by which his life for the voyage may be made perfectly wretched.

Now Captain Beansole was a very different man. He was worse than a brute and

more hateful than a mere tyrant. Thank God, he is an exception, however, to all general rules, and that such men are only now and then suffered to live. The owners of the "Triton" were not supposed to know of his peculiar traits of character beyond his skill as a navigator and his aptitude for business. Possibly they did not even know of his dexterity in evading such laws as were intended for the protection of Forecastle Jack a dozen or fifteen years ago. So many emigrant passengers at so much a head, was far more profitable reckoning than accounting for any little eccentricities of temper into which Captain Beansole might be betrayed. True, he was somewhat chary of going about town in broad daylight, for reasons best known to himself; and once an awkward story about the death of a female passenger from exposure on deck got bruited abroad; but, like the half that is known to the sea-faring fraternity which was never told in print, it was hushed up somehow. His chief mate, who afterward met with a violent death at the hands of a desperate sailor, was of a lower order of brutality, even, than himself, and his second mate was invariably chosen with special reference to his fighting capacity. I remember of once seeing the "Triton" leave Liverpool with a colored crew (for white sailors, unless urged by the direst necessity, would not ship in her,) and before the ship was fairly through the dock-gates, the mate and second mate armed with belaying pins were driving the men to their stations with foul words and cruel blows, Captain Beansole regarding the scene with placid composure and evident enjoyment from the quarter deck. Forecastle Jack will tell of more than one man shot from the topsail yard, or driven overboard; of men bruised to a jelly and pickled with salt water; of men triced up in the rigging by their thumbs and beaten till insensible; but how much these stories are exaggerated I do not know. I do know that I have seen men knocked down and kicked about the head and face till they were senseless, though truth to tell, this gentle discipline was not confined solely to the "Triton." A few teeth more or less knocked out, a rib or two fractured, an arm broken by a blow

from an iron belaying pin, were indications that the voyage had been unusually peaceful. Captain Beansole generally managed to leave the ship in the same boat which brought the pilot on board, and was generally not visible till the ship was again ready for sea. Were I to mention half of the well known occurrences which have taken place on board the "Triton," I should be accused of the grossest exaggeration, yet I have only mentioned these cruelties in the briefest detail. True, such extreme brutality is comparatively unknown at the present day, but that there is an abundance of unnecessary harshness and even violence, one has but to read the daily papers to learn; and how far such treatment leaves its moral as well as physical trace upon Forecastle Jack, is by no means uncertain.

Captain Christian with whom I made my last voyage, lays it down as a rule at the very beginning, that no man shall be cursed or called out of his name by either of his officers. Every order is quietly given, and if it is necessary to address Forecastle Jack personally, he is spoken to like a being with some degree of self-respect. The kindly treatment is not of a nature calculated to encourage the slightest appearance of familiarity. Yet while the men seemed thoroughly to know their place, I think before the end of the voyage every one of them felt that Captain Christian had a sort of personal interest in him. I have known him at a seasonable time to counsel, or advise, or warn different men in the crew, and in place of his dignity being lowered thereby, I fancy it was heightened. I do not assert that the men were made morally better by such treatment, but I will say that I have never before or since known a more orderly or willing crew than had the "Guardian," at the time of which I write.

"I don't no wot it all means," said Mickey Fox, a herculean gentleman from fair Erin whose evil reputation had preceded him as being one of the worst packet sailors that ever went on board a ship, "but it's not wanst I've been caaled out o' me name the v'y'ge, and I'll have the cap'n see as I appreciates it." A better sailor than was Mickey, barring an inordinate habit of growling, I

have never met; and the same might be said of Irish Dan, another hard subject, who had been imprisoned for mutiny and general insubordination, beaten, cut and bruised, till his features were the reverse of anything pleasant to look upon.

Every Sunday in the dog-watch those who wished took their places aft and listened to a plain talk based on some simple Scriptural text from Captain Christian.

Though "watch and watch" was given, I never saw a larger amount or more thorough work done in the same given time when the whole crew were on deck all day. In Cronstadt, the men stayed by the ship helping to remove the cargo, and reload for New York, it being distinctly understood that the first one who came on board intoxicated at any time should be discharged. We brought every man back to New York, and after the "Guardian" was made fast, the entire crew went aft headed by Irish Dan as spokesman, who, in a speech punctuated by embarrassed pauses, held forth in this wise:

"Cap'n Christian, sur! For all we're nothin' but ould sailors, we know what day-cint usin' is. And if all Cap'n's was like yerself, it 'ud make it better for us and thim too. Here's wishin' ye h'lth, happiness, and

God bless ye for a gintleman and a sailor ev'ry inch of ye. Which that same is the meanin' of the whole bilin' of us through me shpeakin'. Good bye sur!" And when Captain Christian kindly shook hands with every one of them, adding a few simple words of good advice, I think that his "native dignity" was not lowered the fraction of an inch; rather the reverse. I am fully convinced that a kindlier form of treatment on shipboard would make the work of Missions and Bethels on shore far more effectual. Forecastle Jack will seldom voluntarily raise himself from the mire, but he will often accept a helping hand, especially if it is proffered him on his own element where he is for the time beyond the reach of temptation. I do not say that Captain Christian's particular method is infallible or always advisable; but with modifications suited to circumstances, I firmly believe that it will pay, both from a moral and worldly point of view. I have simply stated the plain facts as to the three different forms of treatment that Forecastle Jack may meet in his unrestful life. Which of them is best I leave my readers to decide.

Frank H. Converse.

BEPP0.

It was noon, and the "Juliet," lying in the port of Civita Vecchia, was to sail at sunset.

Her captain,—Neils Krumpe, a Dane, with a kind heart lodged under gruff manners like a sweet nut-kernel in a harsh, prickly shell,—walked the wharf scanning the vessel and the movements of the men who were loading her cargo.

A few yards away stood a little boy with a violin, and a very small parcel tied in a soiled handkerchief. His melancholy velvety black eyes were fixed wistfully on the "Juliet." He might have been only ten or twelve years old, he was so small and spare, or he might by a certain prematurity of look, have been fourteen, which he actually was.

"I wonder what that boy wants," thought Neils Krumpe, very crossly, as he paced to and fro with his hands behind him, looking askance at the boy, between the orders and answers he gave to his men. "He's been here ever since daybreak; he was here yesterday and the day before; blest if I don't believe he's been leaning on that pile o' boxes—what's your name?"

Neils Krumpe had turned suddenly on the boy.

"Beppo Luigi di Cioni," said the boy, springing from his lounging attitude into one of intense eagerness.

Neils Krumpe examined him from head to foot with sharpest scrutiny.

"Well, Beppo,—never mind the Lucy G.

Shehony—too much of it—what do you want?”

“To go to America!” said Beppo, almost gaspingly, as if he had been holding in reserve the last half of the breath with which he had just given his name. He spoke in good Italian, with a weak but pleasing voice.

“To America!” said Neils Krumpe. “I should think you wanted to go to dinner first!”

He took the lad by the shoulder, led him into the cabin of the “Juliet” and gave him some of the noon mess. When Beppo had eaten, with a mixture of voracity, haste and timidity, “Where is your money?” said Neils.

Beppo answered in pantomime; pulling out his ragged pockets; turning his cap inside out; untying his handkerchief parcel, to show that it held only a tiny brass crucifix, a comb, a few fiddle-strings and a scarf; opening and spreading his claw-like brown hands; shrugging his shoulders;—all this with the greatest rapidity and an air of the most piteous appeal. Then he snatched his violin to his breast, drew the bow and with suffused eyes, played from his slender repertoire of popular Italian airs, accompanying with his faint, sweet voice.

As he played, a little girl not more than twelve years old, though as tall as Beppo, came in, drew near and presently joined in the song, with a rich, healthful voice that overpowered Beppo’s feeble strain.

Neils Krumpe looked at them in silence. At the conclusion of the song, the girl said quickly in Italian:

“I am Ninetta—Ninetta Rosseli; I’m going to America—to be a great singer, Monna Terésa says. Are you going to America? What is your name?”

Beppo gave his name, but looking at Neils Krumpe, again drew his bow.

“Put it up,” said the Dane. “You can go as coal boy, as far as Genoa,—there I’ll see; why do you want to go to America?”

“Because my sister is there,” said Beppo, turning with a sigh of relief, as Neils Krumpe went out.

Ninetta led Beppo into the cabin, where they sat down side by side on her bunk.

Ninetta was dark and as thin as Beppo, but hers was the normal leanness of rapid growth. Her features were good, her countenance animated; her movements were awkward, but there was nevertheless an air about her which would have distinguished her, in any ordinary group of children. After calmly observing Beppo and turning his violin about with contemplative interest, she said:

“I have castanets. Now I wish you would tell me about your sister—what is her name?”

“Francesca Agnése di Cioni.”

“Can she sing?”

“I don’t know.”

“How does she look? Is she beautiful? Monna Terésa says I will be beautiful when I am a woman; do you think so, Beppo?”

Beppo looked at her, and his great, dreamy eyes caught her attention.

“You are not pretty, Beppo, but you have beautiful eyes and if you should get fat you would look well. It is because we are growing, that we have no flesh—so Monna Terésa says. But where in America is your sister? America is big you know; almost as big as the whole of Italy.”

“I don’t know where *is* Francesca,” said Beppo, with a slight quiver of the lip, and then he began to speak rapidly—“and I can’t tell you how she looks, because I don’t remember her. She was taken away by the padre when she was a very little thing, and sent away to America, years ago; I can remember it made mia madre cry so; night and day was she always mourning and speaking of little Francesca, poverina, and telling me to be sure and find her. She is dead—my mother; dead for ten days now, and I promised her I would go to America and find my sister Francesca. She said that when once I got to America, I was to tell about Francesca to every signora that I could make stop and listen to me, until I found Francesca. Some one would know, she said, and”—in a whisper—“the Vergine Santissima had given her a sign that I should surely find Francesca.”

“Yes, certainly you will,” said Ninetta firmly, laying her hand for a moment on Beppo’s knee, with an air of protection.

"Don't you be afraid, I'll go with you till you find her—"

"Can you—will you?" exclaimed Beppo. "Will your Monna Terésa let you go with me?"

Ninetta rested the back of her head in her clasped hands and looked at Beppo, with a smile full of pride and independence.

"I can go where I choose, Beppo; I can do as I like! Monna Terésa is not here. I too am going to America, all alone. I have not father, mother, brothers or sisters,—nobody in all the world but just myself, Beppo." Her eyes flashed: "Ah, ciel! it is lovely to be alone, Beppo! Monna Terésa was kind, but she was afraid—afraid all the time—the padre was so cross! And there was a mau who used to come suddenly and scowl at me and beat me because I sang. He used to shake Monna Terésa till her beretta fell over her eyes—it was so funny! it made me laugh, but I was sorry for Monna Terésa, and I hated that man!"

Ninetta's eyes glowed wrathfully; she took down her hands and rested her chin in them. "You see, Beppo, I've run away, I think—I mean Monna Terésa has done it, to save me from that bad man. At any rate, she sat up all night writing, and she put what she wrote in this little bag—" Ninetta pulled away her dress at the throat, and showed a small, dark silk bag or purse, fastened around her neck by an old silver chain—"and she told me never to part with it and never to open it, unless I came in some great trouble, and then I was to show it to some good people, and she thought when they read it, they would help me. But I shall not need to do that, for I shall sing, sing in beautiful, grand theaters, Beppo! to crowds and crowds of people; and I shall be rich! I shall only wear the little bag for poor Monna Terésa's sake."

There was at this moment a curious light of passionate expectation in Ninetta's eyes, which fascinated Beppo.

"Well, early this morning, while it was yet dark," said Ninetta, coming back from her reverie, "Monna Terésa waked me up, and put me in these new clothes, and covered me with a thick veil, that almost choked me, and brought me here. And she

had a long talk with Neils Krumpe, and she paid him the money for me to go to America; and she gave me some more to keep till I got there, and she cried when she went away and told me lots and lots of things—about the Vergine, and to be good, and to never tell lies and—and all that; and if I sang on the street, she said, some one would be sure to engage me for their theater, and my voice would be my fortune!"

Beppo gazed in rapt attention at Ninetta.

"That's all," said she, leaning back and smiling. "O, have you any money, Beppo?" Beppo blushed and began his pantomime, but Ninetta stopped him.

"Never mind, I have plenty; besides, you will play the violin when I sing, and so half my fortune will be yours."

So these children were agreed to begin life in America together. When the "Juliet" touched at Genoa, Beppo's heart was in his mouth for fear that Neils Krumpe would put him off there. He clung to Ninetta.

"I wouldn't care, only I *must* find Francesca," said he, with a passionate emphasis on his sister's name, that was almost startling; for Beppo, unlike Ninetta, was habitually languid and dreamy.

"Of course; of course!" said Ninetta, impatiently and yet soothingly. "You will see I shall take care of you."

She went straight to the Dane; asked that Beppo might go all the way with her, and offered the rest of her money for him.

"He *must* find his sister," said she, with decision, untying her small hoard of silver from the corner of her handkerchief, "and he has no money."

Neils Krumpe looked down at Ninetta, without taking his hands from his pockets. "What will you do when you get to America?" said he; "you will have to eat, drink and sleep, and you have to pay for these things."

"O, as to that," said Ninetta, smiling confidently, "Beppo will play and I shall sing, and there are always good people who will give milk and bread to children. When the little children from the convent looked in at the gate, Monna Terésa always gave

them milk and confetti. Here!" She held up the money.

Neils Krumpe shoved back her hand so roughly that some of the coins fell.

"So! There are always good people who will give milk and bread to children—and there are always bad people who will take their money—you think!"

Ninetta's quick mind received this reproach in full force. She blushed scarlet, dropped the rest of the coin and caught one of the Dane's hard hands between her soft brown palms. "I did not mean that," said she.

Then she stooped, picked up the money and went back to Beppo, who, his fears being set at rest, fell back into his dreamy, inattentive mood; but Ninetta sat a long time in disturbed thought.

The weather was calm, and the "Juliet," being a sailing vessel, made the voyage leisurely. It was when it was about half accomplished, that Neils Krumpe took an opportunity to unburden his mind to one of his passengers, a widow lady who was returning to her home in New York. He told her what he knew concerning Beppo and Ninetta, their unfriended condition, and their ignorance of the evils and difficulties before them. He besought her interest for them on their arrival in New York.

The lady, Mrs. Van Broum, listened kindly and promised to see and question the children on the next day. Neils Krumpe's heart was so much lightened that he spoke more crossly than usual to Beppo and Ninetta.

In the night a storm arose. It lasted for three days. Beppo was very sea-sick, but Ninetta had not a qualm, and took very good care of Beppo.

Mrs. Van Broum, already in delicate health, became very ill. When the "Juliet" arrived in New York, Mrs. Van Broum, still unable to sit up, had with difficulty been conveyed to a carriage, when a telegram announcing the death of her little daughter was given to her; and this, for the time, drove all remembrance of Beppo and Ninetta from her mind. And before Neils Krumpe, in the bustle of coming into port, had time to think about them, they had

crossed the plank—Beppo hugging his violin, and Ninetta firmly grasping him with one hand, while she carried their two small parcels with the other—and had passed into the great city, among the hurrying throng, as little heeded as two brown leaves swirled by a stream that bears the fallen foliage of a whole forest on its breast.

Before the "Juliet" sailed from New York, Mrs. Van Broum had seen Neils Krumpe again, only to find to her regret that the children had slipped fatally from sight on the day of the "Juliet's" arrival. She was a woman who had heard of that old text, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these," and had both the heart and the courage to have acted on it.

The days passed. Beppo and Ninetta carried out literally the little plan they had often and so confidently discussed on board the "Juliet." He played and she sang, and the people passing paid them small sums; some pityingly and some carelessly, because others did. Many noticed Beppo's great melancholy eyes, always wandering with vague quiet in them; and many observed the richness and promise of Ninetta's voice, but none were actually arrested to touch the fate of these waifs in a strange land.

It was summer-time, and they slept anywhere; sometimes stirred perhaps by latent instincts of respectability, they hired straw pallets in the cellars for two cents a night; but oftenest they laid down together under the old steps of poor tenements, or under old sheds near the water, or in the shadow of piled-up boxes on the wharves.

Sometimes, at night, standing in the dusky margin of the brilliant theater entrances, and watching the gaily dressed, smiling crowd go in, Ninetta thought it strange she had not yet been engaged to sing, but with the thought she only gave an elastic pressure to Beppo's languid hand; her spirit was unbent; she knew she should sing in those places yet.

As for Beppo, he ate what she brought for him, he played when she sang, on the street corners and before carriages that drew up in front of the great stores; and he slept where she said, but he talked very little, except to call out "Francesca!" in

his sleep. Sometimes he flashed out like a red ember, from his pale languor, and began to tell his story to some more than usually beautiful and grandly dressed lady. But he spoke in Italian, and so fast and feverishly that his auditor, dropping perhaps some money in his hand, was gone before he had well begun. Beppo did this more and more seldom, and gave it up almost entirely when Ninetta asked him to wait till she was engaged to sing, and then they could speak to as many great ladies as they pleased.

Ninetta, in their wanderings, caught many English words and phrases, and introduced them quaintly into her songs. But with all her bright courage and hope and patience, Ninetta got no engagement, and their purse grew lighter, and they often went hungry, for people did not so gladly give them milk and bread and confetti, as Monna Terésa used to do. Whenever she thought of Monna Terésa, Ninetta felt a sudden loathing for the present, and a yearning toward the past which she did not understand; but yet Ninetta was not unhappy.

One day their good genius was very near these children. They stood on a street corner, Beppo playing, with his far-off, wide-eyed gaze; Ninetta singing, with unusually full and sweet tones. A young, fair-haired lady who sat waiting in a carriage near by, observed them with great attention, and catching Ninetta's eye, beckoned to her.

Ninetta, leading Beppo, came close to the steps of the carriage.

"What are your names?" said the lady, leaning forward with an expression of gentle interest.

"I am Ninetta Rosseli, and Beppo is Beppo Luigi di Cioni," said Ninetta eagerly in broken English.

"Are you sure?" said the lady smiling, and charmed with Ninetta's pure and frank glance. "Are you sure you are not '*Consuelo*—*Consuelo di mi alma?*' And he—is he not '*Anzoleto?*' Can you not sing, '*I cielo in immenso?*'"

Ninetta smiled, with knitted brows and perplexed eyes.

With further questioning, the lady elicited from Ninetta the main particulars of their forlorn situation.

"Would you like to come and live with me, or where I could see that you were taken care of, and you could be taught to sing, and all that would make you good and happy?"

As the lady was trying to put this question simply enough for Ninetta's limited knowledge of English, the carriage in which she sat lurched violently. Beppo and Ninetta stepped back instinctively, as the horses, frightened by some street mischance, rushed frantically away and the carriage was soon undistinguishable to them among the other vehicles.

They never saw this lady again, but they did not then know it would be so; and Ninetta's heart was still beating high, when some one tapped her on the shoulder. Their evil genius had followed swiftly on the track of the good. Ninetta, looking up at the touch, saw the swart, crafty face of one of those "*padroni*," who live on the proceeds of the labor they can frighten and beat out of unowned children, whom first they decoy with fair words, then dispirit with confinement, threats and the lash, and at last send forth to beg and steal.

The Padrone had had an eye on Beppo and Ninetta for some days.

"Come," said he; "hurry!" and he tried to take Ninetta's hand, which she resisted.—"I know that lady, and I can take you to her." With these and many persuasive words of promise he enticed them away. At night when he was beating Ninetta, he remembered the unwillingness with which she had listened to and followed him.

He kept the children in the dark and half-famished for several days. Beppo gave out in less than twenty-four hours, but Ninetta's fine, firm skin was terribly seamed and scarred before she yielded, with a few violent but quickly repressed sobs—more moved by Beppo's fear and wretchedness than by her own.

She made the promises required of her, and learned the few set phrases the padrone repeated to them. He was satisfied, and fed them tolerably well that day.

In the middle of the night Ninetta was aroused by Beppo's clasping her in the most convulsive manner.

"O Ninetta!" he whispered, "let us get up and go—quick! quick as ever we can! I have had such a dream! I am sure—sure Francesca is coming for me—that we shall find her—"

His last accents faltered, he was awaking to the consciousness of the dark, stifling room, which made the promise of his dream so unreal. He trembled excessively and still muttered the name of Francesca between his clinking teeth.

"Hush! Beppo," whispered Ninetta, soothingly; "you will wake *him* up! See here, *bambino mio*, you shall have this," and she unloosed the silver chain with the dark silk pouch from her neck, and fastened it around Beppo's. "Perhaps we *shall* find Francesca to-morrow." She drew Beppo close, and comforted him with soft, quiet caresses.

Ninetta had nearly lost this chain and pendant when the padrone first saw it; but on her telling him resolutely, with the sudden inventive cunning of necessity, that it was only a paper, that the padre had blessed it and had said that whoever dared take it from her should never come out of purgatory, the padrone had, for the time being at least, relinquished it.

Ninetta had never yet made use of the paper in the silken pouch, according to the directions of Monna Terésa; partly because she was so practical as to turn naturally to all more probable expedients first; partly because her faith in being soon engaged to sing in a great theater was still firm.

She had not the slightest intention of keeping the promises she had made to the padrone; she had resolved to lie stoutly as far as was necessary to make good her own and Beppo's escape.

As she lay awake and thoughtful her courage was still strong; but she had learned a great deal in many ways, since she and Beppo had landed in America, and the pressure of fate was beginning to act as a curtain drawn between her and the perfect brightness of hope. She was still pure and truth-loving, but she had learned to calculate and balance with the caution of older heads.

Beppo's even, deep breathing showed that he was once more at rest, when Ninetta heard the padrone come in.

"Get up and dress," said he, in a whisper, stooping over her. "Don't wake the boy; if you do I'll beat him."

Ninetta arose, hurried on her poor garments and obeyed directions in silence. It still wanted an hour of daylight, when they came out on the street. Ninetta's mind was roused to that pitch in which thought is clearest and controls the faculties with precision, and when the padrone grasped her firmly by the hand, she had both the good sense and courage to make no resistance. He led her rapidly by a tortuous route, which she tried in vain to fix in her memory, especially as he retraced and doubled upon his course more than once.

At last he came out into wider streets among imposing buildings, into a part of the city unfamiliar to Ninetta. Here, after repeating the instructions he had previously given, limiting her to a certain beat, and telling her he should keep her in sight, he set her adrift and disappeared.

When she could no longer see him Ninetta did not breathe freer; his threat that he would watch her held her almost as strongly as his presence; but none the less her mind was made up to a certain course. She had an inexpressible dread of the consequences if she failed, yet she was capable of facing the risk.

She put her hand to her throat before recollecting that she had fastened the chain around Beppo's neck.

"Never mind," said she to herself; "it was only about who I am, and how I can sing, and I can tell them that myself."

She walked up one side and crossed and down the other, searching the countenances she met and always feeling the eyes of the padrone although she could not see him anywhere. When two or three hours had passed, she had received a few coins and was very hungry. Leaning against the lamp-post near one of the finest houses, she began to sing an Italian air, holding out her hand for alms. A man in a shabby-genteel suit and wearing a slouch hat,

stepped out from the street ranks and dropped a coin in her hand. She looked up and met the keen, cruel eyes of the padrone. Nothing could have been so well contrived to intimidate her, and craze her imagination with the idea of a multiplicity and ubiquity of padroni. With scarcely a perceptible pause Ninetta sang on, but with a more piercing quality in her accents, and wild dilation of her dark eyes.

At this moment and while the shabby-genteel suit and slouch hat were still in sight, a low carriage stopped in front of the house within a few steps of Ninetta, and a lady in deep mourning, alighted.

She looked at Ninetta listened a moment and seemed about to speak,—when Ninetta with one searching gaze, stopped singing, and with a broken, most penetrating cry sprang forward, grasped at the lady's dress and staggering, sunk upon one knee.

"What is it! What is the matter?" said the lady.

"Oh Signora! good, good Signora! Won't you take poor Ninetta, and Beppo—O poor little Beppo! Ah, Vergine Santissima! *he* is there!"

With a long shudder, Ninetta's eyes closed, and her head with its heavy dark hair fell forward on her breast.

"Carry her in, John, at once," said Mrs. Van Broum; and as the door closed behind them, the few people who had pressed around dispersed, and the wearer of a certain shabby-genteel suit and slouch hat was making good speed away from that part of the city.

When Ninetta had recovered consciousness and had taken some wine and biscuit, she fully satisfied Mrs. Van Broum of her identity with the little girl in whose behalf the Danish captain had spoken to Mrs. Van Broum on board the "*Juliet*," three months before. And when Ninetta having told her story showed the brutal stripes on her tender breast and shoulders, Mrs. Van Broum caught the child to her bosom and inwardly vowed to cherish her as her own. Thus great good fortune had suddenly come to Ninetta, and when she had been bathed, and dressed in some of the soft, pretty garments that had belonged to little dead

Elizabeth Van Broum, even Beppo would hardly have known her.

Ninetta had also told Beppo's story; how he had come over the sea to find his sister Francesca; how he had no other thought but to find her; how cruel the padrone had been to him, and how frightened Beppo would be when he waked and did not find her; and Ninetta showed plainly that she could not feel her own good fortune till Beppo shared it.

Mrs. Van Broum, who listened attentively to Ninetta, was determined not only to find Beppo, but to have the padrone caught also. But search proved fruitless. The padrone had changed his lair, skillfully covering his tracks, and Beppo was not found.

Whenever Ninetta in walking or riding out with Mrs. Van Broum, saw a little boy with a violin, her heart always bounded with the hope that it might be Beppo. But it never was.

She always gave money to street musicians and looked at them with such sadness that they wondered. Time rolled on, and Ninetta grew into noble and lovely womanhood. Her fine voice was trained so that her songs were sweeter than a nightingale's, but she did not go on the stage; that old desire seemed to have passed into the background with all the dreams and fancies connected with her memory of Beppo.

On the day that her good fortune came to Ninetta, the padrone skulked out of the city with Beppo, and when he asked for Ninetta, the padrone shook him, and said he would kill him if he ever spoke of her again. One night when he had slunk into the purlieus of another town, and had held a consultation with some men of his own character, the padrone turned into a low public with Beppo, and there took away Ninetta's chain. Ripping open the silk pouch and finding only a bit of paper written in a cramped hand, he threw it back to Beppo, and went out with the chain.

Beppo picked up the paper, put it in the bag and pinned both inside his coat. His feeling was that Ninetta would care for it, and he hoped he should yet find Ninetta.

In the morning—the padrone had not

come back—after the woman behind the bar had given Beppo a biscuit and a mug of ale, he wandered off and played his violin. Days went by. He did not stray out of the town; he did not know its name; he saw that it had water around it, and ships, something like New York. His mind contained two ideas; Ninetta and Francesca.

One day when Beppo was tired of playing, he leaned against a doorway and gazed dreamily at the people going by. Two ladies who met with a word and a smile, passed on in opposite directions; but one turning back called to the other.

"O, you didn't tell me; how is Francesca?"

"Francesca? O, she is very well; she is still in New Orleans, you know."

Then they passed on out of sight.

Beppo stood transfixed, his pale cheeks aflame, his lips quivering, his large eyes grown marvelously brilliant.

"Hallo! youngster what's up?" said a bystander who had witnessed this transfiguration. Beppo sprang forward wildly clutching his violin. "O Signor! it is Francesca! my sister Francesca! She is in New Orleans! Where is that?"

"Your sister? In New Orleans? That's a great city—a long way off."

"I have been looking for her a great many years!" gasped poor Beppo in his almost unintelligible broken English. "It is far the Signor says; but where—what way is it?"

"O you can't go, you know," said the man dropping a few pennies in Beppo's hands; "you would have to take a ship."

The first words were obliterated from Beppo's mind by the last.

"A ship!" he whispered to himself, closing his hand over the coins.

He slipped down a side street and made it known at the wharves that he wanted to go to New Orleans. He was directed to a vessel that was destined to that port, and pleaded so desperately, offering his violin and his small hoard, that some persons over-hearing, made up his fare and saved his violin for him. By the time the boat started several of the passengers knew his story, and some thought of helping him

when the boat should arrive in New Orleans. But at that city he slipped ashore as formerly from the "Juliet," and was lost sight of in the confusion of the crowd.

He played on the street corners and stopped ladies and tried to tell them about his sister, but no one seemed to understand him; or they were too busy to listen.

Soon his old languor fully returned, and one day he was picked up in the first stages of fever, and spent the most of the winter in the hospital.

After that, one year was like another. Sometimes he was tolerably housed and fed; sometimes half starved and houseless—his melancholy eyes growing year by year more hollow, mild and vacant; always meagre and half-clothed; always insulated from other human interests by the languid pathetic dream in which he seemed to dwell.

He kept his violin, which supported him; he hoarded with unforgetting tenacity the silken pouch and paper belonging to Ninetta. He had long ceased to stop the "good Signoras" on the street, in hopes that they would tell him where Francesca lived, and where Ninetta had gone that night, so long ago.

At last and by slow stages he drifted northward and into New York once more; and near the close of a summer day he sat down on the steps of a fashionable house on West Twenty-Third street.

A little girl passed him and went in. Presently Beppo began to play, one after another, the old Italian airs that he had played and sung in Civita Vecchia, before his long quest had begun.

While he was playing a lady came out on the steps holding by the hand the little girl who had just entered behind him. The lady looked at him earnestly.

"Who are you?" said she, in Italian.

He did not look up, he only drew his bow more softly, as he answered with mild indifference:

"Beppo Luigi di Cioni."

"Come in—come in!" said she in low, but vibrating tones; and taking hold of his thin, sunburned wrist.

Beppo rose and followed her; his heart began to beat thickly, and when she had given him a seat, he hugged his violin just as he used to do in his old boyish fits of excitement, and began once more as he had so many times vainly done, to tell about his sister Francesca. He pushed back his hair, which hung lank and tangled over his stooping shoulders.

"And Ninetta," said Beppo, charmed that now at last a good Signora would really listen to him. "I have never been able to find Ninetta mia, but I have kept her little bag."

"Beppo!" cried the lady, with tears in her kind and beautiful dark eyes—she had already taken the silken pouch from his hand—"Beppo! look at me! Am I so greatly changed? Don't you remember me? I am Ninetta! O my poor, poor Beppo! I have looked for you too; I have never quite given you up!"

Ninetta,—for it was indeed she, in her own home where she was a happy wife and mother,—was greatly agitated, but Beppo smiled, looking at her with dreamy satisfaction and scarcely seemed surprised. Seeing that he seemed even more occupied with her little child than with herself, Ninetta withdrew to a window to examine the little pouch about which she was now far more interested than when she had used to wear it. It was written in poor Italian, and was creased and faded but she was able to decipher the following:

"CIVITA VECCHIA.

"This little girl was taken from her mother when only three years old, by—" [here something was carefully erased.] "I am afraid to tell about who did it. Her mother is a good woman; always does she weep for her child. They told her they had taken it to some place in America but that is lies; for they have kept her here all the time that she sees not and knows not her poor mother. I have saved a little money, for I am sorry for the bambina and I will

help her to go to that America, where, if all they say is true, she will have pleasure and find good people to take care of her. She can sing like Santa Cecilia. The captain on the "Juliet" has promised to from here take her safely. Her name is not Ninetta Rosseli. She is Francesca Agn se di Cioni. Good people who read this—show mercy to the poor bambina."

Ninetta stood a long time in silence. At last she came and knelt down by Beppo.

"Did you never read this paper, Beppo?" the tears were flowing fast down her cheeks. "Come here my Netta;" and she drew the child to her bosom and pressed nearer to Beppo.

"I can't read," said Beppo, smiling.

"Beppo! Beppo! you have come home at last!" cried Ninetta. "Look at me dear! Ah, my God, how strange! how wonderful! I am Francesca; this paper tells us all about it! Netta, you must be very good, always very good to your uncle Beppo."

And still Beppo was not surprised. From his long, vain solitary quest, he had come quietly home—not knowing it—having almost forgotten to hope for it—to Francesca, at last.

He had found Ninetta and Francesca and was not surprised that the two were one, and that one a Signora he had never seen, as it seemed to him; for this beautiful and elegant Ninetta-Francesca, was very unlike the dark, thin child who had sung to his violin.

The surprise was all on Ninetta's side, and the pain—for the past she could not repair.

It was Beppo whose happiness was without alloy, whose days flowed with the still peace of an unrippled tide. With Netta on his knee, he smiled at Francesca, or he held without playing it his violin; and so dwelt with little sign in his child-like spiritual dream world, from which sorrow and care had forever passed away.

Zadel Barnes Gustafson.

INCIDENTS OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

WHEN I lived at Athens several of the celebrities of the Greek Revolution were still surviving and resident in that city; often these noted characters were met promenading in the streets or public squares; sometimes they would come to my father's house, then the consulate: for in those days the Greeks were still grateful for the great interest which America had shown in their war of freedom, and the escutcheon of Uncle Sam, the eagle bravely holding a bunch of arrows, was to them a pleasing symbol.

The Maid of Athens, of whose beauty Lord Byron wrote in such enthusiastic language, yet retained some of her charms, and Petro Bey and Grigiotas and Colocotroni, grizzled veterans and heroes, still walked the streets with a retinue of followers and splendid in their manly bearing and costume. The dress they wore, the national costume of Greece, can never altogether go out of use, for it is the most brilliant costume ever worn by any people. It consists of a large scarlet fez or soft cap, festooned with a massive blue silk tassel suspended by a cord of gold thread. The vest and jerkin are also of scarlet worked with gold thread and festooned with buttons of the same glittering material. The sleeves are slashed and hang from the shoulder, leaving the arm bare except as it is partially covered by flowing sleeves of a white stuff woven of linen and silk. A kilt of white cloth hangs to the knees in massive folds, and the waist is tightly swathed in a long girdle of richly striped and checkered silk. The leggings are of the same color as the vest, and ornamented in the same gorgeous manner, and the feet are encased in scarlet shoes. A broad scarlet leather belt sometimes is bound over the girdle and contains a brace of pistols and long-hilted, silver-and-gold-mounted daggers. Very naturally, a handsome, symmetrically formed Greek, got up in this superb manner on fête days, is an object to win the admiration of the most unsentimental, and to carry consternation into the ranks of those who think plain black or gray are the only colors adapted to the wearing apparel of a man.

Many strange, wild stories of adventure and war, of romantic and hair breadth escapes, could these heroes of the Greek Revolution narrate, and they told their stories well, with flashing eyes and many-expressive gestures. Among those who came to my father's house were Captain Tzavellas and his heroic little wife. They were Suliotes,—that is they came from Suli, a rugged, exceedingly mountainous province in the north of Greece. Marco Bozzaris, of whom Halleck sung in such stirring strophes, was one of the Suliote chieftains during the Revolution. Tzavellas and his wife acquired celebrity by their heroism at the third siege of Missolonghi, where he commanded part of the garrison. Missolonghi became famous for the three sieges it endured during that war. It lies on a low marshy plain, partly surrounded by the sea, although the water is so shallow that only boats can approach within four or five miles of it. During the first attack it was defended by Marco Bozzaris against overwhelming numbers, and the Turks were finally beaten back. Two years later it was again attacked, and it was during that siege that Lord Byron, who had come to the aid of the Greeks, was stricken with fever and died there. The third siege of Missolonghi was one of the most remarkable military events of our century.

The fortifications having been strengthened, a garrison of five thousand men were thrown into the place; when it became evident the Turks were going to besiege it again; besides the garrison was a population of several thousand. Noto, a brother of Marco Bozzaris, was commandant. In April, 1825, a large Turkish army and fleet under Reschid Pashâ invested Missolonghi, and they were reinforced before the close of the siege by twenty thousand Egyptians, led by Ibrahim, a man of great military ability, of whom this characteristically oriental story is told. His father, Mehemet Ali, governor of Egypt, was about to send out a military expedition, for the command of which there were many rival aspirants. At a loss how to settle the matter he hit on this device.

He ordered a carpet to be spread on the floor of the reception hall of the palace and an orange to be placed in the center of it, and declared that the one who could seize the orange without getting on the carpet should command the army. Now followed the most ludicrous scene. The rival pashas, men tall or short, fat or thin, sprawled each in turn on the floor, reaching after the orange; but they all failed, until Ibrahim's turn arrived. Taking the edge of the carpet in his hands he rolled it up until he was able to grasp the orange. It was a device as ingenious as the famous one of Columbus and the egg.

Well, for over a year Reschid and Ibrahim Pashas besieged Missolonghi with every effort and stratagem which skill and force could suggest. Bloody assaults, fierce and stealthy night attacks, daring and desperate sorties, and mines and countermines, succeeded each other without any respite for long and weary months. Sometimes the Turks would suddenly swarm over the walls of the beleaguered town, and it would seem as if its fate had at last come. Sometimes the garrison would burst into the camp of the besiegers, and carry dire confusion and slaughter in their van. But the Turks were constantly gaining reinforcements, while the garrison and people of Missolonghi were slowly and surely wasting away before the hailstorm of balls and bombs, the exhausting and endless watching, and the lack of provisions. The supply of food in the city grew less and less; at length nothing was left to feed upon but rats and mice, and cats and dogs, and finally old shoes boiled down. Hollowed-eyed and wan-featured, the people walked like shadows among the houses that were crumbling under the enemy's fire, or laid down and died from sheer famine.

But even the rats and the leather at last gave out. After having so often refused to surrender, and after enduring such fearful hazards and hardships, it did not seem possible even now for the heroic garrison to surrender, especially as they were certain an indiscriminate slaughter would follow. They determined to cut their way through the enemy's lines or die in the attempt. Those who were too feeble were to remain. It was the fortune of war. At midnight the

remnant of the garrison sallied out from the gates, the women and children being in the center of this forlorn hope of despairing Greeks. Their furious and sudden onset at first disconcerted the Turks, but they are surpassed by no people in courage, whatever else may be alleged against them, and they soon rallied and exerted every effort to destroy the sallying party. But the Greeks were nerved by despair. Tzavellas, the Suliot, was at the head of the sortie, and by his side walked his wife, a black-eyed heroine of small stature but dauntless heart; she carried her infant son on one arm and brandished a scimeter with the other. About two thousand Greeks, men and women, succeeded in cutting their way through and escaped to the mountains. Those who were left in Missolonghi crawled to a building used as a powder magazine. Soon the Turks broke into the town and crowded around the magazine. Then the Greeks touched the match and the building blew up with a stupendous glare and thunder, hurling thousands, friend and foe alike, into eternity. One never wearied of hearing Tzavellas narrate the thrilling episodes of that siege, while his brave little wife stood by and confirmed his story.

Another veteran who came to our house sometimes to talk over his adventures in the Revolution, was Captain Hadji Stathé. One of his stories deserves to rank in strangeness with the famous account of Baron Trenck and his mouse. He was captured by the Turks, and expected nothing less than a cruel death. But he was thrown into prison instead—a damp, dark, noisome dungeon, underground, unlit except for two or three hours in the day, when a few dismal gleams of gray light appeared through a small hole in the top, where they let down a basket with his scanty rations of bread and water and sometimes a few olives. Scorpions, spiders and centipedes inhabited the crevices of this cheerful abode, where he had nothing to lie upon but a little straw. Hadji Stathé had been there several weeks in this dark solitude, without even a companion to share his misery, when one day he felt something crawl over his leg and gradually creep up towards his face. He kept perfectly still,

the true thing to do in such circumstances ; but he judged from the feeling that it was a snake, and so it proved as it got up to his bosom. But whether it was an asp or any other sort of venomous serpent he could not tell.

The creature did not seem to be inclined to harm him, but rather sought warmth and repose. He allowed it to nestle in his bosom, and there it lay perfectly quiet, and he, it need hardly be said, also kept very quiet. After a while the snake uncoiled itself and left him. The next day it came again, and so day after day the hideous but seemingly harmless reptile returned, until, overcoming his aversion, and longing for some sort of companionship, Hadji Stathé actually got

into the habit of watching and waiting for this strange bed-fellow with a sort of interest that familiarity divested of fear. The snake allowed him to stroke it, and never in any way showed an inclination to harm him. The regularity of its return at about the same hour every day showed a sort of instinct for calculating time. But one day the Greeks drove the Turks out of the town where Hadji Stathé was imprisoned, and he was at last released after several months of vile imprisonment and worn almost to a skeleton. He left the dungeon without hesitation and without so much as taking leave of the snake, which probably missed him and wasted a little selfish regret at his departure.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

MY CONFIDENCE.

I HOLD Thy truth, O Lord, within my heart,
 Thy law I love ;
 I hold Thy cross, and try to do my part
 My faith to prove ;
 I hold Thy promise, Lord, and daily pray :
 “ My faith increase,
 That I may closer cleave to Thee, the Way,
 And have Thy peace.”
 Yet little joy my holding brings to me,
 Because I know
 That, though my soul still trusting clings to Thee,
 I may let go.

But I am held, O Lord ; Thou hast my hand,
 And Thou art strong.
 Throughout my journey in this desert land,
 However long,
 Thou givest me support. I shall not fall.
 Though foes assail
 And press me hard, over myself and all
 I shall prevail.
 Great joy Thy presence and Thy pledge affords,
 Because I know
 That Thou wilt not—since Thou hast given Thy word—
 Of me let go.

Thomas L. Rogers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TRAMPS AND DRUNKARDS.

THE common saying that it makes but little difference what a man believes so long as he behaves himself is true, within certain limits; but the maxim is not capable of a wide application. It is often the case that one does not know how to behave himself until he knows what he believes. If you are searching for something that is lost you must have some belief respecting the probable place of its concealment, in order that your search for it may be intelligent. In a thousand matters conduct depends directly upon belief; the man does what he does simply because he believes what he believes.

The management by the state of convicts and criminals would be more successful if the state had a well-considered and consistent theory of its relation to these classes. In this matter we are all at sea. It is a point at which social science encounters theology; and a man's theories respecting the proper treatment of criminals is likely to be greatly influenced by his theological opinions. One theology insists that punishment is for the vindication of law; another, that it is for the protection of society; another, that it is for the reformation of the offender. All these types of theology try to express themselves in our penal laws and institutions; and the result is a system of confused aims and cross-purposes. If we could only agree upon some theory of punishment we should soon be able to improve the condition of our prisons.

That question will not be settled in this article. But we desire to call attention to two classes of persons who constitute much the largest share of the inmates of our county jails and local prisons. These are the drunkards and the tramps. Habitual drunkenness and vagrancy are the charges on which a large majority of the prisoners in our jails are confined. For these offences the term of imprisonment is commonly short, and it is a question whether any of the objects contended for by the various theories of punishment is attained in the cases of these persons. Neither the vindication of the law, the protection of society, nor the reformation of the offenders themselves is secured by the present method of dealing with them. The short term in the county jail is just long enough to disgrace a man, and not long enough to amount to much either in the way of restraint or of improvement.

It would seem that both these classes of per-

sons could be more successfully managed in work-houses, where they should be confined for long terms and employed in some kind of self-supporting labor. These work-houses would not need to be so strongly built as the prisons are; and they should be connected with farms, upon which the convicts might raise their own supplies. The contract system should not be allowed; but the labor of the inmates should be organized and directed by the superintendent of the work-house. The fare of these work-houses should be coarse and plain like that of the prisons; and the discipline, though firm, should be steadily directed toward the cultivation of self-respect and the moral virtues.

The advantages of this system are easily stated.

1. It would lighten the public burdens. The drunkard and the tramp are both a charge upon society. The drunkard sometimes earns a portion of his livelihood; but most persons of this class who have sunk so low as to be imprisoned are virtually paupers. Upon the labor of their relatives or the benevolence of the public they live for the greater portion of the time that they are out of jail. The tramp is wholly a charge upon the community. That portion of his living which he does not beg he steals. And this is not because he cannot find employment, but because he will not work.

If the drunkard and the tramp are sent to jail for thirty or sixty days they still remain a charge upon the community. They cannot be trained in so short a time to any productive labor. Even in those county prisons where the inmates are compelled to labor, the shortness of the average term of confinement renders the labor valueless. From three to five cents a day is all that contractors have been willing to pay for the labor of the prisoners in the Springfield House of Correction. If it were worth more it would bring more in the market. And if the average term of imprisonment were six months or a year it would be easy to dispose of the labor for five or six times as much money. A work-house in which the average term of confinement was six months or a year might, if properly managed, be self-supporting. Thus the tramps and drunkards who are now living off the labor of others would be compelled to earn their own living.

The trades-unions do indeed object to convict-labor; but it is better for the whole community, that a man should be compelled to work for his living in confinement than that he should be

allowed to beg it or steal it. The state ought to sell the products of the work-house labor for what it will bring in the open market; it must not undersell the market, for the problem is to make the institution self-supporting. The working-classes would be benefited by a system that made the idle and criminal classes earn their own living. Otherwise they are a tax upon the whole community, and the working classes are obliged to pay their full share of this tax.

2. Another advantage of such a system would be the better opportunity afforded by it of improving the moral condition of the persons confined. The drunkard would be compelled to keep sober for many months; by that time his appetite would be under control; and if the moral influences surrounding him in the work-house had been salutary, he might be permanently reformed. A thirty days' imprisonment does him no good; six months or a year of enforced abstinence would give him a chance to master his appetite. The tramp would learn some useful employment, and although labor might not be robbed of all its horrors in his eyes, yet he would become better prepared, if not more willing, to take care of himself in the future.

3. Upon both these classes the deterrent effect of such a system would be much more powerful than that of the present system of short and frequent sentences to the county jail.

It may be that this method would apply to other classes besides the drunkards and the tramps; but to them it would seem to have a special adaptation. Long terms of confinement at hard labor under firm and kindly discipline is the best regimen for both these classes; and under such a system the burden of their support could be greatly lessened if it were not removed altogether.

FAITH AS A FINANCIER.

If the pilgrimage to America of the Rev. George Mueller should have the effect to increase the number of those weak-headed people who are disposed to rely upon faith rather than upon work for their daily bread, there will be good reason for wishing that the Rev. George Mueller had staid at home. The "faith principle" on which he professes to conduct his great charitable operations, may be applied in a limited way to enterprises that are strictly charitable; but even in these, there is no necessity of resorting to any miraculous explanations of success. Mr. Mueller has done a good work, and has carefully and shrewdly advertised it. His announcement that he does not solicit funds for the prosecution of his work, is in itself the most effective method of solicitation. People who do not like "begging sermons" nor begging circulars bite readily at that bait. All the facts respecting the extent

and character of his work he takes pains to keep before the public; and these reports are always accompanied with the information that nobody is ever asked to contribute. What nobody is asked to do, everybody, it would seem, must be doing; for the necessary funds are all the while coming in. What everybody does, everybody else wants to do. The popular dislike of the charitable drummer gave Mr. Mueller a splendid start; and, once started, his enterprise goes by its own momentum. Nothing succeeds like success. To him that hath shall be given.

Of course this would not be the case if Mr. Mueller's work were not well organized and admirably carried on; but since it is a good work, and since its character and method are well known to the public, its financial success may easily enough be explained without the supernatural hypothesis. That the Lord is helping this work there can be no doubt; He is helping every good work; but the help which He dispenses comes in along the lines of natural law, and not by the channels of supernatural intervention.

How far this method of Mr. Mueller's may be carried in charitable work, we cannot say. The probability is, however, that, if all charitable associations resorted to it, they would all come to grief together. The success of the very few that are managed on this principle is largely due to the fact that they are conspicuous exceptions to a general rule. Mr. Mueller himself does not advise other benevolent enterprises to rely upon his method, and in declining to give this advice Mr. Mueller shows that he possesses great practical wisdom.

But whatever may be said of the working of this principle in the business of charity, the attempt to introduce it into any enterprise where gain or livelihood is at stake is an abuse. Here is a call—the last of several that have been heard from the same quarter—for donations to sustain an impecunious newspaper in New York whose proprietor says: "I have tried to conduct the *Witness* enterprise on the faith principle of Rev. Geo. Mueller and Dr. Cullis; but, perhaps, owing to weak faith, or to *mixing the credit principle with it*, my experience has not been like theirs." The result of this experiment is a subscription list numbering 83,000 and a debt of \$225,000. And still this devout enterprise goes on devouring money, and still the hat goes round among devoted subscribers to make up the annual deficit.

We do not question the good intentions of the proprietor of the *Witness*, and we are sorry for his serious misfortunes as well as for the losses of those benevolent persons who have aided him with their credit; but the failure of his enterprise will not be wholly a matter of regret if it shall indicate the folly of trying to conduct business on the "faith principle." Business must be conducted on business principles; the economi-

cal laws must be obeyed in financial transactions just as much as the physical laws must be obeyed in mechanical operations. The proprietor of the *Witness* would never think of asking the Lord to make the engine that drives his presses do its work with no water in the boiler nor any fire under it; and it is just as absurd for him to expect that the Lord will make the people pay for a newspaper that they do not want. If he can furnish an article that the people want he can sell it and make a living by it; but it is in vain for him to suppose that the Lord will miraculously interfere with the law of supply and demand for his special benefit.

The discipline by which character is perfected is a discipline under law. God requires man patiently to study the laws which He has impressed upon nature,—to investigate physical laws and social laws, and economical laws, and mental laws and moral laws,—and to conform to them in all his conduct. In getting gain, and not less in doing good, he must study and obey God's laws. It is only thus that he learns foresight, patience, self-control. If he could get everything he wanted by simply asking for it he would be a moral weakling; it is vastly better for him that he should be obliged to study and labor and wait for it,—to work out his own fortune and his own salvation. If his livelihood or his gain came to him as the result of asking and believing, rather than as the result of thinking and planning and striving and denying himself, there would be no such chance as now exists for the cultivation of his manhood. The man who makes the "faith principle" his reliance in conducting his business, is simply asking God to set aside the conditions which He himself has ordained for the development of character. Nobody doubts that God can do this; but it is not reasonable to suppose that He will.

OUR FIRST GREAT POET.

OF Mr. Bryant's character there is but one word to be spoken, and that is praise. His blameless and exemplary life is a noble legacy to his children and his countrymen. In the virtues that spring from heroic discipline he was rich; the self-control the son of Sophroniscus so nobly preached he more nobly practiced. All his life he kept the body under, and made it the supple servant of his conscience and his reason.

Concerning the value of his services to his country, pulpit and press have spoken, too, with a wonderful unanimity. The fact that this rather shy and scholarly gentleman, to whom the brutality and noise of the political arena must always have been painful, kept himself through all his life in close connection with political affairs, and strove to infuse into the strife of parties a larger wisdom and a gentler sentiment, is a fact that will reflect upon him everlasting honor. Like

Milton he was as much a patriot as a poet; and he did not imagine that fine endowments absolved a man from the service of the state.

Some English *dilettante* wondered that the author of "Thanatopsis" could descend to daily political journalism. But the lofty moral sentiment, and the serene hope and courage which find expression in that poem do not come amiss in daily journalism. We trust the day may arrive when exclamations like this of the English critic over the consecration of the highest gifts to the public service, will be confined to barbarians.

The estimates of Mr. Bryant's rank as a poet have been, on the whole, highly appreciative. The *Nation*, which, we believe, has never deigned to mention his "Iliad" or his "Odyssey," devoted to Mr. Bryant a characteristic paragraph:

"He had studied good models; he had learned early much from Wordsworth. He expressed simple thoughts in plain and elevated language. His poetry made up for what it lacked in imagination by a pure moral tone. He put into verse reflection and sentiment which were distinguished only by form from those which were common in the best circles of New England. If he never stirred the passions, he at least moved the gentler feelings. Men who read his poetry were the better for it. It was full of a pensive optimism which suited the fireside. He had no great skill in narration of human interests, but he could describe the external aspects of nature in sonorous and decorous verse, and connect them with familiar associations of human life. His eye for nature was not keen, he had no greater insight into her moods than into those of man. For him Cole was a great painter whose canvas was "glorious." He was a moralist in verse much more than a poet, and as the great majority of readers care little for poetry, but much for well-expressed moral feeling, his popularity had a sure foundation."

For pure superciliousness this paragraph will take high rank. It would be difficult for any well-bred person to condense a greater amount of contempt into an equal number of words. Of course the sneer is leveled not only at Mr. Bryant but equally at the people who have always reckoned him among their greatest singers.

It is not likely that the final verdict of criticism will assign to Mr. Bryant so high a place among the poets as that which has been occupied by several of his contemporaries. In sweetness and delicacy of sentiment he is inferior to Longfellow; in the enthusiasm of humanity he ranks below Whittier; but though not the greatest of our poets, he was the first of our great poets; and the verses that he has written are not going to be sneered out of existence for many generations. The assertion that he had no insight into nature is sheer dogmatism; there are many who are ready to confess that he has been to them the interpreter of nature; that they have learned more from him than from any other teacher of her nameless charms and her subtle influences. Through the somewhat rhetorical form of his

verse the true critic has no difficulty in discerning the genuine sympathy with nature which pervades it. His verse is no more rhetorical than Cowper's, while his love of natural beauty is quite as true; and after the spasmodic school of verse-wrights now upon the stage shall have had their little day and ceased to be, the more quiet and decorous strains of Bryant and Cowper may return with a certain restful charm to ears that have grown weary of strained conceits and anapestic extravagances.

BUTLER'S BIG BILL.

THE deep interest taken by General Butler in the laboring classes of the country has culminated in a bill which he has introduced into Congress. By this bill forty-five thousand sections of land in the vicinity of the military posts are to be selected and set apart for "military settlement." From the eastern states and from the District of Columbia 333,333 families are to be chosen and colonized upon these selected sections, — each family to have forty acres of land. The Quartermaster's Department of the Army is to provide for the transportation of these three hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three families to the "forties" assigned to them, and each family is to have expended for its benefit during the first year of its settlement a sum not exceeding \$1,250 in such articles as these: "Two horses, not exceeding seven years old, mares preferred, two hundred dollars; two cows, three years old, fifty dollars; one covered wagon, strong, for two horses, eighty dollars; agricultural implements, seventy-five dollars; clothing and stores, fifty dollars; food rations, two hundred and fifty dollars; ready-made frame houses of not less than three rooms where timber is scarce, or when the family desires it, one hundred and fifty dollars," etc., etc. In consideration of these supplies the government is to have a lien of fifteen hundred dollars upon the property of each emigrant.

The only thing that strikes us as remarkable about this plan is the restraint which the author of it has evidently imposed upon his imagination and upon his faith in the popular credulity. Why he should have stopped with a beggarly twelve hundred and fifty dollars, when the silver mines of Nevada, the government bank note printing office, and the whole nomenclature table were all before him, exceeds our wisdom. What was the use of providing only two horses and one covered wagon per family, when six horses, a phaeton, a coupe, and a dog-cart could have been put into the schedule just as easily and would have been so much more attractive to the "industrial" voter? And so on through the whole schedule. Four hundred and twenty millions of dollars only are appropriated to the purposes of this bill. Does not General Butler know that a round thousand

million would have sounded much more impressive? It strikes us that in his declining years he is losing something of the dash of his prime. Moderate views are all very well for some people, but they will not serve his purposes; as a politician he is nothing if not sensational; and we cannot help feeling that in toning down the provisions of this bill to their present meager dimensions the General has lost a great opportunity.

We do not remember to have noticed any discussion of the bill in the House of Representatives. It is possible that the General may not have any strong expectation of its speedily becoming a law; there are so few persons in Congress, or in the country, either, who take the kind of interest he takes in the "industrial" voter! But the bill has been printed in the *Boston Pilot* and probably in other newspapers—since its author believes in putting everything where it will do the most good—and it will form an excellent issue on which to appeal to "the people" in some subsequent campaign.

This extraordinary specimen of ground and lofty statesmanship may remind students of prophecy of one of those visions of the Apocalypse, in which "a beast came up out of the earth, and he had two horns like a lamb and he spake like a dragon." One of the things that this beast did was to cause "all both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark on their right hand or on their foreheads; and that no man might buy and sell save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name." This reads very much like a description of the modern communistic demagogue—a character into which General Butler is rapidly developing. "Here is wisdom," the vision goes on: "Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six." General Butler's number is 333,333. A very slight knowledge of arithmetic and of the ordinary methods of exegesis would enable the commentator to show that there is no discrepancy between these figures.

ONE more unfortunate, in the person of Mr. Ira B. Wright of South Hadley, Mass., goes to the State's Prison for five years, convicted of making free with other people's money. It is the money of the town, whose treasurer he has been for five or six years, that Mr. Wright has been using; and he is unable to account for the sum of \$29,000. Like Mr. Chace of Fall River, whom he so swiftly follows to prison, he has been a leading man in one of the churches of his village, and superintendent of its Sunday School. Moreover, he has been one of those to whom "Liberalism" in all its forms is especially obnoxious; and he has not

failed to make it warm for people in his neighborhood who deviated from the straight road of "Orthodoxy." This proves nothing, of course, except that there is no saving grace in "Orthodoxy;" and that the connection between the technicalities of a severe dogmatic system and integrity of life are neither necessary nor vital. Mr. Wright and Mr. Chace have gone to their own place; and the retribution that has overtaken them ought to have a salutary influence upon other loose-jointed characters who are carelessly handling other people's money.

IN President Porter's Baccalaureate sermon we find the following strong and timely sentences:

"That philosophy which degrades man in its theories will be prepared to oppress and despise and curse him when he asserts his rights. But our danger lies not in this direction. It will come if it comes at all from the masses themselves who are quick to receive a philosophy that teaches them that the right of the strongest is the only right that nature sanctions, and trains them to infer that therefore capital and civilization and culture and religion are all outrages against the scientific view of man. May God spare any of us from witnessing the horrors that will ensue when insane enthusiasts or maddened criminals act out the new views of man's duty and destiny which are taught in some philosophical schools!"

The fact that a bad philosophy may make terrible mischief in national affairs ought not to be doubted by any American. It was the dogma of State sovereignty quite as much as the institution of slavery that made the civil war. Men like Lee and Stonewall Jackson fought on the side of the Confederacy only because their State bade them, and because they honestly believed that their paramount allegiance was due to the State. The materialistic dogma strikes at the root of national well-being more deeply and not less fatally than did the dogma of State sovereignty.

A NEW HAVEN Dogberry in hearing a complaint the other day against a brace of Yale students who had been guilty of a contemptible piece of vandalism, remarked that if the act had been done by a couple of ignorant boys from the purlieus of the city, he should have sent them to jail for thirty days; but as it was done by two college students he did not propose to punish them. We do not know exactly what is expected of judges in Connecticut, but in most civilized regions such a *dictum* as that from the bench would be regarded as a fair ground for impeachment. Contempt of a court like that is a Christian duty.

"It is hard," said a gentleman to General Crook, "that men and officers should be sent out to be killed by the Indians, when all the trouble has been brought about by thieving agents." "That is not the hardest thing," replied the general. "A harder thing is to be forced to kill the Indians when they are clearly in the right."

Bravely said! If army officers and Indian authorities could borrow a little of the moral sense that shines through this utterance, a speedy end would come to our Indian wars. We nominate General Crook for Indian Commissioner.

At the dedication in Mobile the other day of the building occupied by the school of the American Missionary Association, the ministers of the various Protestant churches in the city and other leading citizens were present; and the words spoken by them were significant and cheering. Said the Rev. Dr. Burgett of the First Presbyterian church: "I fully endorse all the efforts of the American Missionary Association, and congratulate it and all present here to-day because of its high and praiseworthy efforts, its success in the past, the immediate present, and the bright prospects of the future. . . . I cannot understand the composition of a man who will oppose your efforts here. As a representative of the Christian people of Mobile I speak authoritatively when I say you deserve their sympathy and hearty co-operation, and you have it." Other ministers, a physician, and leading business men spoke in similar terms. Keep this report in mind when you hear the next shriek of the inconsolable carpet-bagger.

MR. STEPHENS of Georgia expressed the opinion, at the beginning of the current Congressional investigation, that it would turn out to be either a contemptible farce or a horrible tragedy. It has not, thus far, proved a tragedy, but Mr. Stephens's prediction is fairly verified. Anything more contemptibly farcical than the performances of the witnesses summoned from Louisiana and Florida it would be difficult to imagine. The almost unanimous declaration of the Democrats in the House, that this Congress has no right to interfere with the President's title, removes the suspicion of foul play that rested on the movement; but strange revelations have been made of the state of politics in the South. The President's character has not been touched by the investigation; and what is called his Southern policy has received, incidentally, a remarkable vindication. Among the many humiliating discoveries of the investigation, there is one thing to be thankful for—that the United States troops are no longer employed to maintain in office such cattle as have lately been disporting themselves upon the witness stand in Washington.

HEAR the *Christian Union*: "God's revelations cannot conflict. If, therefore, we find anything in the Bible which contravenes the general moral instincts of mankind, especially those of the highest moral culture, we may be sure that the interpretation which so reads the book is false." Now hear the reply of the *Examiner and Chronicle*: "Is it so? Suppose it be put the other way,

and say if man's moral instincts contravene an honest interpretation of anything in the Bible, the instincts must be morally false." In these two paragraphs we have a fair statement of the fundamental difference between two schools of thought, whose divergence will be more and more clearly marked in coming discussions. The one school believes that the Bible was made for man; the other believes that man was made for the Bible. We do not undertake in this place to judge between them; we only point out the issue as one around which a good deal of controversy is likely to gather.

ARCHBISHOP DUPANLOUP saw fit, in connection with the centennial anniversary of Voltaire's death, lately celebrated in France, to connect with his censure of the great free-thinker the name of Victor Hugo. To this clerical assault the author of *Les Misérables* returns a reply which those who relish invective will find stimulating reading. "Let us see" he cries to "Monsieur" Dupanloup, "what sort of a thing your conscience is, and what mine is." And this is the "single comparison" which he thinks will suffice:

"France has lately passed through an ordeal. France was free. One night a man treacherously seized her, overthrew her, and gagged her. If a nation could be murdered, that man would have murdered France. He brought her near enough to death to reign over her. He began his reign—since reign it was—by perjury, ambush, and massacre. He prolonged it by oppression, by tyranny, by despotism, by an indescribable parody on religion and justice. He was at once a monster and a pigmy. For him were sung the *Te Deum* the *Magnificat*, the *Salvum fac*, the *Gloria tibi*, and the rest. Who sang them? Ask yourself. The law abandoned the people to him, the Church surrendered to him the Almighty. Justice, honor, country gave way before that man. He trampled under foot his oath, equity, good faith, the glory of the flag, the dignity of man, the liberty of the citizen; that man's prosperity perplexed the conscience of mankind. This lasted nineteen years. During that time you were in a palace; I was in exile. Sir, I pity you."

We are inclined to think that his Grace will agree in the opinion that this one comparison is enough. And it may occur to him that a religion which joins hands with injustice and iniquity, would better be careful how it throws stones at "infidels."

THE Reformed Episcopalians are making some progress in England. They have a bishop—regularly ordained, as Bishop Cummins was in this country—and several churches; and their spread has been thought a matter important enough to be discussed in the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury. It would seem on first thought that England might furnish a better field than America for the propagation of this sect. The Low Churchmen of England are greatly irritated by the prevalence of Ritualism, and we should expect them to have warm sympa-

thy with the Reformers. But the loaves and fishes of the Establishment exert a strongly conservative influence; and the English Low Churchmen have not, of late years, shown much of the martyr spirit. When it comes to making sacrifices for opinion's sake, one Ritualist will venture more than five Evangelicals. The English Ritualists are not a lovely set; but they have the courage of their convictions, and they are tremendously in earnest.

BISHOP CALDWELL, of the district in Southern Hindostan in which the large accessions to Christianity have lately taken place, gives additional reports in his recent letters of the work going on in Tinnevely. He says that the movement of the natives toward the church had begun before famine relief commenced; but that the kindness experienced by the starving natives at the hands of Christians gave it a powerful impulse. He repeats, with emphasis, the former statement of his belief that these converts could not have changed their religion for the sake of obtaining relief, since relief was given to heathens and Christians alike; and he says that since the granting of relief has ceased, the movement still goes on. Two other statements of Bishop Caldwell are worthy of consideration by all those sublime philosophers of Christian lands, who see so little to approve in Christianity when compared with Brahminism and Buddhism. "No one," says the Bishop, "has ever heard of any help being rendered to the famine-stricken by the Brahmins of any temple from one end of the country to another; but wherever a Christian missionary was stationed, there the people saw a sympathizing friend who had been supplied with funds for their help." And again: "He would be blind indeed, who did not see that no government but a Christian government has ever set itself, or would ever set itself, to save life, at whatever cost, as ours has done; and he would be equally blind who did not see that it is as Christians, believing in a loving Master, and adherents of a religion of love, not merely as English people, descendants of the race that conquered India, that the people of England have come forward so promptly, so nobly, to help the people of this country in their dire emergency." Facts like these ought to outweigh, in our study of "comparative religions," many lofty words of poets and sages.

THE Missionaries of the American Board write from Turkey that the rule of the Russians has been favorable, so far, to entire religious liberty. "Though every passport," writes Mr. Clark, "describes me as an American missionary, there has never seemed to be any hesitation in granting all I wished. . . . Protestants, without exception, speak in the same way of their intercourse with Russian officials." From Constantinople Mr. Dwight writes: "The Protestant preacher from Adrianople is just in. He is quite

enthusiastic over the Russian administration in that city." A Russian officer in punishing soldiers who had persecuted a Lutheran, said: "The Russians have not come to meddle with religion but to free the Bulgarians." The fears cherished by many that Russia would expel all Protestant missionaries from the territory occupied by her forces would seem to have been groundless.

BEACONSFIELD has had his own way in the settlement of the Eastern Question, and goes home in triumph. Doubtless he will be made a duke, if he does not marry the queen; and his success gives a new lease of power to the conservative party. Turkey in Asia is put under the protectorate of England, so that the missionaries in that quarter may cease from their alarm;

Cyprus goes to England; Russia gets the port of Batoum in Asia, but does not get the freedom of the Straits for her vessels of war; Bulgaria is divided,—the part above the Balkans being placed under the protectorate of Russia, while the Turks are to hold the line of the Balkans, and the country south of this line is to be under such "protection" as they are inclined to give. This is the weak spot in the treaty. Bulgaria will not rest under this partition of her territory. The desire for a separate national existence has taken firm possession of her people; and there will be constant collisions and insurrections south of the Balkans. Yet much has been gained for liberty and good government, and the time of the departure of the Turk from Europe is visibly hastened.

LITERATURE.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S verse seems of late to have taken on a somewhat geographical tone. Whether the preparation of his "Poems of Places" stands to this tendency in the relation of cause or of effect we will not try to determine; but certain it is that of the poems in his latest collection¹ the majority require to be read, as books of history or travel are read, with a gazetteer and a map close at hand. "Keramos" itself is a poem of many places; and almost all the others have a local habitation and a name—some of them indeed quite a number of names. The value of these geographical lists is not always apparent,—as, for example:

"Old stones, whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme,—
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time."

To very few readers does this enumeration convey any definite ideas. It is a good exercise in orthoepy, but that is about the only use of it. No picture is shown or suggested by it to any except the few who have seen the places mentioned.

Here and there in these poems we find those prosy lines which Mr. Longfellow sometimes allows, to the great grief of those who love his verses best. Why, for instance, in this stanza from the beautiful poem of "The Three Kings," is the last line suffered to fall so flat?

"And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine."

Again in "Vittoria Colonna," the same blemish appears:

"Then as the sun, though hidden from sight,
Transmutes to gold the leaden mist,
Her life was interfused with light,
From realms that, though unseen, exist."

The thought here is poetical enough, but the form of the expression is unutterably prosy.

Scattered here and there through Mr. Longfellow's poems is an occasional line of this character which strikes upon the ear of the sympathetic reader like a false note in music. There is reason, doubtless, in the protests that we sometimes hear against the alteration of their published verses by the poets; but there surely ought to be no law against the emendation of such stiff and formal lines. Mr. Longfellow might well avail himself of the liberty that Mr. Tennyson has so freely taken.

Most of these verses are, however, the very soul of poetry. There is no fancy more exquisite, there is no music more sweet than those of Mr. Longfellow,—and that is why the infrequent discords of his verse so deeply offend us. What can be more genuinely lyrical than "The Herons of Elmwood," or the little song—

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest!"

The unstrained pathos of the stanza to "Delia," is also the author's own familiar voice:

¹Keramos and Other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

"Sweet as the tender fragrance that survives
When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives,
Sweet as a song, that once consoled our pain,
But never will be sung to us again,
Is thy remembrance. Now the hour of rest
Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling; it is best."

The sonnets are, on the whole, the best of the volume. We are rather sorry to find anything to praise in them, for the fact that the sonnet is the fashion, nowadays, is not a good omen. A pattern of versification so stiff and artificial is not likely to be the vehicle of any high inspiration. It is only when poets have begun to put the form of their verse above its content that they become much addicted to such measures. Of course there are many noble sonnets; but the reign of the sonneteer in literature is the reign of affectation and superficiality. Yet Mr. Longfellow's sonnets show very little artifice; blank verse could hardly be more direct and simple. The art is so perfect that the limitations of the form are not felt. In this sonnet entitled "Nature," as in others, there is a masterful artlessness:

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing on them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him
more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we
know."

Into this strain of gentle sadness the verse of the great poet often falls in these latter days, but the aftermath is, if possible, more tender and sweet than the earlier growths; and the consciousness of having done good and not evil all the days of his life,—of having mingled with the pleasure that he has so bountifully given to his fellow men not a shade of skepticism, and not a trace of bitterness, and not a suggestion of impurity, ought to fill the afternoon of his life with peace and thankfulness.

As a theologian, the Rev. M. J. Savage is something of a novelist; but as a novelist he is one of the worst of theologians. The method to which in this *amazing fiction*¹ he has freely resorted is a method not unknown to theology, but it is only the least reputable of disputants who employ it. It is the practice of representing all the people who disagree with you as hypocrites and knaves. Perhaps Mr. Savage believes that the great ma-

jority of the Christians with whom he formerly associated are of this character; if so, he is to be pitied for his ignorance rather than blamed for his injustice. But no tolerably well-informed person will need to be told that the force of misrepresentation could not much further go than Mr. Savage has carried it in his delineation of the characters that make up what are known as the Orthodox churches of to-day. If the picture that he has given us be a true one, the members of these churches, almost without exception, are mean, false, cowardly and contemptible creatures. A glimpse is given us in one chapter of one "quiet, firm, lady-like woman who, while evangelical, believed that a tree might be safely judged by its fruits; and [who] preferred a good apple grown on a heterodox tree to a rotten one whose trunk was orthodox." But she is the only "Orthodox" person named or described who is really worthy of respect. Madge Hartley, the "Orthodox" heroine, is, of course, even before her conversion to Radicalism, everything that is lovely; but she is also everything that is soft and weak; the luxury of thinking she scarcely allows herself; and her final submission to Pope Forrest for matrimonial reasons is no very great triumph of "Rationalism." The author probably means that we shall think well of Judge Hartley; but how he expects us to do so after he has represented him as secretly favoring, though not assisting in, an attack upon his minister in which every principle of decency and fair-play is set at naught, we do not quite understand. Of course we are *told* that there were others in the Bluffton church who were inclined to be just and fair-minded, but they are not of sufficient importance to be named in the record of its doings.

The hero of the story is the Rev. Mark Forrest, a Congregational pastor who begins his ministry with Liberal tendencies and turns out a Radical. The experiences of this man in his brief pastorate in Bluffton, while he is moulting, constitute the story. Many of the occurrences described in it are in the highest degree improbable. Mrs. Gray, a lady of Liberal notions in theology, but of a most beautiful and blameless character, sacrifices her life in caring for the sick during the prevalence of an epidemic; and Mr. Forrest at her funeral dares to express the belief that, no matter what her creed has been, her life has been a Christian life, and that she is reaping its reward. This utterance causes Mr. Forrest no end of trouble; and the implication is, that sentiments of this nature are not tolerated in "Orthodox" circles. But the fact is that many people of irregular belief who have lived as Mrs. Gray lived and have died as she died, have been spoken of at their funerals by "Orthodox" ministers in terms similar to those used by Mr. Forrest, without any trouble arising on account of the utterance. Orthodox people are not, generally, such

¹ Bluffton: A Story of To-day. By M. J. Savage. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

inexpressible bigots that they are offended when heaven is opened to one who has lived purely and died sublimely. There are such people, of course; but it is not fair to insinuate that the average church-member is of this quality.

The worst misrepresentation of the book is, however, the description of the ecclesiastical council by which the Rev. Mark Forrest is tried for heresy. After the charges of doctrinal unsoundness had been sustained by vote of the council, a leading member of the church is represented as springing upon the council charges against the pastor of scandalous immorality,—charges of which he has not been notified, and which are accompanied by a resolution deposing him and warning the churches against him. Against this outrageous attempt at ecclesiastical lynch law nobody in the council utters a word of protest; and it is reserved for certain Liberals in the audience not members of the council, to rush forward and rescue the accused from the hands of these "Orthodox" assassins. Does Mr. Savage wish to convey the impression that practices of this nature are common in the sect to which he formerly belonged? Not only are they not common, but such a thing was never heard of.

A story of this character, which undertakes to deal with movements and conflicts of religious thought, ought always to be just and true in its representations of life. Exaggeration or caricature introduced into a work of this nature, is a crime against the truth. And this story is made up of exaggeration and caricature of the most bitter and virulent sort. We know something of the unreasoning bigotry that exists in "Orthodox" circles; we know that there are certain men who try to assume the leadership of the "Orthodox" forces, and who care more for "Orthodoxy" than for honor or justice or fair-play; but we know too that the rank and file of these forces as well as many of their leaders are sound and true at heart; that they love the things that are honest and fair and of good report; and that Mr. Savage's sketches of them are masterpieces of distortion. The religious teacher who can resort to devices of this nature would better not talk too loudly about his own exceptional loyalty to the truth.

THE hand of Mrs. Stowe has not lost its cunning. This latest story¹ is scarcely inferior to "Oldtown Folks." As a sketch of New England life in the early years of this century it is as faithful as a Dutch *genre* picture. The society which Mrs. Stowe describes was the society in which she lived; and the keen perceptions of an unusually sagacious child furnished her with the materials which a remarkable memory has enabled her to combine in this picture. Such novels

are in the truest sense history. One can learn as much from this story of the ecclesiastical and political complications and struggles of fifty years ago, as he would find by long researches among the archives. The downfall of the standing order in Connecticut, and the curious combination of the Episcopalians, representing aristocracy, with the fierce democracy of the period, in opposition to Federalism in politics and the Congregational establishment—are admirably sketched. Mrs. Stowe's recent connection with the Episcopal church has not at all warped her judgment; there is no trace of partisanship in the story; the Congregationalists as well as their foes are treated not only fairly but sympathetically. The characters are distinctly drawn, and the story is brimming full of genuine Yankee life. There is a school of little Bohemian critics about New York who amuse themselves by pecking at Mrs. Stowe, and ridiculing her stories of New England life; but these stories will be classics in our literature long after these little Bohemian critics are forgotten.

WHAT sent Miss Trafton to the plains of the West in search of a plot for a story¹ does not appear. That has been supposed to be the preserve of the Dime Novelists. Perhaps life on this side the Missouri river is overworked, so that the *blase* story-teller as well as the seedy artisan finds his profit in going West. Certainly there is on the part of western readers a somewhat shrill demand that the literature of the period shall devote itself chiefly, if not exclusively, to the delineation of western life. To this demand our novelists are quite complaisant; and this may account for the scene of "His Inheritance." The story, at least, cannot be complained of as not sufficiently American. The life of a garrison on the head-waters of the Platte river cannot be said to have in it a very strong infusion of European conventionalities. The problem would seem to be to find enough of incident in such a society to serve the purpose of any other than a Dime Novelist; but that problem has not been a difficult one for Miss Trafton. It is none of our business how she has learned all about the life of the plains; but she seems to be at home in it; and the sketching is done with an assured hand.

The story owes very little of its interest, however, to the exploits and the tragedies of Indian warfare; it is the story of the love of a young officer for the pretty daughter of a sutler; and of the intrigues of the other ladies of the garrison, who had designs of their own upon the young officer and could not at all tolerate the disposition that he was bent on making of himself. The tragedy of the story is the carrying away and hiding of the heroine, after her marriage, by her

¹ Poganuc People: Their Loves and Lives. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

¹ His Inheritance: By Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

half-crazy mother, while her husband was away on an expedition against the Indians, in which he was reported to have been killed. Husband and wife were thus parted forever. It must be owned that probability is strained a little in this abduction of the daughter by her mother; and many things in the story savor of the romantic. But some of the characters are well drawn,—notably that of Captain Elyot, and, among the women, that of Miss Laud. Blossom is a somewhat unsubstantial person; the promise of the earlier chapters is scarcely sustained in her portraiture. It is not reassuring to be told that envy and jealousy and exclusiveness have found their way as far west as the bases of the Rocky Mountains; but it is impossible not to believe it. The ladies of the garrison at Atchison behaved themselves much as ladies sometimes do in regions less remote; and Miss Trafton must be credited with a keen insight into many of their less amiable works and ways. We could have wished that she had shown us a little more of the nobler nature that belongs to women. The action of the story is for the most part clear and vigorous and the style is exceptionally strong and pure.

THE author of "The New Timothy" is a clever artist. His *genre* sketches are always individual and not unpleasing; and although the dramatic faculty is not strong in him, his stories are picturesque and readable. The last of these¹ is one of the best in its motive and in its treatment. The characters are drawn with great distinctness; the social life of the South to which it introduces us is sympathetically described by one who knows it well; and there is action enough to hold the interest of the reader.

JUST what "The Present Problem"² is, the reader of this little book may be puzzled to tell. "How to be good" is, perhaps, a succinct statement of it. "Intemperance and immorality" are mentioned in the preface as evils to be exterminated. But this is not in any exclusive sense a *present* problem; it is about as old as the theoretical question respecting the origin of evil. The temperance question is, however, the one about which the story chiefly revolves, though other social immoralities come in for a rather frank discussion. The story has not much unity, but the purpose of the writer is a good one, and the influence of the book ought to be wholesome.

MRS. CHILD would scarcely assent to the statement of the authors of "The Religion of Israel," that the Bible is "*the* book of religion." To apply to it the definite article would be to exaggerate.

¹ A Year Worth Living. A Story of a Place and of a People One Cannot Afford not to Know. By Wm. M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

²The Present Problem. By Sarah K. Bolton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ate its value in her estimation. She does recognize it, however, as *a* book of religion, though in her selections¹ she gives much less space to "Moses, Hebrew," and to "Jesus Christ, Israelite," than to "Manu, Hindu," and to "R. W. Emerson, American." To show that worthy thoughts of God and immortality and duty have been spoken by wise and good men who knew not the religion of the Bible would be an excellent service; the lesson is one that Christians need to learn. But if that were the object of this collection it would not be necessary to include any portions of the Bible. The intent of this book is, of course, to give a proportionate view of the religious ideas of the world; and the small space accorded to the selections taken from the Bible indicates the estimate taken of the relative importance of the book. To the comprehensive mind of the compiler, all books that contain the truth are lights of the world, yet there are degrees of brightness in these luminaries; "one star differeth from another star in glory," and the works of Moses and David and Paul and Jesus are lights of lesser magnitude than those of Confucius and Marcus Aurelius and Emerson and Frothingham. This is the impression that any visitor—from the moon, say—would surely get, if this volume were put into his hands as a manual of the earth's religions. This practice of discriminating *against* our Sacred Book is quite common in these days; but it may appear to the philosophic historian who, at the end of another thousand years, shall make up his verdict upon the religions of the world, that Christianity and its Scriptures are entitled to a little more respect.

The introduction is a clear and generally fair account of the elementary religious ideas of several of the peoples. One or two statements in it are, however, not quite accurate, as for example this sentence on page 38: "The Scriptures speak of no gradations of rewards and punishments." Luke xii: 47–48, and other passages, contradict this assertion. Some of the judgments of the writer indicate, also, a partial comprehension of the truth she is considering. Here, for example, is a pronouncement that will bear reconsidering:

"If Christianity had been true to its professions, the whole world would have been attracted by it, as bees are by sweet flowers. But the mournful truth is that its practice has been the reverse of its theories. It does great harm to the souls of men to make noble professions which they do not manifest in actions; and as the tallest mountain casts the deepest shadow in the water, so the higher the assumed standard the lower is the state of morals produced by a practical disregard of it."

¹ Aspirations of the World: A Chain of Opals. Collected, with an Introduction, by L. Maria Child. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Of course it is deeply to be regretted that *Christians* are not always true to their professions; what is meant by *Christianity* being true to its professions we do not exactly know. But to say, broadly, that the practice of Christians has been "the reverse" of their theories is an exaggeration. They have succeeded but imperfectly in reducing their theories to practice; but they have not deliberately and systematically professed one thing and practiced another. Their practice has followed their theories afar off—that is all. And that is not an exceptional fact. It is true of men in every relation of life. In politics, in education, in art, in household training, there is generally a wide interval between theory and practice. The limitations and infirmities of human nature are likely to appear in the application of religious truth, as well as in the application of other truth to life. But that is nothing that "*Christianity*" is responsible for.

The statement that "the higher the assumed standard, the lower is the state of morals produced by a practical disregard of it," is also open to criticism. If the "practical disregard" of the standard be conscious and deliberate, the statement is true; if it be only a failure to reach a height that is honestly striven for, then it is extremely unjust. Perfection is the only standard of conduct that any man can wisely propose to himself: is not the character of one who tries to do just right in everything, but who often fails, likely to be better than that of one who refuses to try to do right in many things?

In Christianity men do find, indeed, a high ideal of character, but that ought not to be made a reproach against Christianity. Doubtless the practice of Christians often comes far short of this ideal, but the system ought not to be blamed for that. It would be as reasonable to blame the writing-master for giving his pupil a copy of straight marks on seeing that the marks of the pupil were crooked. The pupil follows the copy as well as he can; would his marks be straighter if those of his copy were less straight?

This whole pronouncement proceeds upon the assumption that the disparity between Christian theory and Christian conduct is intentional. But this is an unjust and ungenerous assumption. There are hypocrites among Christians, but the majority of Christians are not hypocrites. They mean to keep Christ's commandments, and to reproduce his life. But many of them have an extremely imperfect understanding of his commandments; and those who more fully understand them, often fail in their honest endeavors to keep them. Yet it does them good and not harm to entertain these noble purposes, even though they are imperfectly realized.

Mrs. Child thinks that "it will require many generations for Americans to recover from the demoralizing effects of reading the Declaration of

Independence year after year with loud vauntings and ringing of bells while they held millions of the people in abject slavery." Certainly this would be true if Americans in general had had the same keen sense of the inconsistency referred to that was given to Mrs. Child. But the multitude did not see this truth so clearly as she did. They did not *feel* that the nation's practice contradicted its professions, and so they were not demoralized by the repetition of the Declaration. And gradually the truth in it became plain to them; the injustice of holding black men in a bondage from which white men rejoiced to be free, impressed itself upon their minds; and the nation was at length prepared for the limitation and the final extinction of slavery. The constant repetition of the truth contained in the Declaration helped mightily to bring about this result. The great majority of Americans, and the great majority of Christians, are dull of moral vision, and infirm of moral purpose; but neither of these classes are conscious hypocrites, nor were they ever; and it is only the conscious hypocrite who is demoralized by the confession of an unrealized creed. To the following sentiment of this author we are ready to give our fullest assent: "Let us respect sincerity wherever we find it; and let us cease from judging people harshly because they cannot believe what seems to us to be true." A faithful following of this maxim would have resulted in giving to the paragraph which we have quoted a very different tone.

We have only room to add that this collection of moral and religious sentiments from authors of all lands and all ages, is made with great care; and that it gives a broader meaning to that familiar phrase—"the fellowship of the saints." Doubtless these witnesses who in so many tongues have borne testimony to the great truths of God's kingdom were holy men who spake as they were moved by Him who is the Truth.

THE theory of an intermediate state in which men remain between death and the judgment, is advocated by Dr. Townsend in the volume¹ now before us. This intermediate world is, according to his doctrine, a definite place; a world of consciousness; a "dual world," in which the righteous will be separated from the wicked; a world of fixedness, in which it will not be possible for the wicked to become righteous nor for the righteous to become wicked, yet a world in which judicial rewards and punishments are not distributed. Not till after the resurrection and the judgment do the righteous go away into the rewards of heaven and the wicked into the punishments of hell. Yet this intermediate world will be a world of blessedness to the righteous and of mis-

¹The Intermediate World. By L. T. Townsend, D. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

cry to the wicked; only this blessedness and this misery will be the natural result of their previous conduct and not the gift or the infliction of a judge. The biblical and the rational foundations of this theory are stated by Dr. Townsend with considerable force. A more quiet style would, however, suit his purpose better. See with what a splash he takes the water in the first sentence of the book: "Shortly every man will stand face to face with a tombstone." It must be admitted that this is a stunning start; but the judicious reader must not be offended by it; there is really something worth reading in the pages that follow. We do not believe all Dr. Townsend's theories, but he has thought and read considerably upon this topic, and those who are curious about the future will do well to read what he has to say.

It is said that no artist ever painted children so well as the childless Reynolds, and it must be allowed that some of those who have never had children of their own have shown a remarkable insight into their characters. The treatise¹ of Miss Martineau on the training of children need not, therefore, be set aside as the impertinent theorizing of an old maid. If Miss Martineau was never a mother she was once a child; and that fact she never forgot, as the vivid memorials of her autobiography so clearly show. Her philosophy of childhood is largely the product of her own experience. Many of the instances recited in this volume are plainly passages in her own life. Miss Martineau was philosopher enough even in her childhood to analyze the effect upon herself of the various methods of discipline through which she passed; and this treatise holds the result of such acute reasonings. It is, on the whole, a very wise and instructive book. Few parents can read it without being convicted by it of many faults of household administration, and its calm counsels must make parental duties plainer to all who are willing to learn.

As a specimen of elegant book-making the biography of Miss Cushman² will bear high praise. The Riverside Press has rarely sent forth a more sumptuous volume. As for the memoir, that is rather stiffly done. Miss Stebbins is not a storyteller, and the severe accuracy of her style scarcely admits of vivid and dramatic portraiture. In her letters Miss Cushman has a chance, however, to tell her own story; and they place before us a great character. The strength and

nobility of her mind and the purity of her life have done much to redeem the dramatic profession from dishonor. It must be difficult for the most prejudiced censor of the stage to maintain that a life which inspired so much of respect, and which bore so much good fruit of integrity and beneficence was lived in vain.

To Mr. Howells's delightful series of "Choice Autobiographies," the *Memoirs of Marmontel*¹ are now added. Nothing can be more judicious or delightful than the introductory essay of Mr. Howells; one could not help wishing to read the autobiography after reading the essay. It is in the story of the life of an honest and clever literary artist like Marmontel that one gets the best picture of the society of the period. Curiously Mr. Howells declares that on reading Taine's "Ancient Regime" after reading Marmontel's *Memoirs*, he was persuaded that the work of Taine is "not true on the whole, though probably it is not to be questioned in any particular." Taine's facts, Mr. Howells goes on to say, "are like testimony given in a court of justice, which given without statement as to motive or intent serves the advocate as material for working up the case as he likes; but Marmontel's reminiscences are like an account of the affair which an eye-witness acquainted with the actors in it might give when not cramped by rules or confused by questions." The historical value of the *Memoirs* is therefore very great; and the story that they tell is entertaining enough even to one who has no care for history.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE is among the most agreeable of contemporary writers. He can make theology entertaining, and it would be strange if biographies from his pen were dull. The sketches compiled in this volume² are as interesting as tales. Governor Andrew, Senator Sumner, Theodore Parker, James Freeman, Robert J. Breckinridge, Junius Brutus Booth, Ezra Stiles Gannett, and others whom Dr. Clarke knew, are painted to the life. The justness of the characterization is in each case apparent. Personages not known to him of whom he discourses, as Washington, Rousseau, Shakespeare, he has taken pains to study carefully; and he never writes without making us feel that he has something worth saying.

¹ *Memories of Jean Francis Marmontel: With an Essay by W. D. Howells.* In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

² *Memorial and Biographical Sketches.* By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

¹ *Household Education.* By Harriet Martineau. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

² *Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of her Life.* By Emma Stebbins. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. II.—SEPTEMBER, 1878.—No. IX.

CHRYSANTHEM.

I.

FYLER'S BEACH.

No place could have been better suited for a camp-meeting. A sheltered cove ran for quite a distance into the shore, giving even to unexperienced sailors a safe field for the management of tiny row-boats; and upon one of its sides a commodious place for timid, shallow-water bathers who had no liking for the surf which tumbled boisterously in upon the Point. On the other side of the cove the shore descended more rapidly, and was covered with a grove of oaks. Advantage had been taken of this natural amphitheatre to fill it with circling benches and to place a speaker's stand at its foot, to which the blue curtain of the ocean and sky formed a background. Gleaming white among the trees back of the amphitheatre were the tents and cottages of the campers; while down on the point stood Fyler's Lodge, a weather-beaten old farmhouse where Mrs. Fyler served perpetual dinners of clams, chowder, roasted corn and waffles, and where Fyler himself rented boats and fishing tackle, by the hour or by the season, and kept a boarding-stable in the long line of sheds that stretched behind the house. The tents and cottages were rented too of Fyler, and the income which he drew from them in the busy season must have been something handsome, though his manner of life was of the utmost frugality and economy.

No one knew how it was that Fyler's Beach grew into popularity; there were plenty of places all along the shore just as eligible for summer resorts; in some of them the experiment had been tried, but always with poor success. Only three miles away was Ray's Folly, a pretentious hotel built with every accommodation for swarms of summer boarders who never came, though the owner had built a landing and a regular line of shore steamers paused there once a day. Fyler's, on the other hand, was removed from the regular lines of travel; when his grounds were engaged by campers he sent for their accommodation a rickety old stage-coach twice a day to the railroad station six miles away, and down to Ray's Folly at steamboat-time,—the proprietor of the hotel having the chagrin of seeing the majority of the arrivals bundle into Fyler's old coach and rumble away to the camp-meeting ground. During the summer the grounds were nearly always occupied. Sometimes the Methodists came, sometimes the Baptists. Once Mr. Moody gave what Fyler called "a performance," while often it was an undenominational gathering of weary pleasure-seekers. Gypsies came and paid a trifle for the privilege of using a part of the grounds, knowing that it would be a profitable business location. Indians appeared with their birch-bark canoes and basket work. Gentlemen's yachts folded their white wings and drifted lazily into the cove. "The Glorious Apollos" brought their instruments and

practiced here for a month before giving their autumn concerts. Occasionally a troupe of traveling acrobats and jugglers engaged the amphitheatre for a week, and there were families who, no matter what the concourse on the grounds, occupied their cottages regularly for the season.

Some of these cottages and tents were now decorated by feminine taste with mosses, vines, bunches of red berries, ferns and other woodland spoils. Dainty little boudoirs they seemed, where birds in gilded cages, lace draperies, pictures, flowers and easy chairs that must have been brought from luxurious city homes were invitingly grouped; while others with their rude cot beds, predominance of tin ware, and general air of untidiness—the cook-stove standing in front of the entrance, at the most convenient point for discharging smoke and conveying fumes into the interior, spoke of occupants from an entirely different sphere of life.

The assemblage now at Fyler's was indeed a motley one; "spiritooals," Mr. Fyler called them; though they were not all Spiritualists, the grounds having been secured for the summer by a mixed company of Radicals, Advanced Thinkers, Liberalists, Revolutionists, Spiritualists and Reformers of various kinds. The speaking from the stand was necessarily of the most varied character, and calculated to amuse a curious spectator like Harry Hotspur,—not Falstaff's wild companion, but a young Southerner of a somewhat different type, who had disembarked from a dainty little yacht and now stood near the speaker's stand, listening with outward gravity but much inward merriment to the harangue of an individual whose sex was not at all indicated by his or her costume. A child by his side had just remarked of the speaker, in a loud whisper, "Ma, that young man has got on a breast-pin," and Hotspur turned to old Fyler with whom he had some slight acquaintance and asked,

"Do tell me, is that nondescript man or woman?"

"She's one of the middlings," replied Fyler, hoarsely.

"What?" gasped Hotspur.

"A middling woman; that is I should say a medium, but medium or middling, they mean about the same, I calkerlate."

Mr. Fyler was wrong. The lady then speaking was not a medium, but a martyr in the cause of dress reform. Her address was a plea for grace and beauty emancipated from the bondage of fashion, but her unbecoming bloomer costume was a direct revolt against what she asserted to be one of the primal laws of nature, "the command to develop toward the highest ideals of beauty and loveliness." Harry Hotspur looked pityingly at the gaunt creature, who, clad in the appropriate garb of womanhood, would have at least challenged his respect, and was about turning upon his heel when his attention was attracted by the face of a young girl who sat among the speakers upon the platform. She was evidently not listening to the advocate of dress reform; her attitude was one of utter dejection and weariness. She was dressed in black; a rich black lace veil or large *fichu* draped gracefully about her waist, with long, floating scarf-like ends; her black hair waved back from her strikingly pale face in great surging masses which were caught at the back of the head by a small comb, studded with brilliants, and then fell in four or five great curls of varying length. The only color about her was in a cluster of deep crimson rose-buds at her belt. Great expressive eyes lit up her pale and delicate face. Occasionally they darted wistful glances through the audience as though she was seeking for some one, and then she would close them impatiently and rest her head against one of the pillars of the platform. That she was very nervous was proved by the incessant wandering of her exceedingly small white hands and the tapping of a tiny foot.

"Who is she?" asked Harry of one of his neighbors.

"Mrs. Delilah Bright, the psychometric test medium."

"Mrs.!" she looks like a mere child."

"She has been married these five years, and is influenced by the spirit of her little child whom she lost not long since."

"Will she speak?"

"She comes on as soon as the present speaker has finished."

Harry wedged himself into a seat between the child who had spoken her mind on dress reform, and an aged gentleman in seedy black, whose thin white hair fell lankily upon his shoulders, from beneath a very broad-brimmed hat, and whose chin rested in pilgrim guise upon his staff. The aged pilgrim as Harry mentally denominat-ed him, made room courteously for the stranger, remarking kindly: "Come hither, my son, come hither and we will do thee good." There was something so spiritual and benevolent in the old gentleman's appearance that Harry's heart warmed to him at once.

"Give me thy hand," said the pilgrim in a low voice; "I am very copiously endowed with mesmeric power, having received the gift of healing mental and physical disorders by the laying on of hands; allow me by a few passes to place thee in sympathy with the present conditions."

The young man yielded his hand to the mesmerist, who proceeded to stroke it softly. At the same time the speaker concluded her address, and the moderator of the meeting announced that Mrs. Delilah Bright would say a few words and perhaps give a few psychometric tests. His eyes were instantly fixed with those of the whole assembly upon the apparently inert form that crouched near the pillar. Suddenly a spasm seemed to shoot through her frame, she arose shudderingly and staggered forward.

"Dear friends," she said hesitatingly, with her eyes closed or fastened upon the floor at her feet; "a spell is upon me; I have had a vision to-day, and there is only one person to whom I can reveal it. I do not know whether that person is in the audience; if she is I can give the message and go on with other tests; if not I shall be unable to say anything to-day."

There was a breathless hush, during which the pilgrim at Harry's side stroked his arm more violently from elbow to finger-tips. The hush was broken by the speaker herself, who writhed as though in agony, threw both hands to her head and began to babble incoherently.

"The sperrit is taking possession of her," murmured several voices at once. Presently the babbling resolved itself into singing in almost incomprehensible baby talk.

"Zere, mamma, yight zere; ze pitty, pitty lady; div her ze woses."

Snatching the rose buds from her belt, she extended them towards the audience, exclaiming: "My baby tells me that they are for you; they are red, red with his heart's blood, lady. All this morning the vision was upon me; a lonely grave, dug where he fell on picket duty. No headstone, no flowers planted by loving hands, only the rose-bush which has sprung up and grown of its own will. This was the vision, and while I looked I heard a voice beseeching me, 'Take the roses, take them to her. Tell her I told her to weep for me no longer.' Is there no one here to whom they belong? no one who claims the message?"

There was another moment of utter stillness, when a girl stood up in the audience. She was of the Holbein Madonna type, with masses of smooth, auburn hair, coiled around her shapely head, under a light green crêpe hat, of cheap material and not in the best of taste, but forming a contrast of color with her brilliant hair, which, as the sun lit it up, suggested some gorgeous tropical flower and leaf. But the heart of the flower, the girl's moon-shaped face, was white. She stretched out her hands mechanically, as though mastered by a will stronger than her own, and cried out—"They belong to me! O Terrence O'Toole, me darlint! me darlint!" and fainted dead away.

She was only an Irish servant girl; but the great wave of sympathetic feeling which unites the human race sweeps down all petty barriers of caste, and the attention and pity of the audience were at once enlisted for her. Mrs. Bright descended from the platform and hurried to her. The aged pilgrim made a way before her with his staff, and vanished in the surging crowd. People generally stood upon the seats in the vain effort to see over each others' shoulders, and the disorder increased to such a degree that it was doubtful whether there would be more speaking that morning.

"Wall, now, that's reely curus," ex-

claimed a voice at Harry's elbow, which he recognized as coming from old Fyler. "Wonder whether she *knew* that Mary O'Toole lost her husband in the army; name down as missin' on the books; ginerally supposed to have deserted. Or whether she just threw it out, hit or miss like, calkerlating that it would fit somebody's case?"

"Could there have been anything real in it?" asked Harry; but seeing that Mrs. Bright was leaving the crowd he dashed after her, impelled by a sudden impulse to ask a private seance. If she was as potent in laying ghosts as in calling them, then a phantom which had dogged his steps for years might be quieted for ever and his soul at length find peace. He was not as much pleased with a near view of Mrs. Bright's face as he had expected to be; there was a look of what seemed to him insincerity in her eyes; she glanced at a tablet of engagements as he proffered his request, and remarked that she could give him a seance for half an hour, at one o'clock.

"And it is now,—" said Harry, feeling for his watch, but to his astonishment not finding it at the end of his chain. He examined the hook. "It must have slipped off," he thought; "I will go directly back to where I was sitting and search for it."

"Was it a valooable article?" asked Old Fyler, as he joined in the search.

"Wörth about two hundred dollars," replied Harry.

"Then it's my opinion," said Old Fyler, "that you'll never see that 'ere time-pieice agin. There was a mighty queer individool sittin' next you during the speakin'. I've noticed him a sneaking around afore to-day and I suspicioned him the fust time I seen him. There's always shaky chaps round wherever there's an excitement; don't reckon now that he was actooally any more of a spiritooal than I be."

The loss of his watch quite put his appointment with Mrs. Bright out of his head, and he spent the remainder of the day in fruitless attempts for its recovery, riding over to the station and telegraphing to the police department at the nearest city. As he sat after supper on the deck of the yacht, apart from the rest of the crew, the innumer-

able stars looking down upon his loneliness from their boundless companionship, and the other young men of his party shouting a college song, he felt more than ever inclined to put his case in Mrs. Bright's hands, and he strolled toward the cottages, which, with their twinkling candles, had all the appearance of a fairy city. Mrs. Bright was busy with a party which had engaged her services for the evening, and he wandered on through the leafy avenues. Every other tent seemed to be that of a medium; door-plates and signs bearing such inscriptions as—"Trance Medium;" "Clairvoyant Physician;" "Magnetic Healer;" "Flower Medium;" "Slate Writing;" "Materialization Circle;" "Table Tipping;" with others shadowing forth every variety of spiritualistic belief, stared him in the face at every step.

He entered one of the tents at random, and found himself one of a party who were consulting Madame Garcia, a slate-writing medium. A melancholy, which, although foreign to his natural temperament, had gradually become habitual to him, and was now his most noticeable characteristic, seemed to tell the people at the table who made room for him that he had come to seek communication with some one loved and lost.

Here was an opportunity such as he sought, but when Madame Garcia greeted him kindly and requested him to place the earthly name of the spirit with whom he wished to communicate within a sealed envelope, he could not for the life of him write "Chrysanthem," on the bit of card-board before him. He did write his father's name, however, and leaned back in his chair to await a response. The lights were extinguished, there was music of a very earthly character proceeding apparently from an ill-tuned piano in the next room, then the candles were lit and he saw the envelope lying as he had left it on the center of the table. It contained, however, besides the card bearing his father's name, a slip of paper, on which was written:

"Dear child, press onward; the mysteries of the unseen world are now made clear to me; I would communicate them to you

were it possible, but your heart is not yet sufficiently attuned to the celestial harmonies,—love, heavenly forgiveness, self-sacrifice and devotion,—to comprehend them. Follow my earthly example and you may before leaving this tenement of clay attain to this mystical companionship.”

Harry Hotspur's lip curled in fine scorn. “My father could never have written that,” he said. “He was an old Missouri fire-eater, who never forgave an enemy, and who was readier with his bowie-knife than with his Bible. If he really wished me to cultivate the Christian virtues he would never advise me to follow his example.”

“The spirits sometimes play us false,” said Madame Garcia, and she urged him to try another name. Harry did so, writing upon the card handed to him the name of Thankful E. Snow, evoking a reply even less satisfactory than the rest.

“My own darling,” it read, “there is no parting to those who love. I am with you now, though unseen, and my spirit must ever brood over yours. Remember our parting; I at least have remained unchanged; the feelings that animated me then still glow warmly in my breast toward you.”

“Idiotic nonsense!” exclaimed the young man starting from his seat. “Thankful Snow was a hoary-headed old abolitionist, and the last time we met his rusty carbine was pointed at my head, and my revolver, ———But I was a fool to expect anything here,” and he threw the fee for the seance upon the table with an expression of high scorn. Harry Hotspur possessed too much sterling common sense to be duped by ordinary charlatanism, and sensibilities too acute not to be disgusted by the vulgarity and rapidity of the messages which form the usual stock in hand of a public medium. As he went back to the yacht it seemed to him that he should never try Spiritualism again; but when an idea once entered his brain it was inclined to stay, and through all his past misery Harry Hotspur had still clung to the hope that some day, somehow, a message of pardon might be borne to him. He had not meant to kill Chrysanthem, or any one else, God knew. Was it his fault that she sprang before his leveled revolver

when, though his dazed brain recognized her, there was no time to change the direction of the pistol which would never have been fired had not her coming jostled his hand?

How often had he asked the question?

“Oh, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen to worlds below?”

Chrysanthem had loved him once. She must know of his agony; if communication were possible he would doubtless have heard from her ere this, unless there might be conditions for him to fulfill. Ought he not then to try all the spirits? Then, too, he had not yet seen Mrs. Bright. His party had agreed to remain at Fyler's Beach until he should hear from the detectives in regard to his watch, and the next morning, for want of something better with which to pass away the time, they all betook themselves to the amphitheatre.

Harry could not have told who had spoken or what was said, for Mrs. Bright occupied the same seat as the day before; her attitude and dress were the same, but instead of the roses at her belt, a white, starry flower shone upon her breast. The announcement being made that she would address the audience, she rose, took a few steps forward and spoke quietly in a clear, pleasant voice, with none of the sensational effects of her previous appearance.

“I had intended,” she said, “to speak to you collectively to-day on the mediumistic quality present in some degree in every nature, but I seem of late to be sent only to special cases. Night before last, as I took my usual solitary walk, my soul as far removed from earthly things as possible, passive and open to spiritual influences, I saw this flower growing in a lonely spot upon the beach.

“I was surprised, for I should not have expected anything to grow in that sandy spot, and I had walked in this direction the night before and had not noticed it. I bent to inhale its perfume, and a chill crept over me, a cold, deadly influence seemingly breathed from the flower itself, and I went on with a shudder. As I returned, I passed by the place without thinking of the flower, but

only for a few steps, for something, I know not what, made me look back and I saw it again, and this time, partly materialized, floating above it, misty, vaporous, a woman's hand. It beckoned to me or waved me on, I hardly knew which; but when I approached the hand vanished, and what was more peculiar, I could not find the flower itself. Last night, acted upon as I believe by spiritual influence, I took the same walk again. The flower was there, and this time two hands fluttered above it. The hands left the flowers as I approached, came to meet me and laid themselves upon mine, with a gentle but persuasive touch that seemed to draw me to the flower. I picked the flower and placed it in my dress. The hands vanished instantly, and I felt at once that I had accomplished the will of the spirit, in part. It is now my desire to complete the mission, for I feel that the flower was not meant for me. Dear friends, I ask as yesterday, is there any one in the audience waiting for a message from some one who has passed from earth-life with no dying word of farewell upon her lips?"

Harry was strongly moved, but though of an impulsive temperament he was averse to creating a scene, besides he was not sure. He turned to one of his companions and whispered: "Eastlake, you are something of a botanist; what flower is that?"

The young man addressed smiled scornfully:

"I suppose *she* would call it an immortelle, such as crown the happy souls above; but I saw plenty of them last evening growing in a box in front of one of the tents; it is only a chrysanthemum."

No one could have been more surprised than George Eastlake at the effect of his own words. Harry Hotspur rose and walked in a dignified manner to the platform, accepting the flower from the medium with an air of deep solemnity.

II.

MATERIALIZATION.

"WHAT is the matter, Prince? you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Wuss'n dat, Miss D'lily, wuss'n dat.

My king o'Moses! a ghose would n't be nuffin to what dis chile seed."

"One would infer that you had seen Satan himself."

"Law! Miss D'lily dis chile would n't be noways so badly skeered at seein' ole Satan. Dis chile nebber had no sech sperience wid Satan. Satan nebber kicked him down stars for listnin' at de keyhole, nor locked him in de smoke house for two day cause he thought I was stealin' de side meat. No, madam; Satan did n't do dat ar; Satan an' me's allus been good enough friends—but but young massa."

"You do n't mean to say that that melancholy young man in white duck who looks like Edwin Booth was your master down South?"

"I doos say so, madam; I doos say dat melon-colored young man, in de white booth--whatebber dat is--what you say looks like a lame duck, *war* my young massa."

"This is very interesting; as soon as you have finished opening that lot of clams for Mr. Fyler, come down to my cottage and tell me about it, and I'll tell your fortune for you."

"And now, Prince," said Mrs. Delilah Bright, the psychometric test medium, as Mr. Fyler's negro help responded to the appointment, "tell me everything you know about your master, and mind you tell me truth, or I'll give you such a fortune as you would n't wish to your worst enemy; but if you do the fair thing by me, I'll see what I can do about persuading Lucy to marry you."

"Wish I may die if I don't tell you de whole troof, madam; but what does you want to know?"

"What makes your master look so sad?"

"S'pose it's about Miss Chrys; leastwise he used to take on powerful about her; but law, dat was nigh on to fifteen year ago; like's not he's had plenty 'casion to be sad bout sights ob other things since dat ar."

"Who was Miss Chrys?"

"Why you see, madam, befo' de wah, when young massa an' me was nuffin but pickaninies, ole massa moved ober to Bleedin-Kansas to help de Pro-slave folks dat was habin' a pooty hard time of it dar. We

libbed next do' to Ole Squire Snow, he war a abolitioner. Peard like he and my Boss could n't bar de sight ob one annudder; but it wan't dat way at all wid de Squire's darter, Miss Chrys, and young massa Harry. Why bress your soul, Miss Bright, it was jus de udder way. Peared like dem two children could n't bar to be *outer* each udder's sight. Dar was n't nuffiu dat one chile did or knew but what de udder would know an do de same. Miss Chrys teachted massa Harry de catechism, and tried to teach it to me; but I's a Baptis' an' don't b'lieve no Presbyterianism. Massy Harry got his fadder's best pack of keerds and learned Miss Chrys to play California Jack; she was mighty peart at it an used to win all de stakes."

At this point in Prince's narrative, Mrs. Bright made a note in her memorandum—"Buy a Westminster Catechism and study it up. Card playing may be worked up too. *Mem.* Treat this part delicately."

"Fin'ly ole massa see how things was a gwine, an' it wan't no use for de pro-slaves to try to do any ting wid Kansas, an so we all toted back to old Missouri. Young massa did n't want to go no how, but he could n't help hisself. 'Bout five years after dat ar, all de niggers in the plantations roun' 'gan to run away. Ole massa war always berry kind to me, but we hearn tell dat if we was free we'd nebber have to do no work, an' so all ob us at old massa's 'lowed we'd clar out for Kansas too. Dar war ten ob us, an' we went straight to Ole Squire Snow's, for we knowed dat he made a business of running off niggahs. De berry next night, ole massa came fur us. Nobody come but him an young massa Harry, but we nigs was so skeered dat we jus hid in de cellar an left Squire Snow to face em. Ole massa an' de Squire stood dah a jawin' at each udder, till I could n't stan' it any longer, an' creeped up stahs and peaked tru de key-hole. Bymby de Squire got so agrybatin in his talk, a pitchin' scrip-ter at ole massa, dat he could n't stan' it any longer, an he steps up an gives de Squire a slap in de face. De Squire had an ole rusty shot gun in his han' an' he up an' pinte it straight at Ole Massa's head. An' wid dat

young massa, who had been lookin' on wid his arms folded, jerks a pistol out ob his belt an' steppin' in front ob his fader pinte it at the Squire. Wall, I dun tole you, dat what one chile would do tudder would, and Miss Chrys, who was stannin' long side ob me, spyin tru' de crack ob de do', springs up to de room an stan's right in front ob *her* fader. She was all in white, wid her hair a flyin' an' it seemed to knock massa Harry all in a heap. Dey war stanin' so close to one annudder dat de barl of Squire Snow's gun hit gin massa Harry's pistol an it went off, an dat skeered Miss Chrys so dat she fainted clear away. Squire Snow yells out, 'Murderer, you's done killed her!' An'ole massa cotched massa Harry by de arm an' toted him off.

"But bress you, madam, dar was u't nobody hurted, an' I done seeu Miss Chrys in New York city last winter."

Out came Miss Bright's memorandum book again, and her small hand rapidly traced in it, "Find Miss Chrysanthem Snow." While she asked at the same time, "Do you know her address, Prince?"

"Pears like it was 142d Street, or somepin like dat. She tole me to come out an' see her mudder; dey's a sight poorer den dey used to be, an' she takes music scholars for a libbin'."

All this went carefully into the memorandum book, and such data as this, in the hands of a capable and unscrupulous woman like Mrs. Bright, could not fail to be turned to account. The yacht sailed away, but Harry Hotspur remained, completely duped by the, to him, miraculous messages which he received within a padlocked double slate. These messages were never signed, but with each one came the little white flower which bore her name. "Harry," said one of them, "don't you remember that I taught you that 'the benefits which in this life accompany or flow from justification and its kindred blessings were assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the spirit, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end?' Have not these old words a new significance to you now? Since I assured you that all is pardoned there, and you have received these 'benefits' and joy through

my spirit, can you wish anything else than to persevere to the end?"

This followed the too evident satisfaction of the young man on receiving the message of pardon which he had desired. He was too profitable a customer to be allowed to slip through her fingers yet, and Mrs. Bright had devised a scheme for making money out of him during the following winter.

"I do not think I quite grasp the meaning that Chrysanthem wished me to gather from her last message," said Harry on his next meeting with Mrs. Bright, after the catechism communication.

"She means for you to persevere, and that she will materialize for you under the proper conditions."

"Do you mean that if I keep on I shall be able to see Chrysanthem, as well as receive letters from her?"

"I do."

"But the camp-meeting breaks up in another week. Why did n't you tell me of this before, if I could have been seeing her all the time? Now I can only have a glimpse at her, and then you will go away."

"It could not have been done before and it can not be done here. I know of no one among us with enough of the mediumistic power to cause so subtle and ethereal a spirit as the one with which you have been in communication to materialize. She is too far removed from earth life; she was as fully spiritualized when she lived here as most of the spirits that manifest themselves readily, and the conditions will have to be very peculiar. I shall return to New York next week. I have a friend there, a medium, who is very successful in just this department of mediumistic work. If you say so, I will lay the case before her, and together we may be able to bring about a materialization. If we succeed I can telegraph you to come."

"If I say so—why do you put that in? Go right about it; leave no means untried; and I will wait in the city so as not to lose any time."

"But my friend is a celebrated medium, and is always very busy; her services are engaged months beforehand, and she does not work for the love of the cause and

humanity, as I do. You see there are some Spiritualists who love money as well as other people."

"You need not spare any money; I should not grudge the whole of my fortune, provided only you were successful."

Mrs. Bright's eyes glittered, and she smiled a little semi-perceptible smile. "It is just as well to be definite," she said. "Am I at liberty, in case I find it necessary, to expend a thousand dollars for this purpose?"

"Double that amount. Shall I advance you any of it?"

"It would assist me very materially, since I have no money of my own. Let me see, you may give me five hundred dollars now. If I am unsuccessful I shall not allow you to be at any further expense in the matter, but I would not let you go so far if I were not confident of satisfying you."

Harry Hotspur sat in his room at the Fifth Avenue Hotel late one evening, turning listlessly the leaves of an old volume of Plutarch. He had bought the book that morning, his eye having been caught, (as he stood before a second-hand book-stall) by the story of Pausanius the Spartan monarch of Byron, who

"slew

That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,"—

unhappily, in the gloom of his tent, mistaking the gentle Cleonice for an assassin, and plunging a dagger into the heart of the being whom of all the world he loved the best. He read of his grief and remorse, and how he journeyed to the temple consecrated by the Greeks to the manes of the departed, seeking and obtaining communication with her spirit. At this point he laid the book aside, placed his head in his hands and tried to think. Thought was a difficult process for Harry; though over thirty years of age, he had never troubled himself with it deeply. He took things as they lay upon the surface; simple pleasures had been able to keep his spirits in unfeigned, rollicking gaiety. Sudden, reasonless quarrels had roused his blood to the boiling point, and it was not to be wondered at that a real remorse should plunge him into a gloom and despondency

above which he had been unable to lift himself during the ten years of varied experience. He believed that he had killed Chrysanthem, and the belief had broken his heart; lately he had found peace in the impression that she had pardoned him. Now doubts had arisen. Was it possible that Mrs. Bright was as much a swindler as the ancient pilgrim who had taken his watch? But even while he doubted, a message was handed him from her which revived all his hope and with it all his faith.

"Come to-morrow at four," the note said. "Chrysanthem has promised to show herself to you for a moment, but you must not speak to her."

Mrs. Bright's address followed, and the time appointed found Harry seated in a small reception room; before him was an arch leading apparently into another apartment, and curtained by a heavy *portière*. Mrs. Bright glided in, pressed his hand silently and having darkened the room, vanished. Presently a strain of sweet but plaintive music floated faintly through the room, then the curtain was drawn aside and he saw into the next, a much larger one than that in which he sat. A dim light pervaded it, by which, as his eyes became more accustomed to it, he could plainly see heavy articles of furniture, a carved bookcase and cabinet, and directly in front of him a large pier glass. The floor of the room was raised above the level of the one in which he sat, so that he seemed to be sitting before a stage. As he looked the music became more distinct, and suddenly, as though some one had entered, a reflection appeared in the mirror. He looked sharply behind him; there was no one in the room but himself, and yet there was the reflection of a young girl seated, clothed in white and playing upon a harp. Her hair floated around her and she wore a wreath of chrysanthemums.

The vision lasted about three minutes and then melted away; the curtain was drawn and Mrs. Bright came in and threw open the blinds. She wore a triumphant expression.

"Are you satisfied, my friend?" she asked, taking both of his hands.

"Not quite," he replied.

"What more would you wish?"

"I could not see her face. The head was turned aside. I do not doubt that it was a spiritual manifestation, but I want to see Chrysanthem face to face and recognize her beyond a shadow of doubt."

Mrs. Bright's delighted expression changed to one of deep thought. "You shall see her so," she replied after a pause. "Come again at the same hour next Thursday."

III.

THE BLESSED DAMOSEL.

Mrs. BRIGHT'S course of procedure had so far been comparatively simple. The reflection in the mirror was a trick that has been shown and explained in this country by professional magicians, and was thrown from another mirror placed at an angle below the platform, a skilfully concealed trap-door opening in front of it. In front of this second mirror a young girl had been stationed with a harp, and it was the reflection of this tableau which had appeared in the apparently magical manner in the mirror before Harry. After the performance Mrs. Bright had asked him into the room, (the trap door in the floor being closed and covered with a rug,) and he had proved to his own satisfaction that the mirror was a genuine one, and that there was no opening in the wall behind him. There seemed to be no spot where a person could have stood to be so distinctly reflected in it except exactly in front of it, and yet no one had entered the room. Although not entirely convinced, he went away puzzled and mystified, doubting his own senses. He would believe in it unquestionably, unreasonably, he told himself, if only he could recognize Chrysanthem.

And Chrysanthem herself was working herself to a skeleton in the same city, for the sake of her widowed mother, passing daily through the same streets, almost meeting him as she went to and from her music-lessons. She was true at heart, too, to her boy-lover of the long ago. What had become of him? she wondered. He had probably entered the Confederate army and— She

always carried flowers to the soldiers' cemetery on Decoration Day; but as she placed them on some unknown grave, this staunch little Union girl, daughter of an old anti-slavery leader, thought of a boy in gray, not in blue. Life was terribly hard; she was not strong, and the mother saw that her daughter was breaking under too heavy a burden. One rainy day as Chrysanthem returned from her round of lessons, her mother received her dripping waterproof and umbrella with hands that trembled with excitement. "There is an elegantly dressed lady in the parlor, my dear; she wants you to play for an invalid."

Mrs. Bright explained her wants as plausibly as she could. There was a sick lady, in fact a person of disordered intellect whom it was desirable to soothe with music. Miss Snow need not see her; she might play in a room below the sick chamber. The invalid was especially fond of the harp: could Miss Snow play on that instrument?

On receiving a favorable answer, Mrs. Bright left her address and requested that Miss Snow would come for a trial afternoon, at half past two on the following Thursday. "We will arrange about terms after we find whether your playing has the desired effect, and whether you find that you will be willing to come occasionally. Here is five dollars for next Thursday. By the way, could you wear a white dress? this lady has a good many notions peculiar to her unhappy mental condition, and one of them is an antipathy to every one who is not dressed in white."

Chrysanthem consented readily, but after her visitor had left, the entire affair struck her as remarkably odd. "I thought she said I was not to be in the same room with the insane lady," said Chrysanthem to her mother. "I don't like the looks of it at all, and I've a great notion not to go."

"But you have accepted the money."

"I have her address and can return it."

"But we need it so much."

"True; and you can keep the address and if I don't return by five o'clock, send the police for me."

And so it happened that at the next séance Chrysanthem herself played upon the

harp, and her reflected eyes, without her knowledge, looked straight into the adoring ones of her lover. "Sing something;" whispered Mrs. Bright; and Chrysanthem sang (choosing the first song that came to her), "Thou art so near and yet so far."

Chrysanthem's very face was more than he could bear, and when the familiar voice thrilled with the touchingly appropriate words of the song, Harry Hotspur could contain himself no longer. With a wild cry—"Chrysanthem! my own lost darling!" he dashed forward, and Mrs. Bright was almost too late in letting the trap fall, for it had hardly done so before his foot was on it.

"What was that?" asked Chrysanthem with a face as colorless as her dress.

"It is the crazy lady," replied Mrs. Bright. "She is in one of her fits; I must go to her; it will be of no use for you to stay longer; you had better pass right out, but come again next Thursday."

"No," said Chrysanthem, firmly; "nothing would induce me to come again," and as she hurried home she kept repeating: "Oh! that voice! that voice! what does it mean?"

"And this is all you can do for me?" asked Harry of Mrs. Bright.

"I am afraid it is," replied that lady.

"Then I thank you; it is very wonderful; I ought to be satisfied; here is a check for the remaining amount which we agreed upon. You are quite sure that it is beyond your power to reproduce the vision?"

Mrs. Bright reflected: "I don't believe she would come again; and if she did he is so impulsive there would be sure to be a disclosure, and a lawsuit for obtaining money under false pretences; I must be content with this!" This was what she thought, what she said was, "No human power can give you the sight again with safety to yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that when that vision comes again it will be a premonition, a direct fore-runner of your own death."

A few nights later Harry dreamed of Chrysanthem. She was dressed in white as usual, and extended her hands to him filled

with flowers. They were not chrysanthemums but orange blossoms. As he took them she whispered, "Bridal flowers," and smiling melted away. Harry woke with a calm happiness filling his heart such as he had never felt before. Something seemed to say to him, "You shall see Chrysanthem to-day," and with the thought came the certainty that this was the day of his death. He dressed with scrupulous care, and then debated how he should spend the day. In making the decision he felt that he in a manner chose the way of his death, and the idea struck him as almost amusing. He would certainly not take a journey by cars to-day, for he had a horror of railway disasters. Neither should he take a trip by boat, for he had always imagined that the sensations of drowning must be very unpleasant. Would it be best to remain in the room all day and let Death find him waiting for his reception? The sunlight streamed gloriously through the window: it was a brilliant winter morning; life had never looked so bright and attractive; he longed for human sympathy and he determined to spend this last day among men.

Suddenly the church bells pealed forth; it was the Sabbath, and it occurred to him that he would feel nearer to Chrysanthem if he went to such a church as she would have attended. As he entered a small Presbyte-

rian chapel the minister rose and announced his text:

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." As he took his seat Harry felt an uncontrollable desire to look behind him. In the center of the organ-loft, bending slightly forward and looking down, stood Chrysanthem. Whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell, for he was as "one caught up to the third heaven." She remained there, like the Blessed Damosel leaning over the walls of Paradise, for only one moment and then disappeared.

The sight had come, and Harry determined that he would wait here until its accomplishment. The sermon was ended, and the audience passed out, but he remained seated. The organist played on for a little while then ceased, and he heard a step descending the stair. The sexton would lock the church in a few moments and he would be left alone. He bowed his head in prayer and closed his eyes. When he next opened them it would be to see Chrysanthem in Paradise. The step came nearer, paused, and a light hand touched his shoulder.

"They are going to close the church now," said a gentle voice; but Harry was on his feet. He had not died; but there with the light from the stained windows making a glory about her head, he had found Chrysanthem and Paradise.

Lizzie W. Champney.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPIRIT.

IN the conflict that exists at present between Christian believers and those who reject Revelation, the examination of the historical evidences of Christianity naturally and properly occupies a prominent place. It is important, however, not to overlook that source of conviction which the Apostle Paul chiefly valued, and which the Reformers and other great Protestant theologians of a former day made so conspicuous. The Apostle relied upon the external attestation to the miracles of the Lord; he sets forth

in order the proofs of His resurrection (1 Cor. xv: 1-9). He also believed in theology, and had "a wisdom"—a systematic doctrine—for Christians of mature intelligence and character (1 Cor. ii: 6). Ignorance is not the mother of true devotion; Reason has its rights and its legitimate sphere; and Christianity would forfeit its real character were it to insist on a blind, unintelligent assent to its tenets. At the same time, Paul did not wish to have his hearers found their convictions on any

philosophical ingenuity or rhetorical persuasiveness which he could impart to his preaching, but on "the demonstration of the Spirit and of power"—that is, on the immediate impression which the truths of the Gospel should, through the Spirit, make on the heart. The Spirit of God, acting with power, had awakened a conviction of the truth through its direct contact with the soul. The truth shone in its own light; its depth and divineness, independently of external attestation, were manifest to the spirit. This is the *testimonium Spiritus Sancti internum*—the inward testimony of the Holy Spirit, of which the Reformers made so much. The natural understanding is competent, they held, to investigate and weigh the external evidences, such as the proof from testimony, and to ascertain what doctrines are taught in Scripture. But for a living discernment of their import, and a profound, penetrating perception of their truth and divineness, there is requisite that illumination which proceeds from the Spirit, the author of Scripture. It must never be forgotten that religious truth, in its very nature, stands on a different footing from mathematical truth, and from every sort of truth which rests for its acceptance exclusively upon grounds independent of the moral and spiritual temper of the inquirer. When the Gospel was first preached by Jesus himself, when the Gospel is preached at the present day, there is always left at last room for choice between faith and disbelief. The external proofs are not coercive; they may leave the mind balanced between belief and incredulity, although in themselves they are sufficient. The turning point at last is in the general temper of feeling. Two men of equal intellectual power, of equal diligence in study, and of equal candor, we might almost say—candor as regards the weighing of evidence in general—may differ in their conclusion. Things hidden from the wise and prudent were of old revealed unto babes. Christ called Peter the Rock, in consequence of a faith which the Heavenly Father had immediately imparted. The scientists who call for demonstrations, and talk about inductive investigations respecting the usefulness of prayer, have not learned the alphabet

of the philosophy of religion. Paul speaks of a demonstration, but it is "a demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Religion has its seat in the heart; and although it is something in perfect accord with reason, it depends for its existence upon the will and affections. Upon the activity and soundness of these elements of our nature, its life is contingent. Here are found the data for the ultimate verification of its fundamental truths. Hence, faith is commanded and required in the Scriptures. No one commands another to believe in the theorems of geometry, or in the Copernican astronomy. Such things are not a proper subject of command.

Whoever has applied himself with due painstaking to the study of the monuments of the Apostolic age and to the attestation which they afford to the miracles of the Gospel, but still finds himself unconvinced, may ask himself such questions as these: Do I hunger and thirst after righteousness? Have I been converted and become as a little child? Do I seek the honor that comes from God only, or do I court distinction such as comes from men? Do I consciously need spiritual healing such as neither myself nor any other human physician of souls can render? If these and such as these questions he is compelled to answer in the negative, then he should put to himself another inquiry: Have I a moral right to expect a solution of the problem that perplexes me, a moral right to expect to arrive at a firm and satisfying conclusion upon the question of the claims of the Gospel to credence, as long as I lack the tempers of feeling which are referred to in these interrogatories? Why should God give me light, if I do not feel the need of it, and am not inwardly pledged to use it when obtained? May it not be that there is something to see, but that I have not the eyes to see it? May not this very question of belief or disbelief carry in it a test of my character in its deepest foundations, of the very spirit that actuates me—so that while, as I suppose, I am testing the Gospel, the Gospel is really testing me? What did Jesus mean when He said that for judgment he had come into the world? If a

quickening of powers and aspirations of my nature, which are now dormant or feebly vital, would so purify the mental vision that I should then discern a wisdom and glory in the Gospel which are now hidden from me, where does the responsibility rest for unbelief? May it not be that because he who doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine whether it be from God, I am left in ignorance?

But we must illustrate further the doctrine of the testimony of the Spirit, and guard it from perversion. The *Loudon Spectator*, in a recent brief review of an American book entitled, "The Cradle of the Christ," notices a remark of its author to the effect that the Epistles to the Romans and to the Galatians contain little that is of special interest or of special moment. The writer in the *Spectator* speaks with some contempt of such a judgment upon productions which have produced so great an effect—so great an effect, for example, upon Martin Luther, and through him upon the Reformation and upon the history of mankind. We make no apology for offering a few additional observations upon this estimate of the Pauline epistles. Here is an accomplished author, a well-educated man, of considerable note in literature, who is, nevertheless, unable to detect the secret of that power which every one must acknowledge to lie somehow in these tracts of the Apostle Paul. To take this one example—how they acted on the mind of Luther! What a fire they kindled in his soul! What light did they bring to him, and what peace! And what an energy went forth from those pages, transforming the moral life of half Christendom. But let us recall one or two incidents connected with this topic of a later date. In Tyerman's life of John Wesley, on a page which is headed, "Wesley's conversion," there is a description of his anxieties of feeling on account of sin and from want of faith in Christ. It is added that "three more days of anguish were thus passed." On May 24, "at night, he went to a society-meeting in Aldersgate street, where a person read Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, in which Luther teaches what faith is, and also

that faith alone justifies. Possessed of it, the heart is 'cheered, elevated, excited, and transported with sweet affections towards God.' Receiving the Holy Ghost through faith, the man 'is renewed and made spiritual,' and he is impelled to fulfill the law 'by the vital energy in itself.' While this preface was being read, Wesley experienced an amazing change. He writes: 'I felt my heart strangely warmed; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death; and I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart.' Towards ten o'clock a troop of friends took him to his brother; they sang a hymn with joy; and then parted with a prayer." That which Paul imparted to Luther is handed forward by Luther to Wesley. Methodism must be confessed to be a substantial fact. Is there not somehow a lack of discernment in one who finds nothing remarkable in the Epistles to the Romans and the Galatians? We should say of a man who mistakes an earthquake for the rustling of a breeze that he is deaf.

There is another pertinent fact which we have to mention. In that faithful and pathetic piece of biography, the Life of John Bunyan by himself, in the course of his description of the remorse and dread and penitence which so long afflicted him, he says: "Well, after many such longings in my mind, the God in whose hands are all our days and ways, did cast into my hand one day a book of Martin Luther; it was his comment on the Galatians; it also was so old that it was ready to fall from piece to piece if I did but turn it over. Now I was pleased much that such an old book had fallen into my hands, the which when I had but a little way perused, I found my condition, in his experience, so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel; for thus thought I, this man could not know anything of the state of Christians now, but must needs write and speak the experiences of former days." Then after stating an important truth which he learned from that book of Luther, Bunyan adds:

"But of particulars here I intend nothing ; only this methinks I must let fall before all men,—I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the Holy Bible) before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience?" Luther, Bunyan, Wesley—here are three at least to whom the Epistles to the Romans and the Galatians had some meaning of deepest moment.

This power of the Scriptures to reach the inmost heart, to emancipate the soul from the bondage of sin and of fear, to enlighten and to elevate human nature, belongs not to the writings of Paul exclusively. It pertains to the prophets and apostles generally. It renders the Bible, taken as a whole, a fountain of inspiration, diverse from every other. No other literature, the sacred books of no other religion, are comparable in their effect to the Bible ; for, let it be remembered, it is not hope and comfort alone that flow out of the Scriptures, but also purification and the true spiritual life.

But it may be asked, is not the Christian experience, as thus denoted, subjective, an idiosyncrasy of individuals, proving therefore nothing as to the objective, intrinsic characteristics of the Gospel and the Bible? This is a common objection. We are charged with mysticism. We are charged with confounding our own feelings with objective reality ; with asserting as truth what, after all, are only the impressions of individuals. We affirm, on the contrary, the *catholic* quality of the Christian experience. The Gospel has been so long in the world, it has been proclaimed and received so widely, among men of every age and condition, of every variety of lineage and culture, not in one generation merely, but in a long series of generations, that we are authorized in asserting that the Christian experience is normal. It is not an unhealthy or eccentric or exceptional action of the human mind, but is conformed to the constitution of the soul. How is it that Homer, and the noblest monuments of ancient sculpture, have vindicated their claim to be something more than the product of an ephemeral phase of thought and sensibility? How do we know that the starry

heavens are really majestic and beautiful, as they seem to be? There are tests by which glory and beauty in the works of nature and in the products of the human mind can be known as objective. A certain catholicity belongs to the impression which they make, by which it is marked as not the effect of subjective, transient peculiarities of temperament.

The Christian consciousness in millions of minds, age after age, is the grand testimony to the majestic, transforming power that inheres in the Scriptures, and to the truth of the Gospel. The Gospel has been found to be all that it claims to be. Its truth is a fact of human experience. It does not belong in the region of speculation. The kingdom of God on earth, which is the kingdom of souls renewed to obedience by the Gospel, is a great, palpable, historic fact. To doubt the power of the Gospel and of the Bible is like doubting whether gunpowder will explode.

Are we not to find in the Christian experience, interpreted in a broad and philosophical spirit, as that experience has been manifested age after age, and as inspired by the Bible, the real authority of the church, so far as the church can claim authority as a teacher? The truth is read in the book ; but the truth has been incorporated, if we make due allowance for human imperfection, in the hearts and lives of myriads of men. It is they who are "the light of the world." The Gospel is read in the hearts of those who believe in it. They are "a living epistle." An interpretation of the Gospel which fails to contain in itself a counterpart to any of the characteristic elements of the Christian experience, as ascertained on a large survey of the history of the church, is to that extent presumptively untrue, or at least defective.

To be sure, the limits of the testimony of the Spirit must not be left unheeded. It does not preclude the existence of the human element in the Scriptures. It does not apply with equal force to all portions of the sacred volume,—to a genealogical chapter in the Chronicles as to a prophecy of Isaiah ; to a narrative of one of Joshua's battles as to the opening chapter of John's Gospel. It

is for theological science to inquire into the history of the canon and into the title of disputed books to a place in it, and to define inspiration, making all proper distinctions of kind and degree. The testimony of the Spirit centers in the Christian experience of salvation, and must not be stretched beyond its proper compass, in a way to trench on the rights of scientific inquiry.

Yet the particular species of evidence to which we are drawing attention may be pertinent, and of essential service in the determination of questions of criticism. The form and hue of the religious element may serve to determine the judgment respecting the genuineness of a book, and thus clinch the argument derived from the external attestation. We offer a single illustration,—the first that occurs to us. Every Christian who is seeking to live in communion with God, knows that when he is conscious of being on a forbidden path his prayers are ineffectual. That is to say, as long as he is giving way to temptation, he has no confidence in the acceptance of his prayers. On the other hand, when he heartily renounces the evil purpose or practice, he feels that his supplications are heard. Now if we turn to John iii: 22, we read: “And whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight.” Here is found that very feeling which a Christian of to-day vividly realizes in his own experience. He finds it in this Epistle, and is struck with the fact that no other than a Christian soul, which had entered into the secret of the religious life, could have indited it. He feels, on meeting such a passage, that the little book which contains it could not have emanated from the obtuse moral sense which belongs to the authors of pious fraud, the framers of forged compositions. Thus he has a corroboration of the proof drawn from other sources, of its Apos-

tolic authorship. It is quite conceivable that in the case of certain writings on which the credibility of the Gospel largely depends, individuals may be determined to faith or disbelief by these internal characteristics which only the religious mind discerns.

It is an often-quoted remark of Luther that the spiritual miracles are the true miracles. They do not take place in the realm of sense. There is in them no such obvious presence of the supernatural as to force conviction. They are within the souls of men. But they result not the less in a new creation. What ground has the common man for believing in the Gospel? He cannot weigh the literary evidences. He cannot confute the assertions of adversaries who deny the genuineness of the Gospels, and quote patristic testimonies against them? Has he then no good ground for his faith? He finds the surest proof in the contents of the books themselves. He sees a verisimilitude in the descriptions of the life and character of Jesus; they could not have been made up; and they are not of the earth. He draws from the Bible a life-giving nutriment for his spirit,—forgiveness, hope, strength against temptation, the joy of a new life. He sees that he does not stand alone. A multitude whom no man can number derive the same good from the same source. He is not dreaming, then; he is not indulging a fancy. He is like one who is drinking clear and cool water from a well which affords the same refreshment to thousands besides himself. He knows that it is a well of water, without inquiring into the history of it, and troubling himself with the question by whose hands it was dug. More highly educated persons may be necessitated to investigate these points by difficulties which they are not at liberty peremptorily to set aside; but even such minds can never afford to undervalue or ignore the testimony of the Spirit.

George P. Fisher.

OUR MOTHERS' MEETING.

JOHN (that's my husband, you know,) wanted me to call this paper, "Mothers' Meetings vs. Sewing Societies." But I told him it would be absurd for me to attempt so lawyer-like a title. Besides, the bare idea of a Latin word confuses me. I am a good deal like that woman who said she knew nothing outside of her own language, except *delirium tremens* and *habeas corpus*, and what they meant she could n't tell for the life of her. Although, to be sure, I did get a smattering of French and German at the school where I went to "finish." It was one of those private schools where young ladies go to "decorate their ignorance," as John says.

Our Mothers' Meeting is a new departure of the church-women-folks of Blanktown, and it has not yet ceased to be a faithful subject of discussion at home and abroad. If you remember anything about our great fair, and how Mrs. Lesley confessed our sins until most of us felt guilty, you will not be surprised to learn that this new notion came from her brain. There never was such a woman! John says that he is getting jealous of my admiration for her. But he can't help admitting, himself, that she's as sweet as the most lovely woman, and as strong as the grandest man. And why should n't we lesser women, for whom she does so much, adore her?

John says that he thinks better of this last venture of hers, than of any "woman movement" he ever heard of. And now I'll tell you as well as I can what it is, and how it came about.

We have six churches in Blanktown. First, there is the Methodist—that's mine. I'm a member, and John goes with me very regularly, although he has never joined, and I'm sometimes afraid he's getting skeptical over those hateful scientific books he will read when I want him to be talking to me. We have a large and flourishing church, composed for the most part of plain people in common circumstances. We are all cordial, and full of interest in one another; and if I do say it, there is n't a church in town where you can feel so quickly and

thoroughly at home as in ours. That's the reason we get so many strangers in. Then, there's the Episcopal. Mrs. Lesley's sister-in-law and her husband, Mrs. and Mr. Gray, are leading members there. It's the grandest and most beautiful church building we have in Blanktown, and the most of our wealthy families worship there. I go quite often for the sake of the service, and the music and all. It's pretty high-churchy—processional, recessional, facing east and all that. John calls it "flummery," but I tell him it all belongs to the picture-part of life, and he can't cure the world of liking that,—neither can his beloved science. A church service constructed on his principles would starve the æsthetic sense to death! I, at least, shall go on caring for everything beautiful just as much as if I had not married a man who has n't a particle of taste, except what has been developed in him by loving a woman to whom fine music, graceful forms, imposing ceremonies, and lovely colors are an intoxication of delight.

Well, next there is a Roman Catholic church, of course, since Blanktown is large enough to have plenty of the foreign element. John tells me I'd better go there and done with it, when my æsthetic sense "needs a good square meal."

Then there is the Unitarian church, a very small membership, and a pretty little stone building. Mr. and Mrs. Lesley are members there. Miss McHenry, our authority on literature and art, and the President of our Reading Club, says that the Unitarian church is composed of the intellectual élite of Blanktown. Doubtless she is correct in this as in everything else;—she is one of the exasperatingly perfect people. But I'm so far below *that* aristocracy that I fear I don't properly appreciate it. I always feel as if I'd stepped into a refrigerator when I go to that church, or get even on the edges of Miss McHenry's circle. Now Mrs. Lesley, although she knows more about the most important things than any woman in the Reading Club, unless it may be the kindergarten, Miss Lovett, has not a shade of

that manner of over-awing knowledge that reduces one to a state of conscious imbecility. But then she is "so prodigal of her intellectual acquirements," Miss McHenry says, "gives herself out so recklessly to people who cannot appreciate her." Mrs. Lesley only smiles a swift little smile when she hears any such criticism, and says very softly, "He that saves his life shall lose it." Mrs. Lesley, if she is a Unitarian, has a way of quoting the sayings of Jesus that makes me feel very easy about her, although a minister we had once did urge me to pray and labor for her conversion. The bare idea shocked me; I knew she was so much better than I. I am a Methodist, it is true, and I don't see how any one can feel willing to get along without the sweet, human, trusting faith in a Lord Christ, who died to save us here and hereafter, from our sins and their consequences. But I never did know anything about theology; and if any one lives a saintly life, I don't worry a bit about his creed. Did not Jesus himself say, "By their fruits ye shall know them?" That one text would be enough to prevent me from attacking Mrs. Lesley on religion, I assure you!

Well, then, beside these four churches we have a Congregationalist and a Baptist. It always seemed to me there was n't difference enough between them to keep them in separate organizations, but that's only my ignorance, I suppose. At any rate, I have good friends in both of them, and they both of them unite with my church for union prayer-meetings and temperance, and other reformatory purposes. When they do, I always wish we could all join together, and have one heart and mind always. But there seems to be so much troublesome jealousy, and hair-splitting talk over dogmas, to keep people separate who ought to work together. I think it is pretty small business to quarrel over texts of scripture, myself; and I can't abide this sect exclusiveness among people who all claim to believe in the same fundamentals of doctrine, and are all "evangelical." The spirit that in a time of revival, or great philanthropic movement, when all kinds of people are held together in one consecrated devotion, will stand back and

lurk in the dark corner of self-interest to calculate how much *our* church is to gain by the general enthusiasm, *that* spirit I think is downright impious.

I shall never forget how I was shocked just after I joined the church by something I overheard a minister say. It was the year our new church was finished, and the conference met with us. I happened to be tending to the supper-getting, in the vestry, while two or three of the ministers from a distance were looking over the church, and I heard one say to another: "Well, I'm glad that at last we have something creditable to our denomination in Blanktown district. The other sects have all had better buildings than we before now, but they can't, many of them, beat this." It seemed as if I heard Jesus commenting scornfully, "He that would be great among you, let him serve." I'm not very spiritual-minded, never set up to be; but I must say that a church built for the purpose of outstriving some other denomination, does n't seem very "consecrated" to me, no matter what words were said at its dedication. I'm sure the feeling that minister expressed is exactly the same that many a woman is blamed for severely,—a desire to have clothes and furniture a bit finer than her husband's partner's wife or her next door neighbor has! No wonder John grows satirical sometimes watching the way church affairs are carried on, for he is utterly above such notions. He does what he thinks is right, in a simple, matter-of-course way, and never had an envious thought in his life, I believe. But it is time to be getting to our Mothers' Meeting.

One evening John and I were sitting in the parlor, he reading in the last "Popular Science,"—his pet magazine,—and I making a brand new bonnet out of materials I had worn three seasons, when Mrs. Lesley and her husband came to call. She looked so bright and eager I knew she had come to share some brilliant idea with me. Mr. Lesley and John have a good deal in common; for John is a practical chemist by profession, and Mr. Lesley besides being our leading cotton manufacturer, is an "amateur microscopist," as he says, and much in-

terested in all physical science. So Mrs. Lesley and I have many a nice evening's chat together while the two gentlemen are growing more idealistic and daringly imaginative over what they call "exact science" than they would think proper for me to be over religious or social questions.

This evening the first thing after admiring in advance the bonnet I was "composing," Mrs. Lesley said: "Kitty Busybody, I've come to enlist you in a holy warfare."

"What is it?" I asked.

John looked up and said: "Nothing very hard, I hope, Mrs. Lesley; for Kitty is about worn out with all she has had on hand of late."

"I know," said Mrs. Lesley; "that dreadful fair. But this is nothing like that. I'm going to do or hire most of the work myself. I only want her to help me plan a little, and stand at my right hand in the first onslaught to give me respectability."

"What in the world do you mean, Mary Noble Lesley?" I burst out; "the idea of my giving respectability to a woman whose husband is worth millions!"

"I mean just what I say, Kitty B.," she returned. "I am a Unitarian, and better is Orthodoxy in self-made bonnets and a cottage than heresy in golden shoon and a brown stone mansion, in the eyes of most Blanktown church-women. Bless their old-fashioned consistency!"

"But what do you want to do with the orthodox church-women?" asked John, who looked up interested at that.

"Listen and I will tell you," she said. "You know that there are four weekly nuisances in Blanktown, devourers of women's time and strength. They are called by courtesy 'Ladies' Sewing Circles.' I want to get these women to try something better in the way of a weekly meeting."

"Why, Mrs. Lesley," I said, "I don't understand you. I'm not at all clear about our sewing-circles being nuisances. They bring people together who, but for them, would have little chance of getting acquainted and having an occasional good time. They are the only 'outing' that many a woman has who is suffering in mind and body from a too isolated life. And, besides, *we* do

a good deal of sewing, you know, both for the Blanktown Relief Association and the Home Missionary Society."

"Yes, Mrs. Busybody, it is all true," Mrs. Lesley said; "but still I call the sewing-circle a bad use of a good thing; a precious opportunity for the stimulation of higher feeling, for the gathering of useful knowledge, and the binding together of womanhood in the truest love and helpfulness, gone astray into sectarian narrowness, rapid nothings of conversation and indigestible suppers. Women need to be lifted out of the petty details of domestic life; they need to be emancipated from the littleness of a clique; they need to meet each other in the mass, as men do in business and politics, and learn to discuss great problems fearlessly, and on a plane of broad, impersonal, unpartisan judgment."

"That's true enough," said John; "women all draw their conclusions from the premise of their own individual experience."

"Not all women," said Mr. Lesley quickly. "I know one woman at least who looks on all sides of every question she studies, and never decides simply by an appeal to her own feelings."

"Oh," said John, with a profound bow to Mrs. Lesley, "I didn't include Minerva in my estimate of her sex, of course. And, truth to tell, I was too sweeping in my statement. But even Kitty, whose judgment in all practical matters is better than that of most men, is very apt to think as 'our set' or 'our church' do on great questions."

"But there's one thing," said Mr. Lesley, "about Mrs. Kitty that shows she is emancipated from real bigotry: she never obtrudes her opinions disagreeably, or passes harsh sentence on those who differ from her."

"Very true," John assented, laughing. "Kitty will oblige me by thanking you in a fitting manner for your compliment."

"Well, there's one thing, John, you may be sure of," I said; "you'll not be thanked by Mrs. Lesley for calling her Minerva, when you'd just been condemning all women in such a wholesale manner."

"True, Kitty," she said; "no woman

likes to be complimented at the expense of her sex; and if Minerva did spring from the brain of Jove, be sure she had a true woman's heart. But to go back to our subject: there is too much truth in your husband's criticism. I want women to meet together outside church lines of interest, to get a broad human culture. I want women to get a spiritual 'outing' from the littleness of their isolated lives into the greatness of science, art, and universal morals. And my idea of a beginning here in Blanktown is this: I come for Mrs. Busybody some pleasant day with the carriage, and we make calls on the presidents and other important officers of the Methodist, Baptist and Congregationalist sewing circles; the Unitarian I can manage alone. I know I shall have the co-operation of our ladies; I lose much of my terror-inspiring heterodoxy when introduced by Mrs. Busybody, who is known all over Blanktown as the woman who can cut out the most garments, get up the nicest suppers, plan the brightest church entertainments, collect the most money, place strangers in the best social niche, and put the most sense into nonsense of any sewing circle attendant in town. I, introduced by such a notable example of all the cardinal virtues of womahood, will be listened to attentively while I unfold my plan, which is this: that we substitute for sectarian sewing meetings a *Mothers' Meeting*, which shall take us all in, and be devoted to the study of those matters which the average wife and mother is lamentably ignorant about and needs most training in, viz., her special womanly work.

"You know how it is, Mrs. Busybody. Girls marry and take the responsibilities of the government of a home, the training of souls and bodies, upon them, with little or no appreciation of the difficulties of their position, and no adequate preparation for their duties. Fathers in America are, for the most part, too absorbed in bread-winning pursuits to do their rightful share in the home building and education of the little ones; and so the untrained woman generally conscientious, always hard-working, often cultivated in every direction save that of symmetrical development of spiritual and

physical life, is left to do double service. And she learns at last, alas, how often! that bitter lesson, that a mistake has as evil external consequences as a crime. Now, what we need in Blanktown is a sort of 'Woman's Exchange,' where we may meet and enrich ourselves with the best thought on all the topics which relate to the health and moral well-being of the home and its inmates. Beside this, women need to know how the law bears upon domestic relations; what their liabilities are as business agents; what rights widows have in their husbands' estates; and what right mothers have over their children in case the father dies. And then think how little the average woman knows of the great powers of evil that, however secure she may feel in her rose-lined, love-sheltered nest, sweep dangerously near her home in their dark flight! Don't you feel with me that something should be done to teach women that which they need to know?"

"Indeed I do, dear Mary Noble," I said. "I am with you heart and hand. But could n't you start your mothers' meetings without disturbing the sewing circles? Why antagonize what is being done? Why not add something on and leave the old, and so save friction?"

"Because," she replied, "there are so many gatherings and social claims now, to keep us tired all the time, that I dare not add another to the list of temperance, prayer, conference, missionary and other meetings. Besides, I want women of all shades of opinion to join this new movement, and if I started it without enlisting the leading women of these sewing circles in it, I don't believe I could get a dozen women outside of my own church to carry it on."

"Of course you'll think me a perfect Gradgrind and a doubting Thomas beside; but I do see difficulties in the way," I said, doubtfully. "In the first place, the sewing circles furnish the only purely social elements in our churches. And whatever our outside needs, members of the same church ought to know each other. Then there's the sewing we do; I should n't be willing to give up the pleasure of sending every now and then a box of good warm clothing to

the home missionaries who are trying to civilize the heathen on our frontiers. And besides, a good many women would feel burdened at the bare idea of such a study as you propose. The less people know the less they care to learn. How do you dare expect the average sewing-circle woman to be kindled into such an enthusiasm for your new gospel of social science that she will resign her chance to show off her cooking to the church and to get the latest news of everybody for it?"

"That's right, Mrs. Kitty," said Mr. Lesley, laughing: "clip her wings, when she soars too fast and far into the abstract, by some ponderous, practical difficulty. That's what I do. I consider it my chief mission in the world to keep my wife near enough to the common earth to make her brilliant ideas sufficiently coarse and clayey to serve as actual models for action. If it hadn't been for me she would have been nothing but a poet, instead of, as now, seer and reformer in one."

"Well, if that's the case, Sir Practical, I can assure you that when I'm with Kitty B. I don't need you. 'Othello's occupation's gone' then," laughed Mrs. Lesley. Then she took a paper from her pocket and turning to me, said: "At least, you small kitten, whose velvet paws enclose the sharpest claws with which to prick my bubbles of fancy, I should n't dare to come to you until I had a foundation of definite plan! Here in this paper is the skeleton of a constitution that even your executive ability need not disdain to clothe with details. As to your social element in the churches, you must provide for that by an hour of chatting in your church parlors before and after each of your regular prayer-meetings. As to the sewing, we can cut out and plan all the work at the monthly meetings of our Relief Association, and then make that association hire the sewing done by those women whom it has to help because they are out of work. That will kill three birds, you see; relieve us, help the poor women in a self-respecting way, and accomplish something for the home missionaries. Now don't say I'm not practical, but listen.

"We, the undersigned, believing that

ignorance in the mother is danger to the home, and that the elevation of the next generation waits on the devotion and wisdom of this, and realizing that the special duties of domestic life require special preparation from those most responsible, unite for the study of the following subjects:—

"Physiology and Practical Hygiene; including healthful cooking, dressing, etc.

"Public sanitary conditions and laws; and prevention of disease.

"The art of nursing.

"The care of infants.

"The laws of heredity.

"The home training of children, physical, mental and moral.

"The science of school education.

"The true relation of the sexes.

"The legal condition of woman as maiden, wife, mother, and widow.

"The relation of the home to public morals.

"The art of house-building and decoration, and any other topic relating to woman's special interests, or to home management.

"We propose to organize into a society by the election of a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and four standing Committees into which the whole membership of the association shall be divided, viz.: Committee on Hygiene: Committee on Morals: Committee on Education: Committee on Art. The Committees shall severally have charge of the topics grouped under their divisions, and shall collect statistics, gather information, and furnish instruction to the whole meeting upon subjects belonging to their departments."

"Mary Noble," I exclaimed, "that's an ideal plan for a woman's club."

"But, Mrs. Lesley," said John, "I protest in the name of justice against the exclusion of my sex from the advantages of such studies. A woman who believes in equal rights should be ashamed of trying to start a good thing just for women alone!"

I knew John was joking by the twinkle in his eye, but Mrs. Lesley looked really troubled, and said: "I know Mr. Busybody, it does n't seem right, and I have thought about it a good deal. But you see women will not talk freely before men, hardly in

the presence of a half-dozen of their own sex, and so, although I believe in co-education everywhere, I am forced to decide that it is practically better for women to study by themselves until they learn to be brave in speech."

"I believe," said Mrs. Lesley, "that Mary hopes that there may be some evening meetings for both men and women."

"Yes," she said, "there's no end to my audacious thoughts. I'm even hoping, Kitty, that we can persuade our 'Women's Temperance Union' to come in under the departments of Morals and Hygiene. It seems to me that would be better than meeting every week, about nine of us, and doing little or nothing but tell each other and the all-knowing One how great an evil intemperance is."

"But, Mrs. Lesley, do you mean to limit the meetings to married women alone?" I asked.

"No indeed," she replied. "We must not limit our meetings to physical motherhood, by any means. It's the spiritual essence, the soul, and not the body, of distinctive womanhood we are seeking to develop. Ours is, I think, the happiest lot to know 'the presence of a babe's mouth at the blossom of our breasts,' but no higher, or more truly motherly, than that of many a woman who spends her life in the spiritual nourishing and training of other people's children. There's Miss Lovett—what mother of a family, self-limited to the care of one small household, fills so great a place in the divine economy as she? For twenty years a teacher, impressing her rare nobility of character and clear strong brain upon scores of young lives; and now, in her later years, devoting herself to the Kindergarten work, and giving her rich experience to the young mothers of Blanktown, by precept and example."

"Yes, of course," I said, "we must make it a school for all conditions of womanhood. But shall our meetings be devoted to textbook study and discussion, or lectures and papers and discussions, or how do you plan for our learning?"

"All ways. Lectures by specialists on their topics: papers and open discussion for

our own members; selected readings, and regular class study."

"But, Mrs. Lesley, will there not be a need for money in all this? Where is that to come from? Remember how poor women are! And have you thought how scattered we all are? Where shall we meet?"

"About the money, Kitty B., I have a little fund, the money my dear mother left, which is devoted to the mothers' meeting needs, and we will have an annual subscription meeting, and each shall pledge her mite large or small. And about the place of meeting, I'm going to beg the honor of providing that, and I want to keep it a secret, even from you, until the day of our first meeting, may I?"

"Yes, indeed," I said; "you know I dearly love surprise, and it's sure to be a nice one if you plan it."

"Now we must go," said Mr. Lesley. "Don't let Mary work you too hard with her great resolutions, will you?"

"No," I said, as they stepped out into the cold starlight; "if I minded your wife I should work much less than I do."

Well, it's too long a story to tell of our visits. They were amusing, exasperating, pathetic, encouraging, by turns. But by faith and persistency we won the day. By a bare majority vote each sewing circle came into the larger work. The temperance society held out the longest, but when Mrs. Lesley, Miss Lovett and I all told them that we could not attend the meetings after the mothers' association was started, as we could work for temperance better in that larger field, they agreed that it was more politic to join in the new work.

Just one month from the day we made our first tour of calls, Mrs. Lesley and I had the satisfaction of greeting the leading women of every church in town, except the Roman Catholic, at our first mothers' meeting. For the Episcopal ladies took hold with us; on Mrs. Lesley's account chiefly, I suspect. It does make a difference with some people whether they receive an invitation from a rich or a poor woman!

But the joke of the whole thing was my discovering the day after Mrs. Lesley's first call on the business, the "secret" she was

going to keep from me. I didn't tell her though until the opening meeting.

When John came home to dinner the day after we talked about the mothers' meeting, he said: "Kitty, what do you suppose is being done to the old Noble homestead? Workmen are busy tearing off the roof and all is commotion in the yard. Think it's being fitted up for business uses?"

"I don't believe that Mrs. Lesley would consent to that," I said. "She told me once it would seem a profanation to let her ancestral home for buying and selling purposes."

I puzzled over it all the evening, thinking of the Noble family, and the grand old house. For nearly two hundred years the brick mansion has stood in the very center of Blanktown, and has been the home of a Noble. Mrs. Lesley's father was born there, and brought Ruth Merriam to be its sweetest mistress more than forty years ago. He was our leading physician, and one of the best men that ever lived. Mrs. Noble was a Quaker, and her saintly spirit, her calm placid face, her tender ways, and her quaint measured speech, were a constant benediction. Mary, the youngest of six children, all of whom have left Blanktown but herself, is like her father in mind, and like her mother in religious devotion. Mrs. Noble always seemed to me the embodiment of peace and purity. Her motherhood took all earth's troubled children to her breast. And when she died, less than a year ago, after three months of such patiently grieved widowhood as I never saw before, all who knew her felt that the rarest and most Christ-like spirit in Blanktown had taken its upward flight. Since then the old Noble homestead, as everybody calls it, has stood uninhabited, with its little garden in front; its great overshadowing elm-tree; its gray walls, and many small-paned windows; its dark green door, with the half-circle of diamond-shaped lights above, and the brass knocker; its side door, with the faded sign "David Noble, M. D.," through which so many hundred anxious people have passed; all just as it used to be, but with the desolation of death in its familiar look. Could it be that Mary Noble could alter that old

landmark, and put stores and offices in the dear home of so many generations?

I kept conning it over in my mind in the night, as I lay awake, until all at once it flashed over me what the home was to be! I woke John out of a sound sleep; I could not wait till morning, and he drops off again just as soon as he's allowed to, after such an episode.

"John Busybody, I know what Mary Noble is going to do with the old place—she's going to let us use it for our mothers' meeting, don't you see? Isn't it glorious?"

"Yes, Kitty, I guess I do," said John in a resigned but sleepy tone, "but is there going to be a thunder-storm?"

"What do you mean now?" I asked. "What's that to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing; only I thought you thought the news would not keep through an atmospheric change!"

"Do you suppose I could wait until morning, John? Why it will be lovely there, I know!"

"No doubt," said John, slipping off again into unconsciousness, but not before he had murmured drowsily, "You're a very remarkable woman, Kitty, but considered as an example of patience, you're not a success!"

It was just as I divined. The morning of our first mothers' meeting Mrs. Lesley called for me early, and took me down to the house.

The outside looked the same, except that the doctor's door had a new sign bearing the name of the woman physician who has located in Blanktown lately, and whom Mrs. Lesley was instrumental in getting here. On the same old green door, a brass plate has been placed just under the high knocker, and it bore this inscription:

"DR. DAVID NOBLE,
AND RUTH MERRIAM, HIS WIFE,
DWELT HERE FOR FORTY YEARS.

THEIR HOME A TEMPLE;
THEIR LOVE ITS ALTAR-FIRE;
THEIR LIVES A PERPETUAL SERVICE;
THEIR CHILDREN, BORN IN PURITY AND
NURTURED IN WISDOM, A CONSECRATED GIFT
TO HUMANITY."

I could not speak for tears, but took Mrs. Lesley's hand in mine, and kissed her, as

we passed in with hushed and reverent steps as to life's holy-of-holies.

Everything on the first floor was just as it had been. The great generous parlors on the left, with the drabs and browns of Mrs. Noble's Quaker taste, left with only the old open wood-fires to brighten them, the same old-fashioned mahogany furniture with the carved cabinet of foreign curiosities, and the books and engravings Mrs. Noble's dear hands had kept free from every mote of dust, and the little precise arrangement of the chairs, all left untouched. On the right, the doctor's office and reception room had added nothing to their furniture but the inevitable rocking-chair, without which no American woman can live, even if she is professional. And back of those two little rooms, the great bed-room, with its projection looking toward the street, in which all the children were born, and which death had visited more than once, was still sweetly old-fashioned with its high-post bedstead and dimity curtains, and breathed the same air of cool repose, and unworldly retirement. But the dining-room, which was in an extension, was altered, enlarged to the full width of the house at either end; and the kitchen too was changed and conveniences for cooking on a large scale provided.

Quietly we passed upstairs; for Mrs. Lesley could not talk to explain it just yet. Here everything was changed. The partitions had all been taken down, leaving nothing to mark the old rooms but the great posts in either corner; the whole space was one great room, lighted from above by a glass roof, and finished and furnished in the most charming manner. Rich, warm colors, pictures, statuary, hanging baskets of plants, and books lining the wall-spaces—oh, it was lovely! At the head of the room was a raised platform; on it a little stand, and two desks at either side. Over the chair at the back of the stand was hung a life-size portrait of Mrs. Noble, perfect in its likeness. And over that was painted in rustic letters of blue on the pale buff of the walls, this motto from Goethe:

"Behold! Goddesses sit enthroned in lovely state; they are the mothers."

"Oh, dear Mary Noble," I said; "how

thankful you ought to be that you have the power and the wish to do such a thing as this!"

"I am," she replied meekly, with the tears still in her eyes; "and I want to tell you my feeling about it; I cannot speak of these sacred things to many. I shall simply place the house at the disposal of our Mothers' Meeting, in the name of my parents. But I want to tell you that my thought to do it grew out of a conversation I had with mother the week before she died. I had begun to feel that we must say good-bye before long, and I asked her one day when she seemed a little stronger, 'Mother, what shall I do for this world for thy sake, when thee is doing thy work in some other one?'

"'Mary,' she said, 'thee must act out thy true self. That will be the best work thee can do for me. That part of thee I gave will carry out my ways; and that larger, grander part thy father gave, will still be wedded to it. Bless the power of parenthood to make marriage eternal! But, Mary, if thee wants to do some special thing as a sort of loving memorial of thy father and me, we should like it if thee could think of some way of keeping the old house still a home. Not that thee and thy husband and children could leave thy own home, where the children have so much better air and such a great garden to play in. But can thee not contrive somehow to let the people who hurry by to their work still see one bit of life's quiet and peace in the midst of the bustle? Can't thee some way keep the old place consecrated to love?'

"I promised her I would try, and this is the result. I have installed Dr. Helen Lee in father's rooms; and mother's bedroom out of the kitchen I have made a place for our old family nurse, who loves the house, every brick in it, to sleep in; and she will take care of the house, herself, and the doctor. The parlors below will be open to any member of the association at any time, and will serve as committee-rooms besides. The dining-room will be useful for our lunches and teas when we shall invite the gentlemen; and this room

upstairs will be large enough for all our regular meetings."

I can't tell you how delighted all the women who came to the first meeting were with the house and all the arrangements Mrs. Lesley had made.

We started swimmingly with ninety-six members. I can't stop now to tell you the details of our organization, but our mothers' meeting promises to do more for the elevation of women, and hence of society in Blanktown, than anything that has ever been known here. And it is all owing to Mrs. Lesley's having plenty of money and brains. I declare, I can't help feeling provoked that money is not always placed in such hands. But when I told Mrs. Lesley so, she said: "Dear Mrs. Busybody, it was my father and mother working through me,

and not my money, that really made the mothers' meeting! I should be sorry to do anything the spirit, the essential life of which, could not be repeated in poverty. The important part of our new departure everybody can have,—our devotion to a thorough understanding of the great laws of the universe that we may learn to obey them; this does not need much money. Of course it is pleasanter and easier to have books on all topics and paid lecturers and a beautiful place of meeting; but the soul of it all could love as highly if its life were lowly."

This is religion and philosophy, I know; but I'm sure you'll agree with me that it's well for Blanktown that it has a wealthy woman like Mrs. Lesley.

Anna C. Garlin.

DANDELION GHOSTS.

THE common flower that children love
All other common flowers above,
The dandelion bloom, alas,
No longer stars the roadside grass,
But folds away its yellow robes;
And now a myriad gauzy globes,
Gray gossamer ghosts, float everywhere,
Like bubbles blown along the air.

Dear homelike flower, which cheers away
The dusty path of every day,
Even death is kind to thee and brings
Twin-gifts of liberty and wings;
Oh, peer of butterflies and bees,
Fair playmate of the wandering breeze,
Methinks I would rejoice to be
A free and fetterless ghost like thee!

No ghastly phantom, pale and stark,
Stalking, reproachful through the dark,
To fright the souls which held me dear,
And mourned my loss with tear on tear;—
And yet, at last—so hard to bear
Are loneliness and dull despair—
Their pain of sore bereavement healed
With love more warm than ghosts can yield;—

No specter, bringing woe and dread,
 To blanch from timid lips the red,
 But such a gentle ghost as might
 Unchallenged come in fair daylight,
 Unsoiled by dust, unwet by dew,
 In fearless freedom strange and new,
 To sail serenely through the air
 Uncaught, unhindered, everywhere.

No fate were happier than to be
 An evanescent ghost like thee,
 A mild returner from the dead,
 Which few would note, and none would dread;
 To visit, not in grief or gloom,
 The scenes which saw my early bloom,
 And mark how perfect and how fair
 The world could be,—and I not there!

Ah, happy flower, that smilest through
 Thy three bright days of sun and dew,
 And then, when time decrees thy doom,
 Risest anew in rarer bloom,
 A perfect sphere of daintiest white,
 As soft as air, as still as light,
 Leaving these earthly damps of ours
 To seek, perhaps, the heaven of flowers!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

FISHERS OF MEN.

BY S. T. JAMES.

CHAPTER II.

THE first letter which Arkwright read was from his old traveling companion, Louis Lockwood, then in Paris.

"Have just received your letter, my dear Ned, in which you bid adieu to the husks with which we poor fellows who have not inherited brass and iron foundries are fain to fill our hungry selves. You are settling down to serious work, you say; and I never hear that expression but I think of the Back Bay and its filling of oyster shells, abandoned tomato cans, cast-off shoes, anatomical skirts and melancholy hats, and the serious work to which the houses there are settling down. O, my tall friend, with your high hopes, and high art, and those high-

heeled boots with which you used to step along the Boulevard des Italiens, how short shall I find you when I come back, settled down into a stumpy brass and iron founder, with a respectable square hat on your head and oyster shells under your feet? Let me draw your picture as I shall see it when I return a dozen years hence. You will find it in my note book, somewhat as follows:

"Visited an old acquaintance, Arkwright, with whom I traveled after we left college. He left me in Paris, called home suddenly by the death of his brother, which left him sole proprietor of the brass and iron foundries, held for three generations in his family. He had anticipated entering this business some day, and as we discussed our plans of life I recollect he made much of his proposed

schemes for organizing a model community out of his work people. We visited together one or two French industrial villages with special reference to his plans. I called upon him at his place of business. He did not recognize me at first, and I might have had some difficulty in identifying him anywhere else. He was shorter, I thought, than when I knew him, had grown a thick bushy beard, and from constant connection with much clatter and heat had acquired a raucous tone of voice. He received me graciously, however, and soon proposed a walk through his establishment. We bellowed to each other as we walked, but he evidently did not mind it; after we had gone over the premises, which seemed to me very like similar works, I asked him to show me the cottages and gardens where his work-people lived. He pointed out a row of tenement houses with the customary airy and wash-day look of those delightful town residences, and I could see the twenty-five per cent. per annum smile that lurked in the corner of his mouth.

"That's what it will come to, E. A., Esquire. Take my advice: if you want to enjoy life, sell out your old junk shop, lay up treasures in the Bank of England, and come over here where you can have your cake and eat it. Have your cake and eat it—that's the *summum bonum*. I'm off for the south next week. There's a lot of us fellows who mean to stay in Rome till Easter and then set off for the Nile. Come and join us. O come, come away; let busy care awhile forbear, O come, come away. Do you not think I would make an agreeable sort of siren? I believe though they did not wear number eight boots. But you can take your choice. Miss Marian Goddard and her father have come to town. Let her sit and twangle her harp and braid her hair for you. I think I've heard you speak of her once or twice. I expect to meet her to-night, and shall introduce myself as your best friend. I have to stop every once in a while to laugh to myself, as I fancy you founding or pounding brass and iron. Can you puddle yet? I always thought I should like to puddle. It sounds like something wrong. And then I try to fancy you laying out cot-

tages for the grimy workmen, and going round giving gingerbread and gibraltars to their children, and for the life of me I can't think of anything but that tenement house and the twenty-five per cent. per annum."

Arkwright folded the letter slowly and tore it, bit by bit, till it lay in shreds. He blushed alone by himself. "I was a fool," he thought, "to trouble Lockwood with my half-fledged plans. I might have known he would have laughed at them. I wonder what he did say to Marian when he met her." For Miss Goddard had not reported her conversation with Lockwood at length in her letter. He disposed of the shreds of his jesting friend's letter by throwing them into the fire, and then unfolded the other sheet. It is not necessary for us, however delightful it would be, to read all that he found there, and the heading and the foot shall be sacredly covered as we read. Though for that matter it would be difficult to read the beginning, for the lady had a way of commencing at the extreme upper left hand corner of the sheet and writing without break to the extreme right hand corner of the last page, where the postscript ended. Still something can be gathered from so full a writer.

"The weather is absolutely charming, and I never can be thankful enough that we have escaped with our lives from that dismalest of all dismal cities. I think London is the City of Destruction, and I am as much perplexed at Americans staying there as Christian was. Those dismal yellow brick houses, those dismal-looking children, those dismal dogs, those dismal shops,—my dear Edward, I am sure you cannot conceive of my wretchedness there, after you left us. Yes, you can fancy me obliged to sit in your counting-room all day hearing that racket that you described to me so graphically in your last; of course you were there—but you know you would n't be there if you could help it. I tell papa that I never was made to hear horrid noises or see painful sights. I am sure there is something the matter with my ears and my eyes, some constitutional defect, you know, my dear, that incapacitates me for enjoying any form of wretchedness. So mind, when I come back, you must not

ask me to come out to the foundry but once; yes, I will go just once, on a perfectly clear and bright day, in time to see the picturesque sight you told me about, when the men pour the melting iron out into buckets, you know. You must not laugh at me, sir. You remember you told me about it once, when we were on that lovely road between Ambleside and Keswick. Shall I ever forget that walk? or the walk round Derwentwater afterward, the next day, you know? Don't answer me. You know I shall not, but how could I remember anything except,—well, except London? *You* thought I was going to say something else, didn't you? O well, I remember some things. * * * * *

"But really I had almost forgotten we were in Paris and not at Portinscale. I wish you could see us here. We are in the most agreeable *pension*. Madame manages everthing. Monsieur is a great hulking fellow, who dines as a great favor with us, and laughs at poor papa's French. Papa wanted to be agreeable to him, so he asked him the meaning of a word which he had seen on a shop sign, *Quincaillerie*, and Monsieur burst into a fit of laughter, which was really very rude, and only because papa did not give it the latest Parisian accent, I suppose. But papa had his revenge in a most graceful way. You know he had only picked up a little French, and to-day when Madame asked him how he liked Paris, he said very carefully, "*Madame, il y a deux choses en Paris que j'aime, le Louvre et la maison de Madame Beauregard*" (our Madame's name). I never saw any one so pleased at a little thing. She did not criticize the French at all, but smiled and bowed, and said, "*Monsieur est un vrai Francais.*" She snubbed her husband dreadfully after that, and gave papa the largest table-spoon for his coffee that she could find; a soup ladle would not have done justice to her gratification. * * * * *

"And O, the charming drives that we have. We have been to Sevres and bought vases and pins, and we have been to Fontainebleau, and we have been to see the Minister's wife. There was another American girl calling at the same time, who was a re-

ligieuse, and it was too funny to hear the distracted hostess vibrate between us. 'Miss Goddard,' she would say, 'is not the *Biche au Bois* exquisite?' and almost before I could say anything profound, she would whisk about and say, 'Miss Lockwood, have you heard M. Bersier? Ah, you should hear him, he is so moving, *si profonde*!' and then she would look up gratefully for M. Bersier's creation. I wondered then if Miss Lockwood was not the sister of the gentleman you used to admire so much, Louis Lockwood, and sure enough he called upon papa and me. He had met papa somewhere, and he spoke of you very soon. I don't think, my dear, that he knows a certain secret, and of course I did not tell him. You know I have slipped the *Marguerite* upon the other hand. It is such a tell-tale little jewel. He was very polite, and of course I felt as if I had known him always. He laughed when I told him about my encounter with his sister at the minister's. 'O, she knows one or two things that the minister's wife knows too,' he said, and he laughed. I laughed too, but I should have found it hard to give a reason for the laugh that was in me. How I do run on; never mind; you will need something to take you away from that horrid foundry. And don't make too much of those dreadful little children that you write about. You know people can have the measles when they are grown up, and very likely too they can be communicated by letter. I don't want to have to fumigate your letters when they come. I should have to ask papa or Mr. Lockwood to smoke them for me." * * * * *

Arkwright read two or three times the passages which are only dotted in our copy, and then he laid the letter aside in a little antique trunk in which he had begun to accumulate a little store of similar treasures. He held the trunk on his knee and turned the letters gently over, the faintly perfumed letters, all written without top or bottom, looking like an endless joy. It was hard indeed to have so much water between him and his Hero. It was much too far to swim, much too far to discover any light in her casement. How well he remembered their brief courtship. An acquaintance

made on shipboard, easily made, not only because Mr. Goddard had been his father's friend, but because the frank publicity of steamer life gave the best opportunities for advancing rapidly to a refined friendship; a tour with her and her father to the Lake district, and there at Portinscale, in a little boat upon the tranquil Derwentwater, the moon looking down and the only witness, the words spoken and half answered which seemed so like a dream then, so like a dream now. They had been separated for awhile, when Miss Goddard had been visiting some friends. He had taken the chance for a scamper with Lockwood, but if he had known of the sudden summons, would he have wasted the few precious days? At Miss Goddard's request the engagement was not yet announced. He had permission to tell his mother, and that was all. He laughed at her caprice, but he knew very well that it was one of woman's vested rights to make a mystery of her engagement. To have a secret and then finally to have a day when the secret is out; ah! that is a rare pleasure which comes but once in a life-time.

Arkwright pleased himself with a long letter before he went to bed that night. He said little about his business, but chatted delightfully of Paris. His engagement was a renewal of his boyhood, and he frisked in his letter with happy light-heartedness. Yet he could not keep out his other self, and before he had ended he was deep in the report of one of his favorite schemes for improving the condition of his work-people, and begged her to send him anything that she noticed regarding it. "Woman's wit is so ready in such matters," he said. "I know you half laugh at me, but it is because you see such things more clearly than I do."

Indeed he did not at this time see them with precision, but the responsibility lay heavily upon him. Was it this or his business care which bent his shoulders as he walked home from church one Sunday morning, a week or two after this? He had his hands clasped behind him and his hat pushed back from his forehead, and he walked slowly. All the service through, he had been perplexed with problems which rushed into his mind as soon as the pressure of the

week's work was lifted. The change of occupation which Sunday brought, the interruption of daily routine, inevitably gave his mind an airing, and it was seldom that he went to church without being surprised by some sudden scheme that came, he could not tell whence, but certainly seemed to take no hint from sermon or service. This morning his mother was not with him, but as he walked an arm was suddenly thrust between his arm and side, and he found himself locked with his friend, John Pastorius.

"And he spake a parable unto them, saying: there was a certain rich young man who had great gains to keep and to make; and the young man asked, what shall I do with my riches, seeing that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven, and I care more for the kingdom of heaven than for my riches?"

Arkwright was used to his friend's unexpectednesses, and was never at a loss to receive them.

"O Pastorius," he replied, "you are a prophet and the son of a prophet. Tell me what answer the young man received to his question."

"The young man, it seems, had to answer the question himself. He went through the world seeking an answer, and always seemed about to find it. He came back to the point from which he started, and then discovered that he had been carrying the answer with him along with the question wherever he had been. Nevertheless, his journey was not in vain, for unless he had come back to the place from which he had started, he never would have found the answer."

"You are delightfully oracular, John. Tell me my dream and the interpretation thereof."

"I won't risk my reputation, Edward; but no young man can show such a back as you have shown to me as I walked down behind you, without disclosing some of your mind. It is a mistake to suppose that people discover their thoughts only in their faces or words. It is our daily walk as well as our conversation that betrays us."

"I have an idea, John. Come in and dine with us, and after dinner we'll have a

walk and a conversation, too, and perhaps I can be of some service to you. Regard my subtlety! If I had suggested that you could serve me, you would have disclaimed modestly any such capacity."

"No, I should not," said the other stoutly. "I know I can be of service to you. That's the one thing any of us can know certainly. There were never more foolish words spoken by any one than those—'I cannot help it.' It can always be helped, though there are differences."

Pastorius was a favorite of Mrs. Arkwright, and she gave him a cordial welcome at her table.

"Do you live in a tub still, Mr. Pastorius?" she asked.

"Ah, you have not forgotten my whim! For I remember that I argued with you that Diogenes's tub was a symbol of his moral cleanliness. But I fancy it may also have intimated that he was always getting into hot water himself and throwing cold water on other people. After all, a sun bath such as Alexander prevented includes all lesser and more artificial cleansings.

"Well, the world is n't clean yet."

"I do not believe it is going to be cleaned by deluges, Mrs. Arkwright, but by sunshine and the early and the latter rain, and the wind, which is the breath of God. When I hear people speak triumphantly of the victory which man is acquiring over Nature, so that he is able to make new combinations which shall enable him to travel faster and speak louder and hear farther, I am tempted to ask if there is not a greater miracle working in the range of spiritual life, when man acquires, generation by generation, the familiarity with God himself which enables him to think the thoughts of God and to see clearly problems which perplexed devout men who lived in ages that had not grown to the thoughts which now are familiar to men. Our problems, those for instance which perplex Edward here and very likely will bring him to great grief, will be so determined some day that the results will be fixed facts from which to obtain solution of still profounder problems that now we scarcely put into shape. While the world is being subdued, and the new earth slowly

rising, the new heavens are beginning to show their dawn."

"Very fine, very fine, John," said Madam Arkwright; "but take an old woman's word for it, work is the key that unlocks all doors; and the problems of which you speak so vaguely will never be solved by looking at them and speculating about them.

"Why not? When Agassiz wished to become acquainted with a fish he sat down and looked at him. I conceive that problems in the spiritual world are handled with our eyes as well as our hands. Have we not feelers as well as insects? Indeed, I am one of those who believe in sitting still as well as working. We have hands and feet it is true, but what makes a man differ from a beast? It is in the power of sitting upright and holding the head up at the same time. A dog never does that till he is taught. The greatest statues, *me judice*, are sitting statues."

"Yours will be done in that form," said Mrs. Arkwright. "You sit capitally. I never saw any implement in your hands, to be sure, except a knife and fork."

"I have learned how to use those in self-defence. I will not be conquered by anything so ignoble as hunger."

"But don't you believe in work, in practical knowledge, that is, for any one who is to deal with workmen?" asked Arkwright. "Take me, for example, for lack of a better illustration. Would I not be a more capable manager of my business if I had begun at the bottom as a laborer and worked my way up through all the grades?"

"Aye, that is it," said his mother. "There is where I say the saving power of work is seen."

"It is a popular fallacy," said Pastorius. "Such a person may turn out only a narrow-minded empiric, and the prouder he is of his method of acquiring mastery, the more sure he is to be a weak slave of his mere understanding. 'The mere understanding,' De Quincy says, 'however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind;' and yet people praise it and honor it simply because its victories are so evident and intelligible. But take your case, Edward; understanding alone would at its best only make you a valuable fore-

man of your office. It would make you an intolerable manager. To be a great man of business requires imagination."

"Heaven deliver us!" exclaimed Madam Arkwright. "John, you are an unsafe mentor to Edward, and I don't know but I shall forbid your taking a walk with him this afternoon. You have spoken rank heresy."

"Some of our best doctrines, Mrs. Arkwright, are legitimate descendants of heresies. Paul was a magnificent heretic." And with this parting shot, he followed Arkwright from the dining-room.

"All that you say, John," said his friend, as they strolled out by the river, "goes round and round the point at which I am trying to tie up my present mind. Look at this river. Yonder, across on the other side, you see the chimneys of our place. They have some rest to-day, but I do not get much rest. That business I sometimes fancy is a devil-fish which is gradually laying hold of one part and another of my nature. What I dread is lest I, too, should become finally a constituent part of the business itself. You hear people spoken of as absorbed by their business, and I think I am a fit subject for absorption. Just before the process is completed I feel a little shiver run down my moral spine."

"And you are trying to avoid it by getting the business inside of you, instead of getting inside the business?"

"Perhaps that is as true as most epigrams. More particularly, look at me. I have tastes, passions, sympathies, some freshness of heart and mind. Yes, I will be honest, though I may blush; I want to do some good to my fellows. I have been attached to this business six or eight weeks. My brother, my father and my grandfather had it before me, and my mother now holds it as the apple of her eye. It is expected of me that I should carry it forward and leave it as a legacy to my children after me. I don't think my ancestors valued especially the money there is in it. They were proud of the good name and the good work. Their people respected them. Now my ancestors made it their life to carry on this business. Do you suppose they had to fight down nat-

ural proclivities to something else? Do you suppose they ever had any other gospel than the gospel of work? I don't believe they did. See how firmly that holds my mother. It is a true gospel, too, but there is more light to break from it. Why, in my father's day the men worked for wages and laid aside of their earnings. No one was turned away. They were all skilled mechanics, and there were always some apprentices to take the places that became empty. Now, what with machines, and labor agitation, and the decline of the apprentice system, and the breaking up of old lines, the whole matter is vastly more complicated and more fine organization is called for. The men do not do their work as well, and I don't see but poor goods are almost as much called for as good ones in the market; it's cheap goods that people seem to want. Then the men grumble about the wages and the times, and talk about coöperation, and heaven knows what; and what hurts me most is that the character of the men seems to have fallen off and they don't live as cleanly or as well as formerly. There is not the difference that there used to be between them and the poor shiftless fellows that made up our pauper class; yet all the while they are ambitious to live like richer persons, and their children won't have anything to do with the shop, and seem almost to despise their fathers and mothers."

"Yes, yes, Edward. You are like Thor in the Norse legend, who tried to lift a cat and found that it was Jormungada herself, the big snake that has the world in her grasp. You and I cannot get the snake up with our united efforts this afternoon. And yet, look here, Edward," and he stopped suddenly. "Here is this river flowing to the sea. It flowed long before our fathers landed here, long before a steam tug ever puffed between its banks, and it will flow after your foundry is in dust. There stands that little church with a cross at the top of its spire. This is Sunday, I put these facts of Nature and God against the gigantic evils which you are trying to edge your hand under, and I say that however weak you and I may be, the river and the cross are on our side."

"On our side? Yes," said Arkwright with some bitterness. "Here we are upon the bridge. You see we have come by instinct toward my work and my difficulties. Look at that charming little knoll which we are going to cross. Look at this river; see these great grease spots on its surface. When this river is a sewer how much will it do for us when we are trying to lift the cat? And only yesterday I learned of a scheme on foot to buy this tract along side of the river, cut down the trees and the knoll, sell the gravel in the banks, and set off the territory for house lots. That brings me to one of the practical questions which is disturbing me. How are any people going to live decent lives when they are all huddled together in the back streets. Now my idea is to buy this land myself, to put up houses for my work-people, and gradually to give them more self-respect. John, I can't carry on this business as if my men and boys were so many files and vises and hammers. I want to get at their lives and make them something more than mere excuses for living."

"Exactly; the problem which you propose regarding them is the same which perplexes you for yourself; how to make the life something more than meat, and the body than raiment."

"Yes, I see it is, though I had not connected the two before." The two friends were leaning against trees upon the little knoll now, looking off upon the river that flowed at their feet, and at the hills beyond. They stood so in silence for some time, each busy in thought, which it was not easy to put into words.

"I am not a practical fellow, I suppose," said Pastorius, at length, as they walked away; "and my large bushel baskets I suspect sometimes cover up lights and do not extinguish them. I can't speak by the book regarding your scheme. I don't know your business or your means, and how easily you divert money from your regular channels; I don't know but you can be a landlord as well as a brass and iron founder, but I suspect the one business requires to be learned as much as the other. I will tell you, however, one of my thoughts, and you may take

it for what it is worth. You and I and these workmen are all part and parcel of a larger organization which we can't ignore in any of our calculations. We are citizens of a city, of a state, of a nation. We did not make this historic organization in which we find ourselves, and I believe the first question which any social reformer is bound to ask is, not is this a good thing by itself, but is it good in this place, with these people, in this state and country? I distrust schemes which leave Americanism out of the question, which take up methods which look successful at this distance, in France or Belgium. Those methods must be worth studying, not copying. If there is any principle in our American life which is characteristic, and not to be left out of account, it is the principle of individual participation, consciously, intelligently and harmoniously in the common life. The moment you draw up schemes which assume that the American mechanic is to be taken in hand and provided for, furnished with ready-made houses, and ready-made schools, and ready-made churches, and a ready-made community, you go counter to the vital principle of our nationality. With all our mistakes, we must work out our own national salvation through the means of the Person in the State, and should deprecate a community however orderly and æsthetically delightful which did not grow in a process of Nature; which was a foreign model in a native place. It might work well for a short time if you were to keep a store* for your people, and build them a church and school-houses, and a hall, and make a little park, and do the thousand and one things which go to make a pretty spectacle for the driver-by, but the only enduring result will be when your people manage all this themselves, and manage it not as your people, bound together by that tie, but as voters in the Port and parts adjacent, members of the large body of city and state. The more you localize and confine them without at the same time enlarging their interests, the more surely will you contract their powers, and after a while they will be poor workmen because they are poor citizens. You must take our country as it

is, Edward; it is to struggle out of its present difficulties by being itself, not by trying to get rid of itself. Reforms in business, in society or in education, or in religion must be in the line of self-government, or they will come to nothing. That's my sermon and you may make what application seems best."

"Yes, it's the application that bothers me. I think I could have preached that sermon, nearly, up to the point where you left off. My trouble begins just there. What am I to do? The harder I work, the more I give myself to my business, the less satisfaction I get. I think it is something like the photographic paradox. The more perfect the photograph, the less satisfied you are with the portrait; and when I have become a consummate man of business, if such an event could be possible, then I should be the farthest possibly removed from my ideal."

"You think then that to be a thoroughly successful man of business you must become most completely a machine, and you seek to avoid that conclusion by carrying along with your business some associated work which shall save it from being grossly material?"

"Yes. That is pretty near it."

"There is a fallacy about your reasoning somewhere, Edward. No one's work can lead him away from the right conclusion, unless there be in the work itself something immoral, some compromise say with unrighteousness, as if one should say that business necessities compelled him to do what he felt to be, by the highest standard, wrong. It is true that some fishermen are called away from the rest to be fishers of men, but in all such cases their fishing for fish has been a part and the most important part of their training as fishers of men. Depend upon it your success in attaining the highest ideal you may possibly set before you, lies by the way of your daily work, not by way of your daily leisure, useful as that is."

"You must not take away my dream, John, without giving me something in its place. My dream is of an organization, of which my foundry is only a shell. This or-

ganization which I see is an organization of the souls of men; and just as I think my own life demands something more than that I should manage my business profitably, so I wish the men who serve me to have constantly before them a larger purpose than to make perfect castings. My dream is to put a lever under this mechanical life, a lever of intellectual and spiritual force, which shall steadily raise the whole establishment upon a higher plane. The first practical realization of the dream which I see is in working upon the family life, to make that what it should be, and through that to give the men a zeal for something more than the routine fulfillment of their daily work. It seems to me that by keeping such a purpose steadily before me, I can make my occupation less mean than it is."

"Make your perfect castings first, Edward," said his friend energetically, "and you will stop calling your occupation mean. Perfect the shop, and you will discover that the men's lives will grow with your own. You will have to work out this problem of yours, but let me tell you that whatever schemes you may have for improving the character of your men, they will all fail miserably if your business fails; and your business will fail unless you control it; and you will not control it unless you serve it."

"I don't see but you are preaching my mother's doctrines, John."

"Your mother's doctrines are good enough, Edward, until you can get better ones, and you never will get better ones until you have worked hers out. She represents the old-fashioned business mind that knew a relation between employer and employed such as is not now common; when the master knew his craft perfectly and expected his men to know it; when steady wages were paid, and men knew that so long as they did good work, they would get fair wages; when the aim of the shop was to turn out good work and not cheap work; when the men never thought themselves ill off even if their wives and daughters dressed in homespun, and never went ten miles from their home; when the boys were apprenticed and served their time to the end; when the name of a house was its trade

mark, and was held as sacredly as a knight held his coat of arms. Of course there was evil enough then, but the tone of working society at its best was such as your mother gives. The people did not care very much for art or literature, and their speech was not always very elevated, and they had homely customs. They were provincial and not cosmopolitan. Honesty is a provincial virtue, style is cosmopolitan, I suppose. Well, that day has gone by; but a better day is to be had only as we start from that foundation and build upon it. There are better days. It is possible for the woman of the next generation to be as fine an embodiment of the best ideas of work as your mother is of the last generation, but the possibility is made certain only by the completeness with which she makes the transition from the old times to the new."

"But how can religion come into our daily work?" asked Arkwright.

"By leaving it there," said Pastorius. "The great difficulty with people is that they are forever trying to put religion into their daily work, as if it were some foreign element, instead of finding it at the very core of the work."

"Well, John, you create difficulties for me as fast as you demolish those I raise. I am of the same mind still. My business worries me. I don't get the hang of it. I make mistakes, and I end every day with being heartily sick of my occupation. My only relief is in studying how I may help my men in some way, and I please myself as I walk home at night with pictures of an ideal foundry, with good work well done, cheerful workmen, happy families. I must have such an ideal, or I should lose

faith. Then, when I come in the morning fresh and hopeful, I find some blunder I have made coming back to perch on my desk and flap its black wings at me, and the misery of it is that I can't seem to get hold of the work in such a way as to lessen mistakes and give myself some security against future accident. Sometimes I seem to see written over the door of the counting room, Milton's terrible line:

"To be weak is to be miserable."

I don't need an archangel to tell me that. I wonder if it is n't a devil that speaks it to me. However, I break away from it all with a sense that will is good for something, and I have that." Thereupon the young fellow strode over the ground as if his will had suddenly seized his legs. The two friends marched along in silence. Their course led them by Arkwright's familiar daily walk, and so it happened that they passed the little house where the geraniums stood in the window. A man was in the garden tying up a vine, and a girl stood by him, watching him. She was older than the young gardener whom Arkwright used to see at the window. Her companion looked up as the young man passed, and bowed. They returned the bow, taking off their hats.

"Who was that?" asked Arkwright.

"I do not know. He bowed to you, I thought."

"I never saw him before, and my bow was more than half to that graceful girl by him."

"Well, they both deserve the best bows we could give them. He was a fine-looking fellow."

RELIGION IN COLLEGE.

RELIGION was the corner-stone in the foundation of the elder colleges. Harvard, founded in 1636, sprang from the "dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches," and bears the name of a Congre-

gational clergyman. Its welfare was the frequent topic of sermons, and the constant burden of the prayers of the colonists. Yale, founded at the close of the seventeenth century, was designed to inculcate an

orthodoxy of a more rigid type than Harvard was supposed to represent, and to educate a ministry for the service of the New Haven colony. Princeton, established in 1746, was intended to supply "the church with learned and able ministers of the word." Dartmouth was founded in 1769 on the fundamental principles of the Christian religion. Bowdoin was dedicated in its first years, at the opening of the present century, to the church of Christ. Amherst was planted in 1825 for the primary purpose of training men for the foreign missionary work. The intense religious character of all the older colleges, at the time of their foundation, is expressed in the energetic language of President Witherspoon of Princeton: "Cursed be all that learning that is contrary to the cross of Christ; cursed be all that learning that is not coincident with the cross of Christ; cursed be all that learning that is not subservient to the cross of Christ."

But not merely in the purposes of their establishment was the religious character of the early colleges manifested, but also in their government and instruction. At Harvard, for example, the original laws regulating the religious duties of the students were of Puritanic strictness and minuteness: "Every one shall consider the main end of his life and studies to know God and Jesus, which is eternal life." "Every one shall so exercise himself in reading the Scriptures twice a day that they may be ready to give an account of their proficiency therein, both in theoretical observations of language and logic, and in practical and spiritual truths." "They shall eschew all profanation of God's holy name, attributes, word, ordinances, and times of worship; and study, with reverence and love, carefully to retain God and his truth in their minds." These and similar rules relating to religious and moral conduct, formed a large share of the "laws, liberties and orders" to which the early Harvard students were subject. They were not, moreover, dissimilar to the first laws of most of the earlier colleges. The course of instruction, also, was thoroughly pervaded with the religious element. The Hebrew

was studied in common with the Latin and the Greek; and the Old Testament and the New, in the original tongues, formed one of the principal books of linguistic study. Indeed to read the original of the two Testaments into the Latin tongue was the principal condition of receiving the first degree. A portion of the undergraduates, moreover, were required to repeat in public sermons whenever requested.

But this deep religious color of college government and instruction has now, at least in most eastern colleges, to a large degree disappeared. The undergraduate is still required to attend church twice on the Sabbath, and prayers daily in the chapel; but beyond these simple requisitions, the college usually makes no religious demands upon him. The instruction, too, has lost its religious hue. Hebrew is relegated to the Theological Seminary; and the only direct study made of the New Testament is a recitation in its Greek of a Monday morning. But this custom that once obtained of devoting the first exercises of the week to the New Testament Greek is now obsolescent. Its chief purpose is to prevent the student from studying on the Sabbath unsabbatarian subjects; but as its influence in this respect is slight, the custom is slowly passing away. A study of the evidences of Christianity and of allied topics is also made in many colleges, but it is brief and necessarily superficial. The rapidly enlarging field of human knowledge renders it expedient, in the judgment of many college officers, to consign these subjects to the divinity school. American colleges, as a class, have, therefore, ceased to be *distinctively* religious institutions.

And yet in the establishment and organization of many of the Western colleges the religious idea is still very prominent. Not a few of the colleges in Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and the adjoining States are outgrowths of domestic missionary movements, and are primarily designed for the training of a Christian ministry. The first educated men that, as a body, entered either the North-west Territory, the states that were formed out of it, or the adjoining territories, were the home missionaries. Their aim

was to permeate the new West with Christian influences; and among the first and most effective means they employed was the establishment of colleges. These colleges were, therefore, Christian in their origin, purpose and method of operation. Iowa college was founded in 1847 by the famous "Iowa" or "Andover Band" (twelve graduates of Andover Theological Seminary who went to Iowa in 1846), and has for thirty years been one of the chief means in the evangelization of that great state. Western Reserve College sprang from the desire of the home missionaries in Ohio for a school for the education of ministers. The corner-stone of Illinois College was laid by the domestic missionary association. The spirit and motive that ruled in the establishment of Oberlin College are expressed in the inscription written on a banner that waved in its first years from a flag-staff in the little village: "Holiness unto the Lord." Many, therefore, of the recently established colleges of the West are pre-eminently Christian in their foundation and purposes.

Indeed, in the case of the vast majority of our three hundred and fifty colleges, the religious element, though of little weight in the legal organization and scholastic working of the college, has a most important influence in the daily life and on the character of the students. The professors and instructors are, as a rule, Christians, though it is seldom that a religious test is made a condition of holding an office of instruction. Yet as a matter of fact the large majority of the members of our college faculties are members of the church. Amherst college demands no assent to any religious creed of her instructors, yet it is the testimony of President Seelye that "we should no more think of appointing to a post of instruction here an irreligious than we should an immoral man, or one ignorant of the topics he would have to teach." Princeton, too, exacts no religious tests of her professors; but, writes Dr. McCosh, "most of our instructors are Presbyterians, though we commonly have members of other religious denominations." Brown University demands no religious pledge; but, says President

Robinson, "it would doubtless decline to take an atheist or an avowed skeptic as a professor." Oberlin college has "no confession of faith prescribed by custom for the instructors in any department of the college," writes its president, Dr. Fairchild; "but it is customary, and has been from the foundation of the school, to appoint as instructors . . . such only as give evidence of Christian character, as this term is commonly understood among evangelical believers." The University of Michigan, too, demands no religious test of its professors, yet, "as a matter of fact," says President Angell, "the great majority of our instructors have always been communicants in churches. The holding of a post of instruction at Harvard and Yale necessitates no obligation to any religious creed, yet a large number of the professors of the two colleges are recognized as Christians. Although, therefore, the large majority of the colleges demand no test oath of their professors regarding their religious principles, yet the great body of these professors are Christians. As now conducted, the American college is primarily devoted to the promotion of knowledge and intellectual discipline, but the Christian character of its professors renders its influence Christian in the highest degree. The American college is Christian in the same way in which the American government can be said to acknowledge the existence of a God. Though the existence of a Supreme Ruler is unrecognized in its constitution, yet it is constantly confessed in the carrying on of all the departments of the state.

Into the life of the students, also, religion is thoroughly ingrained. Almost one-half of the twenty thousand men who are pursuing regular college courses are Christians. The proportion of the number of Christians and of those not Christians varies much with the different colleges. The lowest extreme is probably that of one to five, as at Harvard, and the highest nine to ten, as at Oberlin and a few other colleges. At Dartmouth and Bowdoin it is estimated that one from every three students is a Christian; at Yale two from every five; at Michigan University and Western Reserve

College one from every two; at Princeton, Brown University, Marietta and Ripon, three from every five; at Amherst, Williams, Wesleyan University, Middlebury, Iowa, and Berea, four from every five. About ten thousand, therefore, it may be inferred, of the college men in the country are Christians.

The increase in the proportion of Christian collegians in the course of the last twenty-five years is very marked. In 1853, at Harvard College, only one man in ten was a professor of religion; at Brown only one in five; at Yale, Dartmouth, and Bowdoin, only one in four; at Williams one in two; and at Amherst five in eight. At Middlebury the ratio was, as it now is, four in five. (Professor Tyler's "Prayer for Colleges," p. 136.) In those seven representative colleges, selected at random, the proportion of Christian students has in a quarter of a century increased about forty per cent. But, as compared with the religious condition of the colleges at the opening of the century, the advance is still more noteworthy. At the close of the last and the beginning of the present century the flood of French philosophy and infidelity was sweeping over the land, and the effects it wrought in the colleges were most disastrous. At Harvard and Yale the number of Christian students was probably fewer than at any other period in their history. A considerable proportion of the first class which President Dwight taught at Yale "assumed the names of the principal English and French infidels, and were more familiarly known by them than by their own." (Memoir of President Dwight, p. 20.) In the first eight classes of Bowdoin college was "but one who may have been deemed at the time of admission hopefully pious;" and in the first four years of Dr. M'Keen's presidency, 1802-1806, not one of the students, so far as can be known, "believed and hoped in Christ as a Savior." (Prof. Smyth's "Religious History of Bowdoin College," p. 7.) Only one of all the students at Williams College, near the same period, was a church member. (History of Williams College, p. 111.) But in the course of two generations so thorough have been the

religious changes that it is safe to say that at the present time at least one-half of the students in American colleges are Christian men.

The religious life of college men is manifested in various methods of organization and work. In many colleges, as Dartmouth, and Iowa, are societies which bear the same relation to the Christian students as literary societies bear to literary students. These societies hold weekly or fortnightly meetings, with a programme composed of orations, debates, and essays upon religious topics; and they are, moreover, the spring whence flow the religious activities of the college. Mission Sunday Schools are frequently organized and conducted by their members, and in many cases the moral and religious condition of college towns is thereby greatly elevated. Three such schools are supported by the students of Olivet College, six by those of Ripon, and ten by those of Iowa. Prayer meetings are also held each week in the college, and are supported by both professors and students. Class prayer meetings, too, for the members of a single college class, are held weekly; and in some colleges daily prayer meetings, for a half hour, gather together a few earnest Christians. In many colleges, moreover, exists a church of the denomination which the college represents, and with a membership made up principally of the college officers and students. The pastor is in most cases the president of the college and he is assisted in his duties by the senior professors. But Harvard in its Peabody, and Yale in its Barbour, have college-preachers and pastors whose chief duty is the care of the religious welfare of their colleges.

But the most prominent characteristic of the religious life of the college is the revival. The revival is both the cause and the result of that Christian tone and color which mark the large majority of American colleges. It is of more frequent occurrence, of longer continuance, of greater pervasiveness, and of a calmer, more intellectual character among college men than in any other class of the community. At Yale, Harvard, Brown and a few other colleges, revivals have of late years been infrequent; but at

most colleges it is seldom that a college generation passes away without first passing through a revival of religion. In nearly every year Amherst college experiences a revival. Its extent and intensity vary much with the different years; and in recent seasons the winters of 1870, 1872, 1876, and 1878 are noteworthy as witnessing an unusual degree of spiritual awakening. At Princeton each of the last twenty-five classes, with one or two exceptions, has in the course of its four years passed through a revival season; and it was only three years since that over a hundred students were converted in a single term. Wesleyan University, Dartmouth, Williams, Hamilton, and other eastern colleges are not infrequently subject to special revival influences, and a considerable proportion of their students become Christians during their college course.

In the colleges for women, as Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, the revival spirit is also very pervasive. About two-thirds of the Vassar students are Christians, and not a few become so in the four years of their college life. Wellesley College was founded expressly in the interests of the church of Christ, and the revival influence of its founder and chief guardian pervades the whole college. A large number of the students which Smith College, in the Connecticut valley, gathers, are Christians, and all the influences of this Amherst for women are as Christian as they are scholarly. Mount Holyoke Seminary, a college in all but its name, fosters among its young women a deep religious seriousness, and it is not unusual for nearly every member of a graduating class to be also a member of the church of Christ. About sixty of its graduates have within the last decade entered the foreign missionary service, and the whole school is fragrant with the godly life of its founder, Mary Lyon.

But it is probably in the western colleges that revivals are most frequent and pervasive. In many of them revivals occur as regularly as the coming of the winter, and, considered as a whole, about one-half of their students become Christians during the four years of their college course. This is especially true in regard to Oberlin and

Iowa Colleges. At Marietta and Ripon about one-third of the students are converted in the four years. It is very difficult, as one of its former students remarked, to graduate at Iowa college without becoming a Christian; and the case is similar in many of the eminently Christian colleges of the West.

The special means that are employed in occasioning revivals in the college community are similar to those that are used in bringing about revivals in the community at large. Into eastern colleges, however, the professional revivalist is seldom called. College revivals spring far more naturally from the conditions of college life than from the conditions of religious life in the general community. The thoughtfulness which college studies engender and the culture that they foster incline the attention to religious topics. The prolonged intimacy of the friendship of Christian and non-Christian students leads many into piety. The Christian influence and zeal of professors and instructors awaken a desire in their pupils for a nobler and better life. The frequent prayer-meetings, the endeavors of religious societies, the religious earnestness of Christian students arouse and sustain inquiry upon spiritual questions. And the influence of the day of prayer for colleges, the last Thursday in every January, a day which has been observed in some colleges for fifty years by special prayer for the conversion of college men, is most efficient in awakening revivals of religion. In many western colleges, in addition to these means, revivalists are frequently employed, and the results of their work are often very extended and thorough.

The frequency and pervasiveness of revivals in our colleges are indicated in the fact that Yale College has experienced no less than thirty-six, which have resulted in at least twelve hundred conversions; Dartmouth College, nine, resulting in two hundred and fifty conversions; and Middlebury and Amherst at least twelve each, resulting in the case of the latter college in three hundred and fifty conversions. (Kirk's Lectures on Revivals, p. 148.)

The most interesting feature in the col-

lege revival is its entire freedom from sectarian influences. Denominational interests seldom show themselves. Indeed, this is the case in respect to the general religious associations of the Christian student. Although the most of our colleges are sectarian, yet their sectarian influences over the students are slight. At the present time, of three hundred and fifty colleges, four represent the Universalist denomination, ten the Episcopal, twelve the "Christian" and the Lutheran each, twenty the Congregational, thirty-one the Presbyterian, thirty-seven the Baptist, fifty-one the Methodist, and fifty-two the Roman Catholic. The remainder is shared among the smaller denominations, as the Friends, the Moravians,

and the Jews; but seventy-one of the whole number are non-sectarian. (Report of Commissioner of Education for 1875 [with corrections].) But in the large majority of the three hundred colleges which are regarded as denominational, except, of course, the Roman Catholic, the Christian life of the students is in a marked degree free from denominational influences. Students work together in the same religious society for years without perhaps knowing whether A or B is a Methodist, a Baptist, or a Congregationalist. The Christian sect to which they belong is of hardly more consequence in their mutual association than is the state or city in which they were born.

C. F. Thwing.

PHILANTHROPY AT PITCH POINT.

"PAPA," said Daphne, giving a final stamp after pulling on her rubber boots, "what are we living for?"

Now it was a morning of cloud and mist, when everything had a sort of bedraggled, hopeless look; so, notwithstanding the fact that I am an Orthodox clergyman, my response was somewhat feeble.

"You know what the catechism says, my dear."

"Yes," said Daphne, doubtfully; "but I begin to feel a little uncertain as to whether we're doing much to bring that about. Good bye, papa," coming to kiss me. "Be prepared for a long talk after supper to-night, for I have a whole bonnetful of bees that will be pretty active by that time;" and she was gone to her day's work as teacher in the Pitch Point grammar school.

It was a very dreary outlook at Pitch Point. To tell how we came to be there, I must go back a little from this morning when Daphne was putting on her rubbers. I had been settled in the little parish at Greenfield for years—so comfortably settled that it had never occurred to me of late that we might ever have to leave it. It was a

staid, well-to-do community; but, with the growing up of a young generation, an element of progress and change had crept in, so that one of the first demands was for a more modern style of preaching. Now, I had kept soberly within the boundaries of the faith handed down from my fathers; but I have since begun to realize that there was more of an aim at sound doctrine in my preaching than simply to set forth the true word. Half reluctant criticisms and suggestions came from one and another, until one night I walked home from prayer meeting behind Deacon Coles and young Ezra Morse, just home from college, and overheard an animated discussion as to the evident lack of unity and interest in the church.

"I tell you the only need," said young Ezra, "is to get rid of that superannuated minister. Why, he's been here so many years that he's half asleep over his duties."

I heard and profited, and the next week the church accepted my resignation "with many regrets." What to do then? I was not young; but, hard as it was to start anew in the world, it was, perhaps, well for

me to be reminded that to "minister unto" a people included more real work than preaching a quieting sermon to them weekly. Then came a call from Pitch Point—this forlorn village in the far West, whence, as my wife said, it was like a cry of distress, "Come over and help us." I consulted her and Daphne, our pretty, grown-up daughter, and we agreed that perhaps we had forgotten our Master's business in the ease of our previous living, and that it was best to follow this, the only path open to us.

Arrived at the place, we found, not poverty, but squalor and "shiftlessness" in the lowest classes, while their more pretentious neighbors, who had money, only differed from them by an added gaudiness and equal illiteracy. However, we were as enthusiastic and animated by as philanthropic a spirit as any missionary to heathendom, though our field of labor had the nominal advantage of being in a civilized land. We had been there two weeks when Daphne came to me and said, in that meek, appealing way of hers, which, I have learned to know, covers a mature determination:

"Papa, there is a teacher wanted at that little school-house we saw yesterday. May I apply for the place?"

"Certainly not," I said, hastily; and it was evident that such an answer was in no wise unexpected, for she went on as if her argument were already prepared.

"You see, papa, I have nothing to do, after mamma and I get the house in order, but my sewing and a little reading. Then I must fall back on fancy work to keep my time respectably occupied. Why should I not have some real, genuine work as well as you or any one who is of use in the world?"

Now, if she thought I did n't see through this artfully-prepared statement, she was much mistaken. I knew well that her helping about the house-work was no fine lady's washing up the china and silver after breakfast; that the sewing involved wearisome hours spent in turning and re-turning old garments; and that the reading was a systematic and solid course. But her last question struck me forcibly.

Why should she not have some regular, outside work if she felt the need of it? I had

had enough experience in district schools, through the college vacations, to know that they were not places in which to realize lofty ideals of education. Could I let my little girl have her enthusiasm for work and her faith in its success overthrown, as they inevitably must be, and perhaps destroyed, in that stuffy, dirty little place? On the other hand, should her dreams be made of more importance than the actual? Even if she had a more poetic belief in humanity by never coming in contact jarringly with its rough edges, was not the truth rather to be chosen, no matter how bare it might be? Besides, as I said before, we were all, just then, at an extreme of self-sacrifice and philanthropy, and so I finally told Daphne that I had no right to take even the most disagreeable work from her hands, and she might decide for herself. That was soon done, and the next week she begun her new life as a day-laborer.

Though I asked her few questions, her face and the remarks she dropped occasionally about the school kept me pretty constantly informed as to the state of her mind in regard to it. At first I think she was pleased to find ignorant, ill-bred children, since here was the rudest, most uncultivated material to work on. There would be little to eradicate of the partial culture and general prejudice so often found together in those who, with a very little learning, have tried to gain a foothold in the upper walks of life, by virtue of no aristocracy but that of wealth.

Gradually Daphne grew a little puzzled to find her theories not as successful as they might have been, and finally discouragement and loss of faith came. And this was the point at which I began my story. That night, when we all—my wife, Daphne and I—were sitting round the fire in the little room which was dignified by the title of the study, on the strength of its containing my few books and a litter of periodicals, I perceived that we were to have a general council of war. Accordingly, I began by asking Daphne how school was going on.

"Very poorly, I am afraid, papa; or, at least, it proves to be very different from what I had expected."

"What did you expect?" I said, anxious to lead her on. "Not that you were sure to find prodigies of brilliancy or loveliness, I hope."

"Of course not, papa; you know I had not such a thought. And I'm sure you know perfectly well, too, with what ideas I started out—that teaching is no mere mechanical work, like scrubbing floors or dish-washing. It seemed to me there was a high aim and purpose in it, which made it second only to a mother's task in training men and women."

"Well, is n't it so?" said my wife. "Can't you put the high aim into it?"

"No, mother; I have n't been able to do it so far," said Daphne. "If they wanted to learn anything, if they showed the least enthusiasm, or even a mistaken striving toward the light, I believe I could work night and day to help them. But what can I do when they are using every faculty in their possession to outwit me and cheat themselves—to get a few more minutes for play, or one paragraph less to learn? There is no time to do any real work, or give any actual benefit, when every bit of power and will in me is exerted to combat their fixed determination *not* to be educated."

"Daphne," said her mother, "don't you think your aims towards them may be a little too poetical for real life? These boys and girls will grow up into commonplace men and women; they probably never will be called to occupy any very high station. Now, why not give them, to the best of your ability, a good common school education? Teach them to read, write and cipher, and be content with doing that. What more can you ask of yourself?"

"Why, mamma," said Daphne, almost with tears of vexation starting, "because I don't think a teacher ought to be a mere mechanical laborer. It is n't the amount I can force them to swallow, but the bringing out of their higher, better selves that is demanded of me. No matter how you put it, the amount of a teacher's work is that he is developing the rude material into something fit to make states and nations of, or angels, if you will. Now, if I see points in which these children's mothers have failed, ought

I not to remedy them according as I have the power? Don't you think I ought, papa?"

"Of course, my dear," said I, who had been quietly listening and drawing my own conclusions. "But tell us in what particular you have failed to do so."

"It might make a shorter list to tell where I have succeeded," said poor Daphne. "Now, there is one thing that troubles me much, and that is their lack of personal cleanliness. I believe perfect bodily purity does more than people imagine towards keeping a soul clean. Now, I would almost as soon choose to make these children consider cleanliness a part of their religion as to teach them to tell the truth."

My wife looked just a little shocked, but I was determined she should not speak till I heard what was evidently in Daphne's mind, for the girl is often an inspiration to me.

"You can make them do that at least, can't you?" I said.

"I thought so, but when I tried it a thunder cloud burst over my head. One night I talked to them about health and cleanliness, and how great a thing it was to have the beauty of purity and neatness. But when I went to school the next morning, two irate mothers attacked me at their gates for having insulted them by calling their children dirty. I never had such a lecture in my life before."

I began to speak wrathfully, but Daphne laid her hands across my lips. "Now don't, papa. This is no worse for me than it was for you to be hooted and almost mobbed when you gave that lecture in Georgia so many years ago. And have n't you always told me it is a privilege to be abused for the truth's sake?"

I held my peace for the time being, and went on with the subject that lay uppermost in my mind.

"Well, Daphne, I believe we have come out here with a spirit of 'general missionariness,' but I must confess that I feel as much at sea about the way in which to proceed as you do. Now if you had only to talk to your scholars and tell them the rules of life, what would you say?"

I consider myself very cunning with Daphne. She has the freshest, truest ideas, which again and again I make use of without her suspecting it in the least. If I were to ask her advice point blank, she would say, "Oh, papa!" and retire into an indignant silence, almost insulted to be thought capable of intruding her thoughts on such a wise individual as myself. So I am obliged to work cautiously, though to-night it was unusually easy to lead her on, owing to her enthusiasm.

"I believe I should be very material in my doctrines," she said, "and should preach a gospel of cleanliness for the body as well as the soul. Then I should try to make them see what an influence on morality beautiful homes would have—I mean homes where there is always order and an attempt at making them attractive, no matter if the furniture is pine, or the curtains calico. I hope you won't laugh at me, but I must say I do believe heartily in the morality of a clean floor and bright knives and forks. I thought of it the other day when I was at Mrs. Cromarty's and saw her table set for dinner with the tumbled cloth and discolored steel knives, and thought what a difference it would make in my temper and the view I took of life if I were Mr. Cromarty coming home to such a meal."

"Take care, Daphne," I said. "Are n't you making your gospel rather too material? Consider the body is not all."

"No, papa, I include all that—everything spiritual, of which you know so much more than I that there's no need of explaining to you what I mean. I think this outer harmony only valuable as a counterpart of purity within, as you have so often said the body is important simply because it is the casket of the soul. Don't you think the reason religion seems to do us so little good is that we make it too visionary a thing? But why don't you tell me to stop, when I'm holding forth at such a rate?"

I said no more, but sank into a brown study, so deep that my wife and Daphne bade me good night, and still I sat there—until the next sermon was ready to be written down. The next Sunday was the Sacrament. Daphne's words had taken

such a deep hold on me that as I wrote my sermon I called it in my own mind the Sacrament of Cleanliness. I began to see that this was where the real fault in our living lay, we strain forward too eagerly for a glimpse into heaven, while the only life that appropriately is ours is on earth. Must not this be the true mission of the preacher, to utter the most commonplace truths—cut deep down into the heart, if need be, in order to give men a hint of what their every-day living should be, rather than to attempt raising them to a certain state of feeling? So my sermon was written in accordance with these new ideas. I am not a brilliant preacher; no rhetorical flourishes tempted me to talk over the heads of my audience. I told them in plain words of the wonder and mystery of their bodies, "temples of the Holy Ghost," and then went on to speak of the beauty that might be wrapped around the commonest life. I did not know the effect on any but one of my hearers, but when service was over Daphne was waiting for me, her whole face radiant with delight. As she took my arm she pinched it furtively and whispered, "Papa, how do you always know what I'm thinking about, and put my conclusions down all straightened out and in order?" Innocent Daphne never guessed that the sermon was hers instead of mine.

Well, we went on thinking about the needs of people, and trying to see and to help them see where the failures in their lives lay, for a long time. Instead of searching for bright and attractive colors in which to set out their heavenly home, as I had once done, I tried to tell them what their earthly homes ought to be. Then, this thought about material living led me on to temperance, and could I speak of debauching the soul and body with rum, and through a false delicacy, cast a veil of silence over man's ruin by the intemperance of passion and lust? It seemed to me a need to which delicacy should be subordinated, and I pleaded earnestly for chastity in man as well as woman. Then it was that Pitch Point rejected us. That night Deacon Pomeroy came to me and hinted that with the present style of preaching the

society never would be satisfied; adding that I had not proved exactly the man for the place, as they had hoped I might.

"Now really, Mr. Glen," he said, "you ought not to venture such sermons as you have preached lately. My wife considered this afternoon's positively vulgar. She said she could n't help blushing."

I thought of the look of sweet, womanly dignity on Daphne's face as she listened while I asked from man the purity of woman, and was satisfied. Mrs. Pomeroy's morals could scarcely suffer from plain words, when my little girl's true sense of propriety was not offended.

"Now that sermon on faith you preached when you were first here," the deacon went on, "that was excellent, why can't you give us some more like it? I really settled myself for something pleasant when you gave your text on charity the other day; but I was almost offended with you, Mr. Glen, when you began on scandal, gossip and such low subjects."

Well, there was nothing to do but go when the people were not satisfied with my ministry. So we parted from them with many complimentary expressions of regard on their part—a regard not strong enough to make them wish for our presence longer, and once again we changed our abiding place.

Daphne and I sometimes with a little sense of its ridiculous side talk over the failures that beset us in carrying out our best intentions, and wonder why people so persistently refuse to have good done to them. But, as she says, we ourselves learned wisdom in those months, if no one else was benefited. She for her part, learned to expect less immediate results from human nature, or child nature, in her teaching.

"I do believe, papa," she said, "that I unconsciously thought I was to train the children so perfectly in the right path that they never would stumble from it all their lives long. I dare say if my ambition had been analyzed it would have been to have them clean little cherubs, looking up with the seraphic expression of Raphael's—never downward into the mud at their feet."

I, too, was taught to work with less thought of result. I had aspired to make my parish over instantly into a model community, and every week expected to see the last Sunday's sermon in action. It began to dawn upon me that God and Nature work slowly, and all we can do is to cast in our mite to swell the sum of good, never heeding whether it be apparently lost or grow into blessing before our eyes.

L. K. Black.

EMBALMED.

THIS is the street and the dwelling;
 Let me count the houses o'er:
 Yes; one, two, three, from the corner,
 And the house which I loved makes four.

That is the very window
 Where I used to see her head
 Bent over book or needle,
 With ivy garlanded:

And the very loop of the curtain,
 And the very curve of the vine
 Were full of a charm and a meaning
 Which woke at her touch and sign.

I began to be glad at the corner,
 And all the way to the door,
 My heart outran my footsteps
 And frolicked and danced before.

In haste for the words of welcome,
 The voice, the repose and grace,
 And the smile, like a benediction,
 Of that beautiful vanished face.

Now I pass the door and I pause not,
 And I look the other way;
 But ever like wafted fragrance,
 Too subtle to name or to stay,

Comes a thought of the gracious presence
 Which made that past day sweet,
 And still to those who remember
 Embalms the house and the street:

Like the breath from some vase now empty
 Of a flowery shape unseen,
 Which follows the path of its lover
 To tell where a rose has been.

Susan Coolidge.

CHIPS FROM A NORTH-WESTERN LOG.

BY CAMPBELL WHEATON.

III.

"UP COUNTRY."

THE results of my fortnight in St. Paul were all that could have been desired. With an expedition which my previous experience of red tape had not led me to expect, the application, forwarded within a day or so after my arrival, returned in the shape of an appointment duly signed and sealed, as surgeon to the Red Lake band of Ojibways, or Chippewas as the name has been Anglicized. In fact, the department had limited opportunity for choice, as the position could hardly be called desirable to any one seeking other ends than those of health or a new and unique experience. There was certainly no opportunity for money-making, the stipulations of the treaty forbidding trade with the Indians by any person in Govern-

ment employ. Moreover, the great distance to be traveled, the inaccessibility of the post at certain seasons, and the immense cost of transportation for even the necessities of life, made the small salary still smaller, while the isolation from mails and all ordinary intercourse, and the resultant loneliness, had thus far stood in the way of all who attempted to hold the position. The former surgeon had found it unendurable, and resigned some months before; and two deputies from the band had lately been at Faribault, begging Bishop Whipple, who holds in their minds much the place which William Penn must have occupied among the Indians of his time, that he would see that some one was sent speedily to care for their sick.

I spent two days at Faribault, inspecting the working of the school, especially for

Indian children, and gaining new light on every dubious point from the Bishop, who, while an enthusiastic advocate of Indian rights and possibilities of improvement, is very far from sentimentalism. No practical worker has time for this, and the Bishop is a man so burdened with responsibilities of every sort that his unceasing interest in this special work was a matter of constant amazement. With a diocese covering an extent of country larger than the whole of New England, and involving thousands of miles of traveling every year; with a Theological Seminary under his special supervision, as well as a large and most successful school for boys; and in addition to this, regular duty as rector of the parish church, and the fact that men from all parts of the country seek him, drawn by the charm of a magnetic personal presence, and the devotion of a rarely sweet and noble soul to every interest but its own, the wonder grew that either time or heart could remain for the effort made to evangelize the Indian. He stands to my mind to-day as the ideal worker; one more confirmation of the fact that the busiest and most absorbed people are after all the ones most open to the claims of others; and the sensitiveness which shrinks always from the slightest public recognition of what he has done, is still doing, and will do, till strength fails and this world's work ceases, will pardon these poor words of appreciation and reverence.

My preparations were slight, and soon ended. A requisition for the necessary medicines was made; the packages, including two ten gallon cans of castor oil, to be forwarded to me at the upper agency located at Leech Lake, where I must wait till opportunity arrived for going through to the Red Lake Reservation. I secured the necessary stores, and a few of the books essential as companions, which were distributed among my various packages to equalize the weight of all as nearly as possible, and once more turned my face northward. Again Dwight accompanied me, but this time with no misgivings; for while well aware that a return to the East at the present stage of things would probably revive all the old symptoms, I was

practically a well man, stronger than I had at any time been since the first few months of army life. We parted at Crow Wing, the last post-office for five hundred miles; he to another call upon his men in camp; I to a government sled drawn by oxen, and going through to Leech Lake with flour for the Pillagers.

It was now the latter part of March, but as the lakes do not break up until the last of May or even early in June, it was practically as much winter as in January. Our journey occupied very nearly four days, but Daggett, the government teamster, pronounced it a rapid one, and pointed with pride to his oxen as specimens of "what government could do when it set out to have a good thing and had it."

Like most of the men "on the road," Daggett had an Indian wife; his living at Gull Lake, where we camped the first night out, and his three children growing up in their log hut, showed small traces of white parentage. These connections are a distinct feature of border life. No statute can restrain Indian women from occasionally straying from their own people, and white men will always be found, either so low in natural instinct, or so embittered by wrongs or ill-fortune, as to forsake civilization, escape the tyranny of social obligation, and once for all to silence all demands of conscience for self-advancement or achievement. Not a tribe but has its roll of half-breeds, bearing often the name of famous hunters, trappers and traders; suspected vaguely from their connection with the whites, yet recklessly courageous and daring, and, inheriting only the evil side of both parents, powerful for harm, but seldom or never for good. During two years of constant observation, the half-breed element struck me as the Indian's bane, and I grew to believe firmly in the policy of seclusion which I had heard advocated, and which I shall notice farther on.

The country through which we plodded showed some new features. A portion was marsh, through which a corduroy road had been made, and Daggett informed me that the chain of lakes was an almost continuous one for many hundred miles. My map had

already taught me this, and the name of the state, Minnesota or water-land, is derived from this fact. Now all alike were snow-covered and desolate, and the prevailing black-pine, one of the gloomiest of trees, bearded with moss, and the very embodiment of desolation, made the way inexpressibly dreary. About the lakes grew white and yellow birches, and many sugar-maples, which later would be tapped for the yearly sugar-making; and now and then we passed through long stretches of noble pines, such as I had grown to know in my camp-life.

On the whole, the eighty miles were, in spite of all good intentions, so depressing that I felt my courage departing, and hailed the sight of the hollow square of buildings at Leech Lake with a sort of rapture. Shut in by thick forest, one comes upon them unexpectedly; and the sense of life, almost crushed out during the last ten miles, revives with a bound. Even as the last red beam of the setting sun shot over the snow-covered lake, night seemed to settle down. Lights flickered in the windows, and as we turned in to the enclosure about the low log "Government boarding-house," a crowd of eager Indians surrounded Daggett, all speaking at once. Too weary for observation, I ate supper and went to bed immediately, barely realizing that mine was one of five, and that I was likely to have plenty of society.

A sound as of Babel come again aroused me next morning. Some one had put a basin of water and towel on a bench by my bed, and a roaring fire burned in the mud chimney. An excellent breakfast was set out on a rough table two boards wide, and was surrounded by the most motley crowd it had ever been my chance to meet. On my right sat a tall and powerful negro, George Buga, the Government Interpreter, speaking English, French, or Indian, as it happened, and wearing the usual half-breed dress, in great part that of a white man, but adding moccasins, a gay shawl about the waist, bright leggins, beaded shirt, and the inevitable bowie knife. On my left, was "Old Buffalo," the head chief of the Leech Lake Indians, wrapped in a dirty, gray blanket, and eating fried pork with a scalping-knife. Civilized Indians with short hair, and un-

civilized ones with long braids and gay blankets; half-breeds wearing earrings, and looking out furtively from beneath shaggy eye brows; Indian children rolling on the floor and tormenting lean and hungry dogs, and dirty squaws, smiling appealingly and hoping for a crumb from this table which to them represented endless plenty, made a picture, which I very shortly wished were that and nothing else. The pungent smell of the *kinni kinnick* or Indian tobacco, made from dried willow-bark, and used in eking out the government ration of the genuine weed, filled the room, and, added to the fish oil they all used, and the various degrees of dirt, fairly stifled me. I went into the open air, met at the door by Mr. Wright, the teacher and missionary at the post, a nervously-organized, enthusiastic man, who for twenty-five years had followed the fortunes of the Ojibways, beginning at Lake Superior under the auspices of the American Home Missionary Society, and still content to work on, through disappointments and drawbacks which would long ago have frightened away a less earnest soul.

Here I found in operation a boarding-school for boys and girls, organized on the only plan at all available with Indian children, the manual labor system; the first and most vital point in the education of an Indian boy being to convince him that labor is not degrading. Only those who have attempted it, realize in even faint degree the difficulty, nay, the almost impossibility of accomplishing this, in the face of an instinct strengthened by generations of inheritance, and rising involuntarily against such subversion of all Indian theories and beliefs. But, let the fact at last take possession of the mind, as in many cases it does, that chopping wood, or breaking land, or planting crops, is not only honorable, but brings comfort and security from want, and the Indian becomes a patient, steady worker, eager for guidance and assistance in the new line of life, and almost pitifully anxious that these children should be taught and trained.

The difficulty in this school, which included some twenty-five children, was deficient appropriation from Congress, an evil

with which all have to contend, and on this point Mr. Wright spoke, with an indignation fully warranted by facts.

"I have worked," he said, "for twenty-five years, steadily and hopefully in spite of every opposition and discouragement. I know the language as well as my own, and I know the Indian character. Year after year new agents come to us, each one a little more ignorant and headstrong than the last, and each one sure *he* is going to solve the problem of civilization. All of them pooh-pooh the idea of a boarding-school, and affirm that it is only an Indian dodge to have their families fed at the government expense. I must do what they say or give up the work, and so we resort to the day-school, which is simply useless. How am I to alter things, when a child returns each night to a filthy wigwam, and, very likely, gambles away the clean clothes put upon him in the morning? To accomplish anything they must be under your eye day and night. You must force them to be clean; to eat at regular hours; to acquire some sort of power of mental application. The wigwams are scattered for miles around. The spring sugar-making, the hunts, the planting and watching the fields, divert them from school; and at last when the agent finds rows of empty benches, he begins to see the justice of what I have said, and allows the original plan to go on. Then Congress steps in, has an economical streak, and cuts down the school appropriation five hundred or a thousand dollars. It takes a million dollars to kill one Indian in war if I read the army reports aright; so of course, you must save this five hundred on the education fund. There is everlasting shilly-shallying with the whole question, and it's all in a nutshell. Banish from the Reservations every half-breed and white man not directly in government employ; for there is not an Indian atrocity on record that cannot be traced straight back to half-breed lies or white man's whisky. Take the children from the wigwams, train them to decent life, and I guarantee no more Indian troubles. The whole thing I tell you lies in a nutshell; but God knows whether those fools of Congressmen will ever see it."

The good missionary spoke strongly, but every fact I learned in my personal experience confirmed his words. He gave me many most valuable hints as to modes of dealing with Indian character; supplied me with his own carefully arranged system of Ojibway verbs, and made my week at the Agency one of unceasing interest and instruction. The resident physician, though a man of far more phlegmatic temperament, heartily endorsed his views, and so far as was possible for one constitutionally satisfied with things as they are, aided him in the ever-recurring battles with new agents, who looked upon the eager, self-sacrificing, impetuous missionary as a fire-brand in the camp.

So absorbed had I become in watching the phases of life at this point, that I felt a momentary though keen regret, when Buga, the interpreter, appeared before me one afternoon followed by a diminutive and shaggy half-breed, Boulanger by name, who announced that he was going through with goods for Aiken, one of the traders at Red Lake; and though he had at first intended to take only a flat-train and dogs, would for a "consideration," hire Buga's sled and use his own ponies. Aided by Buga, who knew his "tricks and manners," and without whom I should have been thoroughly fleeced, a bargain was concluded, and we settled to start the next day at ten, sleep twenty-eight miles up at Cass Lake in a half-breed hut the first night, and probably finish the journey in two more days. Oliver, the tall Kentuckian who ran the boarding-house first mentioned, undertook to fill my mess-chest, or rather mess-bag; and his wife, a stout half-blood with a mild, pleasant face, prepared the half-bushel of doughnuts, which form part of the regulation outfit in starting from this post. I had purchased a chest of tea in St. Paul, finding this the accepted drink for the North-west, as coffee is for the plains, and took out sufficient for the journey up. Boulanger had the two pails and frying-pan necessary for our cooking, and I had simply to get together my various boxes and packages in the government store-house, and see that they were packed as compactly as possible in the narrow box-sled drawn by

two shaggy, wild-eyed ponies, far more intelligent in their appearance than their driver.

I pass over the dreary days of our slow progress northward; the features of which were the same as that from Crow Wing to Leach Lake, only adding the sense of increasing remoteness and desolation. A catalogue of disasters succeeded, including broken sled, lame pony, an extension of the journey three days beyond the time assigned to it and a consequent failure of provisions, and a final bout with the mendacious, predacious and audacious Boulanger, who decided to dump me and my belongings ten miles from Red Lake, and allow me to wait till a government sled could come down. A six-shooter was the only argument left. I was weak from want of food and chilled with deadly cold, and even the fierce excitement which forced the frightened half-blood to turn and push on to the end, brought no sense of warmth.

My right hand, from which the rabbit-skin mitten had dropped as I drew my revolver, had partially frozen. I rubbed it in the snow till circulation returned, then walked on, not daring in my worn-out condition to remain inactive. I remember falling again and again and still picking myself up, and Boulanger, with an alarmed face, rubbing me and, saying: "Ah, hi, hi, hi! for the love of God, don't go to sleep! We are almost there. Ah, hi, hi, hi!" I remember his rolling blankets around me, and that I tried to find my brandy flask. Then came tingling pains, and then a deep drowsiness against which I struggled in vain. Will and strength failed at once, and I knew nothing more till roused hours later by the burning pain of returning circulation. Death had been very near; so near, that a few miles more would have made the case hopeless; but the engineer, who had not heard till noon that I was on the road, anxious at the delay had come down to meet us, had seized an Indian flat-train when he discovered my state, and had driven the dogs in on a gallop.

This was my introduction to Red Lake; and for a week I lay helpless, cared for most tenderly by the engineer and his wife,

and visited by crowds of sympathetic Indians, who thought their prospects of any doctor extremely uncertain. Then I rallied, and by the first week in April felt no ill effects save excessive sensitiveness in the frozen hand and arm.

My surroundings were of the roughest, my own house being simply a log hut, ten by twelve, with mud chimney and "chinked walls," an addition built of poles and roofed with hay forming the medicine or reception room for my patients. Of these I saw but little at first, the men being off on the spring-hunt for furs, and the women busily engaged in making birch bark sappers, piles of which lay before every wigwam. The blacksmith's house was the most imposing building, long and low, with sloping roof almost touching the ground behind. The two rooms at one end formed the home of the engineer, whose duty in the tiny saw and grist mill run by a small steam engine gave him far more constant occupation than that of any other employe. In the other end lived and worked old Hugh, the blacksmith, a Canadian by birth, but an Indian in appearance and sympathies. Harding, the farmer, an "eighth blood," with an Indian wife and a house full of children, lived a little farther up the hill; and this was the whole force at this point. A barn barely large enough for the oxen and old Hugh's two cows, and a store-house used for goods at payment time, summed up the government buildings, set in a small clearing, and a quarter of a mile from Red Lake itself, a body of water in size and general outline much like Lake George. On the bluff down which led a path to the lake stood three trading-posts, and between them and the government buildings many wigwams, though the better class of Indians owned log-huts, scattered at intervals through the forest. The usual belt of hard wood encircled the lake, and a hundred or more acres of cleared land lay near it, of the value of which I could at present form no judgment. Graves were all about, covered with the wooden grave-cover, for the making of which boards had often, till the building of the mill, been carried a hundred or more miles on the women's backs. Scalp-locks

decked with faded ribbons fluttered over them, and looking through the holes in the head of each one, pans of food could be seen, placed there for use in the long journey to the Spirit land, or to propitiate Jabahe, the evil spirit who walks at night. Everywhere the slender black-pine, darker and drearier under the cloudless blue sky of noon-day than even at nightfall, surrounded us and seemed typical of the solitary and silent life, the inevitable portion of all who invaded its native home.

It was not long before I was adjusted to my environment. Fortunately I could take my meals at the engineer's, and thus the phase of life which afterward gave me so much trouble was for the time not in my way. To conquer the language as quickly as possible, and to settle what modes of treatment best met the needs of my patients, were the first considerations; and to these I gave all my mind. I had already picked up enough Ojibway to make myself understood, but the perplexities grew more baffling with each day. I had smiled when Mr. Wright in handing me his closely-written pages, many foolscap sheets containing the passive voice of the verb *to give*, had said: "I worked at that for five years and am not sure of it now," and had supposed that the difficulty must come from want of persistence. But in a language more complicated than Hebrew, where nouns and verbs change places at will, and the slightest variation in inflection may convey precisely the opposite meaning to that intended; where roots in one place become branches, and when settled to be branches revert unexpectedly to first principles; where pronouns are sandwiched in positions defying all grammatical laws, and adjectives and adverbs form a part of the verb and vary with every change of inflection, despair at times comes over one. To learn the spelling-book and primer printed for the missionaries in 1846, was one thing; to evolve rules from it that should govern one's own combinations quite another.¹ Two allies came to my aid,

¹ The inflections of the regular verb *Wabama*—I see him—reach over eight hundred different forms. A Greek verb is nothing to it. In fact, the grammar is all verb; nouns, adverbs and numerals all taking that form and being conjugated as already mentioned.

Madame Squattog, a medicine-woman, old and of unearthly ugliness, but possessing a suave and gracious manner which had earned her the title bestowed by the half-bloods, and now insisted upon by herself; and Aiken, a young trader who at first regarded me with the suspicion felt toward all government employes, but shortly became a strong friend. Madame Squattog had reached the privileged age. "Many moons and many winters" had left her toothless, gray-headed, bent and wrinkled, but with a supposed power of incantation that gave her a prominent place in the medicine dances, and insured her a welcome in every lodge she chose to enter. The four miles between her wigwam and the post counted for nothing, and almost daily she came up, demanding first, "*pometa sharboseeken*," or castor-oil, dear to the Ojibway palate as fresh butter to ours, but accepting refusal with entire calmness, and crouching by the chimney, from whence her beady black eyes followed my motions with a scrutiny half amusing, half tormenting. No change of expression gave the least indication of the astonishment she must have felt at my wild arrangements of the parts of speech, and she answered always with impressive distinctness, pausing to watch the effect. Even from her cavernous mouth the language was pleasant, the preponderance of vowel sounds giving a liquid character very unlike the harsher gutturals of the Indians of the Plains with whom I afterward came in contact; while as I heard

How a simple and wandering people have evolved so prodigiously complicated a language remains to be explained. There are, however, many aids at present which did not exist in 1868, though the difficulties to be overcome are still very great. A portion of the Episcopal service has recently been rendered into Ojibway by the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, a devoted missionary at White Earth Agency, Minnesota, and I give the Lord's prayer, the vowels having the same sound as in French and each forming a distinct syllable:

"Weasimigoion gijigong eiaion Ta-kitchituawen-dagwud kid ijinikazowin. Kid ogimawiwon ta-dugin-shinomagut, Ejinundawendamun dadoman oma aking tibishko inwidi gijigong. Mijishinam nonzom gijiguk endasso-gijiguk ge-medjirang. Abuesiennimishinam ga-mudji-dodagoiunin tibishko eji-abneienimungidwa igui ga-mudji-dodowiungidjig. Kego ajiwijishikan-gen ima gaguedibenidiwining: Iko-nishinam eta mudji ifimebizewining: Kin mawin ki dibendan ogimawiwon, gaie mushkawizinin, gaie dush in bishigendagoziwin, kaginig gaie kaginig. Amen."

it in the councils it had a sonorous and impressive sound according well with the dignified and stately men from whom it came. Aiken, though an eighth-blood and having a portion of what we style Indian impassiveness, went into fits of laughter as he listened and explained the inconsistencies and improbabilities of my sentences; but I persevered, constantly talking and writing down my errors whenever it was possible to formulate them, till certain principles at last had permanent position, and I began to feel firm ground under my feet.

So far as daily duty was concerned, a few phrases answered every purpose; my chief business at first being to refuse castor oil to the dozens of children who came in clutching their stomachs convulsively to convince me of its necessity, but going away with entire serenity when refused. At the post below, continual intercourse with the worst whites had brought fearful diseases into the tribes, and the Agency physician having no hospital, found it impossible to carry on any systematic form of treatment. Distance here had enforced the "policy of seclusion," and the diseases were comparatively few and simple. I made it my business to visit every family as speedily as possible, take note of their physical characteristics, and judge what line of action was likely to be most beneficial. The law of natural selection and survival of the fittest worked here inevitably. The larger proportion of infants speedily gave up the struggle for life, and I found that the average family seldom contained more than five or six members at most. Limited range of diet produced the usual effect of constipation, and from this came the same results that follow in New England from similar causes, derangement of the liver and in many cases consumption; this being among the young girls, especially, aggravated by wet feet. Moccasins are a perfect protection out of doors, but snow melts on them at once when in the steaming wigwams and huts; and there is a time during the melting snows when dry feet are an impossibility. Rheumatism was equally troublesome, and in many instances had entirely crippled its victims; and skin diseases were inevitable

from the filth in which they lived. Ophthalmia was due also to the same causes, as well as to the stinging smoke of their fires; but as minuter details of diseases and their alleviations will come in another connection, it is not necessary to speak farther of them here. The journal of one day, the last day of my first month among them, will best illustrate the line of work.

April 30, 1868. Roused about seven, by a prolonged pounding on the side of my house, too emphatic to be set down as pranks from any of the boys. Wrapped a blanket about me, and unbarred the door to Madwagononind, head chief of the Ojibways; Esene-wub, minor chief of a band of a hundred braves; Queweeah, Kaybaynoten, and three or four others, all just in from the spring-hunt. Their size was overwhelming. Five feet eleven, my own size, had struck me as very fair height, but four of these men were respectively two, three, and three and a half inches over six feet. They shook hands cordially, stood while I lighted my fire and piled on the logs of black-pine; then seated themselves on my slab-benches, lighted their pipes, and looked quietly and gravely about them, Madwagononind pointing to my blanket and saying with a slight smile, "Keen tobisco Snabe" (very like an Indian). I got into civilized dress as quickly as possible, and sat down, more and more impressed by the fine presence of the men. Dirty, of course, and evil-smelling. That is inevitable with any Indian, or white man either, who herds with numbers and lives upon rank-food; but there is dirt and dirt. At Leech Lake it had been squalid, foul, fearful. Abject faces among the women; furtive, treacherous, villainous, among the men. An even pleasant expression was the exception. Old Madwagononind, heavy-featured, wide-mouthed, and certainly no beauty, with long braids of hair hanging over his blanket, and streaks of black paint on his cheeks indicating the death of some relative, sat there with a quiet dignity dominating his ragged clothing, and honoring any position. Esene-wub, six feet four, and incredibly wrinkled and painted, produced much the same effect, while Queweeah, in spite of red and yellow paint, and an arrangement of brass buttons

and thimbles in his hair, was the most magnificently handsome man my eyes have ever rested upon. I offered them each a little good tobacco, which they accepted quietly but with a pleased look, and the usual "megwitch" or thank you, an acknowledgment I have never yet failed to receive. I had a profound sense of being weighed in the balance, but could not determine how far I was found wanting. Kaybanoten, Madwagononind's oldest son and successor, who had sat calmly as the rest, presently took off his moccasin and showed me his right foot, so shockingly raw and swollen as the result of a partial freezing that it sickened me. Dressing it was difficult, for the fuzz from the blanket had worked in and irritated it, and there was proud flesh all about the great toe. I bandaged it carefully, telling him to come in every day and let me dress it. Two months before I should have ordered absolute rest, but this I knew was useless. The pain must have been intense, but he smoked on without changing countenance, his father seeming more interested than he, and he walked off when the operation ended, apparently with entire ease. Mrs. Kennedy announced at breakfast that her dried apples were out, and her coffee and flour almost gone, and that somebody must "go below" for provisions before the lakes broke up, else we should be blockaded till July. A crowd of women were waiting when I went back to the house; three with their babies on their backs, each one strapped to its board, and another with a small pot-bellied boy, who had been shot by an arrow aimed at a snow-bird, receiving a jagged wound which had not been helped by the dressings of some sort of bark. The women produced their little bottles of which my predecessor had distributed great store, and I filled them with castor oil, the babies being allowed to lick off the necks down which a few drops had run, and smacking their lips over the flavor. Then came a boy with a bad tooth, requiring to be pulled, and submitting to the operation with perfect patience, and then a woman with an abscess in her arm which had made her sleepless for three days and nights. She shrank so from my knife, that I decided to give her chloro-

form, and went down for Mrs. Kennedy, whose hatred of all Indians is so deeply seated, that she insisted it was "good enough for her to be slashed into," without the chloroform. Her real kindness, however, made her a little pitiful when she saw the arm, and she held the sponge like a trained assistant, while the women looked on awestruck, one of them bursting into tears as she saw her companion become unconscious, and all having a very subdued expression. Madame Squattog walked in as I made the cut, and muttered "Manitou," as she looked into the bottle of chloroform. Each pane of glass showed the face of an inquisitive boy or girl, and I was obliged to order them off before light enough could be had for the operation. The poor soul cried for joy when she came to herself and found the worst was over, and the party went away in a state of profound excitement.

I studied for a little while till interrupted by Andisogezhecoke, a little niece of Madwagononind's, about fifteen and dying of consumption. Her mother was with her, and told me in pantomime how dreadfully she coughed at night, and that in a few days they were to have a great medicine dance for her. Kennedy called me to our dinner of baked beans and apple sauce, before I had ended talking, and as I sat at table, a boy came running, to say that a little child at "Garseninsegog," or "across the brook," had fallen into the fire in a fit and burned its hands. Mrs. Kennedy looked at him suspiciously and declared he was lying, but the boy asserted the fact so strongly I could do nothing but go.

"Garseninsegog" was four or five miles distant, and I made ready for a long tramp, putting some material for dressings in my pockets, and taking my rifle with a view of a possible rabbit. A dozen or more boys were sliding as I went out; each one balancing on a barrel stave or shingle, and going like lightning down the hill and far across the little lake, standing steady and straight as one of their own pine-trees. I had tried it several times and come down ignominiously on my back to the intense delight of the young rascals, who invited me with great cordiality to do it again, and

whooped and hooted derisively as I turned away.

The Indians are coming in in numbers from the spring hunt, and the trading posts are crowded. I passed many whose faces were strange, but all greeted me with the "Bo jou," caught from the French, or their own "How, how!" Most of them, too, shook hands, and one asked to see my rifle, but went on with entire good nature when I told him I had no time to stop then. We crossed the brook on a fallen tree, and I stopped for a moment to listen to the gurgle of the imprisoned water, and realize the fact that "May day" would find only snow and ice-bound streams. Yet there were faint suggestions of spring. In sunny spots to the south there were little patches of tawny earth, tufted here and there with moss, but no sign of green grass or early flower. Our way lay through the fields, where the old corn-stalks yet stood, some five hundred acres altogether, and a very limited amount for so large a band, being only about five acres per family. The arable land is only an extremely narrow band on the southern and eastern shores of the lake, and till the heavy timber is cleared away there will be no chance whatever for stock. The only meadows are fifteen miles below, near Turtle Lake, and it is there that the hay for the few government oxen is cut.

My guide, as we came to the final belt of woods between us and the half dozen log-huts at "Garseninsegog," looked at me with some uneasiness, hesitated a little, and suddenly dashed off in another direction, leaving me to the conviction I had been humbugged. I pushed on, however, and soon came into the pine wood, made up of noble groups of trees, forming a veritable aisle with columned sides and dark green roof, under whose shadow were the little brown huts thatched with grass, and each having a frame for the frozen white fish, which are caught late in the fall, and strung on poles that in turn are laid on notched posts just high enough to keep them from the reach of dogs and foxes. A woman stood near a wigwam dressing a large bear skin, stretched upon a frame-work, and pointed to the

farthest hut as if she knew my errand; but only a rheumatic old man was visible there, too stupid with sleep or age to give me any information. In the next house, stifflingly hot and smoky, a kettle of corn was boiling, and three or four young Indians gambling with sticks cut like our old fashioned jack-straws, and played in the same way, each side betting on the result. They knew nothing of a burned baby, nor did the next neighbors, and I caught a glimpse of my guide in the distance, with two or three boys of his own age, dancing and shouting derisively over the success of his practical joke.

"Mudgee quawaysance" (a very bad boy), said the woman I had first seen, looking somewhat surprised at my apparent indifference. Boy-nature being the same the world over, and my Indian experience thus far having indicated no more depravity, nor indeed as much as I had found among the New York boys in our mission school, I had no desire for immediate retribution, but bided my time.

I had heard for some time the steady and monotonous beat of a drum, and now the woman, lifting the blanket door of her wigwam, invited me to enter. I stooped low, confronted by some snarling dogs, and saw Quawaysanchus, a prominent medicine-man squatted by the fire, and beating steadily upon his medicine drum, while near him lay on some skins a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, wasted with consumption. A cloth stained with blood from a recent hemorrhage hung near the old man, who explained that an evil "Manitou" had entered the wigwam and the girl and cut her heart so that she had bled, and that he should drum till it had been driven entirely away. The child's hands and head were burning hot. No rest was possible with this unceasing noise, yet to stop it was hopeless. Quawaysanchus had left his own child suffering in the same way, in order to drive out the evil Manitou from this lodge, and would resent any suggestion of mine as interference.

"She must sleep," I said, "or she will die."

"Pechenik; pechenik!" (pretty soon; pretty soon,) Quawaysanchus said calmly. "As soon as the Manitou is gone."

I turned back discouraged, as I am now daily, at the impossibility of even alleviating suffering, where none of the most ordinary conditions of cure are possible. The roughest log hospital; the simplest and hardest of beds, with power to order the situation, would give hope for many of these cases, that now are drummed into the next world as speedily as possible. With no fund save for barest necessities, and with one's hands tied so firmly by agency restrictions and Indian superstitions, there is no

present help, yet something must be done. I turned over every possible plan as I walked, growing more and more depressed at the fearful limitations of work; ate the supper Mrs. Kennedy had kept hot for me; answered her bantering lightly as I could; and now the time having expired, which my limited supply of oil allows for burning my lamp, go to bed, wondering why I was pushed in this direction, and whether I am an enthusiastic idiot, or a man whose steady purpose and trust will win.

RELIGIOUS RIGHTS OF A CHRISTIAN STATE.

A PREVIOUS article undertook to show that a state such as ours is not "wholly secular," but has a certain religious character and responsibility. It is under the dominion of moral law and its sanctions as truly as a man. The atmosphere of our country is full of the ideals and purposes of Christianity, which have shaped our social and civil life. The unbroken historic record, the prevailing observances, and the current convictions of the people have given such character to the nation that the Supreme Court of Ohio was abundantly justified in saying it "is a fact that this is a Christian country, and its constitution and laws are made by a Christian people."

Such a Christian state has much more to do than merely to protect its citizens. Protection is indeed one object of government, but only one. A state must exercise the public conscience reason and foresight in doing whatever needs to be done to secure the highest welfare of society within its borders. As President Woolsey has well pointed out, the function of government is fourfold.

(1.) It must redress wrongs. It must mete out even-handed justice between man and man.

(2.) It must protect citizens against the invasion of their rights. Its police power must not only lay its strong hand upon the

evil-doer, but must make vigilant provision to prevent evil-doing, nipping the lusty buds of wrong before they open.

(3.) It may care for the outward welfare of its citizens. It may take measures to promote health, build roads, foster and stimulate industry.

(4.) It may care for those inward qualities that produce good citizenship. It may provide and enforce education; establish libraries and museums for the culture of knowledge and art; foster the sentiment of human brotherhood in public philanthropies; weed out by stringent legislation the corrupting evils that tend to weaken and destroy the state; encourage and help forward the moral culture of its citizens.

In short, a free state is bound to carry out the old Roman maxim, "See that the Republic suffers no harm;" and whatever, in its conscientious judgment is essential to the highest welfare of society, is a proper subject for its action.

If it be objected that this will bring the state into frequent conflict with the conscience and judgment of many of its citizens, it is a sufficient reply that this is inevitable in any order of progress, and is not inconsistent with a just conception of liberty. Where such large freedom of thought and speech is admitted as in our country, and where citizens are gathered from the entire globe, it

is to be expected that many will dissent from the ideas that are dominant in the state. We give them full liberty to dissent. We make no particle of difference in their citizenship on account of their dissent. Atheist and Theist, Jew and Catholic, Christian and Pagan, are admitted to equal civil rights in our society: they can contribute to its success, and enjoy its fruits on a common footing. Moreover, we give to each the right to speak out his own opinion freely, within the limits of order and decency; and if he can by sound reason convince the majority that it is truth, he may get it voted into power as the policy of the state.

But it is absurd to hold that the "rights of conscience" demand that when one man, or a hundred, may differ in moral judgment from the majority the whole state policy must be coerced into harmony with the dissenting view. We have been in the habit of supposing that the "sovereign people" had some rights which the minority was bound to respect. As the state has the right of "eminent domain" over the soil, and may seize private property that is essential to its life, or vital to its prosperity, so it may move steadily forward toward its great end of a perfect society, whatever individual scruples it overrides. It may foster such influences, and use such helps as it deems necessary to secure that end. It is bound to respect the conscience of the minority when its own welfare will not suffer thereby: but it is equally bound to restrain the action and overrule the opinions of the few, when it is necessary to build up a strong and noble public life.

Practically the state is always exercising this principle. A certain community in England not long since was possessed with the fanatical notion that it was wrong to use any remedy in sickness except the prayer-cure. It was soon decimated by death, and medical care was enforced by law on the unwilling village for the best interests of the State. When the conduct of the Mormons roused the state of Illinois to the danger that threatened its order and purity, it revoked the charter of Nauvoo, and insisted that they should conform to

the conscience of the majority as expressed in the laws, or leave the State.

Admit for a moment that the "rights of conscience" demand that whatever any man, or set of men, may choose to call a conscientious scruple is to shape the entire state policy, and you will be driven by relentless logic to give up the public schools, because the Catholics are conscientiously opposed to a system of education which they cannot control. Slavery must be restored, because thousands in the South conscientiously believe it to be a God-ordained institution; and marriage must be abolished, because the "conscience" of free-lovers is hurt by a law that makes it a crime to live with any "affinity" at will. Liberty must always be subordinate to the public welfare. Free thought is not to be interfered with: it is a first principle with us that no man is to be persecuted for his opinions. Free speech is a leading feature of our public policy, yet if one's speech be obscene, blasphemous, corrupting, obstructing the progress of the state toward its great end, he must be restrained. We are free to act as we choose within wide limits: yet if one be indecent in behavior, or endanger the moral and physical safety of others by his conduct, the state must take from him the liberty he abuses, for the sake of its own progress. The collective will of the whole people, expressed by its majority, is to hold the state steadily toward the goal of a perfect society, in the way indicated by the best reason and ripest moral judgment it can command; and no individual whim or license, stealing the sacred names of "liberty" or "conscience" must be permitted to block the way.

We come now to some practical questions in state craft, which are the more difficult to answer because a true solution is found often in a wise balance of expediencies. By keeping close to principles, however, we shall be able to see what are some of the religious rights of a Christian state, and that will prepare the way to understand its practical duty.

I. Shall a Christian state support a state church? The general consent on this point makes it easy to answer briefly, No. In

certain conceivable circumstances such a coalition might be useful and wise, but not in a society so widely intelligent and progressive as ours. It has advantages for a crude and nursing stage of development, but beyond a certain limit, history shows that such a union tends more to defeat the great end of a state than to help it.

A state church must have prescribed rubrics and standards. When men are shut up by law to certain fixed methods and opinions, there is little chance for growth: but when they are free to study, think and work according to their own conscientious choice, there is opportunity for a constant advance in life and doctrine. The great forward movements in the religious life of the world have usually been in the epochs of dissent from the established and authoritative doctrines and methods. If we desire progress we must secure liberty of investigation, discussion and action. But the union of church and state limits this, which is essential to the development of man and society. It becomes illegal to think differently from the state creed; bitter persecutions spring up, when theologians seize the penalties of civil law to crush obnoxious opinions. The past is lurid with the gory picture of this great wrong.

History shows, too, that the church itself, when united with the state, becomes political and secular in its spirit. It loses its holy aim in a greed for wealth, hawking about its "livings" to the highest bidders, and levying extortionate taxes. The lust for power becomes stronger than its love for man. Becoming formal, worldly, corrupt, its moral hold upon mankind is insensibly dissolved, and atheism sweeps in upon the state by a great wave of reaction. Half the infidels of the civilized world to-day are the product of this violent reaction from the mischiefs and corruptions of a state church.

However important it may be, then, to cherish religion as a dominant influence in our civic life, we never want any organic union between the two. A hundred-fold greater evil than blessing would flow from the attempt to formulate the religious belief of the majority into a state creed. We do not even want a national label to inform the

world that we are a Christian government. The name cannot make the thing. When a horse was made consul by imperial edict, he was nothing but a horse, after all. It is enough that an historic record, the character of the people as evinced in our social life and public measures, and our prevailing ideals and customs mark us as Christian, without attempting even so small a union of ecclesiastical things with civil as to put a certificate of our religious character into the Constitution of the Union.

II. Shall the state tax church property?

There are certain steps that must be carefully observed, if we would advance to a rational conclusion on this question.

(1.) The state has the same right to tax church property as it has to tax any other property. The theory that the religious power is co-ordinate with the civil power in the control of the people, and may therefore, as a sister branch of government, claim exemption from civil duties, must be utterly repudiated. We have no double-headed government, no *imperium in imperio*. If God ordained the church, so also did he ordain the state; and the state, being just as sacred and divine an institution as the church, and more general and comprehensive in its aims and work, must be supreme in its authority. It will leave mind and conscience free for thought and worship, but it cannot recognize any power co-equal with itself, which may demand tribute from the state or claim exemption from civil duties, as a right.

Observe here the ground on which alone the state has a right to levy taxes on the property of its citizens. It is not because of its original ownership of the soil, for it taxes many other kinds of property besides real estate. It is not a toll exacted for protection, as is often claimed, for it is bound to protect every person within its borders, whether a tax-payer or not. But it is grounded on the duty of all the citizens to support the state and to aid it with their property, just as they are under obligation to aid it with their personal service, if need be, in time of war. It is a debt we owe to ourselves and to mankind, in order to make organized society possible. A tax is not tribute wrung out of unwilling subjects; it

is the contribution made by sovereign citizens to carry on the state they compose. And society, in whose organic success the highest welfare of every individual is involved, has a right to require a fair and uniform contribution from every dollar's worth of property in the state. If its great end will be best secured in this way, the state has a right to say that there shall be no exemptions at all.

(2.) But it has also the right to exempt certain persons and property from certain duties, if in its judgment there are grounds of public policy which make this the wiser course. State constitutions usually recognize this right; and expressly remit this matter to the discretion of the citizens, saying: "Taxes shall be levied upon *such* property as the Legislature shall prescribe." And they farther empower these representatives of the state to "release, discharge or commute a claim or demand of the state," by law.

As a matter of fact, the state is always exercising this discretionary power in exempting, for satisfactory reasons, certain citizens and property from duties it has a right to demand of them. In nearly every state firemen, physicians and clergymen are exempt from serving on juries. Why? Not because they have any inherent right to claim exemption, but because the service they render the public in the discharge of their business is service in peculiar and important spheres; service which, on account of their special training, no one else can render so well; service which may be instantly needed any moment. It is of paramount importance to the state that they should be free to attend to these calls, so it wisely releases them from a civil duty it might rightfully require of them. Some states remit a certain portion of his tax if a man will plant and keep in order shade trees about his farm; others, if a man will make and keep supplied a watering-trough on the highway. The state has found it wise to encourage such important public services, though wrought out by private enterprise.

Cemeteries, trust funds held for benevolent purposes, hospitals, colleges and acad-

mies, all of them private institutions, are commonly exempt from taxation. They represent a large amount of property, but it is property that is "unproductive," affording no income for business purposes. And men have been agreed that humanity, equity and a wise foresight all demand that such private property used for the public weal ought not to be called on to help bear the burden of state support. In the same way the state has a perfect right to release the property of churches from the obligation to contribute to its support, if there be clearly sufficient reasons for so doing. If, in its judgment, it will receive a greater gain in encouraging, by exemption, the formation and growth of these voluntary religious societies, than it would receive by exacting a tax from unproductive property used only for the public benefit, then it may wisely exempt that property.

No sound objection has ever been raised against this principle, nor against its application to this question. It is said, indeed, that the state has no right to discriminate between different classes of men, nor in favor of one kind of good (moral and spiritual) over another kind (material). But, in fact, it does so discriminate, and it ought to whenever the public welfare requires it. When it exempts firemen, physicians and clergymen from jury duty, does it not discriminate between them and other classes of citizens? When it prescribes conditions of citizenship, it discriminates (whether justly or not) against all classes not of the male sex, or not twenty-one years of age, or foreigners not naturalized. When it encourages and helps one class, as teachers, and pursues with relentless vigor and seeks to crush out another class, as counterfeitters, is it not making a wise discrimination? When it fosters one kind of business, as book-selling, but seeks to wipe out and utterly obliterate a branch of the same business—the printing and secret circulation of corrupting books, which bring immense money returns to the publishers, but debauch and ruin our youth—is it not then discriminating in favor of a moral good over a material good? Nearly all our law-making is but a process of discrimination, and on this account de-

mands in our legislative halls the most intelligent, clear-headed and conscientious men in the state, that their ability, public spirit and devotion to the right may give us the best possible laws.

Again, it is said that to exempt churches from taxation compels atheists and unbelievers to aid in their support against their will, and that this is a violation of the principle embodied in nearly every state constitution, that "no man shall be compelled to attend, erect or support any place of worship, or to maintain any ministry against his consent." But observe that this provision is carried out with scrupulous exactness in every state. It guarantees to every man entire freedom in his religious opinions and acts, and this he has. But it would be a strange surrender of the rights of the majority to guarantee that the state would never do anything concerning religion except what every citizen should approve, and this provision has no such intent. It is a false assumption that when a man pays his tax he is being compelled to support every idea that obtains in public life, whether he approves it or not. He pays in order to make state life possible. The tax is levied simply that society may keep its organization, and move forward according to its best wisdom toward its great end. The dominant policy of the state may be republican, and the taxpayer a democrat; it may license liquor-selling, and he be a prohibitionist; it may hang murderers, and he regard this as judicial murder. The tax does not compel him to enforce republican ideas against his convictions, nor make him a liquor-seller, nor make him a party in buying rope for the necks of criminals. To exempt a homœopathic physician from jury duty does not compel another man to support homœopathy; to exempt cemeteries is no injustice to the cremationist; and to exempt benevolent funds does not compel the miser to administer charity that wrings his soul. Every man is free in his personal thought and action, and at liberty to make his own ideas dominant in the public policy by discussion and persuasion, if he can. But the state has a right to move forward toward its high end according to its best judgment, and if it

believes its order and progress will be aided by exempting churches, the tax-payer does not then support the church, but simply supports the state.

Again, it is said that to exempt churches compels all the people to support institutions whose benefits only a few enjoy. But the same complaint may be made of many other institutions for the public weal. Why should those who never have lawsuits support the courts, or landsmen help build light houses, or dredge out harbors they will never see? Why should a whole state be taxed for a university, or free libraries, or historical societies, or geological surveys, whose direct benefits only a few can enjoy? But we are told that to sweep away these would rob the people of great blessings. By influences direct and indirect, these elevate the whole society, broaden intelligence, cultivate the taste, disseminate the knowledge and practice of justice, promote order, and commerce and brotherhood. Civilization is secured and advanced by those institutions which only a few directly enjoy. If, then, the state sees that over a majority of its citizens the churches exert a direct influence for good, which it can not afford to lose; and if, over the rest they indirectly exert a powerful influence for good by the principles they exalt and the social order they promote, it may wisely say, "Here is an institution to be especially encouraged for the public welfare."

Again, it is said that to exempt churches imperils social unity, for it "fosters sectarianism." Charming inconsistency! First, compulsory unity is to the secularist the worst of evils; now, permitted separation and dissimilarity is the capital misfortune! Usually men try to content themselves with one horn of a dilemma, but in this case the objector insists on impaling himself upon both! If this objection means that people are often narrow, bitter and uncharitable in their religious differences, let us admit it. But it is the fault, not of religion, but of weak and ignorant human nature, and it is a crying evil in politics and science, and even among the anti-religionists quite as much as in the churches. But genuine and rational religion, with its broad, tolerant and fraternal spirit, is the true corrective of this

trouble. The fundamental ideas of Christianity,—God, law, rectitude, brotherhood,—are the very ideas to unify society and furnish the motives needed to bind men together rather than divide them. As Dr. Littledale of England says, “the notions of power, truth, liberality, wisdom and justice are bound up in the Christian conception of God,” and the tendency of presenting it is to make men “strong, true, liberal and just.” Whatever their imperfections, the churches do hold up and enforce those great ideas that tend to abolish partisanship, and promote human brotherhood. And one great reason why the state should encourage religion is because it tends to extinguish sectarianism, and to enlarge and intensify fraternity.

These objections commonly urged against the right of the state to exempt churches, if it seem to it wise, appear to be purely sentimental, and on analysis are found to have no basis either in fact or reason.

(3.) The state, then, has the right to tax churches, or not to tax them, at its discretion. Which it will do must depend on its judgment as to which course will best secure its great end. Let us then balance the valid arguments on both sides.

1st. The exemption of churches is contrary to the sound general principle that the state should not aid individuals to do what they can do well enough alone.

2d. It releases from taxation a large amount of property which the state does not control, and so imposes too heavy a burden on other property which this exempted private property ought to share.

3d. An ambitious church, seeking for itself great monetary and political power, may thus gain great wealth under conditions of favoritism, having financial privileges that other property holders do not have. Its power may thus become dangerous to liberty, and may menace the most important interests of the state.

4th. It is healthier for churches themselves, and so will best secure that development of man and society, which is the aim of the state, to be in no sense beneficiaries of the state, but entirely independent. If churches were compelled to carry all their

civil burdens, there might be fewer organizations, but they would be stronger and more earnest. They might have less costly houses of worship, but they would be less worldly in motive, more self-denying in work, and would thus do more real good.

These are very weighty reasons, and ought to turn the scale in favor of taxation, unless still more important considerations appear on the other side. *Audi alteram partem.*

1st. The state can have no ally so important and helpful as religion. It has been a leading factor in the advance of civilization. It has been the very life-blood of our national thrift, and wherever allowed large influence has produced order and prosperity. It has been a great promoter of education—the mother of colleges. If the Christian teachers were removed from our chief seats of learning, there would be hardly a corporal's guard left to manage them. It has been the great initiator of reforms, by its principles and motives. Our greatest men, in all departments of public life, have as a rule been the products of its stimulating and moulding power. All over the land, the church is the *poor man's college*, where the laborer, who has neither time nor money for other training, may have his intellect aroused, his desires ennobled, his taste cultivated, his social life enlarged, his ideas broadened and exalted, his whole experience toned up to a nobler pitch. It is one of the most important aids to a safe and worthy citizenship. Experience and the consent of the best thinkers of the ages, declare that the state ought to encourage and cherish religion as its best ally.

2d. Churches, as a rule, are the poorest corporations in the state. Organized, not for monetary gain, but for worship, education and charitable work, a church has no funds save barely enough for its daily bread. A surplus in a church treasury would seem almost as miraculous as that in the widow's cruse of oil. The members tax themselves, often at considerable sacrifice, just enough to employ the helpers who are essential to the life of the institution. Hardly a church in the country is able to keep its income easily up to its expenses. A house of worship, too, is simply “dead property” as a

pecuniary investment; the only revenue it yields is that of the mental, moral and social improvement it promotes. If a man gives generously to help build a church, he never expects a penny back in money dividends; but he knows he is liable to a constant additional tax as long as he lives there, to help carry on the work of the church. Supported thus by voluntary, private contributions, with an income barely up to the line of its living expenses, and with an absolutely unproductive property on its hands, the church is working constantly for the public benefit. And as it is so effective a helper in educating the taste, intelligence and morals of the community, and in promoting social order, if anything may wisely be exempt from taxation, surely it is the working-room of the church.

3d. Financially weak, the additional burden of a tax would often make just the difference of "life or death" to a church. In many cases it would prevent the erection of a greatly needed church edifice, and being left thus without candlestick or shelter, the flickering light would be easily extinguished. Even if such property were taxed only on its marketable value, (hardly one-third of its cost,) it would in many cases be the last straw that would break the back of the organization. Especially would this be true in those new and poorer regions where a church is peculiarly needed as a social, educational and moral help, yet where the people are least able to support it. In the larger towns, too, pew rents, which are already complained of as so high as to keep the bread of life out of the reach of the poor, would be higher yet in order to raise this tax. In short, taxation would make religion a luxury for the rich, and would rob the poor of a blessing which ought to be as common as the air. The Spartans thought it sound policy to kill all sickly children; we think it wise to nurse them into strength. The best expedient for killing off struggling churches in poor communities, is to tax them. But if the state wants to nourish a moral power which should be its potent ally in those communities, let it continue to release them from that burden. If the state is ever to encourage religion; here is

the very point at which to do it, with the precedent of centuries, and the historic evidence of good results in its favor.

Considering the great impediments to religious progress, then, which taxation would interpose, and the prime importance of churches to the public welfare, it seems clear that the pecuniary gain to the state from taxing churches would be trifling compared with the inevitable loss in moral power. Undoubtedly the great evils growing out of the promiscuous exemption of all the property a church corporation may happen to own, should be corrected. It is unquestionably an abuse of privilege for Trinity church, in New York, to hold untaxed property in the heart of the city to the amount of \$25,000,000; and it does not make the evil any more savory to be informed by official records that "this untaxed land bears upon its breast 764 gin-mills and 96 known houses of prostitution." A great church should never be allowed to become a great speculator under conditions of special favoritism.

But these difficulties are easily obviated. *Let the state remit taxation only on the necessities, but not on the luxuries of religion.* It will secure its great end if it exempts only houses of worship, (and perhaps school-houses and hospitals,) but compels all marketable property to contribute its just share toward the support of the public life. But the encouragement of religion, by exemption to this extent, seems to be demanded by a wise foresight as necessary to the highest welfare of the state. Nothing will tend more directly to secure the great end of the state—a high-minded, orderly and prosperous community, where law seems to be almost self-administered, because the moral law works with such controlling power in private life. And no argument in favor of taxation has any weight when compared with the certain weakening of moral forces and lowering of the tone of life which would result from the burden it would lay upon religious work.

III. May a Christian state allow religious exercises in the public schools?

Unquestionably it has a right to have them if, in its judgment, the development

of a noble citizenship and the progress of society toward perfection will be aided thereby. It compels no child to be religious, but nothing is more important for the future "sovereign" to learn than that the state recognizes God and its own moral responsibility. If, in training its citizens, it deems it important not only to teach the rudiments of secular knowledge, but to train conscience, to drill in the elements of morality, to broaden the whole horizon of thought by reminding them of eternity, there can be no valid objection to it.

Nothing is more certain than that there ought to be a more thorough and systematic teaching of the principles of right living in our public schools. As Dr. Woolsey says: "The state can hardly fail to have a fixed opinion on three points: that a corrupt morality dissolves all the bonds of the social fabric; that a moral education of the young is the strictly essential condition of a stable and progressive society; and that religion, by its elevated truths and motives, takes the leading part in forming the character of a law-abiding citizen; and, with this in view, ought to be one of the chief factors in education." Dr. T. Clifford Allbutt has recently said, in *Brain*: "There can be no misfortune to a child greater than to escape the life of justice, order and rule, or to escape the training of those perceptions of social needs and social laws which, when graven in our ganglia and long current in our nerves, become habits of sympathy, charity and self-sacrifice. Herein, I fear, the partisans of secular education are greatly at fault. Children may be trained in board schools to habits of cleanliness and order, but they are not trained in the principles of liberty, nor are their eyes turned to the sanctions of religion. From this system I fear there may be a sad awakening for a coming generation."

Massachusetts, by a wise law, makes it the duty of its teachers to impress upon the youth "the principles of piety and justice, and a sacred regard for truth; love of country, humanity and universal benevolence; chastity, moderation and temperance; and those other virtues which are the ornament of human society, and the basis on which a

republican constitution is founded." But this cannot be done effectively without teaching those fundamental truths of religion which furnish the sanctions of morality and give it power. There is a far-seeing sagacity in Dr. Channing's words: "How suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash would it sink into hopeless ruins, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life to be utterly erased from every mind. We hope, perhaps, that human laws and human sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches could illuminate and our fires quicken and fertilize the earth. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes." This was prophecy fifty years ago, and is to-day fulfilled in some developments of communism. If now the state wishes to protect itself against anarchy by making use of religion as its ally, and if it chooses to use the Bible as its text-book of morality, it has precisely the same right to do so as it has to choose Webster as its standard for spelling, or Worcester as its standard for pronunciation.

While boldly insisting upon this right, the state will probably find it wise to use it quite flexibly. Recognizing the wide difference of religious opinion among its citizens, it will accommodate itself to them so far as it can consistently with its own highest welfare. It will use religion as it does science, not to inculcate any special theories, but to teach general principles which are vital to its prosperity. It need not by law compel the

daily reading of the Bible in the schools, for the mechanical repetition of its words can give no effective training either in morality or religion. It need not insist on religious exercises at the opening of each school session, though each local school should be free to have them if its constituency so desire. The state may wisely leave the decision of what exercises shall be used to each locality for itself. The rigid enforcement of an iron rule in all places alike will engender so much friction and social antagonism as to do much mischief. In the higher institutions, as universities and normal schools, those in charge should be left free to use such exercises as seem to them best. We put there men whom we can trust, large-minded, tolerant, aiming at a broad culture, and they should be left as free to express their opinions about religion as about art or political economy; and they should be free to conduct such religious exercises among the pupils (on which the attendance should be voluntary rather than compulsory) as, in their judgment, is needful for the order and best training of the school.

But while, in practical wisdom, using its right thus flexibly, the state should ever maintain before its youth the recognition of its moral responsibility, and frankly assert its belief in God. Whatever freedom it allows, it should never permit any unjust discrimination to be made against religion in its schools. It must never be illegal to teach theism and Christian ethics there, which are the foundations of republican stability. It must not permit the evolutionist to say, "Matter is eternal, and everything is self-developed from moners;" and make it a crime for the creationist to say, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Infidelity must not be allowed to walk rampant through the whole curriculum, while religion may not dare creep into a school-room without incurring the penalty of a crime, though some are boldly advocating this. We must denounce as wholly mischievous and false the theory, delusively popular in some quarters, that liberty demands that the name of God be made a bugbear to our children, and that it must be

a penal offence to teach them in the public schools that there is a Divine order in the universe!

On the other hand, remembering the words of President Seelye, that "there has not yet appeared any prominent and long-continued educational influence, among us or elsewhere, wholly dissociated from a religious origin and inspiration," in order to secure the permanence of its school system as well as its own highest prosperity, the state should not only tolerate but freely use religion in its schools according to its wise judgment. It should teach its children to venerate that higher power before which it bows its own head. Religious exercises should always be in order, when those to whose conduct we entrust the schools deem them wise or necessary. And the Bible, instead of being elbowed out of the door as an intruder, should be welcomed as the great classic of the world. Horace Greeley said with his usual good sense, "It seems strange that this book which we regard as the best in the world should be the only one excluded from our schools." The boy or girl, not familiar with the teachings of the Bible, grows up in ignorance of the leading factors in the progress of civilization. That marvelous literature of a people who had a genius for piety; which contains an account of the most wonderful person that has lived on earth, and of the most influential and elevating movement humanity has experienced; which has had a more powerful influence on our language and literature than any other book ever written; whose principles, if faithfully carried out, would produce heaven on earth; which flings the light of promise over the future of society in this world, and prefigures the highest consummation of life in the hereafter, is a book which the state cannot afford to let go out of its schools. The Bible should be on every teacher's desk, side by side with the dictionary and the civil constitution, not only to be as freely used and quoted as Shakespeare and Socrates, but to be the standard of ethical instruction, or the acknowledged reference book of religious inquiry.

We conclude, then, that the state is not a mere "secular" machine, but that it has a

moral character and moral responsibilities, like a man. As such, while it cannot compel any citizen to accept its opinions, it is under no obligations, in deference to the scruples of any citizen, to conceal its belief in God and in the fundamental truths of religion. But it is free to recognize religion as its great ally, to cherish and encourage it, and to use it in public affairs in any such way as will tend to secure its great end of a perfect society.

Charles H. Richards.

AUNT HULDAH'S SCHOLARS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER X.

"Their names inscribed on rolls of victory."

Simonides.

THEKLA OELRICH, as she read and wrote her letters, supposed that, of the four old comrades, she was the most insignificant, and her duty in life that which was of the least value. Thekla was deceived in this matter by an illusion which is very frequent in this world. In truth, her duty in her mother's family was of more import than all the domestic cares which all of the other girls bore. And, for her outside duty, this business which she had undertaken in the Mission School was more intricate and difficult than anything which either Rachel or Percy or Clara had in hand.

Thekla made her mistake, as young people will, because the work of hospitals and of freedmen's schools seemed a little outside the common run. It was something more like what people generally write books about. And Thekla did not yet know that the extraordinary things in life are, from the nature of the case, the least important. It is the ordinary things of life which make up life. Bread and water are worth more than all sauces and condiments. Yet, in any newspaper, you may read of a hundred men selling liquors for one notice of a fountain of fresh waters. And you will find more space given to the advertising of mustard, pepper and other spice, of sugar and other "sweetening," of vinegar and other acids, than to the announcement where the staff of life is to be found, or the corn or flour from which it is to be made.

Thekla's Sunday class took proportions which surprised her, and led to some results which she had not anticipated.

Acting on an old formula of Mr. Ingham's that a little of the Bible well tasted is worth more than a great deal swallowed in bulk without tasting, she limited severely the Bible-reading of the "hobble-de-hoys," boy-men or man-boys, who had strayed into the school, and had been assigned to her. They read in sequence a psalm or other such passage as she assigned, and then she and they together, on the spot, committed one verse to memory. This was the whole ecclesiastical lesson of their second meeting. Rather to her surprise, all the youths of the first Sunday were present, and three or four more, some of a higher social class and some of a lower than those of the first assembling.

These exercises did not last ten minutes. Then, to the surprise of all concerned, Thekla turned to the boy who had, perhaps, rather the best address and bearing of the party, and asked if he had the "New York Ledger" she had lent to him. Brinsmade produced it, and at her request, read one of the shorter scraps, describing, in a bright way, the "hoodlums" of San Francisco.

How many of the class had ever been at San Francisco?

One tall, shy, lonely-looking boy had been, —found himself to his surprise a hero—and much more to his surprise, was engaged in telling of a trade he had made with some Chinamen, before he really knew he was "speaking in meeting." Thekla produced

a San Francisco newspaper and set two or three boys looking for Chinamen's advertisements. Then she brought out "Two Years Before the Mast," and another boy, who read sufficiently well, though in a certain oratorical tone, read the passages she had marked, describing the shipping of hides—on the heads of men—on that very coast. She produced also Forbes's California with its quaint lithographs of the "missions," a picture of San Francisco among the rest, in days when nobody supposed a great city was to grow up there. Question followed question, some of which she could, and some of which she could not, answer. Of ships and sailors she knew more than most of these canal and river-bred boys, always with the exception of the pale traveler. She answered such questions as she could; she confessed ignorance when there was need; and, by the time the hour was over, and the closing bell rang, her whole class was in eager talk. Thekla told the pale sailor-boy and one or two others of the most intelligent, that if they cared to know more about the hoodlums or the Chinamen, they might come out to her father's house Monday evening.

She fell in with Mr. Anstice, the frightened little assistant, on her way out of the vestry, and he ventured to ask what was the magic by which she had controlled these youngsters, and Thekla told him. He started a little when he found what had been the subjects of conversation, and, in rather a priggish vein, cautioned Thekla not to let the exercise become too "secular."

Thekla did not mean to be snubbed. "I suppose our first object in the schools," said she, "is to show these boys and girls that somebody cares for them. If they learn that, the rest will follow."

Sure enough the rest did follow, not in the least in the way Thekla meant or wanted; not in the least in the way that pale, priggish little Mr. Anstice meant or wanted. But, for all that, it was probably in the way that the good God meant and wanted. Certainly no man and no woman was entitled to any credit for the plan of what followed.

What followed was this: The pale young

man, whom for want of a better name, I called the traveler, and two other young fellows, who had never heard of each other before, though Bromwich is but a small place, found themselves walking up to Mr. Oelrich's house Monday evening, all a good deal frightened—but determined to accept the offered invitation. For each of them found every evening dull, and was at loss to know how to spend it. Each of them, therefore, had been glad enough to accept Thekla's invitation. But as Mr. Oelrich's was by far the grandest place in Bromwich, each of them was a little doubtful when the hour for the visit came. Thekla met them on the steps, however. This set them at ease. They had no need to send in their names. The little library was lighted, and already she had out the coast survey, Captain Beechey's books, old Jesuit narrations about California, Bartlett's book on the Boundary, with no end to Chinese illustrations—rice-paper pictures from China which her cousin had sent her, and other such matters. Before the evening was half over her father came in to help her entertain the young men, and each of them went off with as many books as he cared to borrow. This was the beginning.

What followed was, that a thing which Thekla's father had always wanted to bring about,—but never had brought about, he was so busy,—took care of itself under the unconscious intervention of these three youngsters. Mr. Oelrich always bought books freely, liked to buy them and bought them well. But he was a busy man, and read them very little. He justified himself in buying, by saying, "Books are the common property of the world." He meant always to lend them largely, so that whoever wanted books as much as he did when he was a boy growing up to manhood, might come and borrow. But his meaning this had never brought it about, till Thekla lured up these three, strangers to each other, to the little library room that evening.

What followed next was, that these three youngsters, by a certain chivalric, yet natural law, by the only principle which was natural in chivalry, constituted themselves Thekla's loyal knights and squires in all she had to

do. They took the care of finite matters in the class on Sunday. They brought in the right boys and they bullied the boys who wanted to make a row. They saw that things went straight in forty ways that Thekla would never have thought of. Not by any ordination as her deacons, but by a certain self-wrought appointment, such charges as these fell upon them, and gradually their number enlarged itself, by the gravitation toward them of others of the village youngsters, who had any real notion for self-improvement or for any form of study.

The class itself enlarged itself, became, indeed, rather the fashion of young Bromwich. There was a certain unoccupied room next the church, which was sometimes a ward-room, and sometimes a primary school, and now and then nothing, to which the boys got a title for Sundays. They swept it out, they borrowed settees from a neighboring auctioneer's, and they surprised Thekla one Sunday by leading her into it after the school had been opened in form. It was glorious with American flags, borrowed from the canal-boat captains, and with fresh oak branches. "Here we shall not be bothered by the children, Miss Oelrich." And here, sure enough, Thekla reigned. Here she lectured, and here the boys talked. Here was a large table for maps and pictures, and here the assembly became larger and larger every week.

But the numbers did not help much. It was the core or center which was good for most. About fifteen of these young fellows saw that they had a chance. They "allied themselves to the side of order." They lugged the settees backwards and forwards. When winter came, they made the fires. They carried Miss Oelrich's books and maps to and fro. And it was they who, before a long time had passed, had agreed with each other, after counsel with her, to hire together the back chamber over Billings's drug store, to bring together into one book-case all their own books there, and to occupy this as their club-room every evening for reading, for music practice, and for talk. They made a constitution for "The Guard of Honor," under the strictest rules. They went to

Thekla and her father for advice at every point. They asked her for a motto, and she gave them the counsel of her astronomical friend to "Look up and not down."

The lecturing and other talk of the Sunday classes went where most talk goes. That is, it went where it cannot be traced. Some of it bore fruit and some did not. No one this side the recording angel knows. But the "Guard of Honor," in which fifteen young fellows, in different lines of life, got acquainted with each other, and formed the habit of standing by each other,—confirming this habit by solid plans which they held to, of personal purity in life,—this Guard of Honor made a visible era in the history of every one of them. And, as it happened, this history had to do with the progress of events which make up our story. This is the reason why I have had to check the progress of the story, for this chapter, to tell how the "Guard of Honor" came into being.

CHAPTER XI.

"— We sat

Stranger than strangers; till I caught
And answered Mildred's smile; and that
Spread to the rest and freedom brought."

The Betrothal.

As the same winter sped by, Rachel Fredet, with her woman Friday, Tirah, had established themselves in their new quarters, so different in every regard, from the Georgetown home.

This country has few more lovely regions, so far as nature goes, than those valleys of Virginia which lie between the slopes of the Blue Ridge—between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and indeed those which are half hidden in the Alleghanies themselves. You look south-westward down these valleys and in the south-west the Indians said was heaven. If you have heaven within you, you have it around you. The young "general commanding," at whose instance Rachel Fredet had been transferred to what was almost a wilderness from the high civilization of the Constitution barracks, believed in the Kingdom of God on earth, though he would not have put it in these words. He meant that these "colored

troops," as men then called the negro regiments, who had been put under his care, should leave him better men, and men worth more than they found him. He supposed that they were all to have a dull winter, only one grade above that of garrison life. Of such winters he had tasted in the valley of the Rappahannock, in the high lands of Tennessee and on Roanoke Island. If, for his men, he could fill this winter full with occupations which should make them better men and better soldiers, he should be better satisfied with this winter than with any of these three. For this reason he had determined that there should be a "contraband school." And for this had he included within his head-quarters lines the little Bethel church of Laurens Harbour, and had provided a regimental chaplain, a black man of character and curious native ability, to renew ministrations which had been abandoned, alas, since the first Bull Run. The Christian Commission provided Bibles and hymn-books and catechisms enough for forty religions. The general had only to "draw" in the proper forms of requisition, and black-boards, and chalk, and copy-books and arithmetics appeared, till he said "Hold, enough." Had he been able to find one sallow, dyspeptic, despairing-looking white man whom, in decency, he could have called loyal to the Union, he could have "drawn" on the "Refugees' Aid Commission" for clothing, shoes, canned provisions, more black-boards, more chalk, and more arithmetics. To my certain knowledge, had he wanted "Upham on the Logos," for either contraband or refugee, it was waiting for him in a certain northern store-house. In point of fact, there was no white trash even whom the conscientious general could count as "loyal" within the precincts of his command. But among loyal people of color, its fame went far and fast. It was within this very region that John Brown had thrown down his gauntlet and paid the penalty. And in the young general's well concerted arrangements, it was clear enough that the martyr's

"Soul was marching on."

On the second evening after Rachel's

arrival, the "General Commanding" with all his young staff, none of whom were older than he, made their visit of ceremony on the new teacher. To the young men, the arrival of a white woman was an event, and there had been no end of joking at head-quarters, passing even into bets, as to whether she were fifty years old, hardened by teaching a generation, herself of parchment skin and speckled nose; as to whether she were an audacious lady Di. Spanker, who had taken to school-keeping only as a relief from fox-hunting and horse-racing; or whether she were a timid, blue-eyed Sister of Charity, with a white sun-bonnet on, indoors or out-doors, made from Louis XIV.'s starched pocket handkerchief. Had General McKaye permitted, every officer of the staff and of the two regiments would have gone with him to make this first call. But he was firm that no one but his staff should go. And, as the staffs of young generals who command posts as small as his are not large, only four gentlemen made the call of ceremony.

Rachel had been apprised of it. Such things are well managed in the army. An orderly tells another orderly, who tells another,—and in this case, the last of the line of orderlies had told Tirah that the party was coming. Tirah was for Rachel at once chief of staff and the most obsequious orderly of all. Rachel had time to have fresh flowers in the baskets and in the mugs which served for vases, to set Tirah to brewing lemonade enough for the crowd, had it been larger than it was, and left her attending to some ladies'-fingers in the oven of the cooking-stove, for which some thoughtful quarter-master had "drawn" on Harper's Ferry.

They all liked each other. That was well. Rachel was neither a fright, nor a Sister of Charity, nor a Di. Spanker. All bets were off. This the young gentlemen saw at a glance. On the other hand, General McKaye was not a martinet. Of this Rachel had been afraid. Neither was he a sentimentalist. Of this she had been more afraid. To the men, the luxury of sitting in a room which had some signs of feminine care was infinite. Of course it proved that the Doc-

tor's uncle lived in the same street with Aunt Huldah; that Captain Culver's sister met a lady of Rachel's name, who was perhaps Rachel's cousin, at Long Branch two years before, and that Lieutenant Bronson was sure that he had been acquainted in college with a man who was engaged to Miss Jane Stevens's sister. No danger but the young people would find subjects enough when they were started.

One would like to recall that merry chatter, if the conditions of our story would let us tarry. The four young men were many, many months from their sisters and their sisters' friends. To meet a lady, and to find her a pretty and attractive girl who brought back the best memories of home, was an exception indeed to the monotony of camp-life. The visit of ceremony proved longer than either party expected. The lemonade was successful. With the culinary instinct of her race, Friday had browned the "ladies'-fingers" to the precise tinge of ruddy gold.

"Oh, yes, we will begin to-morrow," said Rachel. "I am charmed with my school-room. I always did like barns."

Doctor. It is high enough for the tallest scholars.

Rachel. And I understand I am to have some very tall ones.

Capt. C. My corporal is coming. He is six feet seven if he is an inch.

Rachel. Is he very black? I am not afraid of them myself now. But I cannot testify for all of my pupils.

Capt. C. Miss Fredet do not let the general hear us; but I confess to you that I cannot tell them apart, but from their names. And, as many of them are shaky about those, I never know whether I have punished or rewarded the right man.

Doctor. They are as unlike as—

Lieut. B. Shells on the beach.

Capt. C. Stars in the sky. It takes a thorough-bred astronomer, like the general, to know young Tom from old Dick or middle Harry. Indeed, I believe Jackknife Bill was sentenced yesterday to three hours' police-duty for some hens that Hatchet Bill stole and roasted.

General. What insults to your commanding officer! You shall all be put under

arrest and sentenced not to call on the school-mistress for a month! Your globes are stopped, Miss Fredet, by this breakdown of the bridge at Champlin's. I dare say you saw them as you came by.

Rachel (laughing). We saw something; we saw many teamsters, and we tried not to hear them swear. We saw one heavy wagon stuck in the mud, so that it would take a good earthquake to unstick it. Many more wagons stood in a sort of gulch called a road, waiting for the earthquake wagon to be out of their way. The horses fed from nose-bags, and the drivers played poker with the blackest cards I ever saw. Even the hearts and diamonds were black. Meanwhile Tirah and I, by a certain Thermopylæ or narrow path high up, crossed on certain stepping-stones across the creek. To tell the truth, Tirah carried me much of the way. I hope the wagons will arrive before the scholars come to the "use of the globes," but I am doubtful.

Captain C. Never fear, Miss Fredet. The ninth Marylanders will be coming down. And the general's master of transportation will say. "Colonel, will you give us a lift?" And the colonel will smile and smile and be a liar, and will say, "Certainly, with pleasure." That means he would rather see him hanged. But fear of the wrath of the general commanding will compel him. A thousand brawny black men will take hold of a rope. The other end of the rope will be fastened to your two globes. And to-morrow night they will be delivered to you in triumph, and you will receipt for them. You will be ashamed to say that the globes are squares, and that their frames cannot be found.

General. Dear Miss Fredet, you do not understand our nonsense. This means that a regulation coat of the captain's was brought to him one day toted on the head of a sergeant, when he thought it should have come in a wheelbarrow.

Rachel. So I have slates and pencils, I shall do without globes. The boys and girls I see are wilder, if possible, than those at Georgetown.

General. These are all field-hands. But they are all true, and will worship the

shadow of my shoe tie, or yours, if you tie your shoes.

Rachel. Tirah there, my man Friday, cares little for the worship. She would have flogged twenty of them this afternoon, if she might have her way.

Lieut. B. And this worship of the general is all very well, Miss Fredet, but don't you want their idolatry much more than he?

General. Oh, never fear; the worship of a superior worshiper implies a devotion to his divinity.

Captain C. You see, Miss Fredet, the general has not lost all his northern training.

Rachel. Why, you all seem in as good practice as your gunners are.

Doctor. Or as I am. Medical, you know.

Rachel (who has at last arranged the gentlemen well in her mind). Oh, yes. And I want to ask the medical staff a question. Let me state a case. In unpacking the hospital stores from my sanitary boxes, à la Crusoe, I find two packages of tobacco, which seem to be part of the regular invoice, though we are in Virginia. Now I might offer them as prizes at school, but I think it would be wicked. So I appeal to you to see if they can be used medically. I believe that Robinson doctored himself in that way.

Doctor. I believe he took it internally, didn't he? Steeped in one of those favorite "drams" of his? I think that in that way tobacco might cause pretty nearly all the diseases in the books. But, if administered by the fair hands of the school-mistress, snuff might become as delicious as ever desiccated cocoanut was.

Captain C. I don't think you need fear to offer prizes. *Sagen treu*, the blacks are conservative in most things and nearly all of them prefer 'nigger twis'. But if you have some good, sweet chewing-tobacco—

Rachel. Really, I haven't tried. But we can make the experiment now. If one of you gentlemen will send in his orderly, Tirah shall bring in both bundles, and you may order a private mastication.

Captain C. My orderly being a corporal, he cannot be used, of course; but it is understood that all puns found bringing in the word chew are forbidden.

General. Better, Miss Fredet, save it to bribe the white trash. Every plug will save a pane of glass.

Rachel. Then your poor whites are more civilized than at Georgetown. Is this due to the courtly bearing of the officers whom they revere?

And then the talk became serious. The general told her how much and how little she had to fear from the sullen disaffection of the whites, and how much and how little to hope from the loyalty of the blacks, soldiers or natives to the manor. Indeed the popularity of uniforms, marching to music and drill, was such that the "colored people" of the neighborhood were children, women or old men. The able-bodied hands were all in the army.

CHAPTER XII.

"How sweet were life, how placid and serene,
Were others but as gentle as ourselves."

Apollodorus.

IN all this badinage the young General had wanted to feel his way toward telling his guest, for he regarded Rachel as his guest, what were the real difficulties of her position. He was well pleased to find that she was forewarned and so far forearmed.

On black, brown and yellow, of whatever shade, she might rest with perfect confidence; day or night they would be her loyal protectors. From white folk, of whatever tan or hue, she was to expect nothing but stones through the window if they dared,—insults when they thought no officer was in sight,—and, in general, a steady blocking of her wheels. Before they parted, he said this, almost in these words. But he said it only to find that it was what any teacher of contrabands expected and was instructed to expect before leaving the North. It was a relief to him to find that he had not betrayed Miss Fredet into a position for which she was not prepared.

And now came in for months the never-ending, inevitable conflict between surly, sulky, crafty, ill-natured whites, lazy of habit but quick for revenge, and willing, stupid, affectionate, good-natured blacks, lazy of habit but quick for gratitude.

"Dah! Dis white trash been gone and

stole de well-sweep." This was Tirah's ejaculation the morning after the visit of ceremony. "Dah! Cap'n." With this title of compliment she hailed a passing recruit, grand for the first time in his brass buttons. "Cap'n, white trash is been gone tified away dis well-sweep. Hain't got no water for missus' breakfus." And before the explanation was well made, the embryo major general, forgetful of the stains on his new uniform, had a bucket in his hand, had his back braced against one side of the narrow well, and was picking his way down to bring up the needed water. Tirah herself caught two urchins in the flagrant act of hurling stones against the school-house door. She administered to them such personal chastisement that that sort of offence was not repeated. Ribald songs at night from chivalrous passers by Tirah could not stop. But, if an accurate account had been struck before Christmas came, the offenders, had they only known it, had been paid five-fold for that insolence.

Matters were more serious when at last, by no end of efforts such as Captain Culver had in jest described, the army wagon which bore the school-house stores at last arrived, red with mud from its nadir to its zenith. It was late at night when it was left in triumph by the teamsters in the yard of the farm-house where Rachel was quartered. Curious as she was to inspect it, she deferred the inspection till morning. When morning came, it had been broken open. Some of the boxes which could be best opened without noise had been tampered with, and the shavings and newspapers used for packing lay as tell-tales on the ground. Of course the thefts might have been committed by pilfering soldiers. Of course, also, they might have been committed by white neighbors. Rachel herself hesitated about making a complaint. But Tirah had told Matilda Miss before she told her mistress, even before her mistress was awake. Matilda Miss had told Phebe Washington; Phebe Washington had told Corporal Sting; the corporal had told Private Martin; he had told Sergeant Harper, and he had told the general's orderly;—all before Tirah called her mistress to breakfast and told

her. Before ten o'clock the general had ordered a short-metre court of inquiry; and before noon every barrack and every dwelling-house for a mile around had been inspected. The thieves were found, and were told that they might take their choice—to be tried the next day, or to leave the village before night. No soldier had any share in the plunder. It was, as the general had supposed, the work of poor whites, who took the easier alternative and disappeared before sun-down.

But this summary procedure did not tend to make the school-house or the school-mistress more "popular" in the village, among the old masters of the village. All the more was she a heroine among their old dependants, because she was accounted a martyr in their cause. For herself, the girl was careful not to count herself either heroine or martyr. She made light of such insults in her reports home. She trained herself to think of them as little as she could. She would not encourage Tirah to speak of them. She had a smile or a nod for any child that passed, black or white. There was a little tray of picture cards in her sitting-room from which any child, black or white, who came to make her a visit might choose; and many a fair-faced urchin kept secret from his father and mother the tales of the barley-stick or other entertainment which he received from Rachel's hand. A bucket of water always stood full in front of the house for any teamster or wagoner, white or black, to give to his horses. And it would happen, when nobody was in sight, that a chivalrous wagoner, whose descent was straight from Pocahontas, would use Rachel's water for his horse, while he was privately damning her and her race. Rachel held to her motto. She lent a hand when she could; asked no questions, cherished no hates, and doubted with no doubts.

But once and again she was compelled to speak. Tirah smelled smoke one night, by a certain divine instinct, as she made her rounds before sleeping;—to speak of Tirah's going to bed would be a misuse of honest words. The indication was just in time. She found a heap of light wood and a pile of shavings arranged on the farther side

of the barn which had been extemporized into a jury school-house. She fearlessly kicked the pile to pieces; she extinguished the just-lighted brands; she said nothing to her mistress, who was already in bed; she lighted a lantern and took it into the barn. She put on a soldier's overcoat, which one of the privates had left to be mended, and twisted up for herself an imitation of a foraging cap. In this costume she passed the window on the inside occasionally, and so kept up her patrol till morning. Then, and not till then, did she report to her mistress.

This time Rachel had to make a report to the commander. Insult to her or hers was one thing; an attempt on government property was another. The report was followed by another court of inquiry not so successful as number one. It was also followed by what Rachel on the whole did not like so well—an extension of the sentry lines of the barracks so that her house and her school-house were under guard, included within the lines, instead of being counted as part of the village outside the lines. She did not like it because she had hoped all along to conquer prejudice. She was a civilian engaged in civilian's duty, a duty of peace and not of war, and she was sorry that any necessity should make it seem that she was forced upon the community by the strong arm, and by the strong arm only could she be sustained.

Her school, meanwhile, prospered. Fifty-three children—if they might be called children—of all sizes and ages, were on the rolls, and the average attendance for those first weeks, while school was the fashion, was larger than would have been found in most school calendars. In the outset colonels were willing to let men volunteer for duty as assistant teachers, and there was no lack of enlisted men who knew enough to act in this capacity. In a few weeks Rachel had, as she had promised to have, assistants enough of her own training to act as monitors for the most ignorant classes.

It was in the evenings that the great barn made the most lively display. In the evening was an adult school, three nights of each

week for women, three nights for men. At the men's school as many privates, not to say non-commissioned officers, from the two regiments appeared as any sort of provision could be made for. For this school the officers volunteered as assistants; there were two or three intelligent wagon-masters and a carpenter, a French Canadian who was in government service, who took hold; and the scene was busy beyond compare. The Rev. John Bottle, whose name always seemed ridiculous to Rachel, though she came to esteem the man thoroughly, was on hand when needed with all the might of his office, and with shrewd good sense that no official reputation could have supplied the want of. General MacKaye was delighted with the success of his school. The mere superintendence of it was more of a strain on Rachel than he knew. And probably her superintendency after her Georgetown experience was of more use to it than she suspected or he. He said frankly to her that the mere sight of this school was enough to repay him for all the sacrifices he had made in the war. He had dreamed of such possibilities, but no man could ask fairly to see such dreams come true in concrete and visible presentment.

He had said this more earnestly and more at length than ever to Rachel, one evening as he walked home with her to her little house; and she had thanked him cordially as they stood on the doorstep before she bade him good-night. She turned into her little sitting-room, lighted a match and a candle, and saw to her surprise a chair standing on the center-table. In the chair was a book, and on the book a bit of yellow paper-hanging folded in the shape of a rough letter. The letter was addressed:

"To the Scool Mam."

Rachel opened it on the instant to read:

"It is a troo frend rites these few words to infform u that ef u want to save ure lyf u will quitt. This dammed scool will be burnt shure as hell,—and all ure nigger soljers Cant Help it By god.

"A Shure Frend."

QUIETNESS.

I WOULD be quiet, Lord,
Nor tease, nor fret;
Not one small need of mine
Wilt Thou forget.

I am not wise to know
What most I need;
I dare not cry too loud
Lest Thou shouldst heed:

Lest Thou at length shouldst say,
"Child, have thy will;
As thou hast chosen, lo!
Thy cup I fill!"

What I most crave, perchance
Thou wilt withhold,
As we from hands unmeet
Keep pearls, or gold;

As we, when childish hands
Would play with fire,
Withhold the burning goal
Of their desire.

Yet choose Thou for me—Thou
Who knowest best;
This one short prayer of mine
Holds all the rest.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

MARTHA PITKIN AND URSULA WOLCOTT.

IN the year of grace 1661 there came to our shores one Miss Martha Pitkin, whose descendants have cut a considerable figure in the land of steady habits.

Leaving the old Lincolnshire manor of her ancestors, and a disconsolate legion of royalist admirers among the officers that her brother, Capt. Roger Pitkin, R. A., had been wont to bring down to his old home in the summer seasons, this young lady, the fame of whose wit and beauty had reached even to the court of the "merry monarch," ventured over the sea on a visit to her other brother, William; a gentle scholar whose

religious views had led him, nearly twenty-five years before, to seek the Puritan asylum in the New World. The day after her arrival at his modest home in East Hartford, Conn., as she witnessed her brother doing his own "chores," the proud, handsome and strong-willed Englishwoman exclaimed: "I left one brother serving his king; I find my other brother serving swine." Having made her little speech, the high-bred damsel put on an apron and went to work to assist her new-found sister (*nee* a Miss Goodwin of Hartford) in the work of house-keeping, with the resolve to make herself

of use while she stayed in the New World.

William Pitkin practiced law and taught school in Hartford, and his house, just across the river, was a favorite resort with the gentry of the whole neighborhood, the attractiveness of which was not diminished by the presence of his saucy and witty sister, with her somewhat royalistic predilections. Among the callers, one summer afternoon, were five sons of Henry Wolcott, a Somersetshire gentleman, whose stern Puritan convictions had made him one of the first emigrants to New England. He had settled at Windsor, Conn., where he died in 1655. His younger daughter, Anne, married Matthew Griswold, founder of the celebrated Connecticut family of that name, of whom we shall hear more later in our story; and it was in reference to a tombstone which Mr. Griswold was about to erect to the memory of their father that the sons called on Lawyer Pitkin. This monument still stands in the famous old cemetery on the banks of Farmington river, at Windsor, and was long held to be the finest tombstone in New England, saving that erected by the same Mr. Griswold at Saybrook Point over the grave of Lady Alice, the fair young wife of his friend and patron, Lord Fenwick, the first white woman who died in Connecticut. Fortunately, no vandal railroad company has as yet compelled the removal of Mr. Wolcott's bones to make way for a road-bed that could as well have turned aside, as was the case with those of poor Lady Fenwick, who, however, may have found some compensation for the removal of her dust—unless all feminine characteristics disappear in the hereafter—in the admiration which her magnificent golden hair attracted on the occasion of her disinterment.

But we are detaining the brothers at Lawyer Pitkin's even longer than they were detained on the occasion in question, which, however, was long enough to secure to America the heroine of our story, as will appear.

The Wolcotts, who claim a lineage running far back among old Welsh bards and kings, were ever impressible, adventurous and quick to act, and so it proved in this

instance; for, as they rode back to Windsor by moonlight, two of the five brothers confessed to being already under the spell of the fair Martha, whose keen and saucy wit had delighted them no less than had the light and crisp biscuits which she had served them with their tea. Each was eager to try his chance at a courtship, yet neither wished to disturb the fraternal harmony that had always existed among Henry Wolcott's sons; hence it was finally decided that the two should draw lots as to which should make the venture. The choice fell upon the youngest of the family, the handsome Simon, who was, however, already a widower, his first wife (one Joanna Cook) having died at the age of eighteen, after but a few months of wedlock.

The young widower at once began the suit, and pressed it with an indomitable perseverance that told upon the maiden's stately pride; but she would not say him aye, until, as the time of her proposed return to England drew near, she was, in the words of the old Windsor chronicles, "induced to remain by the marriage proposal which she had received, which was backed by the urgent wishes of some of the leading colonists."

The event demonstrates that for once, at least, the old Puritan leaders were not unwise in their habit of assuming an advisory right in matrimonial as in all other family matters of importance; for Martha Pitkin never regretted the day she wedded Simon Wolcott, although there came to the former royalist belle more than a fair share of trouble in the way of Indian depredations, money losses and frequent changes of residence. Yet her unquenchable pride of race was gratified by the fact that her husband was annually chosen to the Magistracy, as his father had been before him and his descendants were after him; so that for a century and a half, down to 1797, there was never a time when the Wolcotts did not hold some office in the state government.

Simon Wolcott died in 1687, gloomy and sad over the coming of Sir Edward Andross to Connecticut, and his attempt to carry off the charter. Historical truth compels the statement that the widowed Martha, with

her nine children, the youngest but ten years old, married, about two years after her husband's death, another widower, one Daniel Clark, the secretary of the colony, who already had thirteen children of his own. One fancies that Martha had never quite forgiven that brief matrimonial experience of Mr. Wolcott with poor Joanna Cook, else she would have scarce essayed the care of such a tremendous family. As it was, she outlived her second husband some nine years, though he did not die till 1710, at the age of eighty-eight, while she herself had reached fourscore years when she quietly passed away.

If the proud Martha could have but looked forward as well as back on her lineage, she would have been prouder than ever, for she would have seen a son, a grandson, a great-grandson and a nephew all become governors of the state, while both these and other descendants won many other state and national honors. Her fourth son, Governor Roger Wolcott, was also a major-general in the French war, a distinguished theologian, and, for those days, a very tolerable poet; while his son, Oliver, the second governor of the name, rose from captain to major-general in the army, then went to the Continental Congress, where he was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; while his son, Oliver 2d, the third Governor Wolcott, was the upright judge and able financier whom Washington made Secretary of the Treasury when his darling Hamilton was killed, an office which he continued to hold till the close of John Adams's administration.

The female descendants have reflected no less credit on the house from which they sprung, as, for instance, Anne Wolcott, daughter of the second Governor Wolcott, who, when the leaden statue of George III., torn down in Bowling Green, in New York, was sent to Litchfield to be cast into bullets for the Yankee soldiers, led the ladies of the town in making cartridges therefrom.

But more remarkable for her courtship and lineage than even the stately Martha Pitkin was that lady's grand-daughter, Ursula, daughter of that Governor Roger Wolcott who held the office from 1750 to 1754, and niece of Governor William Pitkin—gov-

ernor from 1766 to 1769—who, marrying her cousin, Matthew Griswold of Lyme, (lineal descendant of the Matthew who built her great-grandfather's monument,) lived to see him become also governor of his state in 1784. Twelve years later (1796) her brother, Oliver, was chosen to the same office, as in due time (1811) was her son, Roger Griswold, that ready speaker and staunch Federalist; and still later (1817) her nephew, Oliver Wolcott 2d, came to the office which the Connecticut people had so often gladly conferred on this illustrious race.

"Six governors in my family," might have boasted this lady, could she too have looked forward as she served the tea in the mansion of her husband, Governor Matthew Griswold, pouring the tea from a massive old silver tea-pot that was among the booty on a British packet captured by a New London privateer, commanded by a relative. There is still extant the very table on which her tea-service used to stand—a small and delicate round table of darkly-stained cherry, with a tripod base. At the death of Mrs. Griswold it passed over to a daughter in Norwich, thence to a granddaughter, wife of "Long John Allen," a Litchfield county Congressman, and thence to its present possessor, a nephew of the first owner, Judge C. J. McCurdy of Old Lyme.

"Six governors, and all because I was not afraid to help a diffident man to speak," might have said the handsome and quick-witted old lady who, on the night of April 5th, 1786, was found dead of heart disease in that dark old room at Black Hall, which to this day goes by the name of the "Chamber of Death," so many of the family have passed away within its walls from the same sudden visitation.

But it is the story of Ursula's courtship, as she herself once told it to a teasing and favorite child, that the reader shall have as that of another "woman who dared."

It happened in this wise. Mr. Matthew Griswold, tall, shy and awkward, but scholarly and kind, early in his life wooed a lady in a distant town, who had another string to her bow in the person of a village doctor. For a long time she had kept her Lyme lover in a state of uncertainty, in the hope

that she might draw out a proposal from his professed rival. After some months of this dallying Mr. Griswold determined to have the matter settled, and so one day rode to the town, entered her house, and once more tendered heart and hand.

"Oh, Mr. Griswold, you must give me more time," said the lady.

"I give you your life-time, miss," was the indignant reply; whereat the youth bowed himself out, flung into the saddle and galloped away forever, leaving the maiden who maiden was forevermore, as her bird in the bush never was caught.

To Matthew, disconsolate at his beautiful home amid that magnificent grove of elms that still shelter the old Griswold homestead at Black Hall, on the shore of the Sound, just east of the mouth of the Connecticut river, appeared soon after his cousin Ursula, a little his senior in years, but inheriting the beauty, pride and ready wit of her grandmother, Martha.

She "came, saw, conquered;" but, warned by his past experience, Matthew was slow to speak, though his looks and actions betrayed his feelings toward his pretty cousin. Things ran on this way for a space until one stormy day, near the close of her visit, Ursula, descending the dark, old oaken staircase, suddenly encountered her cousin ascending. Meeting him *more than half way*, she, stopping suddenly, said sweetly:

"What did you say, cousin Matthew?"

"Oh, I did n't speak; I did n't say anything."

"High time you did, cousin; high time you did."

The future governor was not slow to take the hint, and speedily found his tongue; and this is how Ursula Wolcott became Ursula Griswold, and for twenty-five years always had a near relative in the governor's chair in old Connecticut.

Henry P. Goddard.

JUDITH AND JUDAH.

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

I.

JUDITH'S LETTER.

"WHOA, Dolly! Now stand still, will yer?"

Dolly knew as well as her mistress that the wagon seat was directly opposite the store door, but Dolly had all the perverseness of the feminine nature, and must move each one of her four legs just once more; and when her mistress, to save the time and trouble of getting out of her vehicle, shouted, "'Squire Lay! 'Squire Lay!" that worthy individual looked up from his newspaper to see the hind end of a long wagon blocking up the entrance to his store. But he knew the hind end of that wagon and he knew the voice, though from his point of observation the speaker was quite invisible, and he answered cheerily:

"Good morning, Miss Judith; after the mail?"

"'Taint mornin'; it's nigh onter five er clock in the arternoon, and I want that ar mail quick; for Juder he's sot anuther coal-pit, agoin', and I've gotter git the cows and du all the chores yet ter night."

"Wall, wall! Miss Judith, you're a woman of business—allers in a hurry. If half the men in Stoneton was as smart as you be, things would look a leetle different around town," remarked the 'Squire good naturedly, as he slowly made his way behind the counter, and lifted the lid of the old desk that for the past forty years had held the mail for the town of Stoneton.

"Pretty heavy mail to-day, Miss Judith; seventeen letters and all the weekly papers. Want to take along 'Squire Jones's mail? There's two letters for his folks, and there's

a letter here for Widder Colebrook—been here 'most a week ;" called the 'Squire, his voice sounding as if his head were in a cupboard, from the fact that it was muffled by the desk lid.

"Yes; and while yer 'bout it, yer might es well give me all the mail for the North-east Deestrick, bein' it's Friday and paper day; folks wants their papers over Sunday; and what I can't peddle out I'll leave to John Hull's. That ar son of his is tu hum, and he haint got nuthin' ter du but peddle mail; only be quick, for I'm in an orful hurry," repeated Judith as she pitched to the end of the wagon seat nearest the door.

So far, neither had seen the other; but Judith knew that 'Squire Lay, who was proprietor of a small country store as well as postmaster of Stoneton, stood doubled up behind the desk lid slowly passing the seventeen letters from one clumsy hand to the other, as he selected the mail for the North-east District.

Stoneton was a rambling country town, sparsely populated, as if the inhabitants were afraid of each other. The North-east District hung like a straggling fringe along the wooded mountain side, and was a considerable distance from the center, which held up its head, boasting of a church and a post-office. It was the custom for whoever went to the post-office to take the mail belonging to his district—especially on Friday, which was mail day par excellence,—and distribute it as well as he could on his homeward route, leaving the remainder at some convenient house to be called for or sent around by the children to the different families. Judith was conforming, somewhat ungraciously, to a time-honored custom. Her chronic hurry was manifesting acute symptoms, when at last the 'Squire appeared at the store door with half a dozen letters in one hand and a pile of damp folded newspapers in the other.

"There 's the papers, and here 's the letters. Two for 'Squire Jones's folks, one for Widder Colebrook, one for John Hull, one for Maria Camp, and who do you s'pose the other's for?" asked the 'Squire, regarding Judith with unusual interest.

"Dunno, and I haint no time to guess."

The 'Squire held up the letter, settled his glasses over his eyes, and read slowly, "Miss Judith Carter, Stoneton, Connecticut." It's writ in a man's hand, and I *guess* you've got an offer this time, Miss Judith," said he with a sly twinkle in his eye, as if the possibility of an "offer" to the dry, dark spinster before him was the best joke of the season.

"Humph," said Judith, with an impatient jerk of the lines. "If 't is, 't wont be the first one."

"You don't say, now," said the 'Squire, the twinkle spreading to a broad grin.

"Yes, I do say," answered Judith emphatically, her swarthy cheek burning for an instant. "But come; hand me them ar letters; you've kept me waiting nigh on tu half an hour. There put the papers in the bottom of the wagon, and put the letters under the cushion, on that eend of the seat, for I shall drive fast and they might joggle off if they was on top."

"Shall I put yours under, too?" asked the 'Squire lifting the designated end of the long cushion.

"Yes, I can't stop tu read it now. Whar did it cum from?"

"It's postmarked Hartford. It's from some of them city chaps. I hope you'll send me a crumb o' the cake when the wedding comes off."

"Fiddlesticks; it's from sum o' Nathan's folks. They write tu Juder and I onct in a while;" and taking up the whip, Judith settled herself in the middle of the seat, braced her feet against the dash-board, and turned Dolly homeward, trying to urge her into a trot. It soon became evident that Judith worked the harder of the two. The more urgent and importunate she became, the more calm and philosophical grew Dolly. She knew that the incessant jerking of the lines and the "Get up; g'long," meant, "There's a woman driving; do as you have a mind to," and she did so. Judith was in a profuse perspiration and Dolly was more cool and collected when they reached home than when they started.

A part of the mail for the district had been left at 'Squire Jones's, and the re-

mainder at John Hull's. Judith hurriedly built a fire, put on the tea-kettle, and snatching the milk pail strode out to the barn-yard leaving Dolly standing harnessed in the door yard as a punishment for possessing such a philosophical turn of mind.

Two steady streams of milk were plunging into the pail, for Judith's hands were as persuasive as force-pumps, when the head and shoulders of a comely young man appeared above the stone wall that encompassed the Carter barn-yard. A smile lighted his grave face as his eyes fell upon a queer figure keeping a perilous balance on a one-legged milking stool, for Judith, disguised by an old coat and a tall battered hat, was milking Mrs. Fret, who had prejudices against women in general and Judith in particular, and would not stand to be milked unless in the frequent suspicious stretchings of her head and neck toward the milker she could see the coat and hat that, according to her primitive ideas, made the man. Judith had never seen herself thus attired, and it would have made no difference if she had; for the useful always took precedence of the beautiful in her estimation. When the young man had satisfied himself that the nondescript figure represented Judith Carter, he called out lustily, "Miss Judith!"

Judith heard above the roar of the small Niagara in her pail, and without turning her head answered: "Is that you, John Hull?"

"Yes. Did you mean to entrap me into making you a call when you left the mail for me to distribute?"

Judith looked up inquiringly from under the dilapidated rim of her hat. John held up a letter. "I found this, addressed to Miss Judith Carter, among the letters you left."

"Law; yes! It's from Nathan's folks. I forgot all about it; and say, John, you haint got nuthin' ter du, and I've got my hands full; you jest come in here and read that letter ter me while I am milkin'; it'll save time."

"Willingly, Miss Judith," responded John, as gallantly as if Miss Judith was a sweet-faced maiden, instead of a dark,

wizened spinster hideously attired; and he deliberately threw himself over the wall.

John was a fine looking young man, a just-graduated theologian, at home for a few days. Stoneton was famous for raising ministers, sending out more according to its population than any other town in the state. Judith said: "No wonder; the soil's so poor they can't raise nuthin' else;" but Judah, who in his younger days secretly cherished the prevalent desire to study for the ministry, assured her that it was the natural result of the barrenness of the place. It set a man to thinking of a better country, a land of promise; and he imagined that a prospect so delightful to himself must be equally delightful to dwellers of more favored localities, when once it was brought to their notice.

John placed himself on the windward side of Miss Judith and opening the envelope read:

"DEAR JUDITH:—Annie has not been as well as usual this summer, and is now having an attack of hay-fever. Our physician says, 'Send her into the country where she can rest and have plenty of pure air.' Her mother has become a confirmed invalid, and would be unable to accompany Annie anywhere. I could think of no place where she would be so comfortable or have better air than on your breezy mountain side, where I passed my own happy childhood; and I have decided to send her to you for a few weeks. You shall be amply compensated. I will send her on the last train Friday afternoon, and she will expect to find Judah or yourself at the depot when she arrives. Will come myself as soon as I can leave business.

Yours truly,

NATHAN CARTER."

Judith's hands fell in sheer consternation, and Mrs. Fret, taking a mean advantage, escaped half milked to the other side of the barn-yard.

"Land er Goshen! Yer don't say that Nathan is agoin' ter send that ar sick gal out here for me to nuss? Why, I cudn't nuss a sick cat. Juder allus does all the nussin', and he's got that ar coal-pit on his

hands and can't nuss nubbudy. What shell I do? When did yer say she was a-comin'?"

"Friday afternoon. She must be at the depot now. I heard the last train go down some time ago."

"O land! What *shall* I do? The cows aint milked and Juder's supper aint got; I can't go after the gal and Juder don't know nuthin' about it. I say, John, I haint on-tackled Dolly, and you haint got nuthin' tu du—can't yer jest drive over tu the depot and fetch that ar gal? Or p'haps yer afeered of the fever. It's ketchin' fur all I knows on. Jest as like as not we 'll all ketch it and die."

John smiled. "Hay fever is not considered contagious, and I'll go," said he obligingly, getting paid in advance by seeing the look of relief that crept into Judith's dismayed face.

"Yer a good boy, John. I allus told Juder, 'John's a good boy, if he does mean tu be a minister;' and catching the milking stool in one hand and the half filled pail in the other Judith started in pursuit of Mrs. Fret.

Dolly instinctively knew that a man's hand held the reins and started off in a business-like trot over the long, winding road that led to the depot.

Stoneton resembled the capital of our country in that it was a place of "magnificent distances." The three men who founded the town pitched each for the center, and each of the three hill-tops pitched upon was five miles from the other two and, as it proved, upon the very limits of the town. The depot, which in any other town would have been near the center, was smuggled into an uninhabited corner some three miles from the Carter farm.

Just before sunset John drove up to the depot, finding it quite deserted now that the last train for the day had passed.

"Perhaps she did not come or perhaps she found some other way of getting over to the Carters'," soliloquized John, when suddenly he heard a volley of muffled sneezes in the direction of the small waiting-room. "There's my hay-fever patient; no one else would sneeze like that," thought John, hastily opening the waiting-room door.

A pile of shawls huddled in a corner of a wooden settee was just now convulsed by another paroxysm of sneezes, at the conclusion of which John scraped his foot on the door-sill. A pale, disconsolate face peered above the shawls, and lifting his hat John said:

"Miss Judith Carter requested me to call here for a lady she was expecting this afternoon."

The pile of shawls became suddenly animated. Two daintily booted feet were instantly placed on the floor and a slight figure stood before him. A tinge of color drifted into the white face as she said eagerly:

"I am so glad you have come. I could find no conveyance and began to fear that I must pass the night in this dismal place." Then looking in John Hull's face she asked, doubtfully, "Are you my uncle Judah?"

"I have not that honor, being only a neighbor of the Carters—John Hull, at your service," answered John with a grave bow.

The color deepened in the girl's cheeks but she said frankly, "I have never seen my uncle Judah, but supposed he must be an older man."

John thought she had remarkably fine eyes, very expressive, for they were just now filled with tears, none the less pathetic that they were caused by hay-fever and not by grief.

The drive along that mountain side was ever delightful to John. Fine landscapes were to be seen from that wandering road. The rising hills on one hand, and the undulating valleys on the other; the streams, the ponds, the farm houses, and the neighboring towns that hugged the horizon east and south made pictures that John grew enthusiastic over. But to-night the September sunlight lingered upon the hill-tops like a tender benediction; the shadows were gathering in the valleys and a faint blue mist, like a suspicion, was stealing over stream and pond till all their purity and beauty were hidden under a cloud. Trailing vines over the gray rocks and along the brown roadside were getting vividly scarlet with the first cool breath of autumn, and here

and there an ambitious maple hurried to don its gay attire, and what with the lights and shadows and wealth of color John grew devout and happy. Then the face of the girl by his side was worth studying. Her large eyes drank in all this beauty with thirsty eagerness. Her delight was very pleasant to see; and John was quite willing to answer any question she might ask.

"There," said he at length, indicating with his whip-stock a long, wooded slope reaching from the mountain ridge to the valley far down; "there is your destination—Birch farm, one of the largest farms in Stoneton; but curiously enough it yields only birches, white birches. Miss Judith says it makes no difference what they plant—corn, beans or potatoes—it all comes up birches. Of course it is not quite so bad as that," said John, soberly, meeting Annie's puzzled look, "but the fact remains that the birch is a native of the soil, and a very vigorous and persistent native, springing up wherever it can get a foothold in the garden and over the fields; and one must wage a continual warfare unless one is content to raise birches and nothing else. Miss Judith has wrestled with birches from her youth up."

"If they have too many, why not cut them down?" asked Annie, amazed at the simplicity of people who allowed themselves to be overcome by birches, especially after they had arrived at proper age of resistance.

"That sort of discipline only inclines them to grow the faster. Mr. Judah cuts them at regular intervals and burns them into charcoal, but of course it is slow work. He begins at the upper end of the farm, and cuts, gradually, leaving a line of defunct coal pits (like dead camp-fires) as he goes, and by the time he reaches the lower end of the farm the upper end is ready to cut again. Perhaps it is as profitable a crop as he could raise. At all events it is a sure one. Here is the house and the Carter homestead," said John as an abrupt turn of the wayward road brought close at hand a long, low, rambling house that looked in the twilight as if it was built of soft gray felt. Not a drop of paint, that mantle of charity

for wooden iniquities, had ever touched the weather-worn clapboards; and Annie thought it all the more beautiful for that. It seemed to her a quiet, roomy nest where one could hide away and rest.

"*'Virtue has its own reward.'*" remarked John, sagely, as they drove into the door yard.

Annie looked up inquiringly and John continued: "I thought I was obliging Miss Judith when I consented to go to the depot for her expected guest, but I find I have done myself a favor as well."

"Besides being a good Samaritan to a poor, benighted, hay-fever patient," said Annie, with a gay little laugh, which Judith, standing in the doorway, heard, and mentally observed:

"She aint much sick ef she can larf like that." Judith watched John lift her guest out of the high wagon, shawls and all, and deposit her safely upon the doorstep when she exclaimed in astonishment:

"Why, Annie! I thort you was a little mite of a gal."

"So I was, once," answered Annie, reaching a neatly-gloved hand to her grim looking relative.

Judith scarcely knew what to do with the hand; she held it a moment as if she was afraid of hurting it, and looking in the girl's face exclaimed suddenly:

"I declare for't! ef yer don't look like yer uncle Juder—nuff like him tu be his own darter. But cum rite inter the house; ye're sneezing now, and ef yer ketch cold yer'll be sicker 'n ever. Come rite along this way." Judith entered a vast, dim front room and Annie following saw a low ceiling with a huge dark beam running through the center overhead. It seemed to divide the room into two equal parts.

"There," continued Judith, "this is the best place for sick folks. It's handy, bein nigh the kitchen. It wus mar's room, and nubbudy's slept here since she died. All the Carters hev died in this room; s'pose I shall die here some time. Yeou can lay yer things on that ar bed till after supper, and come out ter the fire—that is ef yeou feel able ter walk," added Judith, looking apprehensively at the face which had suddenly lost every vestige of color.

The bedstead was a high, old-fashioned affair, covered with a marvelous patchwork quilt. She wondered how she was to get upon that bed, and felt sure that the low dark ceiling overhead would smother her when once she was up there, and with a shudder she fancied there were two or three generations of dead Carters between the cold linen sheets. What was that on one of the pillows? Could it be the capped head of Judith's "mar," the last Carter who died there?

Annie averted her eyes; the nervous hands fidgeted in getting off the shawls and hat and she hastily fled to the kitchen where a fire crackled cheerily in the wide fireplace. The tea-pot stood over a few glowing embers on the hearth. There were hot biscuits in the tin dishes before the fire and a savory compound was simmering in a kettle hung on the crane. Judith stood on the doorstep blowing a terrific blast from a tin horn, and when the echoes died away down in the valley, she came in, remarking:

"That's for Juder. He's down in the ten-acre lot. When he hears that ar horn he knows supper's ready. He'll be along pritty quick fur I kept supper a waitin' thinkin' yer'd cum and we'd all eat together, that is if yer can eat common vittals. I dunno but yer'd oughter hev sum porridge and toast and sage tea, seeing yer sickly."

"No, thank you," answered Annie, hastily, adding, "I am not seriously ill. It is only hay-fever, which our physician says will soon yield to a change of air."

"I dunno nuthin' 'bout hay fever nor none uv them things, but I shud think yer'd got an old-fashioned influenzer cold in yer head. Yer eyes looks kinder watery and yeou keep a sneezin' all the time. Boneset is a master thing for influenzers, and I'll make yer a big kittle on't bimeby."

Judith stood with her hands on her hips, and her head turned to one side like a meditative hen, while she looked critically at the slight figure, fair skin and pale hair of the young girl before her, till she broke out again: "How much yer *dew* look like Juder. He'd made jest sich a gal as you

be. What a pity—what a pity!" and sighing heavily she reached for the brass candlestick on the high shelf and lighting the candle by the coals put it on the center of the table. "There, that's Juder;" she remarked, a little later, hearing a step outside the door, and she hurried to tell him of Nathan's letter and of Annie's arrival.

Annie could not help hearing every word of the whispered communication, for Judith's whisper was even more audible than her ordinary, grum tone, nor could she help hearing the response, uttered in a pleasant voice:

"I am glad of it; not that she is sick, but that she has come. We must do all that we can for her comfort; Nathan has been very kind to us."

As they entered the room together, Judith observed by way of introduction, "Annie, this 'ere's yer uncle Juder."

"And this is Nathan's little daughter grown to a young lady," said Judah, warmly clasping the hand she held to him. "We are very glad to see you, my dear; and will try to make you well and happy."

"Thank you," said Annie, looking in uncle Judah's deep eyes; and she loved him from that moment.

"You wouldn't think we was twins, now?" asked Judith, gazing admiringly in her brother's fine face—a face that was womanish despite the short, curling beard. "But we be, I ain't only ten minits the oldest, but he'd orter been the gal, and I orter been the boy; I allus said so." And Annie, looking from Judah's delicate features and slight person, to the tall, large-boned woman, with heavy, black eye-brows and an unmistakable mustache, could but endorse her aunt Judith's opinion.

"But," added Judith with another sigh and in an aggrieved tone, "I can't help it; talkin' won't do no good, and I s'pose we hain't no bizness ter find fault with the Lord's doin'. What's did is did, and there's the end on 't. Come, Annie, you set ou the settle rite side o' yer uncle Juder. Yer look like two peas in a pod."

As Annie met again and again her uncle's cheery smile, and listened to his low words, it seemed to her that she had known him

always. A ready sympathy was rapidly built up between them. The personal likeness Judith's sharp eyes detected was not the only resemblance they bore each other. Annie's eyes, however, were continually drawn to her aunt's emphatic face with the ever recurring question: "How could the two have been born of the same mother, and have lived together all their days, to say nothing of twinship, and yet be so totally unlike, not only in person, but in speech, culture and all that goes to make up the individual?"

"Mar named us alike, Juder and Judith, but there ain't nothin' else 'bout us that's alike. He tuk arter the Shumways—mar was a Shumway—and I tuk arter the Carters," complained Judith, ending always with an unsubmissive, "It can't be helped, and there 's the end on 't."

"I am sorry to leave you, Annie," remarked Judah in his leisurely way as they rose from the table; "but I suppose that coal-pit has a standing claim upon my time and attention."

"Where is it?" asked Annie wistfully.

"In the lot just below here. To-morrow, if the weather is pleasant, you shall come down and take a look at my laboratory. Judith says that I am only a coal-burner; I regard myself as a chemist. The pit is an inverted crucible in which by the aid of a little caloric I transform populifolia into carbon. Names make such a difference," said he, looking soberly in Annie's amused face. "Most things can be dignified in that way; most things can be transformed too. Perhaps this hay-fever of yours can be coaxed or driven into something altogether delightful. We will try the effect of *smoca*. I have a theory upon the subject that I would not divulge to my most intimate friend. Do you know that I expect to live to a green old age because of the preventive and preservative influence of this same *smoca*, otherwise smoke."

"*Green!* More likely yer 'll be all tanned and dried like an old cowhide," interpolated Judith, whisking the dishes away from the supper table.

"Judith sees only the prose side of things," explained Judah, with a benevolent smile.

"But I must go. Good night, my child, and restful sleep."

"Good night," regretfully, as he disappeared in the darkness without the door.

"I say, Annie, yeou won't be afeared ter stay alone a minute, will yer? cause I haint ontackled that ar Dolly, and I've got ter du sum other chores out ter the barn yit."

"No," said Annie, faintly, wondering how many seconds Judith allowed to the minute.

"Glad on 't," said Judith, as she followed Judah into the darkness.

II.

To one accustomed to the various sounds of city life and the proximity of human beings, the stillness of a country house after dark is suggestive and oppressive. At home, sitting alone, Annie would have heard footsteps on the sidewalk, carriages passing on the street, the slow striking of the church clocks and perhaps, afar off, a belated news-boy perseveringly crying, "Even' Post—Times—fif' 'dishin—three cents!" There every door and shutter had a familiar language, every sound about the house was easily interpreted. But here, sitting alone in the Carter kitchen, the vibrations that reached her ear were unknown tongues. In the long intervals of utter silence she involuntarily put herself into the smallest possible compass, and crouched nearer the fire with a sort of eager expectation, a sense of breathless waiting for something to happen. Unfortunately in her childhood she was frightened into stillness by stories of ghosts and hob-goblins, told by the kindly Biddy who was "hersel' brought up on that same." And although it was easy by daylight to reason herself out of every shadow of belief in ghostly visitations, yet alone in the dark, these impressions, stamped upon a vivid memory, would start up and confront her till the darkness was thick with specters; and no amount of reasoning or philosophy could drive them back or keep them down. All in vain she shut her eyes, and buried her face in her lap, or plunged her head under the bedclothes; she could see them plainer than ever. And now as the moments, like slow hours dragged themselves along, and no aunt Judith appeared,

she drew still closer to the fire, put her fingers in her ears, shut her eyes and began resolutely to count a hundred backwards.

"Ninety-nine, ninety-eight," (What's that noise?) "ninety-seven," (something cracks; then, hurriedly,) "ninety-six, ninety-five ninety-four." Now certainly there is something coming. Up flew the eyelids and the wide eyes stared at the door leading from the room where all the Carters died. Was there something white standing in that doorway? something beckoning? or was it only a reflection from the fire-place? Annie gazed until her breath was gone, and her eyes seemed fixed in their sockets. This would never do, and with a convulsive effort she turned her back to that door, and began hurriedly counting again. "Ninety-four, ninety-three, ninety-two, ninety-one, ninety"—she was getting on bravely—"eighty-nine"—suddenly she had a horrible impression that some one was looking over one shoulder, over both shoulders,—some of the dead Carters, probably. Surely she felt the frilled border of a eap just grazing her cheek. This was a thousand times worse than facing the door and she sprang up with a scream to find herself alone, and the candle burning dim by reason of the long, un-snuffed wick. Here was a relief, something to do. That candle must be snuffed. Aunt Judith would have snuffed it with her thumb and fore finger, and flirited the snuff into the fire-place, but uncle Judah used the snuffers. Annie looked at her own thumb and finger and decided to adopt uncle Judah's method.

To snuff a candle properly requires experience, calculation, resolution and nerve; in short, one must be practically educated, and even then the chances are that the wick will be haggled, and the snuff fall into the candle, causing a rivulet of melted tallow to buttress one side, or the flame will be extinguished altogether. Annie succeeded after one or two fruitless attempts in getting her thumb and third finger into the holes in the handles of the snuffers, and holding them wide apart, cautiously approached the burning wick. It was a delicate operation, but when at last she had gotten everything just right, snap went the

snuffers and out went the light. There she stood pinching the wick with all her might, expecting to see the flame start up again. It was a full minute before she realized what she had done. Then with a gasp she flung off the snuffers and threw herself into her chair. In her fright it did not occur to her that she could re-light the candle by the dying embers in the fire-place, and clasping her hands around her knees, she shut her eyes and began to rock herself to and fro, crying and wishing that she was anywhere—anywhere but in that dreadful place where all the Carters died.

Directly through her crying she heard a startling sound, an ominous growl. She was certain of that. Instantly she opened her eyes and held her breath. From under the splint-bottomed chair at the opposite side of the fire-place she saw eyes like two balls of fire angrily glaring at her. The fire-light was now too faint to reveal the dreadful creature crouched there, and with a moan she plunged her head into her lap, wondering which was the easier death, to be devoured by wild beasts or strangled by Carter ghosts. There she sat reeking in cold perspiration, when she heard another sound that was sweetest music just then.

"Land o' Goshen! what a tramp I hev had. It must be nigh on ter eighter clock, and them ar hogs ain't fed yit."

The door flew open, and Annie's head came out of her lap at the same time.

"What! settin' in the dark? Put out the candle a puppose? That's a good gal. I did n't s'pose city folks brought up their gals ter be so ekernomercal; but then yer father was a Carter and got his raisin' in the country."

Judith stooped to re-light the candle and caught a glimpse of Annie's pale face on which traces of tears still lingered. This was a startling discovery.

"Yer hain't been cryin'? Yer ain't home-sick, be yer?"

"N-no," said Annie, trying to steady her voice; "but—but I did n't know but something had happened to you."

"Why, yer jest like Juder,—tender-hearted as a chicken; but yer need n't worry 'bout me; nuthin' ever happens ter me. It's

that pesky Dolly. I'll tell yer 'bout it when them ar hogs is fed."

Even the clamorous grunts and squeals of the hogs as they heard Judith coming with their belated supper were pleasant to hear, since any intelligible sound was better than that suggestive silence. And when at last aunt Judith's chores were done, and

she came in with a huge armful of wood, and building up a brisk fire, sat down before it with her heels resting on the hearth-stone and her long feet standing up like exclamation points, in order to dry her wet shoes, Annie began to feel that the Carter kitchen was not such a dreadful place, after all.

(CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.)

A WATER LILY.

O STAR on the breast of the river,
O marvel of bloom and grace,
Did you fall straight down from heaven
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel;
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the golden city,
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the blackness
Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river
I won my glory and grace.
White souls fall not, O my poet;
They rise to the sweetest place.

M. F. Butts.

AFTER A PULK.

BERTHA was down that day, and she and Roland had exhausted all their playthings in the forenoon; at dinner they were bemoaning the fact that they had played everything; they wanted new worlds to conquer. It was no more fun winding up the cars and sending them off; the winking dolls only gave their father and mother a sensation of *ennui*; even the perambulating French maid could not raise a smile, save on the face of Aunt Lou who, to the surprise of the children, seemed still amused at

the maid's pedestrianism, and made some remarks as if she would be willing to stake money on her powers.

"Even tableaux are no fun now," said Rolie, leaning back in his high chair, very much swathed about the neck with napkin, and looking at Bertha with a pleading air as if she, any way, could make things brighter—and she generally could. Now, however, she shook her head gravely as she held out her plate for more jelly.

"We've had tableaux until I'm tired

to death of them!" she said with emphasis.

There was silence for a few moments, during which the appetites of the children asserted themselves.

Were they particularly lovely and bright children? *We* thought so. Our boy was seven years old—dearer to our hearts than words could tell—dear as sorrow and love could make him, for his mother had fallen asleep, and there were tears in the smiles we gave her child; only the tears were in our hearts, the smiles alone visible to him. Gay, *debonnair* with flashes of his mother's wit, and all her tenderness of heart, Rolie was the light in the childhood's home of his mother. He had one friend of his own age whom he loved as children of his sensitiveness do love. It was pleasant to see him look at Bertha—the sweet softness of his eyes revealed so much; and nobody could wonder that he loved the little girl. But what is the use of trying to describe a child? It is only the old attempt at painting a rose or a sunbeam—for are they not wordlessly sweet and bright—when they are good?

When it came turn for pudding, Aunt Lou who was hungry, as usual, found time to say:

"If everything is really exhausted I suggest the pulk-hole."

Both children looked up with sparkling eyes, though they had not the least idea what was meant by her remark.

"Can we have it this afternoon—before I go home?" asked Bertha eagerly.

"Of course, of course!" cried Rolie, tearing off his napkin; "we'll have it before you go. Is it in the house, Aunt Lou?"

"The pulk-hole is not at present under this roof," was the reply, "but we'll go to it. It's up the lane, in the rocky pasture. We'll all go this afternoon, and I think we'd better go armed, in case we see a pulk."

"Oh! what is a pulk?" exclaimed both of them.

"It is a semi-amphibious animal, subsisting chiefly—"

"There goes Aunt Lou off on her big words," interrupted Rolie screwing his napkin into his ring in a very strange state, and looking up with comical deprecation.

Aunt Lou had discovered that the sound of big words rather amused her nephew, even though they made him impatient sometimes.

"I was about to tell you, Roland," she said, "that a pulk is second cousin to a snark."

"All right," said Bertha; "now what shall we take?"

"Bertha shall have the potato pop-gun, and six slices of large potato for ammunition. Roland shall take that new leather sling which was given to him by a friend this morning, and a bag of shot."

"And what shall we take to put the pulks in?" questioned Bertha.

Aunt Lou mused.

"There's nothing big enough to hold the number we shall probably get," was the answer at length. "We'll pile them up in the pasture, and Bertha may ask her father to send Dennis with a cart for them."

By this time you may be sure the children were eager for the play.

It was past midsummer, and the rocky pasture lay in a haze of loveliness at the upper end of the long lane.

The boy and girl were soon armed, and while they were discussing their equipments Aunt Lou disappeared for a few moments.

A little later they were all on their way, the little ones chirping in their blithe young voices, and caracoling as they went; then falling for a moment into grave discussion concerning the size and appearance of the animal they were going to see, the general look of the pulk-hole, and kindred topics.

It was curious to hear them, and Aunt Lou, walking behind, wondered and smiled much.

They toiled slowly up the hill, stopping now and then to pick some of the blueberries which were so plentiful, then darting off for daisies and buttercups in a wild hurry of delight.

So they went across the pasture until they came to the opposite slope of the hill, and to a deep depression in the ground, which was nearly grown up with pines and cedars. Now it was dry, but only in midsummer did the pools of water leave the place so it could be explored.

"This is the place," announced Aunt Lou, "and now I'm going to station you outside, while I go in and beat about the bushes and see if I can scare any pulks out. If I do, you must fire at them, and give chase, and try not to lose sight of them—so much depends on your keeping them all the while in sight."

The eager intentness of the little faces was a sight to see.

"But, Aunt Lou," called out Rolie in a shrill, excited voice as she was about to push through the bushes, "how shall we know it is a pulk when we see it?"

"Easy enough. When you see something that does n't look in the least like anything you ever saw before in your life, you may be sure it is a pulk. You need not be at all afraid of it; it's entirely harmless."

Then she went crackling down among the cedars and pines, their aromatic odor filling the hot air, and seeming like a balm that should heal all ills.

She heard the children's voices growing fainter and fainter as she went; the last thing she distinguished was sound of talk about the color, and a suggestion from Roland that a drum should be made of the skin.

There was a particularly tall pine near the center of the place, and to this she made her way. She was startled and for a moment confounded by what she saw. Tied to the slender stem of a birch close to the tree, was an animal of so nondescript an appearance that for a breath she almost believed she had really found a pulk. Her orders had been obeyed and embellished. This visit to the pulk-hole was really more curious than she had expected. The animal writhed and squealed at sight of her, and was evidently already frightened enough to run furiously if it got loose. In a moment more Aunt Lou had slipped the cord, flapped her broad hat in the face of the bewildered creature, and it had started off in the direction she had intended—toward the spot where the children were stationed. It went like the wind—wildly, as if the very hounds were after it.

The boy and girl heard Aunt Lou's shout of "Look out! there's a pulk running your

way!" and she heard their indistinct exclamations in response.

She tore through the bushes quicker than she had ever been before, so that she might see the young hunters when they saw the game.

Taking a shorter cut, she gained the open space of the pasture just where she could see them, and she wished she could limn in perpetual brightness the picture they made. They were both under a young pine tree whose low-growing branches half embraced them. Roland was on one knee peering through the huckleberry bushes, his eyes dilated and burning with the intensity of expectation, his sling forgotten on the ground. Bertha was behind, leaning on his shoulder, her face glowing, her long hair blown back, her hat on her shoulders, and from both their hats trailed long ferns which she had put in.

At that instant, the strange, bristly green thing which Aunt Lou had started from its lair, sprang into sight and dashed along within a yard of the children. They started as if electrified, then with wild screams of "There it is! a pulk! a pulk!" they both went struggling and floundering through the sweet fern and huckleberry, and Aunt Lou after them calling out: "Be sure you keep it in sight!" feeling tolerably sure which way the animal would go.

And it justified her expectations; for it flew down toward the lane, the children after it, looking as if they would plunge heels over head, but keeping their footing in some miraculous way, and, breathless, crying out some inarticulate exclamation as they went. It required all Aunt Lou's nimbleness to keep near them.

Now they were in the lane, the green animal ahead gaining rapidly; and now Roger, tied to the fence down by the house, set up a vociferous barking, which grew louder as he saw the game.

In a minute more the creature had gained the barn-yard, and was crouched up in a corner at an angle of the wall, and they all came up panting and hot.

It was a queer-looking sight, a thick, short, bristling, green thing, heaving with its quick-coming breath. Two tips of ears

were visible, and two eyes like balls of green fire. Whatever it was, it evidently was not going to run any more now, and it did not seem afraid either. The children stood in front of it, looking with all their eyes; then they crept nearer and nearer, while Aunt Lou sat on the wall and fanned herself with her hat.

The animal did not stir; it was apparently fast becoming tame.

Suddenly Rolie, who had gone still nearer, cried out sharply:

"It purrs!"

"What!" exclaimed Bertha, flinging herself down quite recklessly beside the thing. "Do pulks purr? Oh! oh!"

These last two ejaculations were caused by Bertha's putting out her hand and the creature's rising to its feet and revealing that it had white, soft legs, and then both the children screamed:

"It's Kitty White! It's our kitten! It isn't a pulk at all! See the burs on it!"

They were now sitting down on the grass, eagerly picking the burs from the cat, who seemed grateful to them.

"Aunt Lou," said Roland, reproachfully, after kitty was divested of her strange garments, "Aunt Lou, did you put those burs on poor Kitty White?"

She felt that if she had done so, she would indeed deserve the reproach in his face and voice.

"No, I had no idea she was to have them on. I was as much surprised as you to see them. I gave the kitten to Tim a little while before we started for the pasture, and I thought he was going to disguise her in some colored rags, just enough for fun. You know how she likes a frolic herself, and I knew we'd have a good chase down the lane, and not do her any harm either. But Tim stuck the burs all over her, so that I hardly knew her myself; and I was sure that, as she ran, you'd not recognize her at all. And, sure enough, it took you a minute after she was still to know her. Let's give her some milk now, and see if the chase has spoiled her appetite."

While Kitty White lapped milk and purred contentedly, Rolie said:

"Aunt Lou, is there such a thing as a pulk?"

"In all my extensive researches in natural history," was the reply, "I have never seen one mentioned; still——"

"Well, then, *what* do they call that a pulk-hole for?" questioned Bertha, "if pulks don't live there?"

"Well, in the alluvial period," began Aunt Lou, but Roland had caught Bertha's hand, and as they went off he said:

"It's no use, when she gets to her big words, as I told you. Now, Kitty White,"—to the kitten in his arms,—"*you've had another adventure, have n't you?*"

Maria Louisa Pool.

GOOD CONVERSATION.

THE Christian gentleman studies and practices such rules of the Bible, the best hand-book in the world on the art of conversation, as the following: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that you may know how you ought to answer every man." "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying." "Speak evil of no man." "Putting away

lying, speak every man truth to his neighbor." "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

He despises gossip and hates slander. He would no sooner talk about your private affairs with others than he would steal your purse or peep through your key-hole; and he considers slander the most heinous of crimes.

His conversation is marked by its purity.

He tells no story and utters no word that he would blush to have understood by the most chaste and refined woman.

He deems it ungentlemanly, as well as wicked, to emphasize his conversation with profane oaths. He respects the feelings of others too much to speak lightly of Him whom the Christian loves better than the dearest earthly friend.

He speaks his native language in its purity. He avoids slang. It matters little how well a man may be dressed, how elegant his manners or how accomplished he may be in the classics and foreign languages, if he does not speak his mother tongue in its purity, he cannot be received as a perfect gentleman. False syntax, mixed idioms, the prostitution of sublime words to mean uses, slang phrases, betray want of culture and vulgarity in spite of all disguises. They frequently indicate a want of moral character. He who prefers a smattering of French to the mastery of his own language must care more for show than for true worth. He who corrupts in the using the magnificent language which has been entrusted to him as a rich legacy for posterity, is not fit, it would seem, for places of high trust. The vocabulary and phrases of a man afford a fair estimate of his culture and character. Words are the balances by which we are weighed. "By thy words," says Jesus Christ, "shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned."

The conversation of the Christian gentleman is truthful. He never utters a falsehood for any purpose. He would not lie to escape from any difficulty or to secure any reward. Moreover, he avoids exaggeration and careless errors. Speaking always with authority, his declarations may ever be relied upon with safety.

He never descends to angry disputation. He is not one of those who are forever arguing. He is not an egotist who disputes on politics or religion to show that "e'en though vanquished he could argue still." He has opinions and is able at a fitting time to give his reasons; but he never descends

into the arena to make a show of his controversial powers. He is free also from dogmatism, which mars the character of so many men of talent, never attempting to force his opinions upon any who will not gladly accept them. Neither is he a pedant who talks incessantly that he may overpower you with a sense of his musty learning. Nor has he a hobby which he is forever trying to make you ride behind him to the death. Nor does he insult your self-respect by descending to commonplace bandying of words and compliments, chatting nonsense, as if such food only were suited to your effeminate soul.

His talk is at once entertaining and instructive. With no assumption of airs, he teaches you as though he taught you not. He interests himself in those things which interest you. He discovers your best thoughts and gives to them a beautiful expression. He gives you the facts for which you have been in search. He tells you the news you delight to hear. He excites those emotions of your heart that please you, and then shares your enjoyment. If perchance he strikes a tender chord that reminds you of your grief, he heals the wound with his genuine sympathy. He strengthens your good resolutions with new motives that you had not discovered. Avoiding base ridicule and biting sarcasm, he cheers you with his genial humor and banishes gloom with his sparkling wit.

Master of the art of conversation, he does not suffer the time to run to waste in awkward silence or vain words. He chooses the themes and talks with a purpose. He is as good a listener as he is a talker. He listens with such attentive interest that he makes the most reticent speak. In being a good listener, in knowing when to keep silent and how to draw out from others their best thoughts, consists half or more than half the art of successful conversation.

Such a Christian gentleman is welcome wherever he goes; for, at the head of the table or in the center of the drawing-room, he is the life of the company and the joy of the social circle.

C. S. Walker.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MOBILITY OF LABOR.

IN Professor Walker's admirable book on "The Wages Question" a chapter is devoted to "The Mobility of Labor." Professor Walker shows that competition, which might be a beneficent force if it acted equally upon all classes, is often a destructive force because it operates unequally; and that one reason why it operates unequally is the fact that, in the words of Adam Smith, man is "of all sorts of luggage, the most difficult to be transported."

In order that the laborer may successfully compete for the wages offered in the market he must be able to pass quickly from one point to another. Merchandise of most kinds is easily moved. If there is a surplus of wheat in Chicago, and places can be found where there is a smaller supply and a greater demand, the wheat can be easily moved to the places where it is wanted. But if there is a surplus of labor in one place, it is not always an easy matter to move it to other places where there is a greater demand for it. There is a vast difference between the mobility of merchandise and the mobility of labor. Yet, in order that the law of competition may work beneficently in the labor market, the transfer of labor from one point to another ought to be effected as easily as the transfer of merchandise.

The circumstances that require an easy and rapid movement of labor from one point to another are easily understood.

In the first place, men are constantly being displaced by machinery. A new machine or a new process is invented which throws out of employment a large number of persons. These must betake themselves to some other place or to some other employment.

In the second place, changes of fashion produce great fluctuations of industry. Mr. Malthus, quoted by Professor Walker, states that "the substitution of shoe ribbons for buckles was a severe blow long felt by Sheffield and Birmingham." Professor Rogers in his "Political Economy" gives other illustrations of the same nature. "A year or two ago," he says, "every woman who made any pretension to dress according to the custom of the day, surrounded herself with a congeries of parallel steel hoops. It is said that fifty tons of crinoline were turned out weekly from the factories, chiefly in Yorkshire. The fashion has passed away, and the demand for the material and the labor has ceased. Thousands

of persons once engaged in this occupation are now reduced to enforced idleness or constrained to betake themselves to some other occupation. Again, a few years ago, women dressed themselves plentifully with ribbons. This fashion has also changed; where a hundred yards were sold, one is hardly purchased now, and the looms of a multitude of silk operatives are idle. To quote another instance. At the present time women are pleased to walk about bare-headed. The straw-plaiters of Bedfordshire, Bucks, Hertfordshire and Essex are reduced suddenly from a condition of tolerable prosperity to one of great poverty and distress." When, therefore, owing to a change of fashion such industries as these come to an end, the people employed in them must be ready to change to some other occupation, and often to move to some other place.

In the third place, business failures frequently necessitate the removal of the work-people from one place to another.

Now it is assumed that there is work enough always to be had somewhere at remunerative wages for all who are willing to work; that while one industry is failing another is starting; and that therefore it is only necessary that the work-people thrown out of employment should be ready to move to the places where work is offered. All the political economists who have sung the praises of unrestricted competition have assumed that there are no obstructions in the way of this transfer; that a man can be moved from one town to another as easily as a bag of wheat.

Professor Walker shows that this assumption is unwarranted; that there are and must be many difficulties, some of them economical, some of them sentimental, obstructing the free passage of laborers from one place or employment to another. In this country, owing to the intelligence of our work-people, to the diffusion of knowledge, and to the excellent facilities of communication, labor finds its market more readily than anywhere else; but even here there are many hindrances.

Some of these hindrances we may easily understand. The workman who has learned one trade finds it difficult when work fails in that to turn his hand to something else. The passage from one employment to another is not easily made. To remove from one place to another involves more or less of expense; and when the laborer's employment fails he does not always possess the ready money necessary to transport

him to the place where labor is waiting. It may be, too, that there are debts which he is unwilling to leave behind him unpaid; it would look like running away. Possibly he has a house of his own, which he cannot sell, and out of which he does not like to go. He hoped when he purchased it that it would shelter him in his old age. If he has no house, the neighborhood where he has lived for many years is his home; there are many ties that hold him fast; his children are doing well in school; there is a church to which he is strongly attached; the thought of going away is a painful thought to him.

Yet, in order that the wage-laborer may be a successful competitor in the wages market it is necessary that he should always be ready to move quickly to the spot where the demand for labor is the greatest. Our highly specialized system of industry, and our artificial state of society in which the consumption of luxuries keeps the market for the products of labor in such a fitful state, together result in great fluctuations in the demand for labor; fluctuations which labor ought to meet by a distribution as unrestricted as that of the atmosphere.

The doctrine which Professor Walker so ably urges is that "if the wage-laborer does not pursue his interest he loses his interest;" it is by no means certain that his interest will seek him. And it seems plain that he is not in a condition to pursue his interest, if he has a house or a home anywhere; that a family is a serious hindrance to prompt movement; that all social and neighborly ties are economical disadvantages; that there is no prospect in this strife of competition for the survival of any but those who live in tents and are ready to move on like the gypsies at a moment's warning.

Is this the true state of the case? If so, is this the condition which we should covet for our working people? And if not, where is the remedy?

A BURNING QUESTION.

A CURIOUS illustration of what was said not long ago in these pages, about the vice of disproportion to which certain religious teachers are addicted, is found in a recent issue of the same journal from which our former text was taken. *The Watchman* is an excellent paper, one of the best of its class; we are far from wishing to insinuate that it is exceptionally narrow or reactionary; we have great respect for the earnestness and conscientiousness with which it is conducted; but the illustration which it gives us of the principle under discussion is too pertinent to be skipped.

"It is about time," we said in that other article, "that the Watchmen on the walls of Zion began to discover the real dangers and to sound the alarm." *The Watchman* on the walls of Boston

seems to have been looking sharply about; it has discovered a real danger and now it sounds the alarm. "A Grave Danger"—that is the very title of the leading editorial of July 11. "Let us look the danger in the face," it bravely urges in the course of its calm but resolute discussion. And, after setting forth at nearly a column's length the threatened peril, it sums up by saying: "Such seems to be the danger of the hour."

What, now, our readers are wanting to know, is this great calamity whose shadow darkens the land? It is not Communism; it is not Romanism; is it not infidelity; it is not intemperance; it is not dishonesty; it is not the impurity that desolates our homes; it is not the frivolity of our youth; it is not the practical denial of Christ in the pride and exclusiveness that infest so many of His churches. No, it is none of these. It is the prospect that the new version of the Bible, which eminent Baptist scholars are helping to prepare, will go forth to the world with the word "baptize" standing unchanged in the passages where it now stands in the accepted version. We will not do the *Watchman* injustice; its fear is that controversialists of other denominations will take advantage of this fact to argue that since the revision made by the most eminent scholars does not substitute "immerse" for "baptize," and since the Baptist scholars among the revisers have approved the revision, the claim of the Baptists that the Greek word ought to be translated, and not transferred—that "immerse" ought to be substituted for "baptize"—is virtually abandoned. This is the grave danger that impends; and the *Watchman* sees no deliverance from it, unless the revisers will "send forth with every copy of the Bible a preface stating frankly that they have avoided all expressions in controversy between denominations." We confess that this discovery of a way of escape from this peril has greatly relieved us. If "A Grave Danger" can be averted by so simple an expedient as this, by all means let it be done. Such a prefatory note would be eminently sensible and just, and we trust the Revision Committee will print it for the relief of the troubled minds of denominational defenders.

But, having so cordially consented to the *Watchman's* proposition, we beg to inquire in all kindness whether the terms in which this discussion has been conducted are not rather overstrained. Of course it is not pleasant for one who is attached to a religious denomination to see its peculiarities depreciated; but are these denominational peculiarities, after all, of such vast moment that the exposure of one of them to some slight abrasion can be truly spoken of as "a grave danger,"—"the danger of the hour?" After you have said this, what words are left in which to characterize the vice, the crime, the corruption that environ us?—foes whose deadly

onset shake the very foundations of church and state. These denominational peculiarities are of some importance, doubtless; men cannot be censured for cherishing them; but when they are lifted up into the place of eminence; when the maintenance of them is reckoned among our great duties, and the depreciation of them among our great calamities, then they become a curse; our Christian life is distorted if not crippled by them, and there is need that we be sharply reminded of the condemnation awaiting those blind guides who strain out a gnat and swallow a camel.

This is not distinctively a Baptist vice, by any means. Our present illustration comes from this quarter, but we shall find enough of them in other sects. And it is a vice that robs the churches of Christ of half their power. We spend so much of our breath in crying out against the "great dangers" to which our specialisms are exposed that we have none left with which to testify against the real wrongs that are laying waste the land. We shall never make much impression upon this present world with our preaching and our religious machinery till we make a great deal less than we now do of some small things, and a great deal more than we now do of some great things; till we get it firmly fixed in our minds that the only really sacred and precious thing in the world is character; that nothing is worthy to be mentioned among "grave dangers" that does not assail character; and that nothing is of any very great value that does not plainly tend to the building up, in the heart and the home and the school and the church and the state, of sound and pure and noble character. Any organization that is doing nothing of this sort is certainly in danger and may expect at any time to hear the sentence: "Cut it down! why cumbereth it the ground?" And any organization, however humble, that is surely lifting men up into purity and integrity; that is plainly helping to make the world happier and better, need give itself no concern about Revision Committees, or the exact rendering of Greek verbs. Its future is secure; "for they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

ANOTHER HERESY.

THE Free Presbyterians of Scotland are having trouble enough of their own. Before they have succeeded in disposing of the case of Professor Robertson Smith, another heretic rises up in their midst, and the defenders of the faith are summoned again to the imminent deadly breach. The present offender is Dr. Walter C. Smith of Edinburgh, and his accuser is Mr. William Balfour of Holyrood. The offence is one which we hesitate about naming, lest our readers should

refuse to believe that such an enormity is possible. But the report seems to be well substantiated; indeed, the accused makes no denial of the charge. It must be recorded, then, that on the last Christmas day, the Rev. Walter C. Smith, D. D., a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, instigated thereto by the devil, did wilfully and maliciously, and with deliberate intent, hold a prayer-meeting in his church.

It is not, of course, the holding of a prayer-meeting *per se* that is complained of; but it is the act of holding one on Christmas day. Our readers must pardon us for revealing to them this dark atrocity; it is only the interests of truth that constrain us to set before them a fact so shocking. And to Mr. William Balfour who proceeded to beard the Scarlet Woman, if we may be allowed the expression, in her own den—to tear down this flaunting rag of popery and trample it under his feet—they will feel that they owe a debt of gratitude which words cannot express.

Mr. Balfour's reasons for moving the vote of censure upon Dr. Smith are nearly as creditable to his head as to his heart. He wanted, he said, "to put an arrest upon an innovation which, unless it was promptly interfered with, was sure to spread, because it was congenial to the natural man." We all know, by experience, how true this is. There is, in point of fact, nothing that "the natural man" dotes upon like going to prayer-meeting on Christmas day. Even those who do not care much about prayer-meetings on other days, on that day seem perversely bent on attending them. In nothing else, perhaps, does the native depravity of the human heart more stoutly assert itself than in this inordinate and overmastering craving of Christmas prayer-meetings. Do we not all know this? Well, if we do not, Mr. Balfour undoubtedly does; and his knowledge is sufficient for the purposes of this argument.

It is high time that this nefarious practice were arrested, and we are glad to see that there are men in Scotland who have not forgotten the traditions of their fathers and who propose to "resist the beginnings" of popery. And though Mr. Balfour's motion was laid on the table, it was debated for three full hours, and there were six votes in favor of it to fourteen against it—nearly one-third of the Presbytery standing firm against the innovation. Moreover, Mr. Balfour has complained to the Synod, and there is a chance for him, if he will rally his forces, to overcome in the higher court this temporary reverse.

If Mr. Balfour will only take a little pains to show the people the probable consequences of this dangerous observance, he will have no difficulty, we think, in rousing Scotland to such a pitch of excitement as it has not witnessed since the days of John Knox. If Presbyterians are

allowed to attend prayer-meetings on Christmas day, the time may come—who knows?—when the Presbyterian churches of Edinburgh will all be open on that day, and we shall be compelled to see the people who now hang about the public houses and guzzle whisky so changed in their religious principles that they will

“Walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,—
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.”

Shall all this sin that heaven offends be done on Christmas day? Look at it, think of it, natural man! Laugh at it, wink at it then if you can! Our readers must really excuse us; but our feelings have quite got the better of us for a moment. We have a strong conviction that if we could only go to Scotland and take a hand with Mr. Balfour in this crusade against Christmas prayer-meetings, between us we could soon have Scotland burning with a zeal for the truth that many waters could not quench.

A HAPPY SUNDAY.

“I AM so busy just now,” wrote Luther once, “that I cannot get along without at least two hours a day for prayer.” The epigram points American Christians to the true doctrine of Sunday observance. We are so busy as a nation, that we need to guard more jealously than ever one day in the week for spiritual and intellectual refreshment, replenishing and rest.

There is a difficulty of old habit which is a great hindrance to a right and joyful acceptance of the Lord's day. From our youth up, unless we have been educated under exceptional auspices, it has been presented to our view by our religious teachers as a day of prohibitions. “Thou shalt not” has been the motto of the Sabbath; and we have been accustomed to feel that the keeping it holy consisted rather in the putting away of our ordinary occupations than the energetic taking up of others. This is specially true in regard to children. “You must not play to-day,” says the father or mother, glad to rest and read half drowsily the religious paper; forgetting that the time for weariness or for reflection has not yet come to these little bodies and minds, and that inactivity is the sorest trial to a healthy child. “I must not plough or sow to-day,” says the Christian farmer to himself; nor does he desire to do so; but in lieu of this his wonted occupation, he does not quite know how to fill up the time not devoted to public religious exercises or private devotions, and gradually he seeks to know what is permissible; how near he may come to his week-day life without overstepping the Sunday-line. The necessary cares of his farm are sometimes a relief from this fear of trans-

gression and uncertainty of thought; and much of the sleepiness of which working-men complain on Sunday may be traced to the inactivity of mind and body to which they compel themselves by voluntarily turning away from their accustomed work and thoughts.

Hence it comes about that, except with the majority of reverent but not mentally active people, there is a constant striving to come as near the forbidden ground as possible, as if all delights except those exclusively religious were contained in the six days' lawful occupations, and the seventh was to be a time of privation and self-denial. Hence come all those questionings as to reading, walking, visiting, writing letters, etc., which trouble the consciences of Christians, and lead either to an overstrict line of conduct, or to indulgence, under some pretext of health or expediency, in that which conscience disallows. Hence comes the habit of which we have spoken, of making the family cares a sort of parenthetic relief to religious duties; and also a secret dread of the Sunday, and an undefined gladness when it is over.

Now there is one simple way, and only one, of setting right this matter of Sunday observance, and dealing with troublesome questions as to personal conduct; and this is to receive and steadfastly carry out the idea that the Lord's day is a day of *opportunities* rather than *prohibitions*. We mean, not only as Herbert says, that—

“On Sundays Heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,”

but that also there are many gates of intellectual and natural pleasure open to us on a day of rest; ways which lead, not away from God, but to Him, but which we have not time to tread on other days; ways of observation, recollection, conversation, self-examination, investigation. Let our aim be not so much to do nothing wrong as to do all we can that is right; not to keep from violating the day, so much as to get all possible good out of it; to look upon it as a time for gaining what we shall not have time to gain for a week to come; a time for the resolving of difficult questions of duty; of fortifying ourselves against foreseen trials; of laying up in store for the morrow a stock of knowledge, determination and courage. With this one central purpose, to make the *very best* of our holy time, all special questions will decide themselves, and occupations will group themselves according to their value. If “something must always be crowded out,” it will be that which is least necessary to the accomplishment of that purpose; we shall have a *plan* for the Sunday as for the Monday life. It may be that this will lead in some cases to more rather than less outward liberty of action; that a less narrow circle of books will be consulted, and a less rigid seclusion enforced. The history or the poem may afford material for thoughts appropriate to the day, which the memoir cannot give;

intercourse with a friend, either by speech or letter, may be of greater service to one or both than solitude and silence; the children may be taught a lesson in the fields which books would not suffice to teach them; in all these and kindred matters the aim will regulate the means, and will prevent undue license as well as undue rigor. It will be found that sacred time cannot be afforded for trivial employments; and household cares will be so simplified as to give the greatest possible space for spiritual and mental refreshment.

MR. PARSONS,—whose "One Summer's Work" was so well reported by his associate, Mrs. Lovett, in our May number,—is at it again. Early in July fifty-four children—a full car-load—went on their way rejoicing with him to Walton in Delaware County, New York, about one hundred and seventy-five miles from the city, where they were to remain two full weeks,—places having been found for them by Mr. Parsons in the homes of the farmers. The fare for the round trip, by special arrangement with the railroad, was only two dollars and a half; and there are no other expenses. The money for the car-fare is raised this summer by a voluntary contribution, of which the *Evening Post* newspaper has assumed the care. Children in delicate health are chosen; and the testimony is that many of those who were sickly when they went away last year are well this year,—showing that the benefits of this outing were permanent. It is a most Christian charity, and we wish that it might realize in its spread Mr. Hale's law of geometrical progression.

AND now comes a proposition to impose a list of uniform topics upon all the prayer-meetings of the land. As the Sunday Schools are all studying the same lesson, it is urged that all the prayer-meetings would find it profitable to consider the same subject and unite in the same petitions. The Evangelical Alliance submits topics for the week of prayer; "why not," it is asked, "do the same work for all the year? Then all denominations will feel perfectly free to join in the uniformity; the number of particular churches using such a list would increase every year, and before long it would cause another turn to be taken in the cord that binds all the Lord's people together." Sure enough! And why not have the prayers all printed, too, and recited in concert, beginning at the same moment. It would be easy to have the clocks in the prayer-meeting room connected by telegraphic wires with the clock in the Observatory at Cambridge or at Washington; and then, by simply following the ticking of the clock, it would be possible to intone the prayers and all the other exercises in all the prayer-meetings simultaneously. What an inspiring thought it would be, that at the very second when the leader in your prayer-meeting

opened his mouth and said "O"—forty or fifty thousand other leaders, in forty or fifty thousand other prayer-meetings, were all opening their mouths and saying "O!" If there is so much value and inspiration in uniformity and simultaneousness, we might as well have the thing thoroughly organized and efficiently carried out. There is an instance of something like this on record—Dr. Holmes is our authority—when all the people in the world determined with one accord to lift up their voices and shout, in the hope that the noise would be heard in the moon. The result of this experiment, however, was not encouraging to those who put their trust in the efficacy of simultaneousness. "When the time came, everybody had their ears so wide open to hear the universal ejaculation of 'Boo'—the word agreed upon—that nobody spoke except a deaf man in one of the Feejee Islands, and a woman in Pekin, so that the world was never so still since the creation." It has once or twice occurred to us that something of this sort may happen when we get this "cord that binds all the Lord's people" to simultaneous observances twisted a little tighter. Everybody will be thinking so much of the fact that everybody else is praying that nobody will pray at all. Clearly this uniform topic and concert business may be carried a little too far. Some degree of spontaneity is necessary in religion; and while there are diversities of gifts we may as well tolerate some diversities of operation.

THE difficulty of separating the sinner from the sin is suggested by a little scrimmage between two religious editors. One of them had endorsed a claim which the other denounced as "false, fraudulent, and brazen." Now the claimant complains of these adjectives, and the respondent avers that they were not applied to the individual but to the claim. Yet it is difficult to see how a "false, fraudulent and brazen" claim could be made by any other than a "false, fraudulent and brazen" claimant. The only way out of it, brethren, is to agree that the adjectives were used in a purely theological or Pickwickian sense; just as "guilt" is used in some theories of original sin, and "regenerate" in some theories of baptism. A practised theologian ought to have no difficulty in getting out of any trouble arising from the careless use of words.

ONE of the critics reproves Mr. Ladd for misquoting in our July number the lines of the hymn:

"I love to steal awhile away
From children and from care."

"If it is worth while to quote at all," he says with some asperity, "it is worth while to quote correctly." True. And if it be worth while to criticize at all it is worth while to criticize intelligently. Mr. Ladd quoted the lines exactly as

Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale Brown wrote them. The version in the hymn books is an emendation. The original hymn was the devout utterance of a tired mother at the close of the day; and there may be mothers, even in these days, who can enter into the spirit of it.

HERE is a current newspaper specimen of the melancholic cant which some people mistake for piety:

The spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn's fruitage thicken
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

We should say that every several statement of this stanza is the reverse of the truth. Every year clothes the world with new beauty, and makes life seem better worth living. And any person of whom this is not true must have a bad theology or a diseased liver. It is a poor policy, brethren, to try to cry up the next world by running down this one. The same Being who made heaven made the earth also; and if you convince people that he has failed so badly in his work here, they will have less faith that he has succeeded there.

TWENTY car-loads of Mormon proselytes passed through Chicago the other day on their way to Utah. Most of them were Swedish peasants, among whom the successors of Brigham Young are making many converts. They are industrious and thrifty people, and just ignorant enough to be the dupes of this ridiculous superstition. It would seem that the collapse of Mormonism, which was expected to follow the death of Young, is not yet imminent. Twenty car-loads of proselytes does not indicate a moribund community.

MORE defalcations! The downfall of Mr. John G. Tappan of Boston is one of the most melancholy events that we have ever been called upon to record. When the solid men of Boston are destroyed what can the righteous do? Another case in New York brings to light a new type of financial "irregularity." The secretary of a defunct savings bank alleges that, on the requisition of the trustees, he charged the bank with larger prices for bonds purchased than he actually paid, and that the difference between the real cost and the fictitious price was reckoned in money and divided equally among the trustees. If this charge should be verified, the modern definition of a director as one who knows nothing about the direction of a bank may be supplemented in some dictionaries by the definition of a trustee as one who cannot be trusted. Such outrageous malversations by the officers of trust companies only furnish arguments to the communists. If the

rich are allowed in this manner to pillage the poor, it will not be strange if the poor turn about by and by and pillage the rich. The state that has not the power to protect the savings of its work-people can scarcely hope to defend its capitalists against agrarianism.

MR. CHARLES READE has written to a correspondent who had disagreed with him on the subject of ambidexterity, stating that the correspondent aforesaid is as "ignorant as dirt;" and that he, Mr. Reade, is his "intellectual superior;" that the "letter is in three divisions—irrelevant truth, a deliberate lie, a piece of imbecile twaddle;" and furthermore that this correspondent is "a dunce," "a liar," and "a chattering noodle." This seems to settle the matter. We do not know what Mr. Reade's opinions are on the subject of "ambidexterity;" but we are sure that they must be entirely correct. No man could write a letter of this description unless he were either a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian or an ambidextrous blackguard.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON did an unintentional injustice to a just judge in its last number. A magistrate in New Haven was reported as using extraordinary language with reference to the case of two college students accused before him of certain barbarities, and we commented sharply on the Judge's remarks. The comment would have been deserved if the report had been correct. But it was far from being correct. The Judge did not say that if two boys from the purlieus of the city had committed the act complained of he should have fined and imprisoned them, but that since two collegians had done it he should dismiss them. What he said was that if the charge had been *proved* against two ignorant and vicious boys from the city he should have dealt severely with them; and if it had been *proved* against the two collegians he should have dealt with them *more* severely, since they, having had better training, would have been more guilty; but since the proof was not sufficient to fasten the offence upon them, he could only dismiss them. This is exactly what the Judge ought to have said; and, although he has made no complaint of our mistaken censure, we are glad to set the matter right. The theory that college ruffians ought to be exempt from legal process cannot too soon be abandoned; and there is some satisfaction in knowing that there is a magistrate in New Haven whose views on this subject are so clear. And now we should like to know what has become of the reporter who was guilty of this outrageous misrepresentation of Judge Peck's remarks. We trust he was summarily ejected from the service of the newspaper to which he furnished it. No matter though it were a blunder of his; such a blunder is a crime; and any newspaper desiring to be considered re-

spectable ought to dismiss a reporter for making such a blunder as quickly as a railroad company dismisses the man who misplaces a switch. There is a great deal of reckless reporting; it is a pestilent nuisance, and it can only be abated by sharp dealing on the part of managing editors.

IN England, where the theory and practice of total abstinence have always been scoffed at by the cultivated majority, the awful prevalence of drunkenness is leading to the formation of a public sentiment against drinking as strong as any that ever existed in this country. The clergy have hitherto maintained drinking practices, but now many of the ministers of the Establishment as well as of the Dissenting bodies, with a large section of the medical profession and distinguished men from every walk in life have united in a vigorous movement for the suppression of drunkenness. Canon Farrar, in a sermon preached a few Sundays since in Westminster Abbey, "declared alcoholic drinking and drunkenness to be the one glaring, disgraceful and perilous national vice, by which the nation stands unenviably distinguished and seriously endangered." So strong a feeling of the evils of drunkenness as that which now prevails in respectable circles in England naturally leads to the adoption of the Christian rule of total abstinence. It does not require the *imposition* of total abstinence upon others as a rule; it only leads a man to say: "Because this evil is so great; and because I wish to save those who are ruining themselves by drink; and because I cannot very effectively urge them to abstain without abstaining myself, I therefore relinquish a luxury which I have not abused, and to which I deem myself entitled, that I may the more successfully persuade those to abandon it to whom it is proving a curse." It begins to be evident in England that this course of conduct is something very different from fanaticism; and the same truth ought to be equally evident on this side the ocean.

How much the "Pan-Anglican Synod," now convened in England, will accomplish by its meeting we will not venture to prophesy. Our hopes are not large, however. Large bodies move slowly in the direction of truth; how not to move is the problem to which they mainly devote their energies. The atmosphere of a great ecclesiastical assembly is extremely unfavorable to the investigation of truth. The *Spectator* says truly: "Presbyteries, General Assemblies, Synods, Councils, Conferences, Congresses, are all very similar in character, and hardly any of them has ever been of a kind to enlarge the belief of the world in any great truth. It is in solitude, not in discussion, that truth takes its best hold of the mind. It is in solitude, not in discussion, that it is best uttered." As to practical work, the Pan-Anglican Synod had, when last heard

from, taken some measures toward facilitating communication among its own churches, and had meditated a solemn protest against the Reformed Episcopal Church. It is safe to predict that these godly prelates will not come to any very close encounter with the real work that is waiting to be done in the world.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is not to be allowed to enjoy his triumph undisturbed. The Liberals have come to an understanding about it; and Lord Hartington has given notice of a resolution which will arraign the Premier for the extraordinary powers assumed by him in making the treaty. No doubt the constitutional limitations have been considerably stretched; Lord Beaconsfield has taken the matter into his own hands, and there is some truth in what Mr. Gladstone says,—that no despotic government in Europe would have ventured to do what his cabinet has done, or rather what he has done without consulting his cabinet. But the result of the congress is a decided rehabilitation of the diplomatic prestige of England, which has long been in a somewhat bedraggled condition; and in their rejoicing over the advantage gained by their nation, the majority of Englishmen will be likely to condone Lord Beaconsfield's usurpations. Indeed, emergencies are sure to arise, under all governments, when by the assumption of extra-constitutional powers, difficult problems can be quickly solved; and such irregularities seem less dangerous to the common people than to statesmen. We doubt, therefore, whether the Liberals will take much by their attack upon Lord Beaconsfield; very likely they are right in their judgment of his methods; but in "practical politics" such considerations do not weigh so heavily as they should. Moreover, though taxation may be somewhat increased by the new protectorate, trade is likely to find some new and hopeful openings; and that is a subject on which the British mercantile mind is just now extremely sensitive.

THE Old Catholics of Germany have snapped the last bond that bound them to Rome in the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy. The Swiss Old Catholics have long allowed their priests to marry, but a strong party in Germany, at the head of which is Dr. Doellinger, has opposed this innovation. The question has been getting hotter and hotter, however, until at length it came to the burning point. Several married priests were standing at the threshold of the church waiting to be let in; some of those already in the church were threatening that they would go out and marry if the reform was not accomplished. Consequently, after a year or two of debate, the matter came to an issue in the Synod of Bonn on the 12th of June, when by a vote of seventy-five against twenty-two the following resolves were

adopted: "1, That the law of compulsory celibacy was only a question of discipline, not of doctrine. 2, That it was not in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel and with the spirit of the Catholic Church. 3, That thereby scandalous and immoral offences were induced. 4, That a voluntary celibacy, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, was by no means to be condemned; but, 5, That the canonical prohibition of clerical marriage, from sub-deacons upwards, was no longer binding on the Old Catholic Church." Professors Reusch and Friedrich immediately withdrew from the Synod, and Professors Langen and Mentzel

have followed them. Two or three parish priests will also resign their charges. On the other side, several accessions to the church have taken place, and the reform party are confident that this bold step takes them over the barriers that have obstructed the progress of the Old Catholic Church and puts them in the way of rapid growth. In Germany for the last year there has been a slight falling off in the number of Old Catholics, possibly on account of this controversy. The reform has been hitherto a feeble movement; we shall see whether the abolition of celibacy will give it a new lease of life.

LITERATURE.

BEYOND the mere name of the Parsis (or Parsees) and the fact that they were fire-worshippers, and followers of Zoroaster, little is generally known of the people, literature and religion to which this handsome volume¹ is devoted. The book itself is an indication that the past still finds as thorough students as does the present, and that an almost forgotten religion can be exhumed and rehabilitated equally with an extinct animal. It is pleasant to note that the study of man, of what he has believed and worshiped, keeps pace with the study of the forces and substances of nature.

This is the first attempt in the English language to give a correct account of the ancient Zoroastrian religion and literature. The fact that the book is dedicated to the Parsis of Western India, amongst whom the author, Prof. Haug of Munich, and the editor, Dr. West, lived on terms of friendly intercourse, indicates the sympathy with the subject out of which the book sprang, as well as something of the source from which its matter was drawn; for the living traditions of a religion are more indicative of its spirit and meaning than are its annals.

The book is a prodigy of learning—written with true German thoroughness, and edited by Dr. West with fond respect for the deceased author. It consists of four essays. The first is a history of the literature pertaining to the sacred writings and religion of the Parsis, beginning with Heroditus; bringing together whatever is to be found in Greek, Roman, Armenian and Mahomedan sources; giving the results of the labors of such modern scholars as Olshausen,

Spiegel, Westergaard of Copenhagen, and Darmesteter, a French scholar, and ending with an account of Zoroastrian studies amongst the Parsis of India, in which the author's work is largely but modestly prominent. His opportunities for such research were unusual, as superintendent of Sanskrit studies in Poona College, near Bombay, where he was in close contact with both Brahmans and Parsi priests, who alone possess the traditional Vedic and Zoroastrian lore that has not been lost. We find that a knowledge of this venerable religion depends largely upon a study of words, and that much uncertainty still hangs about the doctrines simply because the force of words and phrases is not fully understood,—indicating a work yet to be done by the plodding student of direct and comparative philology,—a task to which he exhorts the learned Parsis of India to give themselves. The second essay is devoted to the languages of the Parsi scriptures, which seem to be two, that of the Avesta and the Pahlavi, a masterpiece of condensed learning. The third essay gives a brief statement of the contents of the whole Zend-Avesta, or sacred writings, with translations of important or interesting parts. They consist of twenty-one books or Nasks, each containing Avesta and Zend; that is, an original text and a commentary on it. Their authorship is ascribed by modern criticism to Zoroaster, and by Parsi tradition to God. It is doubtful, however, if so vast a literature had a single author. Indeed it is supposed by Prof. Haug that Zoroaster was not the name of an individual, but the general title of the spiritual heads of the religious community of the ancient Persians.

The subjects treated in these twenty-one books are of the most various character;—the range being far greater than that of the Hebrew Scrip-

¹ Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings and Religion of the Parsis. By Martin Haug, Ph. D. Edited by E. W. West, Ph. D. Second Edition. Boston. Houghton, Osgood & Co.

tures to which in many parts they bear a strong resemblance, and in other parts present as strong a contrast. The dualistic element is admitted into the accounts of creation, but the ethical code is singularly like the Mosaic. The contrast with the Hebrew Scriptures consists chiefly in this: the Zend-Avesta aim at a complete religion; the Mosaic writings imply a developing religion. The distinction is wide and vital. If it be overlooked, the Persian Scriptures seem superior in some respects, for they recognize personal immortality, resurrection from the dead, future rewards and punishments, and spiritual exercises not to be found in our Old Testament; but the latter may be said to hold them potentially, and to presuppose Christianity. There is also the same economic spirit running through them as in the Hebrew Scriptures—a spirit of reform and progress; for example, special blessings are promised to those who till the soil—the aim evidently being to lead the people away from their nomadic habits to agriculture, and thus bring in a higher civilization.

One cannot read such passages as that for instance, on page 155, without feeling that they are properly named *sacred* writings. The whole nature and destiny of man are compassed by the saying:—"Blessed is every one to whom Ahuramazda, ruling by his own will, shall grant the two everlasting powers—health and immortality. For this very good I beseech Thee. Mayest Thou through thy angel of piety give me happiness, the good true things, and the possession of the good mind."

It is a singular fact that these ancient scriptures admit of the same ambiguity as to future existence and punishment as do our own gospels. Sometimes immortality seems to be regarded as a gift or allotment, but more frequently it is represented as an achievement, or the result of righteousness. "All those who give a hearing to the word of the Most Beneficent, will be free from all defects and reach immortality." One would infer from this the doctrine of conditional immortality, and the destruction of the wicked; but a little farther on, we read that the soul of the righteous man attains to immortality, but that of the wicked man has everlasting punishment. But curiously enough, it is a question with Sanskrit scholars whether the *aionios* of the Zend-Avesta means *in* eternity or *during* eternity.

There is often a singular parallelism with Christ's words; for his "outer darkness," we have "eternal glooms,"—a phrase indicating the fourth and lowest grade of hell, the other grades being "evil thought, evil word, evil deed." This order of moral process shows profound insight as to the working of evil in the soul. Upon the whole the religion of the Parsis is rational rather than arbitrary; yet nowhere is it merely rational

or self-sustaining, but is everywhere made dependent upon prayer to God as the source and giver of all.

The highest thought reached in these writings is the assertion that holiness and immortality are not only gifts of God but "permanently active powers." The association of the two as co-ordinate forces, and also as springing from the Divine hand, lifts them nearly to the same plane with the teachings of Christ; for so far as the nature of the teaching goes, Christ taught nothing different or higher on these subjects.

It must not be inferred, however, that the entire Zend-Avesta are on this high level. They are encumbered with a vast demonical and thaumaturgic element, as was inevitable from the intensely speculative cast of the Persian mind, and the lack of scientific grounds for knowledge. While the religion of the Parsis rivals Christianity in its ethics, and shares with it in certain fundamental doctrines, it is still widely and essentially separated from it. For it is not a pure code of morality and a knowledge of God and immortality that make Christianity what it is. We look in vain in the Zend-Avesta for the divine Fatherhood, for the doctrine of self-denial and sacrifice as an expression of love, and for the divine assumption of this doctrine in and for humanity. It is this that makes Christianity the one only true religion and a fostering power in civilization.

One of the most interesting features of this book is that it tends to confirm the belief of those who hold that all idolatrous religions are spiritual in their origin, and were at first held as such, but took on distortion through being fed only from the debased nature of man. Originally the Zoroastrian faith and worship were spiritual. One only infinite and all-powerful God was the object of worship. The adoration of the sun as the symbol of the Spiritual intelligence, and thence of fire as originating in the sun, was the degradation of the primitive faith. The excessive dualism that came to be so prominent, and has since tinged all thought—even Christian theology—down to the present, was the result of speculation upon the old and ever new problem of the existence of evil.

The fourth essay is a full discussion of the Zoroastrian religion, to which we must refer the reader with the assurance of profound interest.

Under the conundrum "Within, Without and Over,"¹ we have a wholesome and helpful book for young business men, delineating with affectionate zeal, the beautiful and useful life of Henry

¹ Within, Without, and Over: or Memorials of the Earnest Life of Henry Clay Hall, Layman. Northampton: Bridgman & Childs. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Clay Hall, a native of Ashfield, a Williston Seminary boy, and a New York merchant who died in 1873, at the age of 45. His private and domestic character, his public example and work, much of it abroad, particularly in Spain, and his invalid days of final and lingering sickness, give occasion for the somewhat clumsy title. But the awkwardness of the introduction over, we are made at once acquainted with an ingenuous and honest-hearted boy, trained in the simple Puritan ways of the Ashfield hills. We follow him to New York, as he goes to accept a clerkship in a large mercantile house. Aided by his diary and correspondence, we trace his rise to the full responsibilities of junior partner; his conversion under the ministry of Dr. J. P. Thompson of the Broadway Tabernacle church, to whom, as well as to Dr. Taylor, in later years, he became a loyal helper; his marriage and home life, always radiant with winning and unselfish hospitalities; his ideal, early and distinctly formed, of a Christian merchant; his open-hearted encouragements to struggling young men; his abundant helpfulness in city charities, mission schools, Christian association schemes; his noble and persistent benevolence and philanthropy in foreign journeyings; his manly financial integrity under trying circumstances; the personal magnetism of his hearty simplicity and candor; and the sweet patience, and growing sympathy with all things good and true and beautiful in the latter days when the silver cord was loosing. One sentence of Mr. Hall's is a keynote which vibrates through the book: "The church should notice her young men *socially*. We must tone up not only the mercantile young men, but those young students whose influence in the professions is to be so vast during the next thirty to fifty years. The grand work for us, I am satisfied, is among the young men under 30 years of age."

THE sober drollery of Mr. Warner is irresistible. The casual remark that drops in, now and then, in the midst of his easy-going sentences, upsetting your gravity by its unexpectedness, is put in with such perfect art that the uninstructed reader must find it difficult, sometimes, to conceal the suspicion that the writer is a little daft. Such exquisite fooling is rare; and happily Mr. Warner's wit is without a sting; you can read this last book¹ of his in the most vacant hour of your vacation without suffering any loss of faith in your fellow-men. It is not a guide book, yet one may learn more from it about life in the Adirondacks than from some histories that claim to be veracious. A touch of travesty, now and then, greatly enlivens the narrative. Such an extravagance as "A Fight with a Trout" could

scarcely be appreciated by one who was unfamiliar with Adirondack literature. The "Character Study" is a delicious bit of portraiture, and some of the sayings of "Old Phelps" are well worthy of preservation, whatever may be the fate of the literary project of the hero himself, in which, to quote his own words, he expects "to show that literature has an opposite if [he does] not show any thing else." This belief that everything has an opposite seems to be the foundation of the philosophy of Phelps. "We could not," he writes to Mr. Warner, "enjoy the blessings and happiness of righteousness if we did not now that iniquity was in the world; in fact there would be no righteousness without iniquity." With which tough bit of theological speculation we commend the sage of the Adirondacks to the readers of SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Benjamin to visit and write up the Atlantic Islands. The volume¹ which he has given us is not only of interest to all who enjoy intelligent and spirited sketches of travel, but is extremely valuable to those who are forced to study the question of climate in its relation to health. Mr. Benjamin is an excellent traveler; he takes a keen enjoyment in journeying; his eye is the eye of an artist, quick to seize upon the picturesque, and his pen is the pen of a ready and pleasant writer. He takes us with him in all his adventures, and makes us at home wherever he lodges. The islands sketched in this volume are the Bahamas, the Azores, the Channel Islands, the Magdalen Islands, Madeira, Teneriffe, Newfoundland, the Bermuda's, Belleisle-en-Mer, Prince Edward's Island, the Isles of Shoals, Cape Breton Island, and the Isle of Wight. In all these regions Mr. Benjamin finds plenty to see and tell about; the scenery, the historic associations and the characteristics and customs of the people are all well described. One gets from this succession of sketches quite a new insight into the meaning of the proverb, that it takes a great many kinds of people to make a world. A droll illustration of the effect of a little learning upon the mind of a negro is shown in a letter received by a physician in the Bahamas from one of his colored patients: "Sir the present positions of thy penitent hand Maid is this, a severe and Protuberance pain in the back, and a cough in proportion to the pain in the back, and a pain in the stomach in proportion to the cough, and a standing weakness and a stubborn faintness with restlessness day and night." It is plain that climate does not greatly affect the mental characteristics of the black man. Of all these islands, Mr. Benjamin gives the preference to Teucriffe as a health-resort. The equability of the tem-

¹ In the Wilderness. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

¹ The Atlantic Islands as Resorts of Health and Pleasure. New York: Harper & Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

perature and the dryness of the atmosphere are phenomenal. "At Orotava," he tells us, "three hundred feet above the sea, for five weeks in May and June, I saw the mercury rise daily in the shade to 72° about 3 P. M. At night it fell to 68°. During that period I saw no variation from these figures." Madeira is almost equal in climate to Teneriffe, and the comforts of life are more accessible to invalids. The Bahamas are less desirable than these islands of the African coast, because of the greater humidity of the climate; but during the winter months, from November to May, they may be strongly recommended to invalids. During this period the thermometer does not fall below 63° nor rise above 82°, and rarely varies over 8° in the twenty-four hours. The facts respecting the comparative values of these various resorts to the various classes of invalids are very clearly set forth by Mr. Benjamin, whose interest in the study of medicine has qualified him to speak with intelligence upon this topic. In an appendix much useful information is given respecting the methods of communication with these islands and the accommodations offered to visitors,—all of which can be depended on as furnished in the interest of travelers rather than of inn-keepers. The book is handsomely and profusely illustrated, and the readers of SUNDAY AFTERNOON would enjoy the pictures in the sketch of the Isle of Wight, which they were the first to read.

THERE is no better summer reading, when one wants to do it in a hammock with naps between whiles, or on the edge of a picnic, when you are tired of being agreeable, or *en route* by car or steamboat, than Bret Harte's "Drift," as it has been collected and arranged in the neat little quarto¹ of the Riverside Press. We cannot get into a critical mood with Bret Harte. He sees persons and things with his own eyes, hears with his own ears, retains the very twang and idiom, and writes with his own pen. There is a fascinating drollery, a free-hand etching, a pre-Raphaelitish nicety of detail, streaked with gentle pathos and touches of tenderness, and lit up with bits of color which are altogether peculiar to his style, and carry you along with his characters as if you yourself were in company, and belonged to the surroundings. There is a restful abruptness too with which he snaps off a story when nothing better can be said, without detaining you with observations. He has written nothing better than "The Man on the Beach," which leads the fourteen selections of this dainty and appetizing volume of his varieties; and, *suum cuique*, you can find what you want among them, whether broad humor or extraordinary charac-

ters. What is more, they never could have been found anywhere else than between the two American shores, nor by any one else than Bret Harte.

It has been taken for granted of late by most of the newspapers that the authorship of the "Saxe Holm" stories is no longer a secret, and that the conjecture which long ago attributed them to "H. H." has been distinctly verified. Just how the critics have reached this conclusion we do not know. Mrs. Jackson has steadily denied that she is the author of these stories; and she is a lady who has clear ideas of the obligations of veracity. The information has not come from the publishers; for the most that they have told us is that "all the stories from first to last have been written by one and the same person, who is well known to them." This disposes of the claims of the friends of Miss Ruth Ellis that she wrote a few of the first stories, and, being ill and unable to add to the series, permitted her name to be used by another writer in the employ of the Messrs. Scribner. That claim, indeed, scarcely needs contradiction; it is quite clear that all the stories are the work of one hand; and the other theory—that they are the work of a number of associated writers, among whom "H. H." and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge have been conspicuously named—would have been equally incredible to any person of penetration, if the Messrs. Scribner had not set it aside by their denial.

As to the claims of Miss Alma Calder—who has suffered herself to be published to the world as the genuine Saxe Holm—the recently published novel bearing her name puts her out of the question. There is another story of a mythical young lady of Brooklyn who had written all these stories and had offered them one after another without success to all the magazine publishers, until at length she gave them away in despondency to a starving young English journalist, who took them and disposed of them to the Messrs. Scribner and disappeared with the proceeds. This tale also may be dismissed as apocryphal. Stories like these do not go begging for publishers. And the denial of the Messrs. Scribner covers the case of the anonymous young lady of Brooklyn as well as the others; they assert that the author is "well known to them." "It would be an amusing thing," says their circular, "if the Messrs. Scribner could bring Miss Ruth Ellis, Miss Alma Calder and the Brooklyn young lady together in their office some day, and then announce, in the presence of the three, the name or names of the true Saxe Holm." But how "names," if "the stories have been written by one and the same person?" There is only one explanation, that the *poems* were written by another person. And that, we make bold to guess, is the simple fact

¹ Drift from Two Shores. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

about it. If that assembly of the claimants should ever take place, the announcement will probably be that Mrs. Lucia G. Runkle wrote the stories and that Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote the poems. On that prediction a good deal of prophetic reputation may safely be risked.

The stories of the second series¹ are hardly equal to those of the first. "The Four-Leaved Clover" is a beautiful story; and the bit of German home-life which it sets before us is as sweet and winsome as anything that we have seen for many a day. "My Tourmaline" is full of noble passion; it is by far the strongest of the series; but the preternaturalism with which it deals so freely and which is invoked to eke out the plot of several of the other stories, is not an element of strength in the novel. The thorough realism of the earlier work was better than these presentiments and divinations. "Farmer Basset's Romance" and "Joe Hale's Red Stockings" are pleasant sketches, but rather slight; the portraiture is as faithful as that of "Draxy Miller's Dowry" or "Whose Wife Was She?" but the dramatic vigor of those first stories is not in these.

MR. LATHROP in his dedication of "Somebody Else," calls his book² a "Little Comedy." This very well describes it. Framed on the slender plot of two rather inconsiderable and inconsiderate young men being fooled by an "amateur humorist," who has a small revenge to execute, into changing names, and so practising on the credulity of two flirtatious young women—who at the same time play the same trick on their deceivers, by a secret understanding between themselves—it is tediously crammed with a stagy mechanism of improbabilities, unrelieved by a single noble character. The chief jester, Mr. John Glone, persuades and plays off his dupes with a Machiaveliau legerdemain which is curiously in contrast with his own utter imbecility in love-making. The tedious proloungation of the double twisted imbroglio of practical jokes up to the perilous brink of matrimony itself; and then, presto!—the outcome of all this mutual deception and by-play of jealousies, after each lover had proposed to both girls, in getting them all matched just right—leads us to the difficult moral which is painfully elaborated in the last chapter: "The faults of love by love are justified"—which, again, is overset at the very last by the remark that after all "it is better to make the best of ourselves, than to attempt to become or

represent Somebody Else." The ethical quality of the book is to say the least not bracing, and makes one long for some breezy woman of common sense, in the capacity of mother or aunt, to rush in and speak her mind. As it is, there is just enough of "society" conscience to keep the somebody-elses foolishly ashamed of themselves, though their compunction never rises to the dignity of remorse. *Æsthetically* Mr. Lathrop has polished his soft wood all that it will bear, and in certain spots so beautifully, and with such evident artistic skill, that one is inclined to beg of him next time to try his hand on better material. There are exquisite bits of humor scattered through the book; the droll conceptions and remarks of Mr. John Glone are always entertaining; the feminine repartee is of a sparkling sort, and the conversations which make up the bulk of the pages are adroitly managed; while to offset the "stagy" effects, there are some well-wrought descriptions of persons and places.

ONE of the brightest and best of the stories of college life is "Hammersmith."¹ Mr. Severance has preserved in a wonderful way the enthusiasm of his college days; his story is alive with the youthful passion and ambition of the undergraduate experiences. It is needless to ask why college life is so full of intense enjoyment for the average student; the reasons are not obscure, while the fact is obvious. And there are many old boys who will find in this story a pleasure as keen as that with which the collegians of to-day will devour its pages. College life, like all other life, holds great resources of good, and great resources of mischief also. "Hammersmith," while it gives us the full flavor of college fun, happily takes the side of all that is pure and manly and of good report.

If a little nonsense is relished by the wisest men, we may infer that ordinary people will stand a good deal of it. On this supposition a small book² has been prepared, which, it is alleged, contains explicit practical instructions for carrying out a delightful evening's entertainment. Mother Goose dramatized is, indeed, sufficiently absurd; and a company of grown people who should follow the explicit directions of this book would be likely to be laughed at. The diversion is a wholly innocent one, however; and if pure nonsense is what is wanted, this may be commended as the genuine article.

¹ Saxe Holm's Stories: Second Series. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

² Somebody Else. By G. P. Lathrop. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

¹ Hammersmith: His Harvard Days. Chronicled by Mark Sibley Severance. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

¹ The Lawrence Mother Goose. By E. D. K. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. II.—OCTOBER, 1878.—No. X.

A WORKINGMAN'S STORY.

THE following is a faithful report of a recent conversation with a man who some time ago was for several years my neighbor, and with whom I have since maintained acquaintance and intercourse by means of letters, with once in a year or two a day's visit, usually spent in a long walk. I have sometimes condensed his expressions, not caring to reproduce our talk with verbal exactness, but the thought I have preserved without change. The man is a skillful mechanic and machinist, a worker in wood, brass and steel. Earlier in life he was a good carpenter and builder. He was prosperous until a few years ago, and saved several hundred dollars during a few years after the war. But his wife's health was then declining, and for five or six years she was rarely able to leave her room, sometimes not her bed, for months together, while she was the victim of intense and almost incessant suffering, which she bore with great firmness and patience. He was for himself extremely economical and abstemious, but he provided the best possible medical treatment for her, and all the comforts and delicacies that he could obtain. By and by work failed. The "hard times" came on. He made the most of every resource, took a cheaper house, and worked at whatever was offered him. A good Christian lady sent his wife away to a health-resort among the hills, where she could enjoy profound rest, absence from household anxieties, and all the remedial and sanative

influences which human skill and kindness can supply. After some six months of such a life she returned to her family greatly improved, almost free from suffering, and with a degree of strength and vitality for which she had scarcely dared to hope. She brought with her a letter to her husband from the physician at the Cure—a wise and kind man—containing a few suggestions as to means and economies for promoting her farther recovery—good food, sleep-inducing quiet, and freedom from care. "If your wife can be kept from over exertion of body and mind," the doctor said; "if she can have what she needs for two or three years—quiet, happiness and comfort without anxiety—she will get well, or nearly so."

My neighbor sought employment everywhere in his region, but by this time multitudes of workmen had been discharged and he could obtain work only irregularly, a few days on a farm, or on the streets, with longer and longer intervals of idleness. He often ate little in those days, wishing to make the scanty food sufficient for his family. There are three children: a girl fourteen years of age; a boy, Ralph, who is nine, and Harold, a sturdy, capable little fellow of seven.

A family council decided that it was best that the daughter should go out to service—her wages would pay the rent for the house; and that the father should leave home in quest of work. I saw them about this time. It was a great trial to them all, this separa-

tion. Their family life I had long before remarked as wonderfully vital; in an unusual degree intellectual without effort or display, and tenderly affectionate. My neighbor was absent for more than a year. I had two or three postal cards from him, and at long intervals he and his family heard from each other. A few weeks ago I learned that he had returned, and I took a day's journey to see him. It was a beautiful June day on which we walked out over the long hills which surround the village in which he lives. In an hour or two we sat down in the shade on some broken basaltic columns, and talked, as we have often done, of the state of our country, of the various elements and tendencies in the highly complex life and thought of our people. I felt pretty sure of him, but had a strong desire to learn from his own lips how his recent experience had affected his spirit; whether he had in any degree lost a certain soldierly devotion, as of one sworn to the service of his country, which I had often remarked in him. I was soon reassured.

"We did not expect," he said, "that I should find much work. We knew the condition of the country too well for that. But we both felt that it would be more manly for me to try, and perhaps less painful for both of us than the enforced idleness at home. Besides, I saw that my wife could not eat when she thought I needed food more than she. I had the same feeling, and it often occurred that what would have been a scanty meal for one was not half eaten, because each wished the other to have most of it. I have walked through more than a dozen states. I have never asked for food, but always for work, and people have everywhere offered me food, so that I have not often suffered from hunger. I have many times obtained little jobs, sometimes have had work for several days together. I always kept the pay till I had as much as a dollar and then I sent it home, and these little sums have helped somewhat. But it was all very little. People were mostly kind, but they said everywhere: 'The unemployed laborers of our own community have the first claim. It would not be right to give you work while there

is none for them;' and I felt that this was just and right. I do not wish to struggle with any man for a piece of bread. His need may be greater than mine."

"Had you anything to read?" I inquired.

"I asked everywhere for newspapers that had been read and thrown aside, and was constantly supplied, so that I have not at any time lost the current discussions."

"Did you talk much with other men who were, like yourself, on the road?"

"Oh yes; I often met those who were thoughtful, earnest and pretty well informed, and always stayed with such men long enough to have a talk. The men on the road are much like those at home; they are of many classes. There are thieves among them looking for opportunities for robbery, and low fellows whom it is disagreeable to meet, but who never do any serious mischief while there is a man in sight, though they are a terror to women and children in country places. The moral conditions of such a life are very unwholesome. But there are a great many tramps who have nothing bad about them, except that they are dirty and repulsive in appearance. They are discouraged and helpless, and do not know what to do. A man out of employment is always a disagreeable object. Wherever he may be, he is always out of place. He is superfluous and unnecessary, and there is no right place for him, unless it is underground."

My neighbor formerly read much upon subjects connected with the history of government, and the organization of society, and liked especially such books as discuss ethical subjects in a philosophical manner. Years ago I had lent him Plato's works, Harrington's "Oceana," More's "Utopia," Rousseau's "Emile," Lorimer's "Institutes of Law," and the works of Machiavelli, and more recently Freeman's and Maine's books on Politics, Law, Government and Institutions, and we had talked much upon such topics. Many of my sermons contain thoughts suggested or developed in these conversations. I now asked the question which was the chief object and purpose of my visit:

"What do you think of it all?"

"Practically, and from our point of view, the country is somewhat over-populated. There is a considerable number of superfluous or redundant laborers in various pursuits. There is no demand for anything we can supply. No one wants our labor, which is what we have to sell. A man would gain nothing now by knowing a dozen trades, because there is nearly the same superfluity or excess of offered labor in all occupations. So the 'great law of supply and demand' is being rigorously applied without interference from any source whatever. There are too many of us; but Nature is wise; she knows what to do with us, and after a little while there will not be so many. It is like a great war going on all over the land, only there is no enemy, or none that we can see. If those who are being slowly eliminated—thrust beyond the threshold—were gathered together in one place, like the inhabitants of a besieged town, the world would be aroused for their relief. But they are scattered everywhere; each one is alone, and they have no comradeship or communication with each other. They have no voice, no cause, or flag, and, in the words of Burke, 'they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle,' which will have no memorial or history.

"For those who are unable to obtain work, and who have no other means of support for their families, the chief possible methods of solving the problem of life, or of escaping from its unendurable difficulties, are beggary, crime, suicide and starvation. The choice, if it can be called choice, between these depends in each particular case upon peculiarities of character or of circumstances. Many are pressed into beggary. It seems the only thing possible for them. In a little time a process of gradual adaptation to the new environment is set up, which goes on till there is little aptitude remaining for regular labor or wholesome ways of living. For most persons the line between begging and petty thieving is almost imperceptible, and for nearly all tramps or traveling beggars it soon fades away entirely. We have no right to expect a different result.

"Many persons have become thieves during the last few years who are not—or rather were not at first—of a particularly low or inferior order of intelligence or character. A criminal course of life was revolting to them; but they seemed to themselves to be pressed into it by circumstances. An iron wall closed around them on every side but that. The only open door led in that direction. Having once degraded himself by a criminal act, a man learns to justify his course. He does worse things now to drug his memory, to extinguish remorse, and to identify himself more completely with his new life. He soon feels that society is his enemy, and that crime is his only means of self-defence. As things are, few of these men are reclaimable, though they came of good parentage and had originally no inclination or aptitude for criminal courses. Given human nature as it is, and long continued want and suffering will inevitably press many men into crime.

"Under a similar stress of painful experience many other persons suffer such tension of brain, nerve and mind as makes suicide inevitable. These are usually men of superior intellectual character and power of thought. It is thought that goads and maddens them; the thought, always recurring, of the misery, horror and helplessness of their situation. It is a misuse of language to say that suicides are always insane; but suicides of the class which I am describing are never, for some time before the act of self-destruction, in a state of physical health. The mental anguish resulting from the spectacle of the destitution of those dearest to them, and from the sense of their own powerlessness to render any succor, produces sleeplessness, loss of appetite, and extreme cerebral tension and sensibility. The agony becomes more unendurable as physical vitality and the normal power of resistance decline. The man feels that death would be a release, a solution, a change at least; and he usually believes that the situation of his family would be improved by his death, as they would probably receive more sympathy and assistance. At any rate—thus he reasons—attention will be drawn to their needs, and their condition will be

known. The number of suicides of this class has greatly increased within the last few years, and the tendency to self-destruction is likely soon to be a very important feature of our national thought and life.

"There is another class of our redundant population who cannot beg, who feel that crime would give them no real relief, and who regard suicide as unmanly and dishonorable, a cowardly skulking out of the battle. They are too proud for that, and will fight it out to the end. That means starvation. What is starvation? It has not usually, in actual experience, the dramatic accompaniments with which comfortable, prosperous people invest it in their imaginations. It is not spectacular to the sufferers. It is not a short, sharp struggle. Happy would it be for many if it were. It is first a reduction in the quality and variety of the food. This does not seem a very serious matter; people in robust health may endure it for a long time without great injury, but after a time digestion is impaired and the most delicate member of the family begins to succumb. It is a little girl, the gentlest and most affectionate of the household. She can no longer eat the bread made of Indian meal which has been for some months almost the sole article of food which the house-mother can set before her children. The kind family physician comes in. He leaves a simple medicine, and says the child ought to have nourishing food 'to build up the system.' She grows weaker; the neighbors learn that she is sick; they send in some jellies and other delicacies to tempt the appetite. It is too late. The little girl is gone, and her father and mother know the true name for her disease; but each hopes the other does not know, and so they never speak of it. They tell the neighbors that she was a weakly child, and went into a decline.

"Then there is but one meal a day. Coarse materials meant for 'feed' for domestic animals furnish a sort of bread or pudding; a little tainted meat from the butcher's, or some decaying and unsalable vegetables from the grocer's varying the repast now and then. The husband and father can obtain no work. His wife has

also long tried in vain. A little chance charity occasionally finds way to them, but the supply does not last long. It makes no real change, it only prolongs the struggle. One of the parents falls sick. Very often it is the father who first yields. The Overseer of the Poor sends in supplies. The sickness is protracted, for a strong man does not yield at once. Even now the prospect of work, of honest, manly independence, would give him heart and hope,—would save him. He hears hints that it would be better—'cheaper'—for him to consent to be removed to the almshouse. He is 'not so well.' His strength fails, and a longer grave is made by the side of the little girl's. The home is broken up. The mother and the remaining children are saved from starvation, perhaps, but with vitality so reduced that they are much more likely to add to the burdens of society than to contribute anything to the work the world needs."

"What can be done?"

"As things are, probably nothing can be done. There is something in the life of the time which represses and paralyzes such individual effort as would be required for any improvement. There seems to be no place to begin. A few efficient, capable men could make a great change. If in any township or village the leading men should say: 'We cannot have anybody starve here who will work; but we cannot pay wages, for there is no work that will yield us any profit; if you will for the present work for the means of subsistence, we will supply your families with enough plain food for health and comfort; we are all in the same boat; the times are hard for us too. We shall have no profit on your labor, and you must not expect anything but food;'—if they would say something like this, and then set men at work on drains, roads, repairs of dwellings, etc., with especial regard to increased cleanliness and improved sanitary conditions, employing them also as far as possible in the personal service of the citizens, or even in assisting any unfortunate members of the community who are not able to pay for labor which they need,—this would help a great deal. It might be done in many places, if people thought

so, for it would cost almost any community, and certainly the nation in general, far less than the present condition of things. It would produce a better state of feeling, and dry up some of the sources of existing evils. Of course each township or village would necessarily provide only for its own poor, excluding all tramps and non-resident unemployed men. If the plan were generally adopted there would of course be no tramps or non-residents seeking work, as every one would belong somewhere. But these things would have to be offered. They cannot well be asked for by those who most need some system of relief or assistance which shall not degrade them. Any system or plan which does not require labor from all who are able to perform it is necessarily degrading.

"The work people—the people who need assistance—need to be taught many things; especially do they need to be taught better and more rational feelings toward society, or the rich. They are too much inclined to think that everybody not in their own class or condition is rich, and that society could easily provide for them if it chose to do so. Most of the class called workingmen, and all of those who are out of employment, are adopting false and mischievous opinions and sentiments in regard to government, the organization of society, and indeed of nearly all the relations and duties of human life; and they are going farther astray with every year—I might almost say with every month—that passes. They are as sheep that have no shepherd. Nobody cares to teach or guide them, except those who are laboring for a complete reorganization of society on a plan which rejects the results of the world's experience, culture and civilization; and which seeks the abolition of nationality, art, religion, science and individual property. The apathy of the cultivated classes is a delusion quite as dangerous as any of those that have recently spread among the people who still retain the methods of thought of uncivilized man. One thing only, so far as I can learn, the cultivated classes, the people of property and of knowledge, agree uniformly in teaching the unemployed; and that is, that they should be

silent; that it is not dignified or manly to complain. They wish the unemployed to keep out of their sight, not to disturb or interrupt them. They wish to hear, as a business man remarked a few weeks ago, no horrible stories of starvation. That is what our teachers have to tell us to-day—the philosophy of human life and duty which the cultivated classes are now presenting to the working people and the unemployed of this country. 'Nothing can be done for you. Do have decency and self-respect enough to die quietly and decorously. What is the good of creating a disturbance with your processions, your excited harangues and resolutions? They only make things worse.' A man in tatters, famishing, desperate with the thought of his starving wife and children, is a repulsive sight, and one that should not be permitted in the streets of a civilized land."

"Have you ever thought of trying to influence anybody?"

"I do not deny that I have sometimes wished, for a moment, that I could talk for an hour with some of the men who are, or might be, the sources of change in our national life; who could initiate and direct orderly and rational activities of two classes or kinds,—one object being the organization of some such system of relief for unemployed workmen as I have spoken of; the other and much the more important enterprise being the development of true principles and wise methods for the education of the people in right views of nationality, of the relation of individuals to society, and in true and wholesome opinions and sentiments relating to the laws, aims and duties of human life in this world."

"Why do you not write out these views and send them to some newspaper?"

"It would do no good. The newspaper writers from New York to San Francisco would ridicule these suggestions as impracticable, repeating the just reflection that a workingman cannot be expected to understand the intricate problems of political economy. They would rebuke the tendency to communism 'which is becoming so common among the deluded workingmen in our time,' and would conclude with demonstrat-

ing that the country is in a highly prosperous condition, and that everything will be well if the people understand their own interests and sustain the Republican party—or the Democratic party—this fall. No; I am sure the working people are generally wrong in their political opinions, but in sympathy and interest I am an American citizen. Nothing that I could say would have any weight with any class; it would not even be considered.”

“Have you had any new thoughts about religion?”

“No, I believe not. I believe firmly in God’s goodness and justice; but the work of guiding society and establishing order and justice in this world He has put largely into human hands, has He not? He will not drain our morasses, or destroy the germs of *diphtheria*, if we refuse the thought and labor required for such objects. If we set our houses on fire He will probably let them burn down. To conclude that men can do nothing to avert or cure these evils seems to me the last extreme of fatalism and folly, and nothing can make me believe that. I think, as you have yourself said, that the New Testament represents Christianity as introducing a higher element into human society which substitutes fraternal justice for the unchecked operation of the law of supply and demand—or modifies the working of this law by the spiritual or fraternal element; but New Testament Christianity does not seem to have any firm grasp upon the existing condition of things.”

“How do you feel in regard to your own affairs—the situation and prospects of your family?”

“It is perhaps not best to say much of what is so personal, yet I recognize your right to inquire. Sometimes I awake suddenly to a new sense of the horror and ghastliness of the thought that my wife should actually want for food; and I think for a moment that it cannot be true; that there must be some dreadful mistake about it. It is like the feeling which one has in dreaming that he is a convicted felon, or the terror I felt when, after attending revival meetings in my youth, I dreamed of the Judgment-day and thought I was among

the lost. You know my wife has always been a sort of queen and providence among the people wherever we have lived. Everybody looked to her for counsel, sympathy and friendship. She has relieved so much suffering, has helped and fed so many poor people, that it seems as if she ought to be sure of the comforts of life now for her last days. I think she might live for many years yet, long enough to guide her little boys all the way to manhood. But to keep them from absolute starvation she has had to work the sewing-machine in making woolen vests at twelve cents apiece, and cotton shirts at from fifty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents per dozen. For the shirts she must find the thread.

“If a horse were compelled to work in such a state of weakness and suffering as that which my wife endures when she is obliged to work thus, the driver would be arrested and punished as a criminal. Society can protect horses, oxen and dogs, but not women, not my wife. She has been the inspiration of all that has been best and highest in my aims. But however hard it may be for me to see her thus wearing out her life—she is often unable to sleep at night from extreme weariness and pain—it is no worse than the fate of many others.”

“But is there nobody to whom you can apply for assistance?”

“Our friends are mostly among the poor, and they are very kind. But we have really no claim upon any one. If I were to go anywhere, to any man, to-morrow and tell him of our state and needs, the reply would be: ‘There are many others in the same condition; have you any better claim than they?’ And I should have to answer: ‘No. Truly, we have no reason to expect exemption from the fate of others who are as needy and as deserving as we.’”

“How do your children behave under the changed circumstances of their life?”

“Our daughter, as you know, is not at home. Her employers are poor, but they are kind and just. Harold will probably pull through somehow (if there is ever an end). But Ralph, my gentle, brave and wise boy cannot endure it much longer. You marked his thin, white face. His arms

are not as large as a babe's. It seems as if it would be worth while to keep such a boy alive. He has already read many good books. A neighbor lends Ralph his newspaper, and my wife points out what he may read. So he knows pretty well about the Eastern war, and about the principal nations of the world and the great events of history. He has read most of Shakespeare's plays, and has written several plays of his own. He can understand anything that I can explain. He has a great love of music; sings whatever he hears, and learns to play on every instrument that he can lay his hands on. He has never been at school, and his mother has guarded his health most wisely and carefully in regard to sleep and exercise, and has always restricted his reading to a short time each day. He grew stronger until some two years ago. He has the beautiful moral qualities of his mother's nature, with a passion for knowledge and for books which would carry him far on any upward road, I think. He never complained and his obedience and faithfulness are perfect. One morning a year or two ago when I started to the city I took Ralph along. Some half mile from home we walked for a short distance with a gentleman who questioned me regarding the testimony which I had heard given in a case in court at the county town the day before. I was repeating it with the gestures the witness had used, and some expression in it Ralph understood to be a remark of my own addressed to him, bidding him stop and remain where he was. He would not interrupt the conversation to ask any explanation, and stopped immediately. I did not miss him at once, and when I found that he was left behind supposed that he would soon overtake us. But we were near the railway station, our train was coming in, and though much distressed about Ralph I was obliged to go on to the city without learning the reason of his strange detention. It was a torturing day for me; I feared he was sick and hoped somebody had cared for him and taken him home. But in the evening as I hurried homeward from the depot, and approached the place where I had last seen him, he got up from the roadside and came to meet me with his

usual loving smile. I caught him in my arms, and said: 'My darling! where have you been? What was the matter?' 'I have been here,' he said; 'I thought you told me to wait for you here.'

"He has a remarkably just and balanced mind, and I think he would do good work in some field of intellectual exertion, as he is full of energy and ambition. It does appear to me, as I am his father, that society ought to be able to make some use of such a boy; that it ought to give him a chance to live and unfold his powers, and serve his fellows in some noble warfare hereafter. But Ralph must die. *Ralph—is—starving—to—death!* It is disease, you know. His stomach rejects and refuses certain kinds of food; the only food which we happen to have for him, he can no longer eat, or when he does eat a little of it, it is not assimilated. Perhaps it was wrong for me to marry and become the parent of this child. I believe that is what some modern philosophers teach the working man, and it may be they are right. Perhaps it was wrong for my parents to marry, and so my own existence is a blunder, something for which there is no necessity or good reason. Once our country needed the workingmen and we did not fail her then."

"Were you ever tempted to any crime?"

"No. I had many things to keep me from that. All my tastes are averse. Any criminal act would be irrational and absurd for me; but the taint of vulgarity in it would repel me perhaps more strongly. Then every night I said over—just because my children were saying it at home—this little prayer:

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

But I was arrested once and sentenced as a vagrant."

"How was that?"

"I was tired, one hot afternoon, and turned aside from the road and laid down in the shade in what looked like a park, or the grounds belonging to a fine house, though there was no dwelling in sight. I had fallen asleep, and was aroused by loud voices and trampling footsteps. About a

dozen men were running across the lawn a few rods away. I got up and as I did so one of the men fired at me with a revolver. The ball cut the leaves which hung against my shoulder, and the men ran up and gathered around me. I soon learned that an assault and robbery had just been committed in the outskirts of a village a mile or two away, and these men were in pursuit of the criminal.

"They were soon convinced that I was not the particular transgressor they were in search of, but very reasonably suggested that I might be an accomplice; and after searching me, required me to go to the village under guard. When there I was manacled and imprisoned in the school-house, which was not then in use for purposes of instruction. I was given a substantial supper, and a motherly-looking woman who said 'thee' and 'thy' offered me a newspaper and a copy of some magazine published by the Society of Friends. I read awhile and went to sleep, but after some hours was called to appear before a magistrate for examination. The robber had not been caught, and it seemed not unlikely that I might have to expiate his crime. But there was evidence that he had escaped in a direction opposite to that in which I had been found. The Justice of the Peace read the law of the State against vagrancy, and said he should be obliged to sentence me either to imprisonment in the county jail or to labor on the highways of the town. I was permitted to read the law, and saw that according to its intent I was a vagrant, though I told the magistrate I should be glad to obtain work at even the lowest wages. The result was that I received a sentence of six days' labor on the roads. I did my work faithfully, had plenty of good food, and was locked into the school-house each evening, after being searched so as to make sure that I had no materials for firing my prison or breaking out of it. When my term ended the motherly Quaker woman asked me some questions, and gave me a few days' work in her barn and wood-house. Then with an earnest warning

against the drinking habit, she paid me fairly for the work I had done.

"Of course I believe it would be better if men would help one another, and change the circumstances of the time so far at least that no one need be driven to beggary, crime, suicide or starvation. But a good many of us are fated. We shall be thinned out. One thing, however, the country should recognize. Those who are being extruded or crushed out by the operation of the law of natural selection are not the worst people, not the enemies of society, nor those whom the country could best spare. A boy with brutal and vicious instincts will survive, but Ralph cannot sustain the struggle, and he must go.

"You are the only person who has ever asked for my judgment or opinions regarding these subjects, and to no one else probably could I speak so freely, as I should feel that it would be useless. I assure you that I feel no hostility against any person or class. I do not know that any class is to blame for the state of the country. But I am certain that things could be improved, and that it would be far cheaper and easier for the nation to make things better than to allow them to continue as they are. It is will, spirit, life, that the nation needs,—a conviction of the imperative necessity of strenuous work for self-preservation on the part of the superior and cultivated classes. But all this is of course only the thought of a workingman. Everything connected with my own interests or fortunes seems small compared with the great interests and problems of our country's destiny. It seems to me that times must grow worse for all classes, and that soon very few people, if any, will be exempt from the effect of the evils which now press most sharply upon the workingmen. If only our suffering could bring the people of the nation into fraternal relations with one another these sacrifices would not be in vain. But we are not now advancing in that direction."

Now, what should I have said to my neighbor, this workingman?

J. B. Harrison.

MISS MERIVALE'S WILL.

It is sometimes difficult to begin the telling of a story. The actions and incidents of different lives are so woven and twisted together, like the many strands of a great cable, that to unravel and separate each from each seems, at the outset, an almost hopeless endeavor. Well for us that our own histories are already begun, and we only follow a thread whose end as well as beginning is held by a hand so strong and skillful that none need ever be quite let drop, or even tangled past remedy.

Miss Mehitabel Merivale's life had been so very simple and quiet that, but for such strange interweaving of itself with other lives at the last, there would, perhaps, have been nothing in it worth writing about; yet it had been long, as we count our earthly years, and lonely; for she had far outlived father, mother and stalwart brothers who had died in their prime. Sole heiress of her large ancestral estate, she was still living with Janet Cameron, her old-maid servant, in the same great house where she was born. One sees many not unlike it in New England. Years ago they were full of the sounds of labor or pleasure; childish faces swarmed at the windows, and dancing feet made music through the echoing corridors; but one by one the dwellers went out and forgot to return, until now the great walls, like uncontracting shells, close emptily about the withered kernel of life yet remaining.

The picture of Miss Merivale hung up among other early memories shows her in her seat in the old church, of a summer Sunday morning—a slight, shy little figure in a black satin gown, half obscured by the high walls of the old-fashioned pew; her small gloved hands crossed upon the Bible in her lap; her head, with its band of gray under the close silk bonnet, bent slightly forward, and her timid glance lifted only to the face of the old minister, in the lofty bird's nest of a pulpit roofed with its odd sounding-board.

Her face, a very smooth one for her years, had yet a certain quality which was wont

to fascinate my childish gaze, and move me to vague wonder. Now, with the light of maturer observation thrown upon its remembrance, it might be said to have worn the repressed look of a shrinking, affectionate nature, hungry for sympathy, yet morbidly dreading misunderstanding or repulse. I understood it better, when, long afterwards, I heard the story of the gallant young captain-lover, whose ship had gone down just outside the harbor-bar, only a month before the wedding-day that should have been. Miss Merivale—a sweet-faced young girl then—had fallen like dead that day; but, the first cruel shock once over, she had made no lamentations, and no one remembered to have heard her speak his name again. Yet none the less, I think, had something gone from her which no measure of content or blessing could ever quite restore. Not one, perhaps, of all the fifty summers following, had held a single day so perfect that, looking out upon the miracle of springing blossom, tossing bough, or far, fathomless blue sky, she could once more be glad just to be alive—in June!

I used to watch her, too, when service was over, as she went quickly down the aisle. She made her little formal bow from right to left, but no one stepped forward to grasp her hand, nor did any of the little groups in the vestibule, eddying from the main current of the departing congregation, seem to expect her to linger and join their weekly decorous chit-chat. Was she afraid of them all, or they of her? Though she was rich, she did not seem proud. Why should she be so lonely?

Across the little common she would go, with Janet always at her side—Janet, whose shrewd, courageous Scotch face, strongly marked enough to be made a model for a gargoye, was so strange a contrast to her own. Miss Merivale was sure of one friend, at least. To Janet she would always be "Miss Hitty," young, beautiful and tender, to be served and guarded with a fidelity and passionate devotion, the outgrowth of the old family relation between mistress and

maid, which the new modes and exigencies of our changing civilization have rendered so nearly obsolete.

Janet, in her way, was a character. Intensely human in her sympathies, with a keen, but kindly inquisitiveness concerning all the happenings of the village, and a tongue often sharply, if justly, critical of men and motives, her staunch loyalty made her, nevertheless, absolutely reticent when the affairs of her mistress were in question. Whatever she might talk about, in her round of marketing, or over the gate, with some neighbor passing in the early evening, "Miss Hitty" was too sacred to be made a theme for even the most innocent gossip. So it happened that those who lived nearest Miss Merivale knew little, after all, of the life and thought of the lonely lady. The visits of ceremony duly made upon her, from time to time, by the village gentlefolk, were as duly returned. There was talk of the weather, the Sunday's sermon, the latest wedding or funeral; yet nothing ever quite drew aside the shy reserve which clothed her like an impalpable veil.

Once only, for a moment, I saw her soul look out at her eyes, like a caged thing fain to break its bars. It was the last time she came to church, before she was borne there in her coffin. It had been understood for some time that Miss Merivale was "failing," but I think no one had known how really ill she was. As she rose to leave her seat, putting her hand in Janet's arm, and leaning upon it with unconscious heaviness, she raised suddenly her downcast eyes, with one long, sweeping glance, which gathered and embraced the congregation, each by each, from the minister upon the pulpit-stair, to brown-haired Leila Thornwell standing, like St. Cecilia, in the choir, her whole soul thrilling yet with the last chord of the psalm. If there was in that look all the pain of unsatisfied yearning, there was also all the tenderness of a caress. How silently our best opportunities pass us by! The time was not far distant when some, at least, whom her garment brushed in passing would have given almost a year of life to have kissed its very hem that day.

"What will she do with her money?"

people asked each other, when it was known that Miss Merivale was slowly but surely dying. The question took on all shades of emphasis from the careless tone of a merely idle curiosity, to the eager whisper of envy. One bold spirit ventured to approach Janet upon the vexed question, but was repulsed with a resentment so fierce that none dared repeat the experiment.

The agent of a certain charitable endowment, a good man but a narrow, (do specialties in benevolence tend, sometimes, to narrowness?) sojourning in the town, felt himself forthwith called as a messenger of God to demand from the invalid the bequest of all her possessions. Full of joyful zeal, he sought an interview with her, and returned, a self-righteous but disappointed man. "So sad!" he said, shaking his head drearily, "so very sad that one so near the confines of the other world, should be so blinded to her own best interests!"

It was after this that Miss Merivale sent sometimes for the old pastor of the church. Two or three times her attorney from the city was also present, and to these conferences Janet Cameron was always admitted.

She died quietly as she had lived, reclining in her easy-chair before her western window, with the low sun flooding all the chamber with radiance. "She spoke to me," said poor, heart-broken Janet, "then turned her head on the pillow—so—and was gone!"

With what strange distinctness and solemn reverberation the first sound of the tolling bell shivered the quiet air! Even the children at play upon the village green paused to count with hushed voices the measured strokes. On and on, past the twenties and thirties and forties. They looked at each other with awed faces—to the young old age seems so impossible! After the seventy-third stroke came silence, as the solemn echoes lost themselves among the enduring hills.

"Miss Merivale?" said one to another; and while they spoke the band of crape on the door-handle of the great house mutely answered the question.

There seemed some slight incongruity in

the announcement of a public funeral for one whose life had been so secluded. The little church was quite filled when the bearers brought in the light coffin and placed it on the bier. The poor lady's lonely lack of kindred had never been so sadly apparent as when Janet in her black dress, bent and trembling, took the seat of chief mourner. It was at this moment that sweet Rachel Morris, with flushed cheeks and eyes heavy with unshed tears, stepped swiftly and noiselessly forward and laid the bunch of snowy lilies she had carried upon the black velvet pall. A little thing, indeed, to do; yet, perhaps, an hour later, she was more glad to have done it than for any other action of her life.

The congregation was not a large one, although nearly every family in the little village was represented in it. A few well-to-do were scattered here and there; but the majority, people of moderate or scanty means, had done long battle with the clamorous cares of life, armed only with the weapons of honest work and self-denying economy. No ignoble conflict, surely! Out of such, in all the years of the republic, has been born the sturdy strength that saved her in the hour of her consummate peril. Yet, sometimes in our weary hours we wonder why the most perplexing problems of our life concern the matters for which we are bidden to "take no thought"—what we shall eat and drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed.

The old minister had of late had cause for some such troubled thoughts. His faith had not wavered, but it had been sorely tried. To save a wayward younger brother, dear to him as his own son, from deep disgrace, he had stripped himself of the careful savings of many self-denying years. Not more than two or three of his parishioners knew how even the rarest and most precious volumes of his library had gone to the bookseller. There had been tears in the good man's eyes as he wrapped them tenderly for the express man; he could fancy them the faces of dead friends. He was an old man, and must soon give his place to a younger, and then? All the self-respecting independence of his Puritan ancestry rose up

within him at the question, but he crushed it back. It should be with him as God willed.

And Rachel Morris, despite her tender thought for the dead, had brought a heavy, wounded heart to church. The flush on her cheek deepened, and her whole nature thrilled like a sensitive plant, as Mark Atherton took his seat in the pew before her. A noble face was Mark's—a face to trust, to love and be loved; but it was prematurely care-worn; and about the mouth to-day were some new, hard lines of trouble, revealing the thought of one who had grown suddenly uncertain of mastery, brought to bay by his own disappointed hopes. Rachel felt the look as he passed her, although her own eyes were scarcely lifted; she had seen it there three days before for the first time.

Seven years ago—how long it seemed!—they were betrothed. Mark was a senior at Harvard then; brilliant, admired, "with a future before him," the professors said. Ah! that vacation summer! Was it not worth even this pain to have known three months so perfect? Sitting there in the quiet church she thought of all that followed: the sudden death of Mark's father; his recall from college; the settlement of the estate; the crushing surprise of finding that the payment of the debts left absolutely nothing for the support of the invalid, heart-broken mother and the troop of young brothers and sisters. She remembered how Mark had taken the burden on his strong, young shoulders so nobly and cheerfully—how proud she had been of him for that! It had been a hard, brave struggle; over and over they had put by their own plans and hopes; over and over he had said, "In one year more, my darling!" and she had answered, "One or ten, dear Mark!"

But now, at last, when the good time seemed really near, he had come to her with the darkness of a new reverse upon his face. When before he had been weary and impatient she had soothed him; he had drank at the spring of her hope and courage. But this time she was powerless.

"I can never marry, Rachel!" he said, in a hard, bitter voice which she could not

recognize. "I have been a fool to think of it. Fate is against me. You are wearing out your youth, working and waiting. I should be a coward to let it go on longer. Henceforth you are free!"

"Oh, Mark! Mark!" she cried, "you do not know what you say! You cannot make me free! My own heart binds me; would you break my heart?"

But he said not a word. He grasped her wrists until she could have cried out with pain; devoured her face with bitter, despairing eyes; kissed her once, twice, almost fiercely, and went away. "Mark! Mark!" she called in agony, but he neither turned nor answered.

She had not seen him since until to-day. Was this the end of all? she thought. If he had loved like her, could he have left her so? She might touch him with her hand, yet how far and cold seemed the distance between them! And life was so long. She forced herself to think: she should grow old and weary with small toils; her hair would whiten and her face grow wrinkled; at the last she should lie—like that! She shuddered as if the heavy pall were wrapped about her heart.

Just across the aisle sat John Hemenway with his gentle wife. He, too, had his own sorrow. The reticent, laborious man could never have told any one how dear was the little cottage where he had taken his young bride long ago; the chamber in which his children had been born; the pretty garden where they had played, and where, too, one little grave had been made, because the church-yard seemed so lonely for the tender nursling that had never slept one night out of the mother's arms. But sickness and ill-fortune had come, and left the cottage hopelessly encumbered; next month the mortgage would be foreclosed; he must begin anew. He did not murmur; he was made of better fibre; but the small mound with the white rose-bush at its head, was not the only grave of hope which the little homestead covered.

Leila Thornwell turned the leaves of her psalm-book with a touch that was a caress. Even the printed symbols of sweet sound touched her with some strange, dimly-com-

prehended emotion of kinship. One upon whom the divine birthright has not descended can but vaguely suggest what music meant to this child, with the rare, artist-face and far-seeking eyes, and the small hands stained and hardened by work in the mills. Leila had never heard a great singer except in her dreams; but only God and her own heart knew how the note of a bird, the far, sweet chime of evening bells, even the sound of her own wonderful voice,—how wonderful she never guessed—in the dusky twilight woods, where she went sometimes alone when work was over, would make her very soul burst with longing for the unattainable. "Let me learn or die!" she cried out often, with her face pillowed on the cool mosses, and the brown leaves drifting over her head. Heaven, to some weary souls, might mean white robes and rest; to others, long fettered by adverse circumstance, freedom and growth; to Leila it was "the Song of Moses and the Lamb."

Kind-hearted Charley Carroll passing Widow Mullane's cottage on his way down the street, had encountered the wistful eyes of little Patsey from his couch before the door, and forthwith taking him inside to be made neat, had brought him on his broad shoulders to church. Poor Patsey, with both legs crushed in the runaway last year, would never walk again. "So patient—the darlint!" said his mother often. "Niver a word of complainin' from the mouth of him, though it's himself that must many a time set alone the whole day! Ah! the one thing I'd be wantin' a bit of money for, 'ud be to make him more comfortable loike."

An expectant hush fell upon the assembly, as the pastor rose to begin the service. A man whose emotions were not wont to run near the surface, he yet seemed strangely moved to-day.

The simple sermon from the grand text, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," was not long, and as the speaker closed the book, he bent for a little silent space over the pulpit rail.

"My brethren," he said at last, "it has been my custom upon occasions like this to speak according to my knowledge and ability of the life and character of the deceased.

Not wholly of my own judgment, but after mature consultation with the friend now present, who has been the administrator of the worldly affairs of our departed sister, I have decided to forego my usual habit, and introduce what may seem a strange innovation.

"I bear upon my heart to-day a great sadness. Our sister has passed among us a more solitary life than was meet. Far be it from me, my brethren, to accuse you of undue self-absorption! In this fault, if fault there be, I stand also with you, and may God mercifully judge our sin of omission!

"The confidence of the dying is sacred, yet the words spoken to me not many days since by our sister belong to me, as it seems, only as your representative. I have, therefore, no hesitancy in transmitting them to you.

"A message was brought to me that she desired my presence. I found her greatly changed since I had seen her last. With exceeding calmness and self-possession she told me that, in the opinion of her physician, she had not long to live. Her words, my brethren, are vividly impressed upon my memory. 'It is better so,' she said. 'My time has been long, and perhaps few could be so little missed as I shall be. It has seldom been my fortune to attract where I have myself been attracted; yet the people among whom my home has been so many years are very dear to me. I have much money—more even than I myself knew, until of late. My wants have been few and my expenditures small, and the investments which Mr. Ayrbright has made for me seem to have been marvelously prospered. I have, as you may know, no kindred; I have been ill a long time, and what was at first scarcely more than a fancy, has grown to be the dearest wish of all my life.

"I have thought that I should like, if I could, in dying, to make every one in the village a little happier. To some, who need, I would give aid; to others, the fulfillment of some long-cherished wish; to others still, I might be the cause of some small pleasure not otherwise experienced. Once I might have been sad to think that

no tears, except my poor Janet's, would be shed for me, but not now! I would have smiles instead! I trust it may not be a selfish thought, but I have dared to wish that even the little children I have watched so often upon the village green, might play the merrier for my sake.'

"My brethren, I will not add words of my own. You will understand now why I have asked Mr. Ayrbright, who is present with us to-day, to read in your hearing the last will and testament of our dear sister who has left us."

In the great stillness which had fallen on the room, all eyes were turned upon the lawyer, who rose in his seat, and advancing to the vacant place beside the coffin, slowly untied a thickly-folded paper, and holding it to the light, began to read.

Miss Merivale's will was a long document, too long to be reproduced here, with many codicils. The plan she had confided to the pastor had been carried out to its smallest details with wonderful fidelity. Every family in the little village, either as a whole or through some representative, was remembered there—not one left out. But the marvel of it all was the intuition which seemed to have guided her in the selection of her gifts. Even the mementoes for the few wealthier towns-people had been chosen with rare discrimination of individual character and tastes.

If, unseen, she had presided over every household council, nay, had shared the solitary perplexities of those on whom the burden of life had been laid, she could scarcely have decided more unerringly. There were no careless bequests, made out of mere delight in giving. Wherever existed age or ability compatible with effort, her gift, whether small or large, took the form of a means to more efficient and independent self-help. More than one in the little church that day, saw the "lost chance" which had passed him by in the unsuccessful race of life, turn back to meet him, like an angel with outstretched hands.

First of all, as was meet, had been the generous provision for "Janet Cameron, the devoted companion and faithful friend of many years, upon whose unfailing affection

I have leaned, and to whose wise judgment I have deferred with especial satisfaction in these closing arrangements of my life."

Faithful Janet! No crown could have touched the wrinkled brow with such sacred honor. To how many hearts the words from an old Book seemed to whisper silently, like dreamed-of music: "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching: verily, I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them."

Strange scenes were enacted. One by one, the grave and decorous faces gave way before the deepening flood of an emotion which could not be checked. The tears which the dying woman had resigned without a pang were mingling with the smiles she longed for, in a bow of promise whose radiance encircled all.

No more trembling visions of an old aged by charity for the white-haired man of God sobbing his heart out in thankfulness upon the pulpit rail!

Let the baby rest still in the garden-earth, John Hemenway, for the cottage is your own again!

And Mark—O Mark and Rachel! do you hear? "To Mrs. Jane Atherton, widow, my homestead, except the rooms herein before reserved for the life use of Janet Cameron." Then, following close, are designated the terms of an annuity which will reinstate the mother in the old independent comfort. Before the quick blood which leaped to Rachel's heart can seek her cheek again, she hears her own name in the lawyer's clear voice:

"To Rachel Morris . . . the cottage owned by me, known as 'The Vines.'"

Nothing for Mark? Yes, everything for Mark! love, hope, the world to conquer! They clasp each other's hands across the pew, as utterly alone amid those crowding faces as were the first man and woman in Eden!

"O Patsey! listen!"—it is Charley Carroll's eager whisper—"don't you understand? A beautiful wheeled chair—you turn it with your hand—your own hand, Patsey! It will take you everywhere—it

will be like walking again! And money, Patsey, for books and lessons, and—"

Ah! Charley Carroll, hush! There is no color in the small, thin cheek; the light figure falls limp against your encircling arm, faint with excess of joy.

"To Leila Thornwell, whose singing has been an inexpressible aid to my feeble aspirations, I would recommend a life devoted to musical study. If this plan coincide with her own wishes, I direct an appropriation of money to defray all the expenses of the most thorough musical education possible to be obtained by her, under the best masters, both in this country and Europe."

Ah! Leila! Leila! Press closer to her, if you will; she does not see or hear you; but kneeling on the white wood floor, you may see her face, as it were "the face of an angel."

The long list of individual bequests was over at last. The two remaining were of collective interest. The former provided for the establishment and maintenance of a free public library; the latter directed the erection of a commodious building surrounded by ample grounds, and adapted for the uses of a "Kindergarten." Not in vain had Miss Merivale read Friedrich Froebel. The clear, succinct text of the will portrayed like a vivid picture the large and beautiful gardens where the children should play, where each should have his own little spot of ground, and learn his first independent relationship to the soil.

"Let us pray!" said the minister, as Mr. Ayrbright finished; but his voice ended in a sob and he sat down.

There was no formal invitation, but the whole assembly, as by one common impulse, moved gently forward, when the sexton had unscrewed the coffin-lid. Very calm and sweet she lay in her snow-white robes. There was no semblance of extreme age in the dead face; it was as if her own lost youth had met her at the door of Heaven, and led her smiling across the golden threshold.

How many lips that never touched her living face, pressed now in passionate yearning upon the cold, still brow, murmured: "If we had known! if we had only

known!" It mattered little—she would never be lonely again! "For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

Years have passed since Leila Thornwell came back from Italy. She had been long abroad, but the fame of her marvelous success had crossed the ocean before her. It was a proud and happy concourse that welcomed the great singer to the home of her humble birth. Fresh and unspoiled still, she met their greetings with a sweeter joy than the most enthusiastic applause of London and Parisian salons had ever been able to impart.

A deputation of her townsmen came to her, after the first fatigue of her journey was over.

"Will you not sing for us?" they said. "The town hall is not fit, but it is our largest room."

"I will sing for you," she answered, with a strange light in her beautiful face, "but not in any hall. To-morrow will be the anniversary of Miss Merivale's burial. I will sing to you beside her grave."

The people gathered in the odorous hush of the summer twilight. The church-yard was quite full, and many stood in the street outside. A strange stillness brooded over all, broken only by the distant rushing of the rapid river. Miss Merivale's monument gleamed white amid the dusky pines. The towns-people had raised it to her memory, even the little children dropping their pennies eagerly into the common fund. The sculptor knew the story, and he had put his heart into his work. There was a massive pedestal of purest white marble and upon it a woman's figure, winged and veiled, bending slightly forward as if for flight, with both hands outspread in blessing. There were many flowers upon the

green mound; from early spring-time until the late frosts of autumn, it never lacked such offerings.

Leila stood close beside the stone, a slender, graceful form, with a face pure and clear as the artist's sculptured ideal. If music be indeed the language of the immortals, well might her luminous eyes reflect the radiance beyond.

The level sunset touched her brow with a glory; slowly it faded, and the shadows deepened about her head. Still she sang—old folk-songs, tender and sweet, born of the pathos of living and dying; hymns that bore on their strong wings the conflict and triumph of the ages; grand arias in which the souls of Handel and Mendelssohn compelled immortality; strains that had lost themselves among old cathedral aisles, or soared to heaven from the lips of chanting armies waiting the battle charge for God and native land. The grandeur of the Old Dispensation, the tender promise of the New, were embodied in a living voice.

The faint moon had stolen into the sky, when she ceased at last. "My friends," she said, "all you who love her who was born into heaven so many years ago this day, sing with me now, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'"

The people bent like a wind-swayed forest. Not one was there whose life had not been somehow broadened and ennobled by the tender beneficence of her who slept below.

The choral harmony rose and swelled and died away, but somewhere, may be—who can tell?—out in the infinite where God's lonely hearts find home and rest, other lips took up the strain, and the praise of earth became the joy of heaven.

Mary A. P. Stansbury.

WILL OR ENVIRONMENT?

THE biographers and historians have not quite decided whether individual lives shape the movement of events, or are shaped by them. It is not easy, perhaps not possible, to determine this question. In one view, the individual man is almost a cypher. Taking a broad survey of historic changes and developments, discovering thus that the

harvests which we and others are now reaping have come from the sprouting of countless seeds scattered far and near along the ages, we grow very lowly-minded, and are quite ready to confess that the agency of any one man or woman upon the grand result cannot amount to much. Taking out the names that figure in capitals in the chronological tables—the Mohammeds, Luthers, Napoleons, Washingtons, who may be called, with more or less obvious truthfulness, the fathers of new dispensations, political or religious—the remainder appear to have been little more than the spectators of the ever-rolling stream of affairs, helping along certain movements and enabling them to reach their goal sooner than otherwise they might have done—"the god-fathers" of events, as some one has called them. This is as good a generalization as many another of the glittering family.

But it can readily be taken in pieces, and then, on a little closer inspection, it will be seen that all those minute details which go to make up the materials of vast revolutions, which shape and tone an age, are only the outcome of the thinkings and speakings and writings and actings of the myriads of busy mortals who have been living, working and dying thereabouts. So that we come round again from our impression that the personal unit is of almost inappreciable weight in the world, to subscribe to Carlyle's verdict, in the *Essay on Voltaire*—that each one's "earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end. What is done is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working universe, and will also work there, for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time. The life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds through the expanses of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern. Will it mingle with neighboring rivulets as a tributary; or receive them as their sovereign? . . . We know not; only in either case we know its path is to the great ocean; its waters, were they but a

handful, are *here*, and cannot be annihilated or permanently held back." The tides which roll around the globe we, of course, understand are only the accumulation of fluid drops, not one of them larger than the tear which dims the eye. The shores and coasts which hold in the seas are only the miles and leagues of sand-grains of almost invisible smallness. How much may a personal will and vitality be doing when its owner may think he is doing nothing? It is not a new story, but may still have some service in it. Here are its outlines :

In the south of England once lived an obscure and Christian woman. No one knows her ancestry, her birth-place, or her education. She had an only son whom she carefully instructed in virtue and the principles of religion. When he was seven years old, the mother died. Awhile after, the boy went to sea and became a common sailor in the African trade. He soon fell off into the vices of sea-faring men, and became notorious for profanity and general wickedness. In the midst of all this, the recollection of his mother's prayers and counsels survived with a distinct and sometimes vivid impressiveness. By and by he was converted, gave up the sea, studied theology, entered the ministry of the Church of England, and became one of its most successful clergymen. He was forcible and earnest as a preacher and an author. He had the gift of hymn-writing, and the church has long sung praises to her Lord in verses which that once blasphemous sailor taught her to rehearse. This devout man was the instrument of the conversion, among many others, of a young Scotchman, Claudius Buchanan. He became a minister, and a missionary to India; succeeded in arousing the British Christians to great ardor in evangelizing that country, on which subject he wrote a treatise, "*The Star in the East*," which first turned the attention of our countryman, Judson, to a mission in that land. His apostolic career is known to all religious readers. The obscure mother of that sailor-boy stands in the direct line of its origin.

That reckless youth, who had become an intelligent and loving friend of Christ, was

also the means of the conversion, at least to a purer gospel, of a brother clergyman of the same church, Dr. Thomas Scott, who up to that time, according to his own narrative, had been quite unacquainted with vital Christianity. Scott became one of the most useful men of his day, a faithful pastor, a vigorous defender of the faith, and, for two or three generations, was the most popular biblical commentator in our language. No human mind can at all measure the influence which this work has exerted throughout the English-speaking world. Another of John Newton's near neighbors was William Cowper, whose letters show how much indebtedness he acknowledged to that reclaimed sailor and fellow-hymnist, both for spiritual help and social alleviation. A pleasant illustration of this is given in a picture by some congenial hand, representing the fatherly parish priest in his lecture-desk and the pale, shy poet sitting near, listening, with a look of mingled devoutness and amusement, to the hearty singing of some of the "Gospel Hymns" of their joint composition, by these simple villagers. This good rector of Olney had much to do, in conjunction with a like-minded friend, Dr. Doddridge, in the rescue of William Wilberforce from a career of fashionable worldliness, and his subsequent religious and philanthropic leadership. For fourteen years, Newton gave Wilberforce a daily place in his prayers, before the latter confessed Christ as his Master. What Wilberforce was as a Christian civilian, reformer, statesman, history records on some of its most thrilling pages. His volume, "On a Practical Christianity," was also a leading agent in the revival of piety in the English church, out of which sprang the remarkable labor of Legh Richmond, Henry Martyn and other similar spirits whose works follow them. What did that unknown mother of a rescued prodigal know of all this, as she was dropping her handful of good seed into his then responsive mind? No more than the acorn foresees the spreading branches of the oak which is to come after.

The details of a theme like this have to be traced, if at all, with a minuteness which will seem very uncertain if not fanciful, to

some; and to those who do it, exceedingly inadequate as an expression of the limitless fact involved. A short solution of the matter is to deny the whole sequence and ramification of power so affirmed under the divine Providence. But that denial will draw after it much the same consequences in the moral world, which followed Samson's pulling down the pillars of the temple of Gaza. It involves too large a bill for repairs. We abide by the "*causa causarum*." But the most which can be done in this tracing is as if, sitting down to draw a tree in midsummer, you should merely sketch its trunk and main limbs, leaving out all its smaller twigs and the fulness of its clustering leafage. It is like the revelations of the microscope. One is startled by what it discloses; is delighted and sobered by the new world it unveils, according to the nature of its making up. Suppose its lens is turned upon some gem of viperous life, pregnant with poison and death? So with a personal power for evil; as that keen-eyed, but far from rightly self-governed old essayist, Montaigne, wrote:

"Our greatest vices derive their first propension from our most tender infancy; our principal education depends upon the nurse. Mothers are mightily amused to see a child twist off the neck of a chicken, or divert itself with hunting a dog or a cat; and such fathers there are in the world who look upon it as a notable presage of a martial spirit when he hears his son miscall or domineer over a poor peasant or lacquey, that dares not reply or turn again; and a great sign of wit when he sees him cheat and overreach his play-fellow by some sly trick. Yet these are the true seeds and roots of cruelty, tyranny and treason. They bud and put out these, and afterwards shoot up vigorously in the hands of custom; and it is a very dangerous mistake to excuse these vile inclinations upon account of the tenderness of their age and the triviality of the subject."

It is a curious discovery in science that the flowers which bloom in our gardens and beside the highways derive their colors from the chemical qualities of the soils in which they grow. Looking over the surface of the ground, you see no difference in its general

aspect. You would hardly suspect that these varying and beautiful hues and tints, often in the same plant, which enameled the glade, are touched with this delicate loveliness by such unseen and rude pencils.

"Each with a different banner flaming bright,
Damask, or striped, or crimson, pink, or white."

But the gentle processes of nature renew the pleasing wonder as the year advances. And so society takes the hues of its spirit, its life, from the hidden properties of our common stock, and our ordinary intercourse. The mind, the spirit, is the man, the woman, the personal self. The completion, the substance, of that mind is always reflecting itself from some mirror, not to fade from it the next moment, as when we behold our natural homeliness or comeliness in a glass, but rather to print its shape and shading there as pictures are taken under the solar light. That is a very suggestive art. We admire its delicacy and precision—that so swiftly, so surely, the features of a friend can be stamped on the prepared plate or paper, to be carried away as a permanent memorial of admiration or love. Just as really, individual dispositions, characters, selves, are entering into other combinations, to be perpetuated in other lives, as the nature of the soil you cultivate will report itself in the plants that spring from it; as the sun's rays, under the requisite circumstances, will transfer the facial likeness, the costume and surroundings, to the honest photograph. The village, the families in it, each is a reproducing garden, a multiplying gallery, of forms, and habits, and feelings, and tastes; of opinions, and decisions in morals, and economics, and religion; where what has been will be again; old faces in new fashions rotating onward; fresh harvesting from every seed according to its kind, from generation to generation; not by a necessarian rigidity, nor without much variation in detail, but by a law, nevertheless, of constitutional relation which has been demonstrating its reality and profound significance since the creation.

It is one of the most common reflections that very important effects may grow from quite unintentional and unconscious causes. If nothing is unproductive in human life

and intercourse, then much the larger amount of consequences proceeds from such sources; for the undesigned, the seemingly fortuitous agency of people, is immensely more prolific of results of some sort than what is undertaken with a set motive. If personal responsibility attaches to this kind of causation, it might very well wake us up to a less absent-minded way of living. Perhaps it might be exacting too much of us always to be planning what now and what next in the every-day interchanges of the family and society. It is very delicious to drift on the current sometimes, letting the rudder and the sails take care of themselves. On a smooth stream and with no squall-clouds about, this may be safe, as possibly it occasionally may be necessary to our mental and physical moods. But it ought to be the very exceptional and not the common condition. As the law, people should know what they are doing, and that this is a right and sound thing. What kind of motors some human beings are, in this hap-hazard and semi-unconscious state, Ruskin has depicted in his unique and sinewy way:

"Now it so happens, as we all know, that by far the largest part of things happening in practical life are brought about with no deliberate purpose. There are always a number of people who have the nature of stones; they fall on other persons and crush them. Some again have the nature of weeds, and twist about other people's feet and entrap them. More have the nature of logs, and lie in the way, so that every one falls over them. And most of all have the nature of thorns, and set themselves by waysides, so that every passenger must be torn, and all good seed choked; or perhaps make wonderful crackling under various pots, even to the extent of practically boiling water and working pistons. All these people produce immense and sorrowful effects in the world. Yet none of them are doers: it is their nature to crush, impede, and prick; but deed is not in them."

The philosophy which puts the shaping and guidance of the intelligent world not under the keeping of personal will, but diffuses it around through a universal cir-

cuit of forces developing the future from the past, would see in these damaged samples of humanity no accountability to their race for any increase of well-being to others, nor even for any removal of such individual stumbling-blocks from the highway of our common life. Granted that these persons cannot wholly rid themselves of such peculiarities, they nevertheless have some responsibility for reducing the mischief so generated to its least harmful expression, by a persistent endeavor after a more symmetrical and fruitful life. For life is a power itself—a creator of new social conditions, dwarfed and perverted as it may be. In this sense, it is a *doer*, be it where and what it may. “Deed” is in every living soul. It begins every morning, and does not always stop every night. Its doing goes afoot, accomplishing its journey and its work by imperceptible stages. Today’s is much like yesterday’s: but all of these put together make up another human history. The temper of this, the spirit ever breaking from it, the power of it to impress others, the words, the looks, the smiles, the frowns, the approval given to this or that behavior, sentiment, character, example,—these are the weights which are sinking, or the wings which are lifting the community. It is an error if, attempting to single out and separate these details, we say that individually they are of no great importance. They cannot be so isolated; they so run into each other as to form a compact and massive whole.

So, as a whole, bearing a general sameness, life must be estimated, and not in its fractional components. Its power is not in one or another special forth-putting, but in its wholeness of impression. It is another error to think that this power of impression depends essentially on the place where its fulcrum may or may not be set. One of Mendelssohn’s musical friends was anxious to transfer his residence from a rural situation to a city, thus to secure a better opportunity to educate and improve the public; in regard to which, that great composer wrote: “If a man only strives thoroughly to perfect his own being, and to purify himself by degrees from all dross, in acting

thus . . . even in a village, his labors are certain to make their way in the world, and there to exercise their due influence.” Centers of power are anywhere, if there is a personal power there; just as the encircling horizon always fixes us at the center of the visible earth.

Does it pay then, on the whole, for you and me, kind reader, to keep on turning the crank of this big mill which is grinding out these unceasing grists of miscellaneous results that often appear to be good for nothing, to amount to nothing? Does the world really pay for the trouble and expense of keeping it agoing? A not very small number of people in these trying times find themselves turning over such questions—people, too, who have read other parts of the Bible oftener than the ironies and Wertherisms of the book of Ecclesiastes; and who, in the main, do not give in to cowardly or sulky moods. But how can one help getting tired at times of the ever-repeating routine of common cares and vulgar vexations which seem to be the very warp and woof of human existence? Thus: by knowing that in these very things lies the hidden spring of the mightiest influence exerted by men and women. In Professor Hurst’s “History of Rationalism” is this reference to Kant, the chief of German metaphysicians, the philosophical Luther of his age. The astute philosopher, says Dr. Hurst, wrote of her with the deepest feeling of his nature when he said:

“My mother was an amiable, sensitive, pious and devoted woman, who taught her children the fear of God by her godly teaching and her spotless life. She often led me outside the city, and showed me the works of God; she pointed me with devout feelings to the omnipotence, wisdom and goodness of God, and inspired my heart with a deep reverence for the Creator of all things. I shall never forget my mother, for it was she who planted and strengthened my first germ of goodness; she opened my heart to the impressions of nature; she awakened and advanced my conceptions; and it has been her instructions that have exerted a permanent and wholesome influence upon my life.”

Just now this fact of personal power needs an especial emphasis at the fountain-head of the determining of character—the home. Women who are getting chafed and wearied with its exactions—and some of them are Christian women—might very well hang up in their rooms these motto-words for frequent notice: “The mother of Augustine;” “The mother of John Newton;” “The mother of Emanuel Kant.” Nor are these the greater three. But they and the rest wrought their noble and loving task where it must still and ever be wrought—where little boys and girls are living and growing day and night, in health and sickness, in easy and in straitened circumstances. There are as bright and priceless gems yet to be polished as any of the former ones. Is it merely keeping the wheels of life in motion? That is much, when they rotate to such good purpose. The revolution of the grindstone is monotonous enough; but it puts an edge to the fine metal. Jeremy Taylor shall finish the argument with one of his grand perorations:

“Not only those who have opportunity and powers of a magnificent religion or a pompous charity, . . . or assiduous and effectual preachings, or exterior demonstrations of corporal mercy, shall have the

greatest crowns, and the addition of degrees and accidental rewards; but the silent affections, the splendors of an internal devotion, the unions of love, humility and obedience, the daily offices of prayer and praises sung to God, the acts of faith and fear, of patience and meekness, of hope and reverence, repentance and charity, and those graces which walk in a veil and silence, make great ascents to God, and as sure progress to favor and a crown as the more ostentatious and laborious exercises of a more solemn religion. No man needs to complain of want of power or opportunities for religious perfections; a devout woman in her closet, praying with much zeal and affection for the conversion of souls, is in the same order to a shining like the stars in glory as he, who by excellent discourses, puts it into a more forward disposition to be actually performed. And possibly her prayers obtained energy and force to my sermon, and made the ground fruitful and the seed spring up to life eternal. Many times God is present in the still voice and private retirements of a quiet religion, and the constant spiritualities of an ordinary life,” giving these a power that is denied to “the loud and impetuous winds, and the shining fires of more laborious and expensive actions.” *J. T. Tucker.*

TALLULAH.

ALONE with Nature, when her passionate mood
Deepens and deepens, till from shadowy wood
And somber shore the blended voices sound
Of five infuriate torrents, wanly crowned
With such pale-misted foam as that which starts
To whitening lips, from frenzied human hearts!

Echo repeats the thunderous roll and boom
Of these vexed waters through the foliaged gloom
So wildly, in their grand, reverberant swell,
Borne from dim hill-side to rock-bounded dell,
That oft the tumult seems
The vast, fantastic dissonance of dreams—

A roar of adverse elements torn and riven
 In gaunt recesses of some billowy hell—
 But sending ever through the tremulous air
 Defiance, laden with august despair,
 Up to the calm and pitiful face of heaven!

From ledge to ledge the impetuous current sweeps
 Forever tortured, tameless, unsubdued,
 Amid the darkly humid solitude;
 Through waste and turbulent deeps,
 It cleaves a terrible pathway, overrun
 Only by doubtful flickerings of the sun,
 To meet with swift cross-eddies, whirlpools set
 On verges of some measureless abyss;
 Above the stir and fret,
 The hollow lion's roar, or serpent-hiss
 Of whose unceasing conflict waged below
 The gorges of the giant precipice,
 Shines the mild splendor of a heavenly bow!

But blinded to the rainbow's tender light,
 Soft as the eyes of Mercy bent on Might,
 Still with dark vapors all around it furled,
 The demon-spirit of this watery world
 Thro' many a maddened curve, and stormy throe,
 Speeds to its last tumultuous overflow,—
 When downward hurled from wildering shock to shock,
 Its wild heart breaks upon the outmost rock
 That guards the empire of this rule of wrath:

Henceforth, beyond the shattered cataract's path,
 The tempered spirit of a gentler guide
 Enters, methinks, the unperturbed tide,—
 Its current sparkling in the blest release
 From wasting passion, glides through shores of peace;
 O'er brightened spaces, and clear confluent calms
 Float the hale breathings of near meadow balms;
 And still, by silent cove and silvery reach,
 The murmurous wavelets pass,
 Lip the coy tendrils of the delicate grass,
 And tranquil hour by hour
 Uplift a crystal glass,
 Wherein each lithe narcissus flower
 May mark its slender frame and beauteous face
 Mirrored in softly visionary grace,
 And still, by fairy bight and shelving beach
 The fair waves whisper, low as leaves in June—
 (Small gossips lisping in their woodland bower)
 And still, the ever-lessening tide
 Lapses, as glides some once imperious life
 From haughty summits of demoniac pride,
 Hatred, and vengeful strife

Down through Time's twilight-valleys purified,
 Yearning alone to keep
 A long predestined tryst with Night and Sleep,
 Beneath the dew-soft kisses of the moon!

Paul H. Hayne.

AUNT HULDAH'S SCHOLARS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Where in light gambols healthy striplings sport,
 Ambitious learning builds her outer court;
 A grave preceptor there her usher stands,
 And rules, without a rod, her little bands.

Timothy Dwight.

"I AM quite in earnest," said General Mackaye to Rachel, and, as he spoke, he rose from his chair and shut both the doors of the room; "I am quite in earnest, and that is the reason why I have brought up this case with me." So saying, he unrolled from its newspaper cover a mahogany pistol case. "Let these lie upon your table; say nothing to anybody about them, and it will not be long before all Laurens Harbour knows that they are here. And whenever you choose to go out with me and Tirah yonder to practice at a mark in the garden lot, I am at your service. Or perhaps we had better go without Tirah. If your shots are bad, it would be as well that no one except me should know it."

Rachel laughed. "Then I think to-day we will go without her. Have you everything you want?"

"Have you a paper of pins with you? We shall find some stick or tree that we can fix our mark to."

And as they walked up the gentle slope of the hill side, "I am quite sure," said he, "that the bark of these people is worse than their bite. Indeed I am never afraid of people who threaten much; you know the old proverb. Really the only danger is in whisky. These fellows get it sometimes—I wish I knew where or how; and on some night when they have been drinking more than they ought, some of them will be going home, bragging of their prowess, really

not knowing what they are doing, and your little establishment or my sentinel here might suffer. Now an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; and I have observed that even Dutch courage does not break its head against stone walls. Do you know what Dutch courage is?"

Yes, Rachel did know what Dutch courage was. But the phrase is dying out, for the slang of one generation is replaced by the slang of another, and for young readers it may be said that "Dutch courage" is the courage of the man who has been drinking whisky or other liquor.

Rachel proved a better shot than she had dared to think, and the General praised her success. She observed that the mark which he gave her was, in every case, a visiting card,—always a new card. In twenty shots, at a considerable distance, she succeeded once in striking the card itself. This card the General put in his pocket, and so long as he was in command at Laurens Harbour, it stood conspicuous over the mantel at head-quarters, with the inscription in large letters:

"Shot made by Miss Fredet at fifteen paces." No inscription mentioned how many cards Miss Fredet had missed in the practice.

So soon as Tirah found what the pistol case was for, and found that under certain restrictions she was permitted to join in the practice, her enthusiasm for powder and shot was unbounded. This was the crowning evidence that she was indeed free, that she might handle fire-arms; and without anything vindictive, the girl had a shrewd determination to acquire to her

very best the ability on which, as she rightly reasoned, all civil institutions, all government, and indeed, all liberty depend. Rachel became a very decent shot, and Tirah's prowess was really extraordinary. One of Tirah's targets stood over Rachel's mantel-piece, and there was no need of doctoring it before it was subject to general inspection.

If the neighborhood believed that both Tirah and Rachel went about with a weapon in some concealed pistol pocket, it was not that Rachel started that story. Whether Tirah were quite proof against temptation to exaggerating in language, it is not for this chronicle to state; but, if half the stories in Laurens Harbour were true, both of these women were walking armories. In fact, as need hardly be said, neither of them carried any weapon except in the occasional practice which has been alluded to.

Indeed the pistol practice was not wholly in Rachel's line, although she acquiesced in it, at the General's request, regarding him as her superior officer. She wanted these people to love her,—and she did not want to have them afraid of her. When she said this to him, he said that she might make everybody love her who was capable of loving; but that men blind with whisky were not capable of loving. He believed, however, that they would be very far gone, before they would make a serious attack on a house held by two well-armed women who knew how to use their weapons. Rachel herself had more confidence in her colored allies, and had tested so thoroughly their allegiance that she believed she might rely on them to the end. Mr. Bottle was always a little afraid of her grammar, and other "book-learning." He knew enough to know that his cases, persons, numbers and genders would not pass any Northern examination board. But he was not afraid of her on any other side. Nor did she ever, by any token, intimate that on this side she had any advantage. She knew he knew a great deal more of his people and their ways than she did. She sat at his feet, unaffectedly, when it came to consultations as to any improvement in their habits, their social order, or their morals. And, as the

Christmas holidays passed, and the winter ground by, she was able more than once to render him essential service in what he wanted to carry out in his re-born church; as, on his part, he came to her rescue fifty times in the discipline of the school. The evident sympathy and co-operation of these two chiefs greatly advanced the order and promoted the steadiness of the little community, in what was really its reorganization.

General MacKaye's sentinels, at Rachel's eager request, were withdrawn in the day time to their old beat up and down in front of the government store-houses, the barracks, and the head-quarters proper. It was no fault of his arrangements, therefore, that one Monday morning, as the scholars gathered, now quite punctually, and took their seats preparatory to the opening exercise of prayer, a grand crash took place in the school-room, which for an instant threatened serious danger. For serious injury, indeed, had it been laboriously prepared. The younger children, always the earliest on the ground, had come in, dropping their courtesies or their grotesque bows as they entered. Their hands had passed inspection of the monitors, and if not up to test, the children had taken their turns at the wash-basins. As the hand of the dapper and noisy clock approached nine, a file of larger boys and girls came in all together, vying with each other indeed, which should bring the largest armful of wood for the pile by the stove, when the crash came. The rough floor gave way, with enormous seams between the planks, into which rolled more than one slate and primer; though by some marvel no child's foot was caught. Rachel's table tipped forward, and dictionaries, ink-stands, bell, water pitcher and tumblers were piled in one heap before her platform. A scream rose which would not have been improved upon had the Angel Gabriel in person blown that trump, with which these children were as familiar in imagination as they were with the daily morning call of the cavalry. But discipline, in all else, was perfect. Not a brat of six years old left her bench, although more than one row had all to clutch the

seat on which they sat. Rachel found herself standing. She had seized the end of the table as it went over, and now as it stood on the other end, she grasped one of the legs, and balanced herself on a timber of her platform which did not give way. She held up her hand, and the screams stopped.

"Sit just as you are," she said. And she smiled encouragement as she saw that they sat firm. Then to Tirah, who was at the door, "See what is the matter." Not a step jarred the trembling fabric. And in an instant Tirah returned to the open door and took command.

"Laury Spicer. Slow! Stop dar! 'F you hurry, Darby, break your neck sure 's you live."

"Diny Laurens. Dat's right. Slow! Slow! See dar. You don't gain nothin' by hurry."

And so she went on, calling out bench after bench; and by a sort of resolute command, felt more distinctly than expressed in words, compelled the frightened children to creep by her into the open air. Rachel left last of all. It was almost an effort of gymnastics to descend from her shaking platform.

"No, miss," said Tirah, "don't you go in. Look here!" And she pointed in the gloom to the girder which in its fall had so swung round that it sustained the floor, and had kept all these poor children from the fate designed for them.

In the holiday of Saturday, some hard-working rascals of the Secesh had concealed themselves in the cellar, formerly sacred to pigs under the barn. This had been diligently cleaned out by the General's direction, when the building itself was turned over to be a school-house. In the night these adventurers had sawed the main timbers under Rachel's desk so nearly through, that they hung only by a few fibres. In fact, one had broken, as it was meant to do, at one end, but at the other end the uncut part had held, so that the stick in falling to the ground had taken a vertical position, and had become the pillar which had supported the yielding floor. Tirah had not much knowledge of engineering, but she had the

wit to see that such a shaking reed must not be roughly disturbed. As it proved, no child was even scratched in the downfall which had been so painfully prepared.

As Tirah made her usual rounds that night, she saw on the roadway, a little below the sentry, two great lanterns made from gourds or squashes, set up with brilliant lights in them, grinning derisively as she fancied. She did not even speak to the sentinel. She went back to the house and returned with her pistol. A sharp crack, and one head was gone; another crack, and the other toppled over. When she looked for them in the morning they were gone. The makers had carried them away in the night, and had a chance to admire the precision with which a hole, not made by them, bored the middle of each empty forehead above the line of the eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

Few streaks announced the coming day,
How slow, alas, it came.
I thought that line of silver gray
Would never dapple into day,
So sullenly it rolled away
Before the golden flame
Rose, splendid, and dethroned the stars,
And robbed their radiance from their cars,
And filled the world, from his bright throne,
With lovely lustre all his own.

As Rachel sat reading at her window, on the afternoon of a winter day, not long after the crash at the school house, the Doctor rode up, on the outside. She started for the door, but he withheld her, by a gesture, and when she offered to open the window, he shook his head. Then he called "Small-pox" aloud, so that she could hear through the window.

She bade him wait, threw on a cloak and hood, and ran out. The doctor would not heed her assurance that she was fearless, and had perfect confidence in her protection, but kept well on the other side of the road as he talked with her.

Doctor. — It's a bad business any way. A wretched child, looked as if she were starving, and indeed she was, came down from a hole they call Coffin's Hollow. It is four miles back behind the Knob here. The child said her mother was dying, she

believed, and I am afraid she is right. There are four of these children, so young as to be really helpless. The husband was killed at the second Bull's Run, and God knows what has kept them alive since. The mother is in the lowest prostration of the second fever. The oldest girl has every symptom and I suppose they must all have it now. But the place is a pig-pen.

Rachel.—Whom have they there?

Doctor.—Whom? Nobody within two miles. And what I want to ask is whether you or Brother Bottle cannot send somebody. There must be somebody who would go up there for love or money.

Rachel.—For love, perhaps. For money, no. You say they are white?

Doctor.—Yes, that is the worst of it. If they were not white, I would have gone straight to Bottle. This is not the worst. The children have been back and forth here for days. This little "Gusty," they call her, was in and out at the blacksmith's and at the store yesterday. I dare not say how soon we may have the disease in all the neighborhood. My own men are all vaccinated the day they enlist. But this white trash, *quien sabe?* And your scholars,—who knows?

Rachel said she would meet him at the General's, and was there, when he came, after changing his dress, for a consultation. The determination arrived at was that the school should be suspended for a fortnight, till every scholar and every scholar's father, mother, brother and sister, had been vaccinated; that a cordon should be established to shut off access to Coffin's Hollow; that Rachel and Elder Bottle should do their best to find a nurse or attendant to take care of the Topin children and their mother. She took the doctor's account of the way across the hills thither, and hurried to the Elder's.

In this part of her duty, however, Rachel was foiled. The Elder gave her little encouragement. Whatever might have been done to neighbors, to the Topins, who were squatters, and were miles away, with no claim and no hold on the Harbour people, nothing would be done by anybody. Rachel compelled the Elder to press the matter in

one or two households, freely offering money, if he thought that would help. But the applications were as fruitless as he had warned her they would be.

Then it was that Rachel carried out the idea she had had from the beginning, and went herself.

She would not have gone were the school to meet. But the school would be closed. She had, as she thought, a duty fairly next her hand. She started under the moonlight with Tirah, with a basket, heavily laden with such necessities as her sanitary boxes provided. When the wretched cottage came in sight, she dismissed Tirah, weeping with sorrow and rage combined, because she was not permitted to share her mistress's exile. Two snarling curs met her but receded from the threat of her stout walking stick. She saw no other living being, but a scorpion which escaped from the door-step as she approached. She knocked at the door, opened it herself, and found that she had done wisely in lighting the candle in her lantern. There was no light nor fire in the cabin.

The poor mother scarcely knew who spoke to her; nor, at the first, did Rachel make any attempt to improve her condition. The mother was, however, the only member of the family who was awake. Huddled all together, on the floor of the other room, Rachel found the four children under an army blanket which the Doctor had left. Her first care was to rouse the two oldest, and to take them with her, to the place where Tirah and she had left their heavy basket. Taking from the basket some of its heavier stores which she carried herself, she made the girl and boy follow her with what were left. Thus provided, she put the children again to bed,—if it is not mockery to use the words,—and began her care of the poor mother. The child "Gusty" had explained the miserable resource they had for water. Miserable as it was, the poor little wretches had loyally done their best before night-fall, and Rachel found that the half-barrel, which served the cabin as a cistern, was even now half full of cool and clear water.

She did not yet dare change poor Mrs. Topin's clothing, but she did roll her in a

clean sheet, which she had brought up in her big basket, and which was so much guard from the irritation which the poor creature had been suffering from the rough sackcloth of the dirty bed on which she lay. To cool her face with water, and to give her cooling drinks made from lemon juice, were the only offices Rachel dared attempt. The dim consciousness that some one was there who was able and willing to do this probably served the poor creature, indirectly, quite as much as any physical relief then possible. "I am close by," said Rachel, once and again, when she left her after trying to cool and sweeten her mouth a little with a drop or two of water. She would have been glad to cool it with ice or snow, but every trace of the snow of a few weeks before was gone. She and Tirah had vainly searched different hollows as they came, but quite without success. Poor Mrs. Topin showed that she was conscious and was grateful, but she did not attempt to speak. For Rachel, when she left her patient, she took station outside the house, in a covered corner made by a sort of shed which shielded her from the wind, and yet gave her a full view of the marvelous winter sky. From time to time, twenty times as the night passed, she went quietly in to see that her patient needed nothing; but her station was in this bivouac, wrapped in a blanket, and not sorry for the opportunity to watch, for the first time in her life, the passage of the stars for a whole night across the sky.

Nor did the night seem long. At last the stars paled,—she was sure they paled; and she repeated aloud the lines of Byron—more certain, perhaps, to live than any other lines of his—which are copied at the head of the chapter. Before the largest stars were gone the sleeping dogs roused up together, ran forward and barked querulously. Rachel started up to quiet them, if she could, and saw at the moment a stranger approaching, whose tread had been detected by their instincts sooner than by hers. Rachel advanced to meet him, terribly frightened, but pretending not to be frightened, which is next best to being fearless.

"Mornin', ma'am! Sorry to make sech

an airy visit. But a' got kind o' hulled last night, and thort a'd walk up an' inquire before a' harnessed up agin."

Rachel was not displeased, as she recognized, behind the nasal tones of the speaker, the dialect of New England. Dirty and worn as his costume was indeed, the make-up of the man was, from head to foot, unlike that of the natives of the country.

"I am a stranger myself," said she, "and I cannot tell you much of the road. But you had better not come to the house. They all have small-pox here, and I am taking care of them."

"Small-pox, have ye? That's a nasty thing. Had it myself, once: glad a' cant have it agin. Lost all muh good looks that time, and never got um agin," and he laughed grimly. "Then you haint got nobody, have ye, that could just come down a piece and help me pry up my hind axle?"

"Nobody, unless I can," said Rachel, laughing. "There's a sick woman, and four sick children in the house. I only came last night myself."

"Orful lonely," said the other, looking round, without much attention. "They aint no neighbors, is they?" he added, dropping his voice, and evidently expecting no answer; though, as is the custom of his race, he couched his statement of what he believed to be true in the form of a question. Then with a real interrogation, quite different in accent, therefore, "Ware jew come from?"

Rachel.—I came from Laurens Harbour, where is quite a village and a government post. There are some people only two miles away, but—but I do not think they would give much help to—to a Yankee," she said boldly, and she laughed this time. "Your best way will be, to ride down to Laurens, and the General will send out a man with you."

"Think he would?" asked or mused the other. "Guess he would ef a' asked him. Mebbe a' will. A' wanted fust to git some water. Horse aint had none sence sundown. Don't know ware they's a spring, do ye?"

Yes; she could show him a spring, and offered him her only bucket. But he said he would go back for his own bucket; and

so he did. Rachel visited her patient in the meanwhile, and, with her bucket, met him at the spring. This time he thanked her cordially for her courtesy, and said he would like to come and see her patients. Perhaps he had something in his wagon that would make them comfortable. He had a little of everything in his wagon. Rachel gladly assented to his offer. True as the girl was, to the core, she had had, all along, an uneasy feeling that the gross improbability of her story might have challenged his doubts; that it might seem like the romance of a lonely woman afraid of visitors; and though to a poor peddler who would never see her again, she was almost proud to show that she had told him the truth.

"I aint afraid o' nothin' o' that sort, now, you know," said he, as he returned from his second visit to his wagon. "Horse mighty glad to git some water, I tell you. You see we got kind o' hulled up in the hills arter dark, 'n we felt kind o' lonesome bein' out all night."

As they entered the cabin, Rachel saw that he had two or three bottles in his hand, which in default of a table he put on a three-cornered stool which stood by the bedside.

"Pooty sick, is n't she?" was his first interrogative assertion. "Pooty sick, I tell you. Ware's the childurn." And Rachel showed him. The poor things were still sleeping.

"Seems to me," said the peddler, after he had covered one who had kicked off his corner of the blanket, and after he and she had gone out into the more airy shed, "seems to me, ef them was my childurn—and a' wish they was," he added meditatively—"seems to me a' should keepm apart. Aint no use temptin' Providence. Mebbe they won't all have it, neow."

Rachel.—Do you think so?

Peddler.—Dunno. Lord knows, 'n'I guess nobody else knows. But wen I had it, fourteen years last fast-day,—wen I had it, Silas Bean he slep' in the same bed 'z'I did till the rash come out; 'n' the critter never had a speck. Never was vaccinated, nuther; folks come from Coos county 'n

didn't know nothin'; he didn't nuther; but he never took it once, 'n'he slep' in the same bed with me till the rash was out. Lord knows. I dunno. But a' shouldn't keep 'em together, ef they was mine.

Rachel.—We have not much room.

Peddler.—We've all out-doors; 'n'out-doors is better nor in-doors when theys these here rash distempers. Any way, them three as is not down yit, need n't stay with the one as is.

Rachel.—If the house was a little larger.

Peddler.—Woll, yes. If it was. But it is n't. But see here. Here's this wood-shed, 'n no wood in it. That's kind o' lucky. Therz that sullen door, ye see; take that off its hinges, 'n put it here, 'n that are pizarrar floor aint no use 'n never was; put that here, 'n a few yards of duck here. Don't ye see, this here'll be the best room in the house. See here, mum; you jest git a broom ef they is one, and sweep out here, 'n I'll jest step down in the piece and bring the duck 'n'a hammer.

And the good fellow was away to his "hulled" wagon again, before Rachel could explain that she already had found a hammer and nails.

He was as good as his word. Poor Rachel searched vainly for a broom, and was attempting, with the aid of one of the boys, to shovel out the refuse chips from the shed, when the peddler appeared, with what he would have called an assorted armful, a very miscellaneous collection, in which a new broom was included.

"Now you go 'n tend her," said he. "I'n' the boy'll fix up a little here. Here, Doctor, don't leave your chips there; carry um down the lot, 'n' then come back." And the little Virginian, amazed at the title conferred on him, obeyed. And now, for the first time, Rachel had light enough within the two sick rooms, which were the whole house, to try to set things a little in order, to start a fire, to wash and re-dress after a fashion the three children not counted ill. When she returned to the little wood-shed she found her new ally far advanced in his plans. In some more prosperous days a kind of cellar had been dug beneath one end of the cabin, accessible from the out-

side. The peddler had taken possession of the large cellar doors. He had discovered a fire-board, and was already loosening the boards which made the floor of what, in an exaggerated use of language, he called the "pizarra." With these materials he was well forward in closing in the open side of the shed. The spaces which were not fitted by his barricade he proposed to cover with duck; in very short commands he gave Rachel his instructions as to cutting it, and, with the boy's help, tacking it in place. Rachel obeyed him quietly, attending now and then to her kettle, and well pleased when she was able to bring out to him a cup of tea, and, on one of poor Mrs. Topin's plates, some hard-tack and cold meat which she had brought up for her own breakfast.

"Oh no," said he, "guess a' won't board here. Carry my own victuals with me." And with a queer quickness of movement which had amused Rachel all along, he went again to this unknown ark, from which came such various contributions, and brought back with him this time two pies, which he explained had been baked at Harper's Ferry, a piece of cheese and a can of preserved milk.

"I larned," said he, "wen a' was in the army t'make coffee; but we had n't no milk there, 'n I'm jes' sech a fool th't a' carry some of this 'ere roun' with me. Guess a' won't hev 't now; yer can take some for the childurn by'm' by."

As he paused from his labor of love for a few minutes for the very odd repast which was thus provided, he gave Rachel a little account of his history. He had served in the army in one of the Massachusetts regiments first called into the field, until he was invalided in consequence of a shot which he had received at Fredericksburg; but he had been enough in the valley of Virginia to determine that there was a better home for him than in Essex county; and now, sure that the war was at an end, the man had come down to "prospect," as he said, and had thought that he might have two strings to his bow by bringing down a cargo of "notions," such as he imagined this exhausted community would need. It was from this assortment that he was now pro-

viding for the wants of the Topin household.

The breakfast took but a few minutes, for in truth each of the two was eager to carry on the work of the early morning. It was almost immediately after breakfast, when Rachel went to her own basket for the napkin which she wanted for one of the children, that she fairly started herself and startled the other.

"Bradstreet!" she cried, "it is one of Percy's napkins. And then turning to her companion, she said: "This napkin is marked in the handwriting of a dear friend of mine."

"Bradstreet!" said the peddler, "jew know Percy Bradstreet? W'y her mother wuz the last person a' spoke to in Lynn. Her father lent me thirty-five dollars f'r the outfit o' that 'ere waregin. Jew know Percy Bradstreet?"

Rachel turned on him amazed.

"How do you know her?" said she, only half taking in what he had said.

"How do a' know her? A've bottomed more boots f'r her father th'n'd shoe this hull valley down to Lynchburg—ef they wear 's few boots 's most of 'em do th't I've seen so far," he added with a grim smile. "A' worked for the old firm 'f Bradstreet Brothers, 'n then a' worked for this man. Worked f'r 'im w'en they called out the Fifth 'n' Sixth 'n' Seventh regiments. All my folks work f'r 'im now. How jew get that napkin?"

Rachel explained that it came from the sanitary box.

"Sanitary box! 'f course 't did. What a fool a' was t' ask. A' nailed up that box myself, a' did. We was all down 't the vestry, 'n' Percy she come t'me 'n' she says, says she, 'Mr. Knowles,' says she, 'we've got the box full,' says she, 'n' won't you come 'n' nail it up?' says she. So a' went, 'n' I nailed up the box, a' did. They'd packed it all wrong, 'n' I took everything out of it 'n' put um in agin. Put in the checker-boards 'n' the packs o' keerds 't the bottom, 'n' I put in the sheets next, 'n' ef you onpacked it yer see 't the top them little bags wi' sewin' things in 'em. Got one jest like 'em th't Percy gin me herself, she did."

And he took from his pocket a well-worn soldier's housewife, while Rachel—knowing perfectly well that she was not dreaming, but in that state of mind in which people in novels are said to suppose they are dreaming—took from her pocket the exact mate to it, saying:

"I took that from that box yesterday. I thought it would be of use up here."

This incident of the box, furnished by the Lynn Sanitary Aid Society, entirely sealed the alliance which had been formed in the early twilight between Jonas Knowles and Rachel. Till now she had wondered at what moment he would take her original advice, mount his horse and ride to the Harbour for help. From this moment she accepted his loyal services to the Topins, and from hour to hour learned more and more to respect the man's entire unselfishness, while she was amused at the shrewdness by which he met new difficulties, and the pluck with which he overcame all obstacles. Long before the doctor came up on the afternoon visit Rachel felt as intimate with him as he represented Percy to be. Of her, as is the custom of his race, he always spoke in this irreverent manner, using no title of courtesy, and seldom any surname. That he had gained from Percy Bradstreet's father and mother no little of his early training, Jonas Knowles was willing in a thousand forms to acknowledge gratefully. But, among these visible forms was not the use of any term of respect or courtesy such as is in the language of other parts of the English-speaking peoples. As the day passed by, his shrewd and "shifty" plans and Rachel's quick and spirited co-operation, with no little help, indeed, from the ready children, had reduced chaos to something like order, and brought a certain amount of neatness into the extemporized hospital. Two new bedsteads, made from fence-slats which had been left on one side of an old garden patch, stood at the two ends of the woodshed. On each of them was a rough bed of straw, made from ticking supplied from the assorted cargo of the ark, and covered by the neat sanitary sheets and the army blankets. These were in readiness for the three well children, so called.

Gusty's wretched little bed had been renewed; Mrs. Topin had been lifted from hers into the wreck of her rocking-chair; a new bed substituted for that on which she had been lying for ten days, and the old one burned by Knowles at a proper distance from the house. Rachel's own sanitary stock of sheets was exhausted, but Knowles said he could furnish "no end" of Gardner Brewer sheeting, and, as he also said, hemming was not necessary under the circumstances.

When at three o'clock the doctor arrived, he could hardly believe in the transformation which had been effected in the wretched hovel of yesterday.

"Ef yer thought, doctor, 't would be of any use, yer might see down to the Harbour 'f anybody could come up to help me start up this waregin. 'Ts a pretty bad smash-up, anyway."

The doctor proposed to go down and see it himself, and Rachel joined them. Sure enough, the smash was a bad one. Knowles had been misled at a fork in the road a long way back, and had persevered after dark on a track which grew worse and worse, with no clew whatever excepting that given by the deceptive moonlight. In the worst mud-hole of all, in crossing a heavy log, the whole weight had been thrown on one wheel, that end of the axle had given way, and it was in this hole that the wagon was now "hulled." But the doctor, not unused to such experiences in Virginia, ventured some suggestions of engineering which Jonas was not unwilling to try. Rachel was as ready as always to lend a hand, and she offered to show a wood-pile which furnished sticks for temporary corduroy; the wagon was provided with a jack-screw in view of such contingencies, and an hour of stiff work by all parties lifted it from the bog, so that the horse dragged it in triumph supported by a rail in place of the missing wheel. A triumphant progress of a few minutes brought it to the very front of the Topins' cabin, and Jonas then announced that he guessed it was so late that he would spend the night there, and that the doctor might send up in the morning the assistance which he indicated, if he

could find anybody who was willing to come. For himself, Jonas had slept in the wagon three nights out of four since the day when he left Lynn.

CHAPTER XV.

Val.—The Lady is alone!

Berth.—Alone, and thus?—So weak and yet so bold?

Val.—I said she was alone—

Berth.—And weak, I said.

Val.—When is man strong until he feels alone?

Colombe's Birthday.

WHEN the Doctor came the next day, Rachel saw at once that his face was serious. Had this been after he saw his patients, she would have supposed that they were the cause. But, before he dismounted, his expression revealed his anxiety. He went directly into the house, with scarcely a word; and then, speaking of and to Mrs. Topin, gave the most encouraging opinion of her position. She scarcely understood, she scarcely seemed to care, and he then hurried from the room, beckoned to Knowles, who was in the door-way of the wood-shed, and walked with him and Rachel away from the house.

"The post is broken up," said he. "The General has a telegram within an hour; we move for the Ferry in the morning and shall be before Richmond on Friday. There will not be a blue coat nor a brass button in the Harbour to-morrow night."

"This is sudden!" said Rachel. And she felt through and through the loneliness of her position.

"The General is distressed," said the Doctor, very seriously. "There is no other word. He rode a mile on the way with me. He said he knew he was responsible for your being here; that your Board would never have sent you unless there were a post here; and his most earnest advice is, that you leave with the command."

"I hardly see," said Rachel. "You know I am under-orders too; and I should be rather mean in reporting to my chiefs that I had run away from the very duty I was sent to do. Besides here are these people. Clearly I cannot leave them. Say to General MacKaye—no, I will write to him." And she took out her pocket letter-case, and wrote in pencil to the General.

Rachel Fredet to General MacKaye.

"Coffins; Monday.

"MY DEAR GENERAL: You are very kind and thoughtful. But I cannot leave these people till we know if they are to live or die. Certainly I am safe here. At the Harbour I think we can hold on. At the least I must wait for orders there. I should think they would send me another teacher and bid me hold on. I shall so advise them.

"I am sorry not to see you to 'tell good-bye.' God bless you and our brave boys. My regards to the gentlemen of the staff.

"In haste, RACHEL FREDET."

"I am afraid," said she with undisguised feeling, when she had read it to the Doctor, and as she folded it, "I am afraid that this is the end of a very, very pleasant winter."

"God bless you, indeed," said the Doctor, moved more than he liked to say by the girl's firmness. "It cannot be long before we shall meet again."

"Take Richmond and come up the valley home. We will come out in procession and scatter flowers."

"Ye need not be troubled 'bout leavin' on her here," said Jonas, by way of relieving the seriousness of the parting. "Guess a' shall stay round here myself a few days; a' calculated to prospect along in the valley, 'n' ef they's any chance a' may locate here' Anyway shan't be fur away."

The Doctor turned to the good fellow and bade him good-bye; then apologized again for the shortness of his visit, gave his last directions for the sick, and was gone.

Jonas Knowles occupied his leisure for the rest of that afternoon in cutting two of the longest saplings he could find, fastening them end to end, for a flag-staff, and reaving the running tackle by which in the morning he could display the Union colors on the knoll above the house. With the flag itself, as need hardly be said, his wagon was provided.

"Guess they won't show no colors down there wen the army's gone," said he. "Guess they won't come up here to meddle with ourn!" And the next day, as the little corps filed by in the valley road, two miles below them, the Doctor, as he tried to point out Topin's to the General, could see Rachel's

white handkerchief, and Jonas's stars and stripes bravely flying in the wind.

Rachel had spent her afternoon in writing a careful despatch to her "Advisory and Executive Board of Correspondence." She also wrote to Mrs. Templeman. Her view was that the school had better be maintained; that, if peace were at hand, as she hoped, it could be enlarged. She ventured to ask that its enlargement might be determined on, in advance, and that another teacher might be detailed to this service. To Mrs. Templeman she said that she wished this other teacher might be Miss Jane Stevens. Everybody had confidence in her judgment, and with the new order, Miss Jane Stevens would not be so much needed in Georgetown. Rachel also dwelt on her hope that as soon as the Senate adjourned Mrs. Templeman would come in the early spring into the valley and see her

"Sit on a cushion and sew up a seam."

So little did Rachel permit herself to look doubtfully on the future, and so definitely did she arrange for its fulfilling her best prophecies.

So soon as the army left they were indeed alone. No Doctor from day to day; nobody but Tirah, and Tirah had little enough to tell but the poorest village gossip. Elder Bottle had determined with Gen. MacKaye's consent to remain. He and his wife had, at Rachel's request, moved into the school-house; but, as had been determined, the school was not to be opened so soon as Monday week. The General had, of course, taken with him the army telegraph; and when the command left, there was, of course, an end to the regular mail. News from the outside came in the wildest and most irregular rumors. A series of such rumors, declaring the most amazing successes of the confederate arms, such as the capture of gunboats, the death of General Butler in battle, the capture of the Federal

forts before Petersburg, was suddenly broken by definite intelligence, absolutely certain, of the fall of Richmond and the flight of General Lee and President Davis. Then began to arrive tired, cross, and sulky soldiers in butternut, finding their way back to their homes.

Meanwhile Mrs. Topin's second eruption, with its horrid accompaniments of fever, headache, and absolute prostration, passed happily by. Gusty's proved light, beyond Rachel's fondest hopes. The three other children, free as colts all day on the hillside, and separated absolutely from the house at night, never showed a sign of the disease. Whether they had been protected in infancy by vaccination, or whether some miracle tempered the wind to such shorn lambs, Rachel did not know. On the last Saturday of the school vacation, the last rags of Mrs. Topin's clothing and Gusty's were triumphantly burned by the indomitable Jonas. Both she and Gusty were dressed spick and span in blue calicos of the most approved make of the Lynn Sanitary Aid Society.

"Guess ye can run the machine yourself now, Miss Topin," said Jonas. "Anyway, shall be round myself every day or two; ef a' take that ere mill priverlidge at Lynch's ye 'll see me offen, ye will. 'N' Miss Fredet here 'n' the nigger gal will be up offen, ye know. Guess ye wont be lonely." Jonas forgot that the poor woman was well trained to a lonely life, long ago.

For Rachel, she returned with Tirah to the Harbour, and she had hardly been in her snug little home an hour before Miss Jane Stevens arrived. Miss Jane Stevens and her companions in the lumber-wagon brought the dreadful news, which changed all life in the Harbour, as eventually it did in the country, that on Good Friday Wilkes Booth had killed ABRAHAM LINCOLN! Even the sulkiness of Laurens Harbour, at a tragedy so terrible, did not dare to cheer.

THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

It is a common notion that the Protestant church of the Anglo Saxon people dates from the reign of Henry VIII. in the sixteenth century. That it was born of his imperious lust, his determination to have from his own compliant court a divorce which the pope of Rome would not give him, is an idea which has been sedulously cultivated for ecclesiastical reasons. The age of the Roman Catholic church attracts many who do not know that religious liberty is as old as ecclesiastical usurpation. The popular errors on this subject have been often corrected, but as often reasserted; and the true history of the Protestant Reformation must needs be told again and again, so long as ignorance mistakes effects for causes, and prejudice attributes a great awakening to a court intrigue.

The English Reformation was a three-fold one—political, ecclesiastical and religious,—a reformation in the relations of church and state, a reformation in the organization and character of the church, a reformation in the religious opinions and life of the nation. Let us trace them separately.

I. Common people marry for love; kings marry for reasons of state. Henry VIII., coming to the throne at 18 years of age, married Catharine, the daughter of the king of Spain, his brother Arthur's widow, and six years his senior. The marriage was none of his own seeking. He was betrothed by his father to the Spanish widow of eighteen, when he was but twelve. Tradition says he remonstrated; if this is any palliation of his subsequent infidelity let him have the full benefit of it. Spain was a great nation. France was great too, and England's greatest rival. By this marriage Henry VII. and the English statesmen hoped to cement an alliance between England and Spain, which should aid England to humble France. But no politician is sufficiently prophetic to foretell with accuracy the future, and even the plans of the great Thomas Wolsey, Archbishop of York, chancellor, cardinal, legate, miscarried. Politics chang-

ed. The friendship of Spain was no longer desired. Catharine of Aragon, after eighteen years of married life, had no son living. The Wars of the Roses were fresh in men's recollections. The people of England had dread of a disputed succession. Henry himself shared in the universal dread. The reign of his father had been disquieted by perpetual revolts, and his own was not free from them. Catharine had never succeeded in winning her husband's love; perhaps had never tried. She was haughty; so was he; the Castilian pride and the Tudor pride were too near of kin to mate well together. Faithful she certainly was, through good report and evil report, for better and for worse; but loving? Concerning that history can tell us but little. The reasons of state no longer held the king to his wife; they even strengthened his desire for a change. Whatever virtues history may impute to him, constancy is not one of them. It is doubtful whether reasons of state alone would ever have led him to seek for a divorce; but there was another reason. This king, whom only one knight in England could match in the tournament, and who drew with ease the strongest bow, was not strong to bend his desires to his judgment. This statesman, whose papers are declared by his eulogists to be unsurpassed by those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, who was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery and new constructions in ship-building with workman-like understanding, knew not how to engineer himself. This theologian, who had earned the title of "defender of the faith" by the vigor of his reply to Luther, was abler in defending theology than in maintaining his own moral integrity. He fell in love with a maid of honor to Queen Catherine, Anne Boleyn, and before his self-willed impetuosity all considerations of prudence and of honor fled away.

It is difficult to give a judicial estimate of King Henry VIII.; it is still more difficult justly to estimate the character of Anne Boleyn. It is doubtful whether any character in history, save that of Mary Queen of

Scots, has been the subject of more violent controversy or more widely variant opinions. The Roman Catholic historians have represented her as a young woman of the most unscrupulous immorality, the daughter of a mother as designing as herself, perpetually occupied with low intrigues with her servants, and cunning enough to estimate the strength of the royal passion, and to turn it to good account in compelling the dazzled king to create a vacancy at his side, in order to make her his wife. The Protestant writers, on the other hand, describe her as virtuous and modest, daughter of a virtuous and modest mother, holding with the reformer Latimer frequent consultations for the interests of Protestantism and the protection of Protestant believers, and maintaining her honor at the court and accepting the royal offer of marriage only after the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the realm had decreed the illegality of the previous marriage. They even differ in the description of her person. According to Protestant tastes, she was the very perfection of loveliness; to the ancient Catholic's eye, her complexion was yellow, she had a gag tooth, six fingers on one hand and a tumor under her chin. Her extant portraits are almost as dissimilar as the verbal descriptions. In some she is small featured, plump almost to fatness, pretty but without character; in others she is portrayed with large features, great, deep eyes, tender, pathetic, but marred by a kind of unwomanly cunning. Her history for our own purposes may be soon told. She was the second daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, a gentleman of noble family but of moderate fortune. She spent the eleven most formative years of her life, from seven to eighteen, in Paris, "in the worst school in Europe," says Froude; "in one of the best," says D'Aubigne; in a school, however, in which she could not have failed to come in contact with much of social life to which no Christian parent in our day would willingly submit his daughter. Even D'Aubigne recognizes the possible influence of her French education upon her life and character.* She entered the English court and became an unmistakable favorite of the English

king. It is impossible for impartial judgment to commend her course. She did not repel his advances. She knew, for all Europe was full of the excitement, that he was seeking a divorce from Queen Catharine. She could hardly have been ignorant that he sought it in order that he might marry her. She could hardly have given him her true woman's affections, for these she had bestowed before upon Henry Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland. Finally she yielded to the royal persuasions and to her own ambitions. On the 14th of November, 1532, she was privately married to Henry VIII. His previous marriage was not then annulled; not until eleven weeks after did the too compliant Cranmer declare Queen Catharine in contumacy for refusing to appear before the king's court, and the marriage celebrated nearly a quarter of a century before to have been null and void from the beginning: Christendom can never give but one answer to the injured Catharine's question: "Alas, my lords," said she, "is it now a question whether I be a king's lawful wife or no, when I have been married to him almost twenty years and no objection made?"* Christendom may well doubt the truth of the accusations by which King Henry brought the unhappy Boleyn to the scaffold, three years after his marriage to her, that he might put in her place another maid of honor, but it can never wholly acquit her of being accessory to the flagrant crime which Henry VIII. committed against Catharine of Aragon.

It is not necessary for us to narrate the tedious and profitless negotiations through which Henry first sought to obtain from the pope the desired decree of divorce; the delays, the palterings and the evasions with which the pontiff, afraid to offend either the English or the Spanish king, sought to escape the dilemma in which he was placed,—and the lordly bearing of the queen, strong in her Castilian pride and refusing every suggestion of compromise, as a suggestion of the evil one. It is equally needless for us to trace the subsequent career of Henry VIII. with his successive queens and his successive favorites. It is enough for us

*D'Aubigne's Calvin, p. 127.

*Strickland's Queens of England, vol. 99.

here to note the first great fact in the English Reformation. The king, unable to obtain a divorce from the pope, declared that henceforth for him and for his people there should be no pope. He won from the clergy, by threats, the title of "Supreme head of the church," and from the parliament a statute forbidding any appeal from the archbishop's court to the Roman pontiff. He laid his claim for divorce before the new archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Cranmer, who had himself discovered, perhaps we ought to say devised, the ground on which that claim was based; and when, in 1535, the pope finally excommunicated the king for his rebellion, he defied the papal decree, and the people, the clergy and the church sustained him in that defiance. The political reformation of the church was complete. From that day to this England has never acknowledged any ecclesiastical authority in the Roman pontiff.

II. But this political reformation could not have been accomplished but for the moral reformation which both preceded and accompanied it. If the church of Rome had not lost its power over the people, it could not have been defied by the king. And in the beginning of the sixteenth century the Romish church had lost its moral power. The priests had ceased to be either the wisest or the best portion of society. The moral corruptions of the priesthood, far more than the theoretical corruptions in doctrine, led to the Reformation in Germany. The corruptions were absolutely less but relatively as great in England. Licentiousness and drunkenness were common in monastic institutions. Many of the priests spent their time in hunting, hawking and lounging in the taverns or on the streets. Clergymen held many parishes, and served few or none. Bishops accumulated sees, and did nothing in them. The great church reformer Wolsey was at once Archbishop of York, Bishop of Winchester, Bath and Durham, and Abbot of St. Albans. The celibacy of the clergy affords great temptations and the practice of the confessional affords great opportunities for flagrant immorality. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the

clergy as a class were utterly demoralized by the system which created such temptations and afforded such opportunities. It was the most corrupt epoch in the history of the church. The restraints of ecclesiastical order were relaxed, the restraints of an enlightened public opinion had not begun to be operative. It was the era of the greatest industry in vice and the least industry in virtue. "Who," cried Latimer, "is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in the doing of his office? I can tell you, for I know him well. Will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. Among all the pack of them that have parishes the devil shall go for my money, for he applyeth his business. Therefore ye unpreaching prelates learn of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame learn of the devil."

But if the clergy were remiss in the duties they were not slow in seeking for the emoluments of their offices. Great evil the church courts wrought in the time of Thomas Becket in protecting criminals; in the time of Henry VIII. they had become equally effective in harrying laymen. Any private person was liable to be brought before the ecclesiastical courts on any accusation from heresy to absence from church, or from drunkenness to non-payment of offerings. The penalty was a fine. The court was rarely scrupulous as to the evidence. The recusant was punished with excommunication. There lingers even in our own time, a shadow that falls from this ancient penalty. A Mennonite sect in Pennsylvania last year excommunicated one of its members; his wife was compelled to choose between eternal penalties pronounced against her, and abandoning her excommunicated husband. She chose to cleave to the church and leave her husband. The civil courts awarded to the husband two thousand five hundred dollars in damages against the church which had thus undertaken to separate his wife from him. In Quebec to-day, if a Roman Catholic becomes Protestant, he is compelled in self-protection to leave the city; for, while kindly relations are maintained between

Roman Catholics and native Protestants, no Catholic dares trade or speak with, or show friendly offices to, one who for his apostasy has been cut off from the church in which he was born. In the days of Henry VIII. excommunication was equivalent to outlawry. The excommunicated was like a second Cain.

The English people had been growing increasingly restless under this aggravated system of petty despotism. The officials of the ecclesiastical courts were assailed, often with bitter epithets, sometimes with blows and mob violence; and when the parliament of 1529 assembled, just at the time when Henry VIII. was pressing the papal court for his divorce, the people were ripe for the revolution which the king was only too glad to lead. A formal act of accusation against the clergy was submitted to the king in the name of the Commons of England.* It recited some of the evils of which I have spoken. It demanded reforms and Parliament proceeded to inaugurate them. By a most important act it began the work of ecclesiastical reform. It curtailed the fees of the clergy; prohibited them from secular employment; required them to reside in their parishes and perform their duties. The voice of the common people compelled the reluctant consent of the clergy in the Upper House. This was the first step; others speedily followed. The exemptions of the clergy were reduced in number and degree. The monasteries were prohibited from receiving any legacies. The clergy were forbidden to pay their customary tax to the pope. The ecclesiastical laws passed by the Convocation, a sort of spiritual parliament, were declared of no effect until approved by the king. To question the king's supremacy over the church was declared high treason. The monasteries were one after the other broken up and their property confiscated. The lands of the church gradually passed into the hands of laymen. The power of the clergy in the Upper House was diminished, the power of the laity was increased. Thus, while the self-will of the king had been the thin edge

of the wedge to split asunder the church of England from the church of Rome, the universal discontent of the people, created by the corruptions of the clergy, was the beetle that drove it home.

III. That these great changes were wrought in the external relations of the church and in its organic constitution, was due to other and great influences secretly going on in the minds of the people. The political reformation, that is, the separation from the church of Rome, was due primarily to Henry. The ecclesiastical reformation, that is, the change in the organic character of the church and its authority and power in the land, was due primarily to parliament. But both were dependent on influences occult, but for that very reason far more potent than those that are wrought by kings and legislators.

Dates are generally dry reading; but there is sometimes a significance in the mere grouping of dates; and the reader will find such significance in an attentive consideration of the following events, all occurring, he will observe, within the limits of a little over a century: Post-offices were first established in 1464; printed musical notes were first used in 1473; watches were first constructed in 1476; America was discovered in 1492; the first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493; Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517; Luther was summoned before the diet of Worms in 1521; Xavier, the first great missionary of modern Christianity, planted the cross in India in 1526; Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527; Jergens set the spinning-wheel in motion in 1530, the germ of all the busy wheels and looms of ten thousand future factories. Henry VIII. of England finally and forever broke with the pope in 1532; Ignatius Loyola founded the order of the Jesuits in 1535; Calvin founded the university of Geneva in 1537; modern needles first came into use in 1545; the first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559; Torquato Tasso wrote in 1560; religious liberty was granted to the Huguenots in France in 1562, and was followed by the

* It is given in full in Froude's *England*, vol. I., 198, etc.

massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572; Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote* in 1573; the first newspaper was published in England in 1588; telescopes were invented in 1590; Spencer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Kepler, Tycho Brahe were contemporaries in 1590—these are some of the more important headlands of European history within a single century; and they are of themselves sufficient to suggest that the separation of the church of England from the papal church was not due to the accidental fact that England's king was an imperious despot, his queen a high-spirited and uncongenial wife, and the pope of Rome a weak pontiff.

If we inquire, however, how it happened that this intellectual and religious movement produced such vastly greater results in England than on the Continent, the reason is not far to seek. The church of England never was, from the earliest days, a truly obedient subject of the Roman pontiff. England possessed a primitive Christianity before Gregory the Great sent the renowned Augustine to urge upon the Angles the duty of supreme allegiance to the pontiff of Rome. The first apostles, notably the justly famous St. Patrick, were not Romanists.* Augustine met a greater resistance from the Christians of the island which he came to convert than from the pagans who still dwelt there. Alfred the Great promoted the spirit of Christianity and inculcated the precepts of Christ, but he showed no spirit of docile obedience to the bishop of Rome, who indeed had no occasion to test his allegiance. William the Conqueror obtained the blessing of the Pope on his enterprise before he crossed the channel; but when he had won his English crown he positively refused to do fealty for his kingdom to the pontiff, or to submit to his approval the royal edicts respecting the British church. Henry II. successfully resisted the claims of the haughty ecclesiastic, Thomas Becket, who endeavored to make the papal church superior to English law; and the Constitutions of Clarendon, adopted during his reign, and owing to his influence, by the unanimous voice of clergy and laity, and

despite the protests of Becket, established the independence of the Anglican church in everything but name. By these Constitutions it was provided that no party should be denied an appeal from the archbishop's court to that of the king, or allowed an appeal from the court of the king to that of the pope. It is true that King John yielded all that William I. and Henry II. had defended, kneeled before the papal legate, swore allegiance to the pontiff as his most humble vassal, and took from his hands the crown of which the decree of excommunication had deprived him. But the humiliation of the king aroused, even at the time, the indignation of the people; and the Archbishop of Canterbury whom the pope appointed joined his own countrymen within a year or two after he had received his see in resisting the pontiff's claims. The reassertion of English liberty by Edward I. was as public as had been its surrender by King John; and no pontiff was ever after strong enough to make even a pretence of enforcing his claim to a supreme allegiance from the sturdy inhabitants of the British isles. Thus there never was a time in England's history, from the days of Alfred the Great to those of Henry VIII., when the best spirits in its church and among its people did not claim independence of the papal see. The act of Henry VIII., which openly broke with the Pope, did but finally dissolve an allegiance which had never been more than nominal. Henry VIII. was scarcely more a Protestant than Henry II.; and Cranmer was even less a Protestant than the Archbishop Stephen Langton, if we take into consideration their respective epochs.

Moreover this ecclesiastical independence of the English people, which dates, not from the sixteenth century, but from the fourth, was throughout their national history kept alive by a succession of religious teachers who possessed, not indeed the clearly defined doctrines, but certainly the free spirit, of the later Protestants. The first Christian missionaries preached a simple gospel of faith and a simple law of love. Alfred the Great laid the foundations of the Anglo-Saxon reverence for the Bible, by adopting its principles as the basis of his common-

* See Prof. Fisher's admirable article on St. Patrick in the January number of *Sunday Afternoon*.

wealth, and adopting its statutes, sometimes with scarcely even verbal changes, as the laws of the land. The Witenagemot, or Anglo-Saxon Parliament, which he in a measure reorganized, was patterned after the Great Congregation of Jewish history, and in his appointment of local and circuit judges he copied after the example set him by Jehosaphat. The Anglican Christians under the Norman kings kept alive the Christianity which they had inherited from Alfred and the pious Bede; and the fragmentary translations of the Scripture which had been made by these two fathers of the English Church were regarded with reverence and affection by the local clergy, both as national landmarks and as reservoirs of religious truth. The Franciscan friars, under the Angevine kings, were reformers; took up and carried on the same sacred influences. They were reformers before the Reformation. They paid small attention to the ritualistic ordinances of the church; they preached the gospel of hope to the poor and of warning to the rich, and the revivals that accompanied their ministry were as like those which have accompanied Mr. Moody's, in our own time, as two such phenomena could possibly be, occurring in epochs centuries apart. The Lollards were the natural successors of the Franciscans, and their difference in doctrine was no greater than was almost necessarily pro-

duced by the intellectual and spiritual growth of the nation. When Wickliffe translated the Bible, though as yet the printing-press was not discovered, so eager were the people for the book that yeomen not unfrequently gave a load of hay for a few chapters; and when Tyndal, despite the royal prohibition, completed his incomparable version, the basis of all subsequent English translations, so great was the popular demand that not only the reluctant king yielded to it, and ordered a revised translation to be prepared for the people's use, but even the church of Rome, which began by burning Tyndal's Bible in the public streets of London, ended by endeavoring to supplant his work with an English version of their own make.

The English Reformation was not an isolated event; it was the culmination of influences, often dormant but never quite extinct, existing from the earliest periods of English history. The Protestantism of the Anglo-Saxon people dates from the introduction of primitive Christianity into England, before the bishop of Rome had ever preferred a claim to be a universal father. We are to go back not to Luther and Cranmer, for our old faith, but to the standards of that primitive Christianity which never lost its hold on the conscience and affections of the English people.

Lyman Abbott.

MRS. BARNARD'S CHURCH.

THERE had been, during the past winter, a "great revival of religion" in Deeville, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Rachel Sidney. So remarkable had been the spiritual awakening under her ministration of the gospel, that some of the good people in the adjoining town of Dryden, where the "Independent Union Church" was in a feeble and languishing condition, desired to invite the reverend lady to come and hold a series of meetings among them, hoping that a continued "blessing" might

follow her work. So it happened that at the conclusion of the sparsely attended Tuesday evening prayer-meeting, Brother Tyson, who superintended, a mild-mannered, inoffensive *Christian*, (the *i* in the first syllable being given the long sound,) proposed that the Rev. Rachel Sidney be invited to come and labor in the church at Dryden. His proposition was freely indorsed by another brother, whereupon a third arose in opposition, quoting St. Paul with an overwhelming sense of weight, as if the words

uttered by that champion of Christianity in the year fifty A. D. were enough to spike the "advanced views" of the nineteenth century. As differences of opinion seemed to prevail in regard to the propriety of the invitation, Brother Tyson, in order to conciliate matters for the moment, suggested that the brethren and sisters think the subject over during the week to come, and decide upon it at the next prayer-meeting,—a suggestion that was acceptable.

The week that followed was a momentous one for the village of Dryden. Like all towns where the attempt is made to harmonize sectarian differences so far as to build and support a church in which the various sects may unite in worship, or "hold services by turns," the element was cosmopolitan to a lively degree. Eight or ten different religious sects were represented, some by not more than a single man or woman, who held to his or her specific doctrine with a tenacity that in a successful reformer would be called zeal. The doctrinal differences had the effect of sharpening and defining the numerous disputes that arose in the village on ecclesiastical topics to such an extent that both men and women were far better informed as theologians than are those undisputing inhabitants of towns large and rich enough to provide a church for each leading sect. But in regard to the fitness of women in the pulpit, sectarian differences were for the time being forgotten in the more practical and modern question of Ought she or Ought she not to preach. Discussion ran high during the week, and the interest aroused was so great that on the following Tuesday night the prayer-meeting was really a mass-meeting of the villagers, gathered to see what the final disposition might be. After a few prayers, and the singing of some hymns, the leader briefly stated the matter postponed from the last meeting, and hoped that all persons, male and female, who contributed toward the support of the church, would feel free to express their opinions, and vote as to whether the Rev. Rachel Sidney should be invited to come and preach at Dryden. This opened the way for the discussion of the question.

After an ominous silence of some moments, which seemed minutes, broken by an occasional nervous cough, Mr. A., of the Baptist persuasion, arose and, with his hands stuffed in his pantaloons pockets, and with downcast head said :

"As for me, friends, I think that the churches throughout the world will be quite as well off without the aid of female eloquence in the pulpit. Now I am a friend to women. I believe in givin' 'em their rights, to a certain extent. I believe they are of great use in the church. But the ministry is a sacred callin', and one to which men are called, and it seems out of character somehow for a woman to preach. The church, as an institution," and at this point the Baptist brother held up his head, "has been in the hands of men since the days of the apostles, and has survived some pretty hard times; and as I believe in lettin' well enough alone, why I'm not in favor of invitin' this woman to preach for us. I have n't anything against her, friends, only I don't believe in sensational moves."

Brother A. sat down, slowly, and Mr. B. of Presbyterian proclivities arose.

"I quite agree with our friend A.," he began, "that it is out of character for a woman to preach. It seems to be the tendency nowadays to depart from the old landmarks, and history shows us that when a people or nation begin to do that, they begin to travel in the road to ruin. Now I think nothing could be more disastrous to the unity and dignity of the church than to admit women to the ministry. St. Paul strictly forbids women talking in church, and as human nature is pretty much the same thing now as then, the utterances of that devoted servant of Jesus Christ are as applicable now as then. The Christian religion has done everything for woman; lifted her from degradation to moral equality with man; but while enlarging and ennobling her duties, has distinctly defined and limited her sphere. The Lord's order to her by His word, is to keep her house; to be in marital subjection; to bear children. From her very nature, her condition must be subordinate to man's. By him she is to be taught; from him she is to receive

her spiritual guidance. And to place woman in the sacred desk of the minister, is to go contrary to all the history of the past. To violate the time-honored constitution of the church would be as hazardous to heavenly grace, as it would be dangerous to this country to violate the constitution framed by the wisdom of your forefathers. I believe in keeping to the old landmarks, friends; and especially in a church like this, it is always best to avoid, as far as we can, disputed questions."

Mr. B. was followed by Mr. C., whose sectarian *status*, while not being distinctly defined, was supposed to incline toward the state church of England, as he was an Englishman.

"While the object of this discussion," he began, "is to decide whether or not a woman be invited here to preach, and not as to woman's fitness and qualifications for ministerial work, yet I apprehend it is well enough to look at the matter in this latter view; for if women are indorsed as preachers by even independent ecclesiastical organizations, it will necessarily follow that they will ask that the priesthood be opened to them, the same as it is to men; that they take curate's and bishop's orders; so that in a few years the sacred profession will be in as mongrel a condition as is the medical profession to-day. Now when one speaks of a doctor, nobody knows if it be a he or a she; giving rise, as medical men will tell you, to misunderstanding, confusion and ridicule. Now, *I* don't believe in amalgamation of any sort. If women are to do any kind of work, let them do it; if men are to do any kind of work, let *them* and *alone* do it. Everything works better where there is a clearly outlined demarkation of duties. Moreover, I don't think that women are fitted physically for the ministry. What would a Baptist female preacher do when a dozen or two adults desire immersion. Imagine a woman wrestling with a six-footer in the water! Just imagine it, gentlemen!" and leaving them to imagine the scene, he sat down amid laughter.

The next to hold forth was a Methodist brother, who began by very emphatically making the announcement that *he* believed

in women teaching, preaching, doctoring, being lawyers or anything else that they wanted to be. "If you stick to the old landmarks, brethren," he went on, "you'll never make any progress. If a woman has n't the right to preach Him crucified—she who was last at the cross and first at the sepulcher—I'd like to know who has. 'Twas n't a woman who betrayed Him; 'twas n't a woman who spat upon Him; 'twas n't a woman who denied Him; 'twas n't a woman who doubted Him; 'twas n't a woman who crucified Him! It was through God and woman alone, as old Sojourner Truth has said—through God and woman alone, that the blessed Jesus came to earth; man had nothing at all to do with it; and for men now to set up and say woman should not preach Jesus Christ, is very much like man prescribing duties to an angel. As for the sacredness of the 'sacred desk,' as some of you are pleased to term the pulpit, brethren, it would be a great deal *sacred*er if women were oftener in it. 'Tis the religion of Christ itself that sanctifies it; for we all know there's nothing particularly sacred or sanctified about some of the men who stand in it. Of course those of our Presbyterian brethren who do not believe in anybody's preaching except such as have been formally consecrated to the work, exclude both women and laymen. But *I* believe in a consecration higher than that conferred by man—the consecration of the Holy Ghost himself. And if God calls a layman or a woman to preach, it is a matter that lies between them and God, and not between them and their fellows. When Pharaoh's daughter saw Moses in the bulrushes, she didn't wait to find out if she was authorized to save him, but she saved him at once. She saw her duty and did it without question. So I say if a woman feels it to be her duty to preach, she ought to preach. If, as our brother has said, she is physically disqualified for the ministry because she couldn't immerse a six-footer, she is not unlike a good many weakly parsons who would feel outraged if a license should be refused them because they were not as big as Hercules. But Christ says, 'Unless ye believe, ye shall be damned;' and if a wo-

man can help men to believe, the great thing is gained, and the baptism can be attended to without difficulty. So *I* vote that the Rev. Rachel Sidney be invited to come and preach to us, brethren, and I pray that her ministrations may warm and renew our hearts. If our hearts were filled with the Holy Ghost, with love, and with the true spirit of Christianity, there would be very little quibbling as to the fitness of anybody to preach, on account of sex, race or color, so long as they preached to the glory of God. Amen;" and some hearty amens came from two or three other brethren.

This speech called up another Methodist brother, who "begged leave to differ." "I am opposed"—and he gave to his mouth an extra screw of firmness, and gesticulated with his forefinger in regular measure—"I am opposed *in toto* to invitin' any woman to preach here. If the mother of our Lord himself were on earth, I should be opposed to her preachin' here. This forcin' female preachers on the church, and the desire to run after female preachers, be they buxom widders or converted actresses, is, as Dr. Finney said to the students at Oberlin, an aberration of amativeness. When men are more moved by women than by men, that is undoubtedly due to an aberration of amativeness." [Laughter and hissing.]

"Then it must be an aberration of amativeness," coolly interrupted a Universalist brother, "that leads women to go to hear male preachers—amativeness that makes three fourths of all the church members in the world women." A round of laughter followed this side thrust, but the Methodist was not to be laughed down.

"If the Lord had ever intended women to preach," he continued, "He would have made some manifestation of it in the Bible, by calling a Hannah to the priesthood as well as a Samuel. It is also a noticeable fact, that Christ called no woman to be his disciple. So there's nothing between the two lids of the Bible in support of women preachers." With this conclusively rounded period, the amative believing brother sat down and was followed by a Presbyterian.

"If this meeting has any dignity," he began with grave severity, "any Christian

respectability, a matter like this should be discussed with decency and sobriety. It is not by any means true that all Presbyterians, all Baptists, all Methodists, or all men of any denomination, unless of the most ultra sect, are opposed to women as preachers. There are a few among them all, as we have seen here to-night, who continue to quote St. Paul, pinning the same dried-up old thing to their theological systems as a hunter does his rabbit skins to his barn, for future use. God shall come and burn down the old theoretical and rhetorical barns and sweep away into destruction their well-dried arguments, their spiritual nonsense. If God were displeased with women's preaching, why should He so bless their preaching? If women are fit for missionary work, for reclaiming men from the toils of intemperance and vice, for expounding the scriptures in Bible readings, why in the name of all that's sensible, becoming and beautiful, are they not the very ones to preach—to preach from our pulpits, to be licensed, ordained, anointed to preach if that helps one in any way to make truth clearer? The pinch of the whole thing lies just here, brethren; not in the fitness, or becomingness of women preaching, but in the rivalry of women in the profession. The same hullabaloo was raised years ago about women being doctors: it was all well enough that they should be nurses and midwives; but to receive degrees, to have the honors and revenues of regularly instituted doctors, was hooted at as the most absurd and outlandish of all things. But all that has now changed. And this ecclesiastical business will go through similar stages of progress. They were not the great physicians that opposed women as doctors; they are not the great preachers, nor the great Christians that oppose women being preachers, nor the great lawyers that oppose their admission to the bar. They are the second and third-rate men, the whipper-snappers in all professions, that oppose women. Daniel Webster once replied to a man who alluded to the over-crowded condition of the legal profession, "There's always room in the upper story." So I say of women in the ministry—there's room for them in the

upper story. We want them there. We want a higher, purer spiritual life. We want more devotion and fidelity in the church. If the incoming of women is to thrust out men, all the better. There are a good many in all denominations that ought to go to the wall—lazy, incompetent, unregenerate fellows, who go into the ministry for the sake of a support and for no other earthly reason. They make a scape-goat of the Lord, by saying He calls them, when the loudness of the call is in proportion to the size of the salary. They had better imitate the example of the Master in learning the carpenter's trade. There's no call from the Lord so loud, so unmistakable, so decisive as fitness, whether the 'call' be to a woman to save her country, as in the case of Joan of Arc, or to a man to save liberty in America, as in the case of Washington. Water will find its level as will everything else. And if women attempt what they are not fitted to do, or what they are not needed to do, they will fall out of the ranks and be seen there no more, without any interference on our part. Moreover, I think we ought to feel humiliated by the different way in which women act from ourselves. One would think mantua-making and the millinery business a work especially belonging to women. But whenever and wherever men have invaded that realm, there has been no outcry, no opposition from the women; but quite the reverse. So in every other vocation, from doing chamber work to kitchen work, whatever men have found it practical or expedient to do, they have been permitted to do, without being obliged to bear the additional burdens of opposition and ridicule from women. So as for me, I am heartily in favor of extending this invitation to Miss Sidney. I hope she'll feel called of the Lord to come. I should like also to hear from the ladies present; let us know their opinions and wishes in the matter. You see, friends, that I don't believe in quoting everything St. Paul said as applicable to the present times. I should be sorry to think we had made no progress in 1800 years."

But there was at first no movement on the female side of the house toward taking

active part in the discussion. The women were unaccustomed to public speaking, and while each one had an opinion, she felt her heart beating up to her collar at the thought of rising to express it. Finally little Mrs. Tracy, with snapping black eyes, had the courage to lift up her voice.

"If we women express our opinions, we shall not be keeping silence in the church," she began, with a smile of embarrassment. "I have often thought of the difference between the character of Moses and that of Paul. It may be very unorthodox, friends, but I never thought it very gallant in St. Paul, to say the least, to receive so much help from women as he did, and then have so much to say about subjection, etc. Moses, who owed his very life to the watchfulness and love of women, seems never to have forgotten that fact. And as the great lawgiver, one may look down line after line of the Ten Commandments, and not find a single command that is more binding upon women than men. His largeness and justness of mind, his freedom from bigotry and prejudice, is shown in the evident high position held by his sister Miriam. It is fortunate for us women that Moses, and not some other men that might be mentioned, was the lawgiver, or we might have had a decalogue abounding in such frivolous strictures as 'women must obey their husbands,' 'women must keep at home,' 'women may be seen, but not heard,' 'women must keep in their sphere,' etc., etc. Now as to women being preachers, I think they are as fit as are men, and oftentimes very much more so. Preachers are but teachers, and women are acknowledged in all civilized countries to be the teachers of the race. The formation of the mind and character of children lies in their hands; the greatest trust possible to be imposed. As for Miss Sidney, I hear her very highly spoken of; that she is thoroughly well educated, modest, earnest, free from all sensationalism, and capable of doing great good. I most emphatically give my influence in favor of her being invited, and will be glad to have her for my guest, if she does come. I hope the ladies"—and here Mrs. Tracy looked around on them—"I hope the ladies will express

their minds on this matter, for they must know how they feel by this time, having talked about it freely enough during the past week. I think we women are too apt to keep silence in churches and other social assemblies where matters of importance to us are at stake. That we are often ignored, is largely our own fault; for while we chatter enough at home and at our neighbors', when a question is brought to the final test, we are as mum as if we were dumb;" and Mrs. Tracy sat down.

As no other lady followed her in the expression of an opinion, the leader looked at his watch, and upon manifesting some surprise at the lateness of the hour, said he believed that further discussion would be useless, and they would at once take a vote on the matter. Most of the men, and half a dozen women voted—two of the latter against extending the invitation, showing that *esprit du corps* did not "bind their hearts as one," and the measure was lost. The Rev. Rachel Sidney was *not* to be invited.

Just before the doxology was to be sung, the most interesting event of the evening occurred. Mrs. Mercy Barnard, a widow of forty, a woman who, from her social position, her intelligence, education and influence, was regarded as the "leading female" of Dryden, notwithstanding that she was a "free-thinker"—this handsome Mrs. Barnard arose, and begged for the privilege of making an announcement. Her speech, short and to the point, was to the effect that all the ladies of the village were invited to meet in her parlors on the following (Wednesday) afternoon, at three o'clock, to take into consideration a matter of special interest to women, and she hoped that every one of her townswomen would be present. A perfect hush pervaded the church as she spoke, and remained unbroken for a full half minute after she sat down, when the doxology was sung with the lips, while all hearts were wondering "what widow Barnard was up to." But nobody found out until the women themselves were let into the secret on the next afternoon, being drawn by that magnet which in all men is called laudable desire, and in women curiosity. Of course the wonderment affected the men

as well as the women, and while the majority concluded that a fair, or a new fangled tea party was on the *tapis*, some were shrewd enough to believe that it had to do with the woman-preaching business; and their guesses were quite to the point.

While Mrs. Barnard was a woman who had "views," she had never been regarded as a woman's-rights woman, probably for the reason that if she wanted a "right," she took it, and wasted no words about it. But as she was sitting quietly throughout that discussional prayer-meeting, an idea came into her mind, that she at once resolved to act upon. She was wise enough to know that she would need an ally in the undertaking, and from the moment Mrs. Tracy had ceased speaking, fixed upon that lady as her proper co-worker, and on the following morning early sent her a note asking her to come around at ten o'clock, as she wished to consult with her. Mrs. Tracy felt honored by this compliment paid to her intelligence, and was prompt in her response.

Mrs. Barnard's colored man was in spotless attire that afternoon, as he ushered the arriving ladies into the large drawing-room, which the two parlors formed, and where the arrangement of chairs and sofas bespoke a large attendance. Nor was the mistress disappointed in her expectations, as promptly at three o'clock she appeared among them, nodding pleasantly to the right and left over the well-filled rooms, as she made her way to a high chair reserved for her. She wore a handsome black cachemire princess frock, with wide frills of soft, sheer fine muslin at the neck and wrists, and a white rose in her full brown hair. Her eyes, large, gray and luminous, and the strong, high-bred contour of her features, would have distinguished her anywhere as a person of unusual character. The whispering and buzzing made by the women before her entrance immediately subsided as she seated herself and looked into the face of her audience.

"My fellow-women," she began, while an expression of odd amusement passed over the auditorial countenance, and a few suppressed snickers and half-concealed nudging of elbows, told their own story—"my fellow-women, I am exceedingly glad to

welcome so many of you here to-day, feeling assured that you are by no means insensible to the matter that has led me to invite you to come together. I will at once state that the object of this meeting is for the purpose of talk and consultation among ourselves relative to inviting Miss Sidney to come here and preach. Some of you, doubtless, think that this subject was sufficiently discussed last night, but I judge from the number of women—and I do not exclude myself—who did not vote, and of those who voted against the measure, that we fail to see the importance of taking a decided and pronounced stand in this affair. I felt that if we looked into this matter more deeply, examining it from every standpoint, that we should come to feel and act differently. There is a general sentiment that women do not stand by each other, as men do by men; that we are envious, narrow and small, where our sex is concerned; that the greatest obstacles professional women have to overcome are the prejudices of women themselves; that if a woman commits a fault, nobody is so quick and ready to heap opprobrium upon her as another woman. All this is, to a certain extent, unhappily true; but it is by no means generally true. The fashion of women sneering at women is passing into disrepute; so that nowadays, no woman who expects to pass as a well-bred lady, is guilty of the bad taste of speaking disparagingly or slightly of her own sex. Now and then one does it, thinking thereby that she wins the esteem of men by so doing. She can make no greater mistake. Men admire large-mindedness and large-heartedness in women, quite as much as women admire those qualities in men. The more strongly and loyally women stand by one another, the more respectfully they treat and speak of one another, the more women honor women, have faith in women, the better for us, the more credit to us. We cannot expect men to honor and revere us, unless we ourselves honor and revere our own sex. But what I wish especially to speak about, is the need of women in the ministry. We all know that women are the main support of churches, with-

out receiving any of the honors or emoluments thereof, except in the Roman church, where nuns are raised to high offices, and canonized after death. But in most other churches the prerogatives of the female members reach the high privilege of cleaning the church, of furnishing it, of keeping the breath of life in the mite society and in the Sunday School, of holding fairs and cooking delicate dinners for the pastor. They hold a position in the church similar to that of draft-horses in an overland train. Personally, my sense of self-respect, my ideas of justice and equality, would not permit me to become a member of any of the so-called orthodox churches, as I have no fondness for allying myself with any organization the rules of which would oblige me to be a political cipher. But I believe in churches—believe in them despite the narrowness, bigotry, selfishness and sectarianism that make them very far from being exponents of the character of Christ. Next to our public schools, and some of our reformatory organizations, they follow in rank, as the best conservators of the morals of the people, while in country places and in small towns they furnish the people the best, because about the only, spiritual food they get. But because of the large preponderance of women in the churches, there is peculiar and especial need of women in the ministry. The need of women in medicine is hardly greater; and we know how many hundreds and thousands of women are relieved of most painful maladies, because there are surgeons and doctors of their own sex to give them relief. And for the maladies of the mind and heart, ought there not to be women priests, to whom troubled young girls and sorrowful, perplexed women may go for counsel and comfort? Hardly a week passes but I read in the journals of some clerical scandal, which eventually proves to have had its origin in the outpouring of the heart of some overburdened, or silly female parishioner, to her clergyman. Some women so brood over trouble, so nourish it until, at length, they feel as if they shall die unless they unburthen themselves to some sympathetic ear. In many instances they might

better hold their tongues and wait for death than to seek help and comfort in the oftentimes dangerous direction of a pastor, as clergymen generally are the most human of men. Their susceptibilities and sympathies are virtues that women should especially guard themselves against unduly exciting. I need only hint at these things, as you will readily see the force of what I wish to impress upon your minds. Now I know that as women we are unused to parliamentary rules, to public discussion, to voting; but as we are here by ourselves, with nobody to laugh at our blunders and awkwardness, may I not hope that you will feel as free to talk as if this were a tea-party, and the topic a wedding? Upon the whole, I think nothing sets the social ball so quickly in motion, as something to eat. The French have a proverb that when we have no conversation for the ear, we must feed the tongue;" and giving an order to her man-servant, the ladies were presently served with refreshments. This was a shrewd stroke of policy on Mrs. Barnard's part, for the tongues were loosened, and the women passed from one to another, exchanging views with the greatest ardor and freedom.

Mrs. Barnard's little speech, while being in no sense remarkable, was delivered with a quiet earnestness, enlivened at intervals with a sly good humor that robbed it of all asperity, and was amusing as well as suggestive. Her auditors felt that what she said was true, and were led to think of things they had not before thought of, and to regard some other things in a new light. When the meeting was re-called to order, the hostess requested that every lady present who had an opinion on the subject that amounted to a conviction, either *pro* or *con*, stand up and not be afraid! A light ripple of laughter was followed by the uprising of all.

"I am glad," smiled Mrs. Barnard, "that we have made so much headway. To be able to stand up for opinion's sake is sometimes heroic. Now, another opportunity, for exercising the right of suffrage. Will every one who believes in the fitness, need, and rightfulness of women in the ministry, please to sit down!" To the surprise of

Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Tracy not a woman remained standing. Mrs. Tracy, whose lithe tongue had been in a degree emancipated at the prayer-meeting, broke loose again, in testimony of her satisfaction at this result.

"Now," again resumed the chairwoman, "I have a proposition to make in regard to inviting Miss Sidney hither. Although we form a majority in the church, we are none of us church trustees, and cannot control the church far enough to open its doors for a woman preacher. But I have a feasible plan to arrange for her services, providing you ladies, like myself, earnestly desire to hear her, and will pledge her your moral support, and pledge yourselves to attend upon her ministrations, at least long enough to give her a fair trial. The men, for the most part, voted against the invitation, and we must leave them to act independently of our rival meetings. But I think by our united efforts we might teach them a needed lesson; and that is, to leave the church to their single support for a season, during which time they will be brought to see the value and importance of women in it. But before pledging yourselves to the support of Miss Sidney, let me remind you that such a course on the part of some of you may subject you to unpleasantnesses. You will be bantered by your male friends, and ridiculed, aye, even opposed, possibly by your husbands and fathers. The alternating preachers at the church for the month are Methodist and Baptist, I believe, and they will undoubtedly reprove you sharply for your continued absence from church. A congregation without women would certainly be quite unique, and I for one, would be delighted to hear the singing, and at least, interested in beholding the countenance of the preacher, as his eyes wander over the pews in search of the cheering frivolity of a hat gay with ribbons and roses. So you see, that to stand by your man—which is a woman—may prove quite a test to your strength of will and conviction of what you believe to be right. In voting, I wish you to bear this in mind, for if we undertake an affair of this kind, we want no ignominious failure to attend it."

"One question, Mrs. Barnard," spoke up the clear, merry voice of a young lady;

"can the men come to these services, if they want to?"

"Certainly," was the amused reply. "Nothing so quickly destroys prejudice as the light of knowledge. If there are no more questions," she added after a pause, "the ladies who pledge themselves to Miss Sidney's support, as before stated, will please remain seated; all others will please rise."

Mrs. Barnard's novel way of taking the vote, created considerable merriment, and all remained seated with the exception of a very few young ladies, who laughingly declared themselves minors and subject to authority; but they were heartily in sympathy with Miss Sidney and would do all in their power to sustain her. Mrs. Barnard then unfolded her plan, which was the offer of her parlors for all the meetings, until something better, if needed, could be secured. Mrs. Tracy renewed her request for the privilege of entertaining Miss Sidney, but agreed to "lend" her to the other ladies who might wish to invite her out to tea. Then a committee of invitation was formed, and another to attend to the music and other details. In conclusion, Mrs. Barnard suggested that if the ladies *could* keep a secret—it was very well understood they could not!—she thought it might save them considerable trouble to "keep silence" in regard to the proceedings of the meeting until the object of it should be attained. But the matter of course leaked out and some of the "liege lords" listened to a detailed and graphic report of the proceedings. These enlightened ones professed to be exceedingly amused over the affair, or expressed mock alarm over such revolutionizing results. It was unmistakably funny! The richest joke of the season!

And so it might have proved to be—and the women never have heard the last of it—but that Providence attended them throughout. A favorable reply was received from Miss Sidney, her engagements permitting her to begin her work in Dryden on the second Sunday in April.

Mrs. Barnard had linen put down over her handsome carpets, and chairs by the dozen brought from the neighboring chair-factory. No announcement of the services

was asked to be given in the church; but the fact was sufficiently published by written notices put up in the "stores" and the post-office, and otherwise verbally circulated. The hours for services were the same as those at the church, not excepting the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting. Miss Sidney was lodged at Mrs. Tracy's, and the ladies who called upon her on the Saturday after her arrival pronounced her to be "perfectly lovely," clear, calm-eyed, and exceedingly gentle in her manners. She possessed a peculiar charm for young girls, winning them at once by a cordial sympathy that seemed fully to appreciate all their girlish feelings, as well as to take delight in their fresh young charms. They felt that she had once, and not so very long ago, either, been a girl, and knew how it seemed to get a love-letter and go to her first party. The simplicity of her attire, too, had its effect upon them, for she was that type of a woman whom a smooth, snug coiffure and a black silk frock devoid of flounces and furbelows, relieved by neat white linen, become to perfection. This simplicity of dress impressed them like the classic drapery of a statue, as something chaste and elegant beyond anything called fashionable; and they began at once to wonder how *they* would look in similar attire. A woman preacher had evidently one advantage over her male confreres; she would have no need to be eternally preaching against the folly and extravagance of woman's dress, but be a living and moving example in herself of the grace and beauty of simplicity, which is a thousand times more effective than any amount of expostulation. Sunday morning dawned; the Barnard "church" was filled to overflowing with a congregation respectably sprinkled with men, who at the close of the services declared that the sermon had been "by no means bad; not very logical of course, but a good simple straight-forward Christian talk." It reminded them of the reason John Newton gave for St. Paul's strictures upon women discoursing in church. "They would persuade without argument, and reprove without giving offence." This "trial" meeting was, naturally, considering Miss Sid-

ney's qualifications, a very decided success. To hear a woman's voice reading the scriptures and hymns, ascending in prayer, and then "expounding the scriptures," was indeed very novel and interesting to the Dryden people. There was no ranting, no banging of pulpit upholstery, no attacks upon sects, no attempt to make up in a volume of sound for deficiency in ideas. She was serene, persuasive, earnest; illustrating her text with homely pictures, so that the outcome of her theme and its treatment was such as to apply to the every-day needs of the people, helping them to be more patient, more truthful, more loving and helpful toward one another.

The service at the church that April Sunday morning was what one may easily imagine it to have been; there were three or four women, and a score and ten of men and boys, all looking like puzzled deacons in various stages of life. The preacher's efforts to appear unaffected by the quality of his congregation only threw his embarrassment into higher relief. The young lady who played the organ was at the "other church," and after a failure to complete the singing of the first hymn, a second was not attempted. The only fervor the preacher was enabled to put into the services occurred in his concluding prayer, when he besought the Lord to turn all persons from the error of their ways, to strengthen their hearts against being led away into strange worship, into unsanctified places, and to help all to hold steadfastly to the faith and customs of their fathers, which had served as a strong anchor to God's people for many, many generations. As the congregation filed down the middle aisle after the benediction, and salutations were being exchanged, an expression of countenance prevailed such as is invariably born of an attempt to look amused over what has really too much of chagrin in it to be very amusing. "This won't last long!" laughed the elders; "the women will very soon tire of this when the novelty wears off a bit! No harm though in indulging them in their whims occasionally."

But the women did not seem to tire of their preacher. Her popularity increased

day by day, until her Friday evening Bible class comprehended nearly all the young men and women in the village. All classes of believers and unbelievers were gradually attracted to her, and although no "revival" followed, there was a positive and thorough "spiritual awakening." All the societies and organizations of the church, the "Mite," the work for the poor, and even the prosy, flagging Sunday School, were quickened into new life. And this resulted through the women, from their having a pastor of their own sex.

"It is just as I always felt," exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, in freeing her mind one day on the subject to a "brother." "A man is n't a woman, and he can't feel like a woman. In the church we have had the man view of things from the beginning down. You have had it all your own way, translating the Bible to suit yourselves, and explaining the scriptures likewise. I'm fairly dying to see Miss Julia Smith's translation of the Bible. I have often thought I could understand why the Catholic church makes so much of the Virgin Mary—she furnishes the woman element, without which something is lacking. We want a motherhood of God as well as a fatherhood. A friend of mine who had a very tyrannical father used to say that the idea of "father" and "fatherhood" were to her only suggestive of repulsion. Now in Miss Sidney we feel that we have a friend, a counselor and helper, who is a woman like us, and can sympathize with us, as woman can. Our young ladies are charmed with her, and she influences them in a way no male pastor could. The simple result of having a woman like her to influence them and be an example to them is of untold value. And you just ought to see her in a sick room; she's like a real angel there! And she has the good sense to know when a patient has greater need of gruel than of prayer. Now I don't believe at all in divorcing the work of men and women. Every community needs a man doctor as well as a woman doctor. Just so we need men and women physicians for the soul. I don't think we will ever have the ideal church until the ministry is composed of both men

and women, and for my part I don't see why we cannot make a beginning right here in Dryden. Mrs. Barnard's parlors are all too small for Miss Sidney's congregations. The services at the church amount to just nothing, as you know; and my proposition is that we engage Miss Sidney to be our resident pastor, to preach for us every Sunday morning, and for the evening services continue to alternate with the same preachers we have been listening to during the year. Although Miss Sidney was brought up an Episcopalian, and educated in a Methodist theological school, she is no sectarian, but just a blessed good Christian, capable of helping us all. And I don't think the women will part with her, if they can help it. Now what do *you* think of my proposition?"

"Well, I don't know," slowly replied the brother, looking into the palms of his hands; "it may be a very good one. I'll think about it."

The women had already been thinking "about it" for several days; and after finding out that the majority of the men had no objections to the trial being made, the desired arrangement was quickly adjusted, and with comparatively little difficulty. The greatest objection came from the alternating clergymen, who at first declared that they could no longer serve under such circumstances. The circumstances were aggravating, as they diminished their financial receipts, and oblig-

ed them to put forth extra efforts, in order to command a congregation of any respectable size whatever. But they finally seemed to think that they had been "called of the Lord" to bear with the affliction and remain, seeing that Miss Sidney would at all events be retained. As the church was an independent one, it was unhampered by either a Methodist conference, a Presbyterian synod, or any other ecclesiastical "see," the men and women who built it and supported it being responsible to themselves for their own actions.

The lapse of several months has proven the women's experiment to have been a good one, and although the "Dryden Union Church" approaches the ideal church, it is not yet entirely a model one. The ministerial broadcloth avoids fraternizing with the ministerial black silk; the priests bow only in the most lofty and sanctimonious manner to the sweet and saintly priestess of God. But she is beloved by her people, who are imitating the simplicity and unselfishness of her life. Mothers in Israel in-fold her in their hearts, and follow her ministrations with a fervent "God bless her," as they look upon her young and lovely face, and think with what earnestness and single-heartedness she has consecrated herself to the work of her Master. Little children love her, and gather about her, and will one day "rise up and call her blessed."

Mary A. E. Wager-Fisher.

TRAMPS AND AGENTS.

AUNT Judith lives in the renowned village of Liverpool, which please find on a map of southern Vermont—if your eyes will permit. I am housekeeper for my father, who belongs to that class of Unparalleled Phenomena labeled, "Unmarried Widowers." To be sure he is wedded to his books; but I believe that is a marriage not recognized by law.

When I need an entire change and a general shaking up, both mentally and phys-

ically, I take a small portmanteau and start for Liverpool. After a thorough jolting over one of the roughest of railroads, I arrive at that blissful locality. The first object that meets my eyes is Aunt Judith, erect and waiting; she swoops down upon me the moment my feet touch the platform;

"For she is tall
And I am small

And that's the long and short of it."

An antiquated conveyance stands in wait-

ing, into which I am hastily inserted, and driven away from the station at a rate of speed which might be expected of a horse-thief escaping from his pursurers. This marvelous celerity is subdued, however, when we reach the quiet lane, a little out of the village, which leads to the abode of my aunt; here she quiets her brisk little pony into a walk, throws the reins over the dasher, and encircles me with her long arms in an embrace which I can only liken to the hug of a bear. This is her first and last demonstration of affection during my visit, though it is always evident that I am dear as the apple of her eye; and, next to father, and the dear little sisters that I have brought up, I love Aunt Judith.

Her house is a model of order from top to bottom. Everything is sorted, labeled, ticketed and arranged, in boxes, bags, bundles and drawers; while every door, window and spot of paint shines with untold cleanliness.

When I find myself in that south-west sitting-room, seated before the glowing open fire, with its brilliantly polished brass andirons, I gaze about in a state of ecstasy. In the corner nearest the fire stands the high backed old arm-chair in which my great-grandfather daily snoozed, during the greater part of his brief career of ninety years—without so much as a pin-scratch upon its sacred varnish. In an opposite corner stands the tall clock which has been wound for the last hundred years at precisely twenty minutes past eight every Sunday morning, and never loses time. The luxuriant English ivy which stands at the base of said clock,—where the refulgent orb of day can beam upon it through the west window—has stood in the same spot for the last eight years. It climbs up to the brass balls and around the face of the clock, goes on to encircle the pictures of grandfather and grandmother, and if it be not profanation to use the words of “Watts’ Divine Songs,”

“It never tires nor stops to rest
Till round the room it shines.”

Between the windows stands a quaint table or light-stand, which is never allowed to reflect a contaminating spot or stain from its highly polished surface, or to harbor a wandering

molecule of dust within the myriad crevices of its elaborately carved legs and dragon-feet. A book-case on one side contains Aunt Judith’s library, which is not small, for she is an omnivorous reader; on the other side, a plump home-made lounge, covered with gay chintz, invites repose. The carpet is of cheery colors, and on a pleasant day the room is flooded with sunshine. It is the pleasantest room in the world to me.

Aunt Judith is a character. Any one seeing her walk up the aisle of the Liverpool church could tell that, at a glance. It is popularly believed that there is a curve in the backbone of common humanity; but there is none in her’s, believe me. Wind up one of “Mrs. Jarley’s Wax Works,” and send it up the broad aisle, and you will have some idea of the measured pace and stiff erectness of my stately aunt. The uprightness of her bearing is a symbol of the uprightness of her soul. She could not be betrayed into a small, mean, or ungenerous action.

We were in the kitchen together yesterday morning, Aunt Judith grating potatoes for yeast, and I crocheting, when there was a step on the piazza, and then a tap at the door.

“I believe it is a tramp, auntie,” I said; “shall I go to the door?”

“Call me aunt, child. Yes, go to the door and point him to the wood-pile.”

“He has a lame hand,” I said, coming back; “shall I give him anything?”

She pushed by me to speak to the man herself; but he had wisely disappeared.

“All my tramps have lame hands, arms, or backs,” she said with a grim smile. “A wood-pile assists greatly to a knowledge of their weak points.”

“Don’t you ever give to them, then?” I asked.

“Give to them? of course not! If a man were in danger of starvation, he could manage to saw a little wood, even with a lame hand; be sure of that! I’ve lost all faith in tramps since I read Professor Wayland’s essay, delivered before the Social Science Congress at Saratoga last fall. It was in several of the papers. I hope you read it, Elizabeth.”

She gave a keen glance at me over her spectacles, which was intended for severity itself; but it was so full of the deepest and truest interest in my welfare, that the attempt at severity was simply amusing, and I replied lightly:

"I saw it; but I could n't think of reading such a long, abstruse article as that."

"Foolish child!" cried Aunt Judith. "It was just as interesting as a novel; so practical; so wise; you ought to be interested in everything that concerns the welfare of humanity. I only wish I had saved the paper. I would read you the essay this very minute."

"But you can give me the leading points, aunt. You know I always expect you to post me on all the topics of the day."

This was a hobby of Aunt Judith's. "Yes, yes," she said, winking briskly to warn away an audacious tear; "poor motherless girl! Left with all the care of two little sisters at fifteen; daughter of my only sister; father just buried in his books. I'll help you, child, all I can; but first let me strain my hops and get my salt and sugar."

These ingredients being duly added to the potatoes, Aunt Judith proceeded to stir the combination vigorously, and to enlighten me at the same time.

"Now about tramps. That essay said—but child," she cried, stopping short with a sudden burst of holy horror, "you don't give to tramps, do you?"

"Why, I have given to them occasionally," I faltered; "didn't our Savior say, 'Give to him that asketh of thee'?"

"Of course he did; but our Savior was n't a fool. He did n't mean that you should give a baby a lap full of red-hot coals to play with, because the little goose asks for them; and Paul says, 'If any will not work neither shall he eat.'"

"Now these tramps are vagrants—that's what Professor Wayland says. Get Webster, child, and read his definition of a vagrant. There!" triumphantly with her finger upon the page,—"'Vagrant, an idle wanderer: a sturdy beggar.' What do you say to that? Then there's that report of General Stephenson, chief of detectives; you have read that, I hope."

"O yes, that was short and easy reading."

"Easy reading! O child, child! Never give up anything because it is hard. And those two little sisters to bring up, too! Conquer hard things; you need them to build up a good solid character. You don't find men building houses of putty. Neither can you expect education to grow like a weed. You must prepare the ground, plant deep, and then keep at it."

"Now tramps again; General Stephenson says—that you can remember—that these men have trades and might get work, but *won't*! That's the long and short of it."

"They like to herd together like beasts of the field, catching chickens with fish-hooks."

"Why, aunt," I interrupted, "do beasts of the field catch chickens in that way?"

Aunt Judith enjoyed a joke. She stopped and laughed heartily. "Don't know what I'm saying half the time when I talk about tramps," she said, "I get so indignant; but you know what I mean. They live in a disgraceful, lawless way; ready for riots, murders, thieving and begging. The state should shut them up, and not allow them to roam at large. It should compel them to work, and thus prevent crime, and increase of their numbers. That's what Professor Wayland thinks, and so do I."

"But auntie—aunt I mean—it takes the wheels of state a perfect age to make one revolution; they don't 'fly swiftly round' like the 'wheels of Time,' you know; and in the mean time why not give a little bread and butter occasionally to a hungry man?"

Aunt Judith looked the picture of despair. "Elizabeth Winthrop," she cried, "how does your father bring you up? Have n't you any *principle* about giving? What's right and what's wrong?—that's the question."

"Now I call it *wrong* to give to tramps. It's encouraging idleness and crime; it's selfish benevolence; it's taking the children's bread and giving it to dogs, and I will prove it to you."

"If you give to tramps at your house, you probably average at least four a week. Give each of these two slices of bread and butter,

and in two weeks you have given sixteen slices of bread, equal to one good-sized loaf, and nearly half a pound of butter. Now which is best; to give that loaf of bread and half-pound of butter to vicious, worthless tramps, or to some industrious poor family who are struggling for a maintenance?"

"Oh, to the industrious family, of course; but how do you know that all the tramps are vicious and worthless?"

"Proved it by my wood-pile, child. I used to believe in tramps; used to feed them, talk to them and sympathize with them: was equal to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps herself in that respect. But I read "Nicholas Minturn;" and when I had swallowed and digested that idea of Dr. Holland's of helping the poor by teaching them independence, I thought it was good; and I decided to act upon it, by establishing a wood-pile. You have seen to-day how the wood-pile works; it has been just so every time. So now I give to needy agents instead of tramps."

"Why, Aunt Judith! Father always tells me to shut the door in an agent's face."

"That's just as much as your father knows. Excuse me, child, but your father is so absorbed in his studies that he does n't know how to be practical. What does a man buried in molecules, and atoms, and beams of light—I mean the study of them—know about needy agents? He can only remember that an agent is an insufferable bore. But let me give you my experience. The first poor agent that I encouraged was a lame soldier. I saw him stumping his way up to the door, a few days after I had read 'Nicholas Minturn,' and I said aloud as I went to the door, 'Now if you beg, sir, you won't get a penny; but if you have anything for sale, I'll try Dr. Holland's plan.' Sure enough, he had pencils for sale. 'Only twenty cents a dozen, ma'am; very cheap.' I thought so too; and said to myself: 'I don't want any more poor lead pencils. I have enough of that kind already;' still I told him I would take two dozen, and handed him the money; but when he tried to give me the pencils I waved him away. 'Keep your pencils, young man,' I said, 'and sell them to some one else. I don't need

them; but I like to encourage honest industry in these degenerate days.' To tell you the truth, I didn't forget the look of surprise and gratitude that that young man gave me, for some time. In that case I am sure it was 'more blessed to give than to receive,' and I do believe the man was genuine."

"But I don't believe they all are," I said.

"Neither do I, child. Of course you must be observing. They don't all need help, any more than William Vanderbilt does. I always make a difference. If a man comes to my door in one of those dangling ulsters, takes off his tall hat, to make a low bow, and displays a huge seal-ring at the same time, then pushes his way into my hall without leave or license—the impudent thing receives his walking-ticket immediately. I don't bow down and worship any idols of brass, I can assure you; but if it's a young man who does n't put all his money into a seal-ring, and an overcoat in the latest style, I usually make it a point to help him along a little, whether I need anything that he has or not.

"Here's another case: One day I went to my door, and there stood a way-worn pilgrim, weak in body and mind, with a basket of pins, needles and tape. 'Come in and rest' I said; for it was a very warm day, and he looked jaded. 'Well,' he said, 'this does seem good. I've been to all the big houses above here, and nobody never asked me to come in, or set down. They didn't act like Christians. You see ma'am I've just got over an awful fit of sickness. The doctors say it's just killing me to work in the mill, and I aint strong enough to labor no way; so I'm just going round with these useful articles; but there aint many that will buy, and I do get dreadfully beat out!' I bought some of his wares, and told him to rest as long as he liked. 'The Lord bless you ma'am' he said, when he went away: 'I believe you must be a Christian. I'm a member of the Methodist class myself, and you will have my prayers, though my light is feeble.' So you see there's one man praying for me," laughed Aunt Judith; "but I guess he is the only one. I'm 'most through this lecture, child, and that makes me think!

Have you read anything about this Berlin treaty?"

"I really did begin, aunt; but father always had the papers and maps in the library, whenever I had a little time to study them."

"Well, I have all the maps, and we will go through that this afternoon; but I must tell you about one more agent, for he was the best of all. I don't think he was more than eighteen. His face was as bright as my copper tea-kettle; but not quite the same color. His clothes were well faded; but they had been neatly brushed, so I thought he must have a good mother."

"Would you like to buy a nice comb to-day?" he asked, in such a cheery voice, that it really went to a corner of my ancient heart. 'Well,' said I, 'I have two nice combs in the house now, and they have n't either of them lost as many teeth as their owner, and that's only four.' That made him smile; but he was ready in a moment with another offer. 'Perhaps you would like to buy some pins, or needles, or porcelain buttons then,' he said; 'I would like to make a little trade with you to-day, for it's rather hard times, you know.' 'Yes I know it; but what will you do with your money after you get it; buy yourself a new coat?' 'I suppose you

think this coat looks a little shabby,' said he laughing; 'but I think it's plenty good enough for my business. The coat don't make the man, either, my mother says.' 'No it don't; and I like you all the better for wearing it. I thought you had a good mother.' 'Well, I have,' he replied earnestly; 'and I would a good deal rather help her than buy a new coat. I have a sick sister, too, and it takes all I can earn to keep us warmed and fed in this cold weather. I'm looking out for steady work, for I would rather stay at home; but I can't afford to be idle while I'm waiting, so I thought I would try this line of business. I have n't been in it long; but I guess I can do first-rate when I get used to it.' Well, the result was, that I bought a cargo of porcelain buttons—and pins and needles enough to last me for the rest of my natural life; but I was n't sorry; for that was a young man worth helping if I'm any judge of faces.

"But dear me! do look at that clock! I must go down cellar and get the potatoes for dinner. Now don't let me forget," she called up from the cellar, "to get my maps of Turkey, after dinner. We must try to keep up with the geography of Europe."

Elizabeth Winthrop.

MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

GIRD me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills!
 The speed of Thy streams give me!
 In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
 I would stand or run for Thee.
 Let me be Thy voice, or Thy silent power,—
 As the cataract or the peak,—
 An eternal thought in my earthly hour,
 Of the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose-tints of Thy skies
 Upon morning summits laid;
 Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
 Through Thy shuttles of light and shade;

Let me rise and rejoice in Thy smile aright,
 As mountains and forests do;
 Let me welcome Thy twilight and Thy night,
 And wait for Thy dawn anew!

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
 Under clank of its icy chain!
 Give me of the patience that hides among
 Thy hill-tops in mist and rain!
 Lift me up from the clod; let me breathe Thy breath;
 Thy beauty and strength give me!
 Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death
 In the life that I share with Thee!

Lucy Larcom.

FISHERS OF MEN.

BY S. T. JAMES.

III.

As Arkwright and Pastorius made their way home they passed the foundry, and had not left it far behind when Arkwright noticed, walking before them, his chief clerk, Ezra Simon. Mr. Simon when off duty was scarcely less professional in his appearance, but a deeper black about his dress seemed to make the adjective clerical to fit both his secular and his Sunday demeanor. He had no family and was not in mourning for any one, but his hands were decorously clad in black, so that, until his face was turned toward them, one could not detect anything but black lines about him. He heard Arkwright's greeting as the two young men came up behind him, and turned.

"You see I can't get far away from the shop," said Arkwright. "I am like a convict with a chain and ball, taking his airing."

"Your brother Job used to say that all roads led to the shop."

"My brother had a remarkable way of translating all wisdom into the Arkwright tongue," said Edward to his companion. "But, Mr. Simon, how do you happen to be in its neighborhood? You have no uneasy conscience. Your work is always square."

"I try to go on the principle of balancing all my books every night; I mean figuratively speaking. Your father taught me the phrase. But just now I happen to be on my way to the willow tree to hear Mr. Herrick, who is to preach there this afternoon."

"By all means let us go, too," said Arkwright. Pastorius consented, and the three presently turned down a cross street and found themselves with others who were strolling toward the rendezvous. The willow was an ancient, stubby specimen of its class, which long ago had parted with its grace and now stood maintaining a dogged life in the midst of a dusty, well-trampled lot, once no doubt covered with grass, but now a mere patch of gravel. Here, tradition said, Whitefield had preached; and here, every once in a while on mild spring or summer afternoons, preachers of various creeds and with varying powers were wont to gather chance congregations. The willow afforded an excuse for a pulpit. Its overhanging branches gave just so much of a shelter as saved the preacher from appearing too isolated. It was a canopy which, barren enough in itself, was yet the only suggestion of greenery in the neighborhood, and such associations as clung to it were

all in harmony with the special work which went on beneath its shade. It is curious how instinctively religious worship seeks shelter of some sort. Houses it will have, but even when it goes a-field, it asks for a tree, the hollow of a great rock, a haystack—some object which can give the worshippers a deliverance from the unrelieved freedom of nature. If life is like a stroll upon the beach, it is very certain that worship does not easily drop on its knee upon the sandy stretch.

The preacher, who had mounted a box beneath the willow, and held a book in his hand, was a tall, lean man, supported by a small knot of young people who formed a musical body-guard and were already calling the people by singing preliminary hymns. The crowd that gathered was silent and respectful; one here and there joined irresolutely in the singing, and a few, fearful apparently of committing themselves, skirted the outside and walked leisurely about, nodding to acquaintances and turning about at every new movement behind them. Mr. Herrick, the evangelist, had a wiry voice, which seemed to issue from his long frame only by some special muscular effort, so that, as he stood on his box and squirmed through his address, a person who did not hear his words might easily fancy him doing some penance and trying in vain to escape from the pillory in which he was secured. Arkwright and Pastorius remained upon the outside of the crowd and listened attentively to the preacher. His sermon was a series of ejaculatory warnings to flee from the wrath to come, and the somewhat passive mood of the congregation acted upon him as an irritant, leading him to grow more and more shrill and incisive. He told short stories, which he made still shorter in his eagerness to reach the application.

"I had two scoffers come once to hear me," he shrieked; "they belonged to a first-class family, and had all that wealth could give them. They went away sorrowful, because they had great possessions; and where were they that night? That night their souls were required of them." He shook his Bible warningly at the two friends, who

were sufficiently distinguished from the rest of the crowd to be the only ones to whom the short story of the scoffers appeared applicable, and somewhat unwilling to be a target both for the preacher's words and the congregation's eyes, Arkwright turned away, followed by his friend.

"How shall they preach without hearers?" said Pastorius, as they moved off. "I wonder if that man really feels as if it were woe to him unless he preached woe to somebody else."

"Nevertheless," said Arkwright, "I envy even him his ordination vows. That is to say, I cannot help feeling that the minister has an immense advantage over business men, for instance, in being set apart to his work by a peculiar rite and ordinance. It must be to him a constant reminder of his calling, and that his life is not precisely of his own choosing."

"Is any man's?"

"Perhaps not in the deepest sense."

"It is not in any sense. If a man is not called to his occupation, any choice he may make of it is sure to be attended with evil."

"But how is one to know to what he is called?"

"By faith Abraham was called.' There is a text for a Baccalaureate sermon. A great deal of a young man's life is often spent in trying to determine his profession. If he were to give that up and listen to the call he would be more successful. There is a faith that comes by hearing. You, for instance, we will say, have been called to be master of a brass and iron foundry."

"Say it for sake of argument, John, if you wish. For my part, I have my doubts. I am driven into it by circumstance and the pressure of necessity. What other course could I take? My mother, and for that matter my brother, father and grandfather forced me into it; but I never heard a still small voice say, 'My son, be a brass and iron founder.'"

"Did you ever hear that voice tell you what you should be or do in this matter?"

"No. I listened a good while, and no sound coming, made up my mind that the next best thing to do was to take up the

occupation which seemed marked out for me. I am negatively persuaded. I had other dreams, other wishes, when I was in college, and after I left, but they had not the force of conviction with me. I could not be a martyr to them. If I am a martyr or witness to anything, it is to the necessity of maintaining and handing down a brass and iron foundry."

"Hold to that conviction, Edward, till it is forced from you. It is the unconvicted that would hold the world back till they are ready to go on."

"Give me anything but doubt," said Arkwright warmly. "Yet that seems to be all I get just now."

There are chapters in every man's experience which are acted, not written. Between the lines of St. Paul's story of his conversion, one reads the history of his struggle. What was his restless plunging and backing against the goad that was thrust into his flank but an effort by vigorous persecuting of the churches to crowd down the thoughts which the martyr Stephen's words had sent into the heart of his theology, philosophy and moral life? The doubts which then sprang up were goads that pricked him forward into a relentless persecution. As he struck at the feeble churches, he thought he was dealing blows also at the inimical thoughts which opposed his Judaism, and the sudden light that shone around him showed him that he was persecuting Jesus, and that Jesus was the Lord who sent the doubts to arouse him. Somewhat in this spirit did Arkwright plunge into his daily business, resolved to fight off the insidious enemy of distrust that seemed always perched upon his desk.

"Haste makes waste," said Simon to him one morning, with an air of having invented the saying. "I have often heard your brother Job say in his cool way that the mark of a good business was to have no mistakes to correct, and that mistakes all arose from hurry."

"My brother Job," said Arkwright impatiently, "ought not to have been in such a hurry then to leave this business." Simon was silent, and his silence was taken for a

rebuke. "That was a careless word, Mr. Simon. I know perfectly well, in theory, that time is necessary for any good work; but what is one to do when one thing trips the last one up, as it is here with me to-day? When did you say our note to Raymond was due?"

"Day after to-morrow. It was down on the ticket that I gave you yesterday."

"I know it. I know it. You are not to blame. But plague take these notes. I wish we could get back to Job's way. He got along without giving notes."

"You're right, sir. But I think the times have changed."

"*Et nos mutamur in illis.* I suppose I must go to town and scratch round."

"It's the financial part that bothers me most, mother," said the young man that evening when giving an account of his day's experience. "I think if I had the shop alone I could manage it. But Simon just plods on and seems to expect that money will come in as regularly as it goes out."

"It's the thermometer of the business, Edward," she said, anxiously. "It doesn't make heat or cold, but it registers it with unfailing accuracy. Your father used to say that he liked to keep the financial thermometer steadily at sixty, where it was too cold to let him sit down at ease, and too warm to allow him to get nervous and fretted over his work."

"There's a powerful sympathy though now between mine and other people's," said her son. "It used to be different in father's day; but everything is at sixes and sevens now and we can't help feeling the effects of it. Work goes on briskly, but there are a great many more bad debts."

"Bad debts mean bad debtors," said Madam Arkwright, "and you must not get into the control of your debtors. We're the servants of the public, but it's our fault if we keep on serving masters that don't pay our wages. We ought to find out beforehand if they are not going to pay."

"I believe a business man ought to have antennæ as well as eyes," said Arkwright, stretching his legs and trying hard to take a humorous view of the situation; "feelers

that can prod about before the creature comes up to his object."

"There's not a doubt of it," said his mother, earnestly. "Every true business man has a sixth sense, and he gets it by an unailing use of his other five. But tell me what happened in the shop."

"The worst thing was an accident by which one of the men, a pattern-maker, got his right hand jammed, so that he was disabled."

"What, was it Garden?"

"Yes, that was his name. I do not know that I ever saw him. I haven't got acquainted with all the men yet, though I suppose I must have seen them all."

"I am sorry it was Garden. He is a very capable man. He is an Englishman, who came over about ten years ago. Your brother thought very well of him."

"He lives at 94 Ash street, and that's on my way to the office. I thought I would call there in the morning."

"Do. You should know your men, Edward, all of them."

"Of course I must. There is nothing I care more about." He spoke with a little acerbity, for he was momentarily irritated at being suspected of indifference. Was he not perplexing himself daily over schemes, as yet undeveloped, which should change the whole condition of his employés? It is true he had as yet not discussed them with his mother. Something in his mother's talk warned him that she would not sympathize at first very warmly with him; at any rate that she would require him to disclose his plans with the utmost minuteness of detail before she would make any comment, and he felt that just now he needed to see them himself a little more clearly. Still the plans gave him food for agreeable thought, and his walks to and from the office were largely engaged with them. They were his air castles, and he pleased himself with building them elaborately and standing off at a distance to admire the effect.

It was with some of these plans in his mind that he came to Ash street the next morning, and as he followed the numbers, he was surprised and delighted to find that number 94 was the house where he was

wont to take a little look each day at the geraniums. He understood quickly too how it was that he had caught a bow from the occupant one Sunday afternoon as he went by with his friend Pastorius. His acquaintance was Alfred Garden, the pattern-maker, who had recognized him, though himself unrecognized. The door was opened for Arkwright by the young girl whose face and scarlet sack he had been wont to catch sight of at the window. She seemed to know him, for she smiled pleasantly and said:

"Won't you walk in, Mr. Arkwright?"

"Thank you," said he. "I was on my way to the office and I stopped to ask after your—father, is it? Mr. Alfred Garden."

"My brother," said the girl, amused. "He will be glad to see you; he is more comfortable this morning." Arkwright was ushered into the room where the flowers were. Garden was sitting near the window and a young woman, whose back was toward Arkwright, was putting the last touches to a bandage upon the man's wounded hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Arkwright," said he, rising. "You are very good to call, sir. Alice, this is Mr. Edward Arkwright. My sister, sir, who makes a capital nurse." Alice Garden turned as her brother got up. It was the girl the two young men had seen standing by Garden when he was tying the vine, as they passed that Sunday afternoon, and a nearer view of her face did not belie its sweetness. Most noticeable were her clear gray eyes that looked straight at Arkwright as they both bowed.

"I am sorry your sister has to be nurse, but I hope she will prove so good a one that she can be discharged soon."

"I don't know," said Garden. "I am afraid I am in for a long siege, but I have begun to bring up my reserves. I have always had an idea that the left hand would come in play some time, and I have been practicing it in drawing. I intend to be very expert at it before long."

"Are n't you afraid of some sympathy between the hands," asked Arkwright of the sister, "that will keep the right hand restless and retard the recovery?"

"I do not know what the surgeon will say," she replied, "but I should think that unless the left hand gets tired, its activity would be in some sort healthful exercise for the right."

"So that it shall exercise by proxy, eh? Well, I sincerely hope so. My mother spoke warmly of you, Mr. Garden, when I told her of your accident. She was sorry to hear of it."

"Your mother is a wonderful woman, Mr. Arkwright. I have seen her at the shop more than once. She is like one of our English women who will carry on an extensive business after her husband's death. You don't have such people often in America."

"No; and partly because our business houses have not usually such long life. In England there are more conservative forces at work to keep affairs in the same channels. With us, everything is more fluctuating."

"No doubt you're right, sir, and I won't say but every country has its own ways. The French women, too, are sometimes women of business. I've a sister in Paris. She's older than Alice here, and Ellen. She's studying art, and she writes home that her landlady manages everything, and is a capital woman of business; the landlady's husband is an artist, not a great artist, but he never thinks of taking any care on himself. His wife carries on the whole establishment, and has an estate in the country. What is the landlady's name, Alice?"

"It is Madame Beauregard, Alfred. Mr. Arkwright, I hope that Dowse does not take it hard that he should have accidentally injured my brother."

"He did feel very badly, I am told, but I shall tell him how cheerful your brother is. Do you know whereabouts in Paris Madame Beauregard lives?"

"In the Rue St. Antoine.

"Ah, now that is curious. It must be the same place where a friend of mine is staying—the—the lady I am engaged to." He said this with the shyness of a lover, but there seemed to him nothing strange after all that he should be mentioning it to the girl before him. A certain refinement characterized the house and people, giving

him at once a sense of companionship. Nevertheless he felt even then a distinction between the girl and her brother which he referred to the fact that the relation of employer and employed prevented an equality of footing with Garden himself, while the fact that Alice Garden was a woman and was not in his employ made it possible for him at once to approach her as one both independent and of social equality. He noticed when he spoke of Miss Goddard that Miss Garden blushed, and for a moment he thought it sprang from her womanly sensitiveness at the mention of this relationship, but she at once showed him that her blush came from the fact that she knew more than he had told her.

"It is the same place," she said. "My sister has written to me of Miss Goddard as one of the boarders. Pardon me for assuming at once that I knew her name, but my sister had heard her mention your name, and of course I instantly put this and that together when you spoke." Arkwright was delighted. By so casual a coincidence had the great fact of his life been published. Marian had mentioned him, and something she had said of him had prepared this girl to suspect at once his engagement.

"I am bound to say," he rejoined, "that your guess is a very natural one; I mentioned my engagement a little carelessly. It is not yet acknowledged, and you will do me the favor not to speak of it. Frankly, I was led into the confession without consideration; it was so odd that in this roundabout way I should seem to be having a connection with Paris." He laughed good-humoredly, and Ellen answered his laugh, though Alice Garden and her brother only smiled. He rose to go. The people already seemed like old friends to him.

"Let me come again," he said. "I may almost say that I have been before, for your window has always attracted me. The plants look so bright and hearty. You are the gardener, are you not, Ellen? I have seen you in a scarlet sack at the window, watering them."

"No, sir; sister Alice is the gardener, but she lets me help her."

"Ellen has the true gardener's touch,"

said her elder sister. Arkwright, as he held on his way to the office that morning, quickened his pace, for he was light-hearted over this unexpected message, as it were, from Marian Goddard, and his happy fancy could not picture a more gracious messenger than the girl whom he had so unwittingly discovered. By such subtle connecting links are people joined who seem continents apart! He was quite ready even to forgive the mail that it brought him no letter that morning from Paris, since he had this substitute, and he found himself framing sentences in the letter which he would write that evening to his betrothed. How amused would she be at the coincidence, for it was scarcely possible that the Miss Garden who was her fellow-boarder should have told her half of the tale. He wondered whether Alice Garden herself would not write, perhaps that day, but it was only a crippled story that she could tell, since she was under bonds not to divulge his confidence. Could it be that Marian had herself made a confidante of her fellow-boarder?

The personal fancies and thoughts that flocked in his mind jostled against various business cares, and the smiles that occasionally came about his mouth were not suggested by the occupation in which he was engaged. Amongst his duties that day was an examination into a department of the business which he had lately organized. He had been anxious to give the men some more intimate share in the business, and had even discussed with his mother the project of turning the business into a co-operative concern. She scouted the notion with contempt, and he was driven from that position. But a scheme had occurred to him, to which she had given her consent, and he had accordingly initiated it with great zeal. It was to have a Savings Department in the business, by means of which those employed could deposit such of their earnings as they chose with the firm, and draw interest at the rate of six per cent, with this important addition, that any depositor having a sum no less than one hundred dollars in the hands of the firm for a year, beginning with the first of January, should receive a dividend, proportioned to the earnings of the business

up to four per cent. That is to say, the firm guaranteed six per cent and would pay an additional interest, from one to four per cent on every share, as it might be called, of one hundred dollars held by any one of the employed. It rested with the firm to say how much if any dividend was to be declared in such a case; the books of the firm which recorded the earnings of the business would not be shown, and the firm did not promise more than the regular six per cent. The department had been in operation now for a couple of months, and a special arrangement had been made by which any hundred dollars deposit made at the beginning of the system, in March, would yet be regarded in the coming December as having been made in January. Arkwright took an immense interest in this scheme. He regarded it as the first step toward some fuller recognition of the men as sharers in the enterprise. He was engaged at this time in examining the special books of this department.

"Here's a hundred dollars just put in by Maginn, Mr. Simon," said he. "I think we ought to count that as deposited in January. He's a good fellow, is n't he?"

"Yes, he's a good fellow; but if you keep on making special arrangements in that way, Mr. Edward, you'll have the men putting in their money in December and demanding a dividend at the end of the month."

"Well, we can stop when we think best. You may as well count Maginn. How do the men seem to like it? I am a little disappointed that some of the best men have put nothing in. But it is a new thing, and I suppose they are a little uncertain."

"They say you'll be cutting down the wages when you find how much they can save," spoke up Jim, the office boy, a ready-witted fellow who was on good terms with everybody.

"I should be more likely to raise the wages of any one who showed himself prudent and economical," said Arkwright, a little touched.

"They think there's some cat in the meal," said Simon. "They'll be disappointed if they don't get a dividend, and they'll only think it their due if they do get one."

"They say you'd get the money outside if you could get it for six per cent," said Jim who had left his ears wide open for all that they said.

"As if the one or two thousand dollars I might get in this way would count for anything," said Arkwright. "Depend upon it, there are half a dozen men who make all the mischief, and they are men who never lay up anything. Anyway, here's a deposit that I like, Simon," and he pointed it out on the book, not caring to have Jim hear the name of Toby, a poor weak-willed fellow who was forever spending his money foolishly, and who put in five dollars, the first deposit that was made, as a protection against himself. "You can make that up to ten dollars, Simon, and charge it to my private account." He did not mention this last, little incident to his mother at night, but he reported truthfully the conversation he had had.

"I leave you to work it out, Edward," said she. "I don't thoroughly believe in it. If it could be carried out, it would teach the men economy, and they would look after their part in the business more carefully, but you may rest assured that the scheme will fall through on account of the skepticism they will feel. They won't believe that you are doing it out of pure benevolence, and if they don't explain it by some piece of self-interest on your part, they will lay it to worse motives and believe that you mean to cheat them out of it in some way. Edward, there is only one thing as hard as for a workman to enter into his employer's mind."

"And what is that?"

"For the employer to enter into his work men's minds."

Arkwright wrote a long letter to Miss Goddard that evening, and the relating of his morning's adventure so fixed the whole thing in his mind, that he was more than ever pleased with the thought of following the acquaintance. At any rate, he often stopped now on his way to the office, and he never failed to look up to the window for some one of his friends. Ellen indeed was frequently on the lookout for him and would beckon him in, in the freedom of

their acquaintance, for he had won the child's confidence, and he had himself been greatly attracted by her freshness and enthusiasm. Garden recovered the use of his hand slowly, and it was some time before he could return to the office to do any effective work. Arkwright tried by delicate means to learn if the family was in any need, and his own little gifts he had as it were to smuggle into the house, so difficult was it to do them a favor, and so unwilling was he to seem to them in any way a benefactor. As the spring drew near to summer, he often found the brother and sisters in the garden in the morning, for though there was but little ground about the house, every inch was under cultivation, and if the roses only did their reasonable duty, it was evident that they would almost hide the house itself. The scene grew fairer to the eye with every advancing week, and to one with fine perceptions of beauty, like Arkwright, the cottage was a silent benediction. How much he felt the pleasure of this home may be learned from his own unmeasured words to Miss Goddard, in one of his letters to her at this time.

"I stopped as usual this morning at the Gardens'. I have got into the way of stopping there almost every morning, and I should find it hard to tell you how much attached I have become to this family. Alfred is a fine fellow, shrewd, quick-witted, clever in many ways and a good talker. He has his own notions about things and theorizes a good deal. What interests me most in him is the peculiar phase of a working man's life that he shows. Perhaps part is due to his English birth and to having been used until he came here to have class distinctions taken for granted; but, whether owing wholly to this or not, he startles me sometimes by the manner in which he discloses the working man's mind. With all our good fellowship, I think he is suspicious of me in many ways. I never taxed him with this, and I should not like to, but I can see that he is almost unconsciously looking out for slights from me, for assumptions that I am a better man than he; and then he is secretive about his work. He seems to think that it would be dangerous to disclose his

methods and processes to me. He is silent too on many matters regarding the men which interest me. You know I told you about our Savings Department. Alfred has never deposited in it, though he must have savings, and I have tried to persuade him to do so, from the effect it would have upon the men, but he won't and he evades the whole matter. I hoped that when I came to know him better I could get some valuable hints as to the way working men felt and reasoned, but whatever I get is without his knowledge. There might be a secret society among the workmen of our office and never a hint would come from him, even though he was not himself a member. There is a free masonry among workmen I am convinced, which has grown out of long condition of antagonism to capitalists. It doesn't matter if individual relations exist between workmen and employers, pleasant and agreeable, the class feeling is stronger, and in any issue the workmen instinctively would band together. The cardinal doctrine with them is—employers are always trying to get the better of us; and even where they do their work well and with pleasure in it, they are very apt to regard the power of doing work well as merely a 'holt' which they have on their employer.

"But here have I run into one of my favorite speculations, which I believe you don't care much about, else why do you never say a word to me about my plans? However, I know you turn them over, and that a word or two from your wise little head will set me right one of those days. Where was I? Oh, I was talking about Alfred Garden. Alice, his sister, grows on me. She shows me very clearly what a difference sex makes. In fact I don't believe that all I have been saying about working men applies to working women. But Alice Garden is not a working woman. She is the sister of a working man, but she is by nature and education a lady. You would say so if you knew her. She is something more, too, for I do not think I ever met a more truth-loving girl. No falsehood surely could stand the light of her gray eyes. She is reserved about herself, but perfectly frank in all expression of opinion. I fancy from her man-

ner that she has been thrown upon herself a good deal, and has learned thus to be on her guard against everybody, but that is a very different thing from being of a suspicious nature. It simply prevents her from being cheap. 'She is nobly planned' and the very Englishry of her way separates her from other women. You'll think I have gone daft over her, but it is nothing more than that I take very great pleasure in the simple society of so honorable and wholesome a woman. She makes great things seem great, and I know some who dwarf great things by their way of speaking of them. I respect her fully, and I suspect a quality in her which is very rare, that of commanding confidence and even of inviting it, coupled with an entire innocence of consciousness in the matter. You remember what I told you of our first meeting and how unwittingly I announced our engagement. You forgave me that, though you did speak a little hardly of a woman whom you had never seen. Well, I fancy that when I spoke of you I did it in deference to this power of hers to call out confidence. . . . What stuff all this is, not this last 'stuff, but that which went just before about Alice Garden's power to call out confidence. I expect one of your delightful scolding letters in reply, in which I can see your pretty pout. I have sometimes half wished that I might hear some of Fanny Garden's letters from Paris, but of course I never would ask, and whenever I have spoken of her sister Alice has kept a provoking silence. By the way, how freely I am using these names to you. One would fancy I called these people so to their faces. Not at all; it is simply the delightful privilege* which we have as betrothed people to speak of all our acquaintances without ceremony. I amuse myself sometimes with imagining ourselves talking across the breakfast table about your friends and mine, the Jennys, Helens, and Susies that you know, and the Harrys, Georges and Dicks that I know. How prettily their names will sound from your lips, how impertinently from mine. O, for that breakfast table! When will it be laid?"

Surely it is as fair to read Miss Alice Garden's letters aloud, as those of the in-

genuous young man, and here is a passage from one to her sister Fanny, then boarding at Madam Beauregard's, Rue St. Antoine, Paris, and a student in art, copying pictures at the Louvre.

"... You ask me about our new friend, Mr. Edward Arkwright, of whom Ellen writes you so enthusiastically. Picture to yourself a young man of about Alfred's build and height, with a slight stoop, and a way of throwing his head forward which suggests a habit of thinking on the road. He is the most mature young man, the youngest old man whom I ever met. I am constantly puzzled by the contrasts in his character; at one time I set him down as a dreamer, a visionary, ignorant of men and led along by his own fancies; at another as a person who is wise beyond his years, saying simply, and as if they were not remarkable, things which I recognize as pure bits of wisdom which I shall some day possibly come to accept and use. He is one of the most trusting, least suspicious of men, but he has a knowledge of human character which comes I think, not so much from study of people, as from a native capacity for judging. He is a touchstone, and I should measure people very much by what they thought of him. . . . He is, you know, the owner of the business in which Alfred is employed, and I can see from what he says and from what Alfred sometimes tells me, that he is in business, what he is in our house, capable of seeing great things and yet baffled by little, commonplace, every-day things. He is not naturally a business man—that is plain; yet he engages in his business earnestly, and is perpetually planning schemes for making it a better business, and the men better men. Shall I tell you what I think, and make a little prophecy? I think he has not the make of a man of business in him, and that some day he will find it out, extricate himself from his position and appear to men as great as he really is. What do you think of your sober sister, the noticeable girl with large gray eyes, in your teasing words, as a prophet? . . . I hoped you would see from the frankness with which I wrote, dear Fanny, that I had nothing to conceal, noth-

ing, that is, of the kind you suspect. Our relations are perfectly free. For the reason that at our first interview, he told me that he was engaged. That he should tell me so at all was a delightful instance, if you could only see it, of his naïveté, his youth, so to speak; it made me at once feel older than he! but there are circumstances which forbid my telling you more. I have not indeed seen the lady to whom Mr. Arkwright is engaged, but that is no fault of hers or of his, or indeed of mine; with that riddle you must now be content. . . .

"Tell me more of your own life, Fanny. You know my interest in people. Tell me of Madame Beauregard, and of Monsieur, who I am sure is disagreeable, if he is an artist; tell me of Mr. Lockwood, and of Mr. and Miss Goddard. I think you wrote me once that Miss Goddard knew the Arkwrights. I should like to know about his friends. He once mentioned Mr. Lockwood to me as a college friend."

If Miss Alice Garden thought that she had skillfully told the truth in these last paragraphs, concealing what she could not tell, and soliciting what she wanted to know, she must have felt that her sister also was not without ability to read between the lines, for in the answer that returned, among many otherwise irrelevant words were these:

"You were quite right in your surmises. I detest Monsieur Beauregard. I adore Madame; and I know that you do not care half so much to hear about Mr. Louis Lockwood, as about Miss Marian Goddard. *Enfin*, my dear innocent sister, with your delicately worded questions, do I not know without your telling me that Miss Goddard is the *fiancée* of your wonderful Mr. Edward Arkwright? To be sure, Miss Goddard has not made a confidante of me. She watches me, and I watch her in turn. But if a cat may watch a mouse, a cat may look at a king; and which of us is a cat, or are we both cats, and is that the reason why we purr so when we meet? How odd this half mesmerized condition! I know that she is engaged to Mr. Arkwright, and half suspect that she knows that I know it. She knows that I am the sister of Mr. Ark-

wright's friend, and half suspects that I know she knows it. How do I know all this, O noticeable woman with the large gray eyes? How do we know that the moon is made of green cheese? Now if I were a philosopher like you, I would analyze Miss Goddard for your edification. I am only a painter, so I must sketch her for your amusement. . . . I enclose a sketch taken from memory, but pronounced very life-like by myself, as I have not had the folly to submit it to the young lady herself. Admire it, Alice, as much as you please, for you will like the picture better than the original. The attitude is not so thoughtful as it appears. Miss Goddard, at the moment when I caught the likeness, was bending over the keys of a piano-forte, playing brilliantly, while Mr. Lockwood was turning the leaves of the music. To generalize like a modern philosopher, Mr. Lockwood is always turning the leaves for Miss Goddard, who is always playing for Mr. Lockwood. Is she not engaged, and has she not therefore rights, the rights of women? To be sure she does not announce her engagement. You know I know it per Atlantic cable and Mesmer. Her papa knows it, I think, by the uneasy way he has of watching her. Mr. Lockwood—I don't know whether he knows it or not, and in truth I don't think it makes any difference to him. Is it not amusing in any event? . . .

"Does all this help to interpret my sketch to you? When you look at those bright locks carelessly thrown back from her face, do you see fickleness, selfishness and coquettishness in them? when you see the lips half parted, do you think they are thirsty for praise and admiration, restless for some new pleasure? Is there just a trifle of hardness in her gracefully pointed nose, as if she might, for instance, step on a bright green beetle that was traveling leisurely along, and think herself and the beetle none the worse for it? . . .

"My dear child, behold what a cynic Paris life is making of your brusque Fanny. Why should I not cry over these people instead of laugh over them, and send you their portraits, and stab them with my little words and epithets, and perhaps prick too your generous, sympathetic little heart? I wish the Atlantic were not between us. Why did Columbus discover America, except to add new pains to human misery? Why should it take nearly two weeks for me to get over to you? Two weeks! it has taken two years, and I seem as far away as ever. To tell the truth, I think you want me just a little at this moment, *ma petite sœur*. Those large gray eyes look humid to me. Do you suppose I see them through a mist? Be very sure, Alice, that you do not yourself look through a mist, you who are so clear-sighted and just a little, shall I say it? complacent over your clear-sightedness. I am no prophet, nor the daughter of a prophet, though I may be the sister of one; but if I were to write a codicil to your interesting prediction, it would be that this Pied Piper, whose character you dress in such parti-colored garments, was destined to disappointment in other ways than through his business. What if he should have larger views in other directions unconsciously to himself? . . . I am going to slip in a note to Alfred, on business, my love, so you are not to open it. Tell Ellen that I shall write to her next, but there is no young man in Paris whom I have yet discovered to possess all the attributes of her hero. At least I have found nobody who knows so much and is so delightfully attentive to little girls. She must grow up very good with such a good friend. And with these last words I end, for fear, Allie, you will think that I am going to make fun of my own admonitions. Read carefully between the lines, my little sister and find your Faunny."

MORDECAI COHEN AND EMANUEL DEUTSCH.

MOST critics who have reviewed "Daniel Deronda" have simply dismissed the story of Mordecai as irrelevant and too remote from ordinary interest to find a place in a novel. Two or three, however, have looked deeper¹ and find in it a new expression of "the two chief interests of George Eliot, the religious consciousness, and the influence of hereditary forces," as well as a new embodiment of "what is to her the highest virtue, fidelity to the claims of race." Those who should know best find in the figures grouped about Mordecai a striking truth to the various types of Jewish character existing to-day. Two or three remarkable parallels have been suggested wherein George Eliot has either used with wonderful skill known facts and actual characters, or else the accurate insight of genius has made the imaginative creation as true as truth itself. The likeness between Leonora Charisi and the mother of the elder D'Israeli has been traced in some curious particulars. A prototype of Mordecai has been found² in Cohen, the leading spirit of a little club in London thirty years ago; but a deeper significance attaches to the mention of Emanuel Deutsch. Cohen may have afforded the direct suggestion, but it is doubtless the life of Deutsch that has given life to Mordecai. What that life was is the subject of this sketch.

It is hardly ten years since the article upon the "Talmud" in the *Quarterly* made known to the intellectual world of both hemispheres a scholar of the widest attainments, Emanuel Deutsch. Men of the highest rank in all departments of science and letters hastened to offer cordial recognition to one whom they claimed as peer. They found him a simple assistant in the Library of the British Museum. For fifteen years he had labored there in patient obscurity, fulfilling scrupulously all the demands of the irksome task-work required in such a

position, yet lavishing with prodigal hand, upon whomsoever asked it the help which only so full a brain as his could give and all the while carrying on with untiring zeal the special personal work to which he felt his life devoted. No book-worm, but a poet's soul, keenly awake to the charm of life, and drawing to himself the tenderest affection of the narrow circle of friends which his intensely concentrated life permitted him to enjoy.

Fame never came to man more unsought, more unexpected; and he received it modestly, even shrinkingly. Grateful for the praise showered upon him, he yet almost turned from it with pain. He looked upon the Talmud article as only the first step toward the great work of his life; and his conscientious humility even made him regret that he had ventured to speak before all was ready. It touched him with shame least he should be judged as one who had begun and was not able to finish.

For three brief years he found himself among the most admired and the most courted in the brilliant literary society of London. Three brief years of sunshine; then came three, weary and long, of cloud and darkness, of lonely struggle with hopeless disease—a struggle as heroic in its stillness and its sacred endurance as ever pen has recorded. His passionate, eager soul was freed at last. One loving friend and another bore witness to the surpassing genius of the dead and to the world's great loss. A volume of "Remains" was gathered from which we turned as we closed it with that sick yearning of heart with which we fold away the last relics of the honored and the loved.

The months pass on to years and the world grows cold to all that might have been, till a woman, the foremost of her time, recalls his memory, in a figure of which the blended majesty and pathos has never been surpassed in romantic fiction.

The parallel between the two men is not in outward circumstance, but in likeness of spirit they are one. The purity of soul,

¹ Notably, Wilhelm Scherer in the *Rundschau* of February, 1877.

² See the *Academy*, July, 1876, and the *Fortnightly*, April, 1866.

the lofty patriotism which inspired the lifelong purpose of Mordecai had their prototype in Emanuel Deutsch. One were they in their loyal devotion to their race, one in their thwarted enthusiasm, one in their utter sacrifice of self. They stand before us together, "erect, heroic, flashing with sublime constancy in the face of torture and death." One they are in "the passionate current of an ideal life, straining to embody itself—the life that burns itself out in solitary enthusiasm," and one are they in the tragedy of fate, "dying helplessly away from the field of battle,"—"the Prometheus bound, not *after*, but *before*."

With Deutsch, as with Mordecai, the mental life began with the teachings of a German uncle. Born in Silesia, the far east of Germany, he led from his cradle that strange double life of the Hebrew in modern Europe. "Before I knew how to read or write the language wherein I was born, my lips were taught to stammer the Aleph-Beth, and to recite my prayers in the tongue of David." His father gave him up when scarcely eight years old to the care of his uncle, a Rabbi of exceeding learning. For five years the child studied with him from five in the morning, summer or winter, till eight in the evening, stopping besides meal-times only a half-hour for recreation and the hour for daily prayer. "As I grew up, Homer and Virgil stood side by side on my boyish book-shelf with the Mishna and the Midrash. And before I was inured in the Akademie of Plato and his friends, it was deemed well to steep my soul absolutely in that ocean called the Talmud."

He returned home at thirteen, but the passage of Scripture which fell to him to read aloud in the synagogue at the celebration of his religious majority, strangely foreshadowed his future career. "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and thy father's house." At the gymnasium he showed such ability that even the strict rules of German discipline were relaxed in his favor, and he was allowed to pass rapidly on to the University at Berlin, whither he went at sixteen. From that moment he supported himself entirely by his own work. Theology had been at first his choice, but

the study of the Talmud, which he had begun as a child, was never interrupted. (The earliest of the immense number of copies or translations of the Talmud left among his papers are in broken childish handwriting.) But with all his other study he learned English so perfectly that when a German assistant for the British Museum was sought in Berlin, the place was offered to him. It was accepted as a much-needed means of support to himself and his parents, and as at the same time an opportunity to carry on his chosen pursuits.

He believed the engagement to be but temporary, but in the Library of the Museum were spent the remaining eighteen years of his life, in a labor after its kind hardly less monotonous than the handicraft of Mordecai. Yet not less in the dusty alcoves than in the narrow dingy room of Mordecai, "his imagination planted him on some spot where he had a far-reaching scene. His thought went on in wide spaces. Nor less than Mordecai in the little group at the *Hand and Banner*, was Deutsch an alien and a stranger, like a poet among a people of a strange speech, to the men of lower motives about him. Far happier was Mordecai in the careless, kindly good-nature of the Cohen household than the other under the irritation of the petty importance of jealous superiors. He gave as of the crumbs of the feast to all who asked of his mental store, expecting no return, only seeking for himself the means to carry on the great work of his life.

He treasured a hope as intense as Mordecai's, to leave a new life—a new self—to live when this breath is all breathed out. Though his purpose was literary, philosophic, it was the passion of his soul, as absorbing as the patriotic dream of Mordecai.

If Mordecai sacrificed his life for "the elevation of our hopes of Israel's future," Deutsch gave up his for "regeneration of our views of Israel's past." Nearest to his heart was the rehabilitation of his own people.

His earliest and his latest study was the Talmud; "that strange, wild, weird ocean with its leviathans and its wrecks of golden argosies, and with its forlorn bells that send

up their dreamy sounds ever and anon, while the fisherman bends upon his oar and starts and listens, and perchance the tears may come to his eyes."

The mystic oracles of "the prophetess of the Exile" were to him as the cradle song of his mother. To bring out of the seeming confusion the chords of the full harmony, that the world might know its majesty and its sweetness, would have been but the beginning of his great work. There are traces here and there in the "Remains" which show what he felt the whole ought to be. "It must embrace the times from beyond historic ken down to the fullness of Hellenic culture—the masked history, the law, the gorgeous day-dreams of the Talmud and the Midrash—the Cabala, with Plato and Aristotle developed by the Jews and Mohammedans. How were all these blended to satisfy Jewish faith and thought?—a faith fervent and passionate beyond measure; to which all visions and all transcendentalism and allegories were so many historical facts; for all of which death was most sweet and holy—and a boldness which with all reverence frankly said as Socrates . . . 'I can only understand human reason.' How was the everlasting battle between reason and blind belief fought out in the early Middle Ages within the bosom of the Jewish church. To trace the religious development from Hillel, the free-thinker of the time of Christ, to Maimonides, the Great Eagle; and on to Baruch-Spinoza, in whom Goethe—how much of this nineteenth century besides?—lives and moves and has his being—this would indeed be goodly work for a whole life-time."

Unconsciously he pictures himself in describing "knowledge requisite to sift and use properly the materials in the Talmud with a profoundly serious and reverential mind,—a knowledge not narrow, sectarian, one-sided, but catholic, human, large; one to which Homer and Horace and Goethe and Tennyson should not be more foreign than church fathers and archæologist palæographers and antiquarians; a knowledge, above all, which in awaking the long-buried past, should always remain mindful of the living present, its aspirations and its wants."

He himself, and he alone of our time, could have given to us "out of Targums and Talmuds, the Midrashim, the Zohar and the late Cabalistic lore, some real notion of the mental atmosphere, of the dogmas and doctrines, the ethics and ceremonies, the sagas and parables, the prose and the poetry of the time when Christianity was born."

But far wider than his own race was his intense, catholic sympathy. With him, as with Mordecai, the birthright of the Jew was glorious; but more precious still was the common brotherhood of God's children. Jewish, Pagan, Christian, all history was his, all culture his own. From broken utterances and faintest echoes he could reconstruct a dead speech, a lost life. His peculiar, almost unique training had given him the East and the West in fee. His keen, far-reaching insight would have enabled him "to bind the past and the present together; to interpret the one by the other; to express in terms of to-day the secrets of other ages; to trace the unity of human thought and passion, the common springs of human delusion, the common sources of human aspiration."

It was not to be. The closing words of the article on the Talmud had in them a boding whisper of the coming doom.

"Solemnly, as a warning and a comfort, this adage strikes on our ear: 'And it is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work.' When the Masters of the Law entered and left the Academy, they used to offer up a short but fervent prayer in which we would fain join at this moment; a prayer of thanks that they had been able to carry out their task thus far."

Was it not of those brief hours of fame and success that George Eliot thought as she wrote of those for whom, "when they are nearing the invisible shores, signs of recognition and fulfilment may penetrate the cloud of loneliness; or perhaps it may be with them as with the dying Copernicus, made to touch the first printed copy of his book when the sense of touch was gone, seeing it only as a dim object through the deepening dusk."

The work of Emanuel Deutsch ended ere

it was scarce begun. The mystical volume of the Talmud is again closed for our generation, and it must remain shut until there shall come again a magician who shall bear the scholar's genius, the poet's soul, in the child's simplicity and the woman's tenderness.

"His death," said the Dean of Westminster, "is the greatest calamity of the kind that could have happened to me."

In the first hours of overshadowing gloom, Deutsch wrote: "I have certain words in my possession which have been given me that they might be said to others, few or many. There is within me the whole sum of terrible throes and woes that made Rebecca cry out against her double blessing. . . . It is not merely the results of hard and tedious, dry-as-dusty investigations which I carry about with me and write into books, but those certain human problems which underlie them and give them tone and color, and have begotten all those ancient matters, and which are so wondrously like the problems with which we do battle and are worsted. It is the continuity and solidarity of refined mankind which I have in my mind, and the sameness of its achievements and loves and hatreds and prayers and curses, and conceptions of what is good and evil and godly, positive and negative. . . . I cannot take comfort in the thought of death. . . . I want to live. . . . There is so much life, hot, full life within."

Mortally stricken, he turned as a last hope to the warmth and light of the East. As we read, the scene is the quay at Trieste, and the voice is the voice of Mordecai: "The East! all my wild yearnings fulfilled at last! The real East! the full splendors of the days and nights, the trees and flowers, the holy stones, the wild fragrances. The soul within me felt its former sun; the ground I stood on seemed to send forth light, and the shadows had an azure glory as of spirits become visible; I felt myself in the flood of a glorious life, wherein my own small, year-counted existence seemed to melt, so that I knew it not."

Later, Deutsch wrote from Rome: "I am now a staunch believer in immortality, in the goodness and the unfathomable great-

ness of man, and out of those golden links that riveted the tender beauty of Hellas to the iron will of Rome and to the graceful strength of the Renaissance (until the full blaze of this day has made one harmony of them all) there arise to my ear sounds as of distant melodies, half broken yet passing glorious."

From Thebes he wrote: "The Nile and the temples and the mountains of Lybia and the desert and I—we look at each other and there is none to interfere with our silent communings, morn and noon and star-time, save perhaps a palm or two that will come between with uplifted tender hands, beseeching blessing."

As the last hope was fading he wrote: "Yet all this while my brain is teeming with work—work cut out as by special primeval arrangement for me, and me only. The tragical irony of my failure in life cuts me to pieces. A whole flood of thoughts old and new—of suggestions, facts and conceits storm in upon me with every breath I draw here, at every stone I stumble over, at every single sign and token of this boundless tomb-world wherein lie hidden how many civilizations? The very door of my house is formed out of a mummy-case inscribed with part of the Ritual of the Dead in faded hieroglyphics! Oh, the vast accumulation that has come into my brain from all I see around me! Alas! they are but day-dreams now—golden visions where-with my too vivid imagination beguiles the long drawn-out days and nights of keen distress."

The day-dreams passed and faded in their turn. His heart grew weary for his English home. Too ill, too spent for the journey he asked that at least he might find his last home among his own people in the Jewish burial-ground at Alexandria. "I only wish for peace," were nearly his last words.

Upon the stone of polished red granite which covers his grave the inscription is written in Arabic, in German and in English. Beside it is another in Hebrew. "Here is entombed the well-beloved whose heart was burning with good things, and whose pen was the pen of a ready writer."

Below is the text of scripture which by the Hebrew correspondence of letters and numerals contains the date of his death, May, 12, 1873. It is an epitaph most fit, most pathetic for the man whose whole life was one long desire for light.

"Arise! shine! for thy light is come."

Over the graves of Mordecai and of Emanuel Deutsch fall the shadows of night, but above are the stars, and beyond the morning dawn.

Clara B. Martin.

CHIPS FROM A NORTH-WESTERN LOG.

BY CAMPBELL WHEATON.

IV.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

THE night of my return from "Garseuinsegog," I had noticed a new wigwam set up close by my own door, and discovered on the following morning that it held a family belonging to the Pembina Ojibways, a people included in the treaty provisions of 1863, but entirely nomadic, and coming to Red Lake, usually, only at payment time. Some hunter had told them of the new surgeon; and father, mother and seven children, the largest family I had yet seen, had come down for purely social reasons, bringing no provisions save some frozen fish and corn for the journey, and relying on the unfailing Indian hospitality for support during their stay. Indian etiquette on these points is absolute. If but one potato remain in the lodge, half must be given to any guest who claims it, and is given with a courtesy and promptness that put to shame our more calculating spirit. But these wanderers become often one of the greatest evils of the Reservation system, lazy and worthless Indians often living for weeks on families who have labored hard through the planting and harvesting time, and even then have not enough to carry them through to another season. May and June are trying months. A little more land, per head, would ensure corn and potatoes enough for comfort; but at present there is sore pinching, and were it not for sugaring time, and the allowance of flour from Government, there would be great suffering. Part of the Indians will not work, and will live on those

who do—human nature being the same in red as in white skins.

The seven children,—the oldest about eighteen, the youngest two or three, broad as he was long—dressed in a little red-blanket coat and hood, and shining with fish oil, filed in solemnly and seated themselves in a row on my longest bench. The father, thin, wiry, and with a keen and business-like expression, lighted his pipe and smoked in silence, while the mother, fat, good-natured, and what in New England is known as "capable," looked with pride upon her brood, and told me their names and characteristics with the same exultation I had sometimes found in Irish mothers. They had come down, first for castor oil, and to pay their respects; and as the children heard the formula, "*Pometa sharbo-seeken*," each drew out his or her little bottle, and sat in grave expectancy, while the father and mother rubbed their stomachs suggestively, and held out two long bottles which had been filled with some preparation of sugar and water, flavored strongly with cayenne. This certainly was harmless, so I made up the same prescription, adding a few drops of asafetida, by way of giving character to the mixture, which being tasted met with strong approval. I found they had decided to go to the "sugar bush" the following day, and had already stopped in the birch woods to make the supply of pans necessary for catching the sap, which were piled up by their door.

The call ended satisfactorily, and I was making up some large bread pills, colored

with licorice, for Madame Squattog, who, being a medicine woman, considered herself entitled to a daily supply of something in that line, when a loud yelping drew my attention, and I saw Madame Squattog herself, scuttling like an aged crab down the little hill, followed by a howling Indian dog, the most abject and disconsolate of animals. I followed, but too late to hinder the course of events, for even as I reached the shore, a struggling and yelping puppy disappeared under the ice, and the mother with one heart-rending howl fled up the bank and off to the woods.

"Dreadful and unclean Nokomis!" I said, in my best Ojibway, "why have you poisoned our water that we drink? Why do you come here to disgust us and make us sick?"

Madame Squattog smiled calmly and said with emphasis:

"Manitou ka ouin kâ go: wa boose Manitou. Wa bun dun!" (The evil Manitou that plagued the child is gone. Look!) I looked in the direction she pointed, and saw a woman with a baby on her back coming toward me from Nahgonaganabe's wigwam, followed by Nahgonase, his little daughter, whose sweet, serious face I had grown to know well, and who showed, already, tender womanly qualities hardly looked for in these surroundings. The child was unconscious, and breathing heavily. I found Madame Squattog had agreed to cure it for a green blanket and six yards of calico, and had spent the night in the wigwam, shaking her rattle made of an old oyster can filled with little pebbles and beans, and beating her medicine drum till morning, when she announced that the evil Manitou had been driven out into a litter of puppies, and proceeded at once to drown it. The child was dying even then, and I saw the look of faith on the mother's face turn to a blank despair as the little thing, with one final gasp, lay still in her arms. Nahgonase led her away, and I shut myself in my house, determined not to admit the fraudulent old woman that day.

This faith in good or bad Manitous is another obstacle to medical treatment, or to conversion from their own beliefs to ours.

Kaybaynoten, the head chief's son and a very sensible fellow, supposed his toothache came because his Manitou, the wood-pecker, was angry, and had entered it to knock away upon it till propitiated. Anything out of the ordinary experience is Manitou; a watch, because its ticking is mysterious; my umbrella, because they had never seen one before, and above all a small music-box playing several tunes. One of the worst cases of rheumatism insisted that his Manitou, the bear, was angry and in his bones, gripping and trying to crush them, and this same man if well and on the hunt would not cut up a bear he had killed, till he had prayed over it and begged its pardon for so insulting it. Long ago I had made up my mind that two farmers would be the best substitute for a physician, and that an ample supply of food, and more comfortable homes would work wonders, while progress, save in its most limited sense, was utterly impossible without all the aid given by the best and most practical teaching. The old chief realized this fact, and before he had been at home many days came over, with Aiken as interpreter, to ask if there were any prospect of a school. He spoke with a pathetic anxiety of his own age; his hope that his people might be taught how to work, so that they need not starve by hundreds as the Sioux had done the year before, and that his young men and children might be taught to read and write so as not to be cheated by dishonest white men and half-bloods. He shook hands warmly as I told him I should begin teaching as soon as I knew a little more of the language, but went away still sad and oppressed; a man of great nature, a born governor, who sees what is needed, but cannot attain it, and goes mourning because he cannot.

As I went out for my afternoon walk, I saw Sozette, a nine-year-old imp with beautiful dark eyes and flashing teeth, creep softly up the sloping roof of the forge, and peep down the chimney. In another moment sounded a mighty yell, and old Hugh the blacksmith flashed out. Sozette gave one spring and flew to the woods, her little red blanket and long black hair streaming behind her.

"The pison varmit!" Hugh roared. "That's the third snow-ball she's dropped on my forge-fire to-day. I'll tan her if I can get hold of her."

Sozette had reached a safe distance and mounting a tall stump, danced and screamed with delight. Even the staid Nahgonase smiled, and Hugh returned fuming to his work. Nahgonase had come to tell me that a medicine dance for Andisogezhecoke would begin the next morning, and they wanted me to come. Locking my house, I followed her, in order to learn the way, for a mile or more through the densest wood till we came out by a little lake, where the dance was to take place, and where the women were busy setting poles and bringing piles of hemlock branches.

I went over early the next morning to Quawaysanchus's lodge, to see what state Andisogezhecoke was in, and found she had another hemorrhage and could not lie down at all, her only rest coming as her father held her in his arms. This he had done the whole night, the child clinging to him as if he could take away her pain. And here comes in the fact of a family love and devotion, incredible to me at first but impressing itself more and more with every month of my stay among them. The mothers showed a passionate fondness for their children; and the fathers, while less demonstrative, were equally attached. Even with the degraded and over-worked condition of the women, there was much genuine family life, and the children did less quarreling in a month than average white children in a day. In this special case, a very close tie seemed to bind father and daughter, and old Quawaysanchus, who had taken many Sioux scalps and was a famous hunter, cared for her tenderly as a woman. I had given him a small vial of whisky to be used when she fainted from exhaustion, but this strongest temptation that can ever be put in an Indian's way had not conquered him, and the contents lowered slowly from visit to visit, untouched by any one save the patient.

Andisogezhecoke looked up and smiled faintly as I bent over her.

"The blood still comes in my mouth," she said, "but they will take away the Manitou to-day. Soon, when the sun is high."

By noon every Indian family near the lake had gathered here, for this dance was to be the "Grand Medicine," with every ceremony used only on the most important occasions. Poles had been put up, covering a space some hundred feet long, from which the snow had been carefully cleared. Boughs were piled thickly against them to keep off the wind, and rush-mats spread within on either side. Three fires burned at regular distances from each other, taking the places of the painted posts I saw afterward in the summer dances, while a stump at the upper end served as rest for the sick girl, who, wrapped in blankets, leaned against it. Over the central fire hung an enormous kettle in which three dogs were boiling, and corn and potatoes were being cooked in Quawaysanchus's lodge. The gifts to the medicine man, blankets, calico, skins, leggins, etc., hung on a line at one end of the camp, and seating myself there I looked attentively at the faces, many of which were strange to me.

Serious earnestness was the prevailing expression. To the Ojibways, this dance is their most sacred ceremony, including as many mysterious rites as Freemasonry, or the ancient Druidical worship; the highest ambition of the young brave who feels his initiation to be the first step toward the happy hunting-grounds, and the last thought of the aged warrior who counts his scalps by the dozen.

Their creed is short and simple. Between this world and the world of spirits lies a pitch-black lake of boiling water, crossed by a slender pole held by an old woman who sits on the other side. The Indian who in this life has listened to the counsels of the medicine-men, who has been brave on the war-path, a good hunter, and just and true in his actions, crosses the pole easily; but if he has wronged any one and failed to atone for it, has been a coward or slighted the medicine-men, he falls when in the middle of the pole, and, being swept down by the boiling current into the land

of shadows, wanders forever, vainly seeking the happy hunting-grounds. If, however, he has sinned but lightly, the old woman simply turns the pole over and over, so that every nerve is strained to the utmost to keep his balance, and he crosses in mortal anguish lest he fall. It would be easy, did space admit, to show the parallel between these myths and those held by Eastern nations, but they will readily occur to all students of comparative mythology and religion. Bancroft's wonderfully minute volumes on the "Native Races of the Pacific States" shows kindred analogies, though ferocious and bloody rites had far greater place among them than with the North American tribes. To these Red Lake Ojibways, as to the Santee Sioux and the Cherokees and Choctaws, the Great Spirit is a present fact; hidden from them often by degrading superstitions, but ready to take place in their minds when Christian teaching had cleared away the mists, as the Father for whom they have vainly sought, and whose children they are. Cupidity, laziness and ambition are the guiding motives with many medicine-men, and the system is a shocking one, feeding upon superstition and strengthening it in the feeding; but men like Quawaysanchus or Kaybanoten were utterly sincere, and I saw that they regarded the various dances as most solemn religious rites, and themselves as priests, set apart and consecrated.

Five medicine-men were seated near the central fire, the oldest one beating two drums with an energy which made the sweat roll in great drops from his face. All held medicine-bags—those of the people of weasel-skin, and containing charms given at their initiation, and those of the medicine-men of mink or otter. Corn and potatoes had been handed about and eaten, and now the head medicine-man, holding his sacred bag in both hands, rose from the ground and bending forward, trotted around the lodge in a space that had been left for that purpose, saying: "How, how, how!" and followed by the four others, each shaking his bag over the patient as he passed. This was to clear the lodge of evil Manitous which might be waiting to take the place

of the one they intended to drive out from the child. Returning then to their former places, the head man began a chant, growing louder and louder, and in a language known, so the Indians say, only to the higher degrees of medicine-men. As it ended, all the drums rattled; the people bowed their heads and lifted their medicine-bags, and the sound of "How, how, how!" came from every one present.

Up to this moment Andisogezhecoke had sat motionless; but now she was lifted to her feet. Madame Squattog, the oldest medicine-woman, came forward, and the child taking hold of her blanket stepped behind her. A row was formed, made up first of the medicine-men, and then of all those who proposed becoming such, each one holding the blanket of the one before him, and all beginning to march slowly and carefully to the sound of the drums. Madame Squattog examined the ground with minutest care, picking up or pushing aside even a splinter or spray of hemlock. Three times they made the circuit, faster and faster, shaking the medicine-bags at the end of each round and waiting for the bow and answering "How, how, how!" of the people. Then the drums beat, the rattle was shaken, and a wild minor chant began, interpreted for me by Aiken as meaning that the road through life and to the spirit land had been made clear; that the tender feet could walk over it even in darkness, finding nothing to hurt them, and that if the Master of Life so willed it, his child could easily come to him by the narrow path.

As they sang, Quawaysanchus stood wrapped in his blanket and moving up and down slowly like the movement of the Shaker dance. More corn and potatoes were handed about as the chant ended, and I ate also in token of good-will. I noticed now that each one held a small shell in the hollow of the hand. Quawaysanchus turned shortly, and taking all the gifts from the line laid them in order on the ground, the whole company marching about them. Then they were lifted and put about the child in a circle; and again all marched around, dropping into her lap the shell they had put for a moment into their mouths,

and picking it up at the second round. This was done three times, and then the head medicine-man kneeling down by Andisogezhecoke, began with her right foot, the people still marching; rubbing it furiously, then patting it softly and passing to the left one, going in this way over her whole body, and ending with her head. As he touched her on the crown, the spot at which the Manitou was now passing out, a howl went up from the whole crowd; the sacred bags were pointed toward her and men and women danced up and down. The rattle and drums sounded their loudest and then ceased: All sank down, and for an instant were motionless and silent. Then Quawaysanchus lifting the gifts, presented them to the medicine-men and women, and bowed to the people, who crowded now about the great kettle and filled their pans with the broth and meat of the sacred dogs killed for the occasion.

I had been watching the child anxiously since the rubbing began. Languid and at first unable to lift her head, the excitement had grown upon her till she walked in the procession with a vigor I could not have believed possible. It was very fleeting, however. She shivered and asked for another blanket, but as they brought it and lifted her to wrap it about her, she gasped, flung out her arms, and then fell back and was gone. Every one was silent as I sought for a few moments to restore her, then realizing it was useless, turned to her father who stood near, his face working painfully, but saying no word. He stooped and lifted her, and clasping her almost fiercely to his breast, passed into his lodge and shut the door, while the women began the death wail: "Wah ah nowin, wah ah nowin!" Her mother burst into sobs and shrieks, and threw herself upon the ground, tearing her hair, while the sisters sought in vain to comfort her.

Two days later shallow graves were dug in the frozen ground, and Andisogezhecoke and the little baby were laid in rough coffins made by Kennedy, and brought on sledges through the dark wood, covered with green hemlock boughs, and laid to rest with as loving tears and thoughts as ever followed the

dead to our statelier cemeteries. Over them was placed the wooden grave-cover, marked with the totem of the family, and on the grave, pans of food that they might not be hungry during the long journey. Fires were kept burning to light their way, and for three days the mourners sat with blackened faces, wailing at intervals, the sound often rousing me at night, its wild pathetic cadence thrilling one with a sense of the desolate faith they held, yet holding, too, a promise that "the tender feet should not stumble on their way to the Great Spirit."

By the end of the week, the lake was practically deserted. The families had gone down to the sugar-bush, and I caught only now and then a glimpse of a squaw, lost behind her enormous burden; the whole wigwam, poles, cover and contents, being bound in a flat bundle and tied on her back, while she plodded on patient and silent, to set it up at night, chop wood for the lodge, as if endless toil were the only lot of woman. Until Christianity rouses the husband or sons to some understanding and sympathy, it is her only lot, and she in turn scorns the man who labors, as a coward and good-for-naught. So the system confirms itself, like all errors, and is one more obstacle to progress.

Within a few days I followed the people to the sugar-bush, curious to see their methods, and finding the greatest diversity in the matter of cleanliness. I had wondered often at the singular flavor of some of the sugar brought me, but had eaten it, asking none of the questions that now answered themselves. I took up lodging in Nahgonagahnabe's wigwam, whose wife had twenty years before been trained for some months by the missionaries, and who, though she had returned to wigwam life, had retained some notions of cleanliness. Next her was Madame Squattog, and the two gave me the extremes of method. As in New England, the trees are tapped, but very carelessly, often being hacked into and a chip stuck in as leader for the sap. The small birch-bark pans are constantly watched by the children, whose business it is to replace them when full with fresh ones, and carry them to the great kettles, two or more of which are bought by every well-to-do family from the

traders. Winape, Nahgonagahnabe's wife had three—one devoted to sap, and the other two kept constantly boiling over the fires outside the wigwam, while within, corn prepared like the Yankee "hulled corn," with wood-ashes, boiled continually, and was eaten at will by all comers, smothered in the smooth, rich syrup. Mococks, or birch-bark baskets, made of the thickest and strongest birch bark, wide at the bottom, narrowing at the top, and capable often of holding from one to two hundred pounds of sugar, stood ready for the "sugaring off," a critical moment, watched with anxious care by the maker. The children had a multitude of little mococks and their own smaller pail of syrup, and Nahgonase copied her mother's methods to the letter, turning out some very creditable sugar.

Madame Squattog treated the matter from a more liberal point of view, and like many of the women made her pails of sap do double duty; one of them in the first place before the syrupy stage began, being used to boil her tea, which was thus sweetened without any sacrifice of the sugar already made, and the other receiving two white fish some one had given her, the stray bones of which would afterward appear in her mococks, and give that fishy flavor that before had been quite unaccountable. Seeing my look of disgust, she sought to mend matters, by straining the discolored sap through her incredibly dirty calico skirt, which being then rinsed in a bark pan of sap just brought in was hung near the fire to dry. I returned to Winape's wigwam a sadder and a wiser man, and thereafter declined all gifts of sugar from Madame Squattog or any of her kindred.

A fortnight or so of this life changes the appearance of the children wonderfully. Absolutely soaked in syrup, which mats their hair and stiffens their clothes, and renders them so unutterably sticky one wonders how they ever get away from the place that holds them, they grow fat and round, and thus better able to bear the privations of the intermediate season, when the old corn and potatoes are gone, the new unripened, and the lake their almost sole dependence for food. Each wigwam or hut has its cel-

lar; a deep hole dug without, lined with grass and filled with the muskmotes or woven bark-baskets of corn and potatoes, which are then covered in lightly yet securely with poles and earth, to prevent the myriad field mice and squirrels from making way with the whole of the crop, as they most certainly would were it left exposed. Even the large yellow cats, animals in great favor with the squaws, and very rare when compared with the dogs, make small headway against the army, though the one belonging to Winape killed sometimes twenty squirrels and mice in a day. It was a curious sensation to call, "pussy, pussy!" and find no response till I remembered pussy knew no English, and changed to "Menoose, menoose!" when the great creature came purring and rubbing against me, so like a young tiger, that one involuntarily suspected mischief behind the purr.

Before the sugaring season ended the traders went below, and I was heartily glad to see the last of them for some months. Our views had already conflicted somewhat. In my small transactions with the Indians, buying bead work, an occasional bearskin, etc., I had given what struck me as a fair equivalent. Calico, blankets, beads and tobacco are a complicated currency. War prices still held to great degree, and the cost of transportation added from ten to fifteen cents on every pound, even after it reached St. Paul. A barrel of flour, ten dollars at St. Louis, could not be sold at Red Lake for less than twenty-five; and everything in like proportion. I had given Kaybanoten five yards of calico for a dollar, and sugar and some other articles in the same ratio, and that same afternoon was visited by Aiken, who wanted to know what I meant by interfering with their business, when all the traders had agreed upon three yards for a dollar as the utmost to be allowed. A long argument followed, leaving us both dissatisfied. Aiken admitted the justice of what I said, but denied the possibility of carrying it out, declaring that the Red Lake traders were fairer in their dealings than any he had ever known, and must make enough from the honest Indians to indemnify them for the losses suf-

fered from the dishonest. The trader takes considerable risk, supplies the hunter with his full outfit, traps, powder and shot, or cartridges, flour and pork if he wants them, and extra moccasins and leggins if required. The Indian is then bound to bring all the results of his hunt to him, and having first paid his debt, sells the remaining skins for whatever most strikes his fancy or meets his need, often bringing his wife and children to take their choice of the gay calicoes or trinkets spread before them. Many times, however, beguiled by large promises, he gives his choicest pelts to a rival trader, and vows to the angry creditor that his hunt was unsuccessful and he must wait for the next. Prices are thus kept up to their highest, and as usual the honest suffer for the dishonest. In justice to the trader it must, however, be remembered that his goods reach the post through incredible difficulty and hardships, and that only a trained "*Coureur du bois*," as the woodsmen of that and the Lake Superior region are called, can endure the fatigue. In winter, deep snows and every wintry obstacle are in the way. In the summer, which one would naturally suppose the easiest time for laying in supplies, are to be encountered roads impassable from mud and bog; streams swollen by rains, and a cloud, first of black flies, then mosquitoes of such power and energy that one becomes almost iusane with pain, and can travel only under the protection of a head-net, long, thick gloves, and high boots. Yet these men are wedded to their life, and face its emergencies with a courage and tact worthy of a better cause, refreshing themselves for all privations by prolonged stays in St. Paul, and a drunken spree varying in length from one week to six. On the Indian their influence is wholly bad. Lying and cheating are their daily weapons, gambling their chief amusement, and a hunter often starts out bankrupt, having in advance pledged every skin taken for the payment of gambling debts. The sale of liquor, though forbidden by law, does take place; less at Red Lake than elsewhere, owing to the stern opposition of Madwagononind and his council, but still occurring now and

then, and leading always to outrages of one sort and another. The only murders committed by the Ojibways among whites were in each case the result of whisky. Madwagononind had once in his life been drunk, and recalled it with a shame and horror it would have done Gough good to see. Esenewub, with less earnestness and dignity of character, sometimes longed for the excitement, but told me he would kill the man who sold it to his sons, and the general feeling against it was bitter and strong. Warren, a rival trader, had brought up a small keg early in the winter, and sold most of it to some half-bloods near "Garseninsegog," who fought furiously and burned down one of the houses as the result; but he denied the whole thing when brought to account by the chiefs, who however made him feel so insecure in his position as to bring about great caution thereafter.

The three traders passed through the sugar-bush on their way "below," the last day of my stay there—picturesque figures; two with dog-trains, followed by their wives, each bearing a bead-decorated waboose on her back; one, with a shaggy Indian pony and the larger flat-train, and all heavily loaded with the winter's profits. Winape sold her largest moccock of sugar, and each trader secured all with which the women would part, paying about four cents per pound for what in the winter they would very probably sell them for fifteen or twenty. Through the summer the sugar would be stored in the earth cellars already mentioned, being used sparingly save when medicine or scalp-dances were going on, and being at all times regarded as the greatest of luxuries.

With June came the short but fervent summer of the North-west. Red Lake broke up the twenty-fourth of May, and the snows melted rapidly from that time on. Spring rains fell so heavily as to seriously interfere with plowing and planting, but in spite of drawbacks the work went on. The hoes and shovels stored during the winter in the warehouse were given out, and each woman made a little garden near her wigwam, planting beaus and pumpkin seed sent up from Leech Lake in May through an In-

dian, who brought me also the first mail I had had since reaching there. Never, even in army life had newspapers seemed so precious, and I devoured even the advertisements. By July the tender blades of corn in the long fields by the lake were springing greenly, and an army of interested crows gave steady occupation to another army of small boys. Instead of the New England scare-crow, understood and suitably despised by that sagacious bird, a scaffold five or six feet in height was erected in many of the fields, and on these narrow platforms whole families took their station, the women sewing or doing their bead-work, the babies, in the nature of things making no resistance, for a baby permanently attached to a board, which can be hung up wherever the mother likes, is a very different matter from the baby of civilization. I recall now my first sight of one of these lodges. An old woman asleep in the sun, stretched upon a rush-mat; a younger one busy on a long strip of bead-work into which she wove her husband's totem; a baby hanging from the central pole, placidly sucking a fish's tail, and looking at me brightly and steadfastly from its beady eyes; two little boys with bow and arrows, raising a shout for each fresh crow, and making shots always short of the mark; a young girl below feeding a fire and boiling corn for the coming meal, and in all directions the crows, keen and watchful—making dashes when they considered it safe and cawing triumphantly as they secured the coveted grain. The smell of the freshly turned earth, and the quickened roots and rootlets; the breath from the woods, subtle and delicate; the accumulated sweetness of buds, yet toned by a spicy and stimulating bitter, the scent from the pines, stirred me with all the force born of patient waiting through the long winter. I could have danced and sung as I went. In fact, intoxicated one day by the perfume of wild grape-buds, and the dainty emerald-green of the grass about a spring, I executed some antics that were interrupted by a shout from Kaybanoten, who, coming swift and silent through the forest, paused in mute amazement, to see what might happen next, and then burst into a

most un-Indian roar of laughter in which I joined, a little shame facedly. As a rule their merriment, while very genuine, is quiet. Their sense of humor I found to be keen, and their criticisms often full of wit, as dry and caustic as that of the typical New Englander; but the elder men seldom laugh aloud, and the prevailing expression is often a quiet and dignified sadness, an unsmiling patience. I saw in many Indian eyes, not alone in Minnesota, but in Dakota and on the plains, a tacit appeal for help and understanding one longs to answer and meet.

A week or two of this watching was soon over. The corn firmly rooted and growing with a speed that seemed to indicate its knowledge that time and sunshine were short, soon defied the crows, and in the interval between planting and the first hoeing the canoes were overhauled, mended when necessary, and new ones begun. Madame Squattog I found to be one of the most accomplished canoe-makers, knowing every secret haunt of the root whose tough fibres are used in sewing it together, and shaping the sticks with a skill and dexterity wonderful to see. Now and then I found a man planning one, but as a rule the women did the work, selecting the bark and bringing the long rolls from the birch woods to the lake, sewing them together and fitting them to the slender ribs kept in position by a frame-work, putting on the last touches of vermilion and ochre, and launching the canoes on the clear water, transparent as that of Lake George.

I found them at first troublesome things to manage, and had more than one ducking in my first attempts, but it soon became easy, and I spent long hours on the lake, sometimes fishing, often simply drifting; drinking in the delicious air, and looking into a sky of such vivid and cloudless blue as I have never seen save in those northern regions. Fish-hawks battled overhead, and sometimes high up I saw an eagle, whose strong wing and daring flight thrilled one with a sense of power no other bird can give. A feather one day fluttered down to me, and as I put it in my hat-band, Que-weah, who paddled by me toward the other

side, smiled approvingly and said: "A good omen. The Great Spirit thinks of you."

Returning that afternoon, I saw the women gathered in groups, and Kennedy told me it was their night for "blessing the corn-fields;" a custom that will be recalled by those who have read *Hiawatha*, and identical with the old Germanic one; a young girl entirely nude making the circuit of the fields, and thus forming a line over which no evil Manitou can pass.

In this month also I began teaching a class of Indian children, using the small primers and readers sent up by Mr. Wright, but making a progress so discouragingly slow as to seem no progress at all. The rooted antipathy to using any language but their own stood greatly in the way, for though Madwagononind desired them to learn English, nothing could have induced him to use a word of it. Many men and women who during the short stay of the missionaries twenty years before, had been taught to speak and read it, shook their heads smilingly but firmly, as I said: "I know you understand and can answer me," and replied in their own tongue. No Ojibway primers were to be had, and Sozette, the ring-leader in all mischief, set a fashion all were disposed to follow, by spelling: "O-x, beszheke; p-i-g, cocosh; c-a-t, me-noose."

This I soon stopped, and so far as the general intelligence of my pupils was concerned, had no cause for dissatisfaction. They learned their letters quite as easily as the children of the mission schools, and soon spelled and wrote words and sentences on my improvised blackboard with ease and apparent pleasure. Reading they mumbled over perversely, for the reason mentioned, actually dreading to hear their own voices in the strange and unaccustomed speech, and I found endless work in teaching them the sound of our own *r* and *l*.

But each day convinced me more and more absolutely of the truth of all Mr. Wright had said, and I felt with increasing keenness the futility of any half-way effort. A boarding-school, where decent personal habits could be formed, and the manual labor system, which has since proved so suc-

cessful, be carried out, I knew to be the only mode of civilizing them; and for this the puny effort of one man was wholly inadequate. Money was the first essential. I wrote earnestly to the agent, stating the case as forcibly as I knew how, but knowing that the apathy of the government was not likely to be stirred by anything less exciting than an Indian war; and then waited, determined only upon laying what foundation stones my feeble power allowed. In the meantime, I was growing more and more attached to the people, finding them almost without exception simple-hearted and with traits resembling those of children, gentle, cordial, and outspoken, and the elder ones earnestly desiring instruction not only in schools, but in useful trades. It was the business of the blacksmith and farmer to teach the young men; but two obstacles were in the way: their own impatience and consequent inability to teach, and the fact that they avoided it from the fear that their own places would be lost were any Indians intelligent enough to fill them.

The latter part of July a woman was found murdered in the wood beyond "Garseninsogog" in such a manner as to leave no doubt it was the work of the Ojibway's hereditary enemy, the Sioux. Though removed to a remote distance after the massacre of 1863, parties from the neighborhood of Fort Garry occasionally came down, satisfied if the scalp of even a child who had strayed beyond sight of the wigwams could be taken. The wildest reports spread around the lake, and when next morning a grave was found to have been opened and the bones scattered in every direction, the indignation knew no bounds. A council was called which deliberated an entire night, and a war-party, made up principally of the young men, started out the morning after. A general feeling of insecurity pervaded the post. We slept on our arms; the summer lodges, built lightly of poles and bark, were moved nearer our buildings. Ball-playing, a favorite summer sport with the Indian boys and men, ceased, and the old men gathered together and told stories of their own expeditions; Kahwiskiniky, who had been scalped and left for dead and

always wore a black handkerchief about his head, taking the lead. The children listened with a grave intensity; practiced diligently with their bows and arrows, and had their own little scalp-dances; and it was easy to see where and how this fierce, relentless cruelty of the aroused savage nature came in, and how the gentlest and justest might, under the pressure of hereditary hatred and the equally strong belief that scalps were a passport to their heaven, make no distinction of age or sex. But the horror of it grew upon me. The more fully I realized what elements there were to work upon here, and what results might be accomplished under wise teaching and just and liberal administration of affairs, the more dreadful appeared this woe and treachery and bloodshed. No wild man on the earth holds so pure a faith as the North American Indian. He believes in a Great Spirit; in a future life; is devoted to his children; will die for his tribe. Even degraded and desperate as they are upon the border, or led by the superstitions of the medicine-men in more remote tribes, this desire for blood can be extinguished and the painted savage become the ardent missionary of peace and good will to his people.

Day after day I thought of this as I talked with the old men or walked watchfully through the accustomed places. The war party did not return for a month, being cut off by the Sioux who had committed the murder and who eluded them; but, watching their opportunity, two Sioux wigwams were entered by our warriors and five women and children killed—the fresh scalps being brought in to Red Lake and a dance begun on the same night. The very man who brought that of a baby, fondled his own baby and held his little boy between his knees, and when I said,

“Majakeos, how could you, when you remembered that they were only children and had never harmed you?” he answered half fiercely, half apologetically:

“Nits make lice. It would have grown and killed my people. My heart was soft a minute when it smiled, but I struck for my people.”

I watched the ceremonies, identical in many points with those of the medicine-dance, for a few moments, seeing the scalps pass from hand to hand as they marched, and hearing the shouting as Majakeos waved them in the air—then turned homeward more saddened than ever before.

JUDITH AND JUDAH.

BY JOSEPHINE R. BAKER.

III.

THE CARTER JUDGMENT.

“THERE!” complained Judith, with one of her long sighs, which seemed to be drawn through her entire length with a long pull and a strong pull, as she held up her draggled skirts, “that comes from bein’ a woman. Now that ar Dolly knows I’m a woman; she’s allus knowed it; she’d never cut up such a dido with a man, never.”

“What has Dolly been doing?” asked Annie, a little in doubt as to the personage mentioned.

“Why, yer see she was mad, mad as a

March hare, ’cause I did n’t ontackle her the minit she got inter the yard. She’d got it all planned out in her wicked old head, and as soon as them thills dropped, she jest up with her heels and jumped clean over them bars, and down the lane she went into that ar lot with ‘all her tacklin’ on. She knew I’d foller her; she knew I would n’t let her go a traipsing ‘round like that all night. The pesky old critter would stand still, as meek as Moses, till I got close tu her, and then up her heels’d fly, and she’d go a streakin’ it over the bogs and through the blackberry bushes, and inter the birches, and I after her as fast as I c’d go it, till I

was all out o' breath and wet clean up ter my knees. I thought every minit she'd ketch her tacklin' on the bushes and break her legs or choke ter death, and I'd been glad on 't, ef we'd got enny other hoss, and Juder had n't sot so much by the pesky old critter. I s'pose I sh'd been a chasin' on her now ef Juder had n't heard the noise and come tu the fence ter see what the matter wuz. He jest called, 'Dolly! Dolly!' and she went right up tu him, whinnerin', and stood as still as a mouse while he talked to her and ontackled her. Now she knows he's a man, though how on arth she finds out all them things is more 'n I ken tell. I had the tacklin' to lug up tu the barn, and she walked off down tu the brook. That ar old critter 'd go a week without eatin' or drinkin' ef she c'd only keep me a chasin' 'round that ar lot all the time."

Judith reached her long arm for another stick of wood before asking: "I say, Anuie, ain't yer kinder sorry yer a woman?"

"No; father says that I could not comfort him half so much if I were a boy."

"Wal, p'haps yer couldn't; but yer dif-runt from me. I never wanted to be a woman, nohow, but I had tu, and there's the end on 't. Yer see when I was a gal I allus had a boy's work tu du, and when I got to be a woman I had a man's work tu du, and yet everybody and everything knew that I wuz a gal and a woman, and somehow it spoilt me all 'round."

"Why did you have a boy's work to do?" asked Annie, beginning to feel a sort of sympathy for this misplaced, dissatisfied woman.

"Wal, yer see it jest happened so, or else it wuz ter be, I dunno which; Juder wuz allers kinder weakly. When we wuz born he weighed only six pounds, and I weighed nigh on to eight. And then he kept a havin' things; he had the measles and whoopin'-cough and canker-ash and chicken-pox, and all the rest on 'em, and I didn't have nuthin'. And somehow I kept a growin' stronger and bigger, and he did n't grow so much. And mar, she kept him rolled up in a flannel blanket and dosed him all the time, but he wouldn't grow. He wuz a pale, pimpin' leetle feller. I c'd run all over the farm afore he c'd walk a step.

Yer gran'ther he was a lame man, and he cudn't do much. When I was nine years old, yer great-uncle Nathan tuk yer father Nathan inter his store in the city, and I begun ter du the chores, and I've had ter du 'em ever sence. Mar, she was allers a lookin' out for Juder and a fixin' up messes, and a steepin' up herb drinks, and she cud n't think of nuthin' else. She cud n't bear ter leave him. Jest afore she died she said: 'Now, Judith, these is my last words; look out for Juder and be keerful of him. I'm dreadful sorry I can't take him with me, but I can't. There won't be no one ter make his herb drinks as I've made 'em, and he won't live long, poor boy! Remember my dyin' words; be keerful of Juder; be keerful of Juder and steep up his drinks.' And I've allers been keerful of him,—keerful es I cud; I steeped up bushels of herbs, but somehow he wouldn't drink 'em. The dish'd get upsot all on my clean floor, and then I'd whip the cat, for I knew it must be the cat that done it, till one day Juder he caught me at it, a whippin' away, and he told me to stop. He said he did n't believe the cat done it; and ef she did, she thort she was doin' her duty. And one day not long after I found the arthern pot that mar allers used ter steep the herbs in, over in the barn yard, all broke ter smash. I never c'd find out how on arth it come there; but Juder he told me not ter worry 'bout it, and said he guessed he'd try and get along awhile 'thout herb-drink. And he hain't drunk none sence. I tell him what mar said, and offer ter steep some up every day, but he says he guesses he ken go 'thout it a leetle longer. But I've been keerful, and I wouldn't let him work, and he don't say nothin' against that. He's a master hand for readin' and thinkin', and so he don't do nuthin' but burn coal and read and think. I'm afraid that's too much for him, but he says 'taint. I do all the farm work and cut the birches, only Juder tells me how; and I stack the wood and dig the turf and cover the pit in; and then he sets it agoin' and burns the coal. When it's done, I shovel the coal inter the cart and tackle Dolly, and he goes to Ha'ford and peddles it out. I'd do that, but he won't let me."

"What! peddle charcoal on the street?" asked Annie, smiling at the thought of aunt Judith perched on a coal cart, crying, "charcoal! ch'coal-coal-coal!"

"Yes, why not? Juder he says 'tain't a woman's sphere, but I dunno why shovelin' coal out of a cart ain't a woman's sphere as much as shovelin' it in, and I'd kinder like the ride sometimes. But then, I s'pose Dolly would n't go ahead worth a cent, or she'd jump over the fences inter folkses' yards jest 'cause a woman's drivin'. Any way, Juder he won't let me go."

Annie had quite forgotten the dead Carters, and sat curled up in a corner of the wood settle that stretched out like a huge wing from one side of the fire-place, watching the sharp outlines of her aunt's dark face, who seemed to have fallen into a muse as she sat silently looking into the fire. A sort of pathetic respect crept into Annie's heart for this unselfish, hard-worked woman who lived simply and solely to care for her brother; and she wondered if the joy and the pain of loving were a sufficient compensation for all her work and care.

"I wish," began Judith, with another of those sighs—she had an unlimited supply—"I wish Juder did n't have ter burn coal."

"Why?"

"'Cause I'm all the time afeard on that ar jedgment. I get up in the night and go down ter look at him, ter be sure nothin's happened," answered Judith, speaking more to the fire than to Annie.

"What judgment?" asked the girl.

Now Judith slowly moved her heavy black eyes from the burning wood to Annie's face. "What! you a Carter, and dunno 'bout the Carter jedgment?"

"What do you mean?" asked Annie, sitting upright, an apprehensive thrill tingling to her fingers' ends.

"I thort all the Carters knew 'bout that ar jedgment. Ef yer father hain't told yer, I s'pose I orter," said Judith, turning again to the fire. It was Judith's habit to talk to the fire. It was the only confidant she had; she told it things she would never dream of telling Judah or any one else—a safe procedure, since her secrets were all burned up; they never confronted her from

the lips of a third person, or stared in her face from the news column of some enterprising journal. Speaking slowly and in an undertone, with her eyes fixed on the blazing wood as if the fire alone could hear or understand, she said:

"Yer see there's allers bin a jedgment and a morgige. The jedgment is on the Carters, and the morgige is on the farm. The jedgment come from the Lord, and the morgige—wal, I allers thort the morgige come from the devil; but Juder he says it comes from an inherent inability ter keep even with the world, that crops out in every Carter generation. I s'pose he knows what that ar means; I don't. Anyhow, there's the morgige and there's the jedgment. They say that ar fust Carter was a smartish sort uv a man; but then he did two things that never did seem ter me tu be very smart. He bought this ere piece of rined land on the mountain side, when he might have had his pick uv the good sile down in the valley. He'd orter known there'd never been nothin' but birches here since the deluge; and ef he'd half an eye he c'd hev seen there never wud be nothin' but birches here as long as the arth stands. Then he underwrit for some friend uv his, and by some hocus pocus or 'nuther he had ter morgige his farm for nigh 'bout all 't was wuth ter pay for the underwriting. I never knew head nor tail to 't; but that wuz the fust morgige—the gran'ther uv all the morgiges. It don't do no good to pay 'em off; they git right back again. There'll allers be a morgige on the Carter farm; it can't bring forth nothin' but mortgiges and birches. Wal, that ar morgige, it worrited that fust Carter eenamost ter death. They said he used ter stand out here by the old well-sweep and look down over his farm, and sigh and sigh—such long sighs—and mutter and mutter 'bout the morgige and how ter git red on 't. He built the fust coal-pit ter help pay off that ar morgige, and that's the way the jedgment come. Morgiges, coal-pits and jedgments."

Judith leaned laboriously forward, resting her sharp elbows on her knees, and dropped her long chin in the upturned palms of her hands. This trivial change of base necessi-

tated a moment's silence, for Judith could never move her entire machinery and talk at the same time. Unconsciously Annie assumed the same attitude, and when Judith began in a still lower and more confidential tone, her eager ears caught every word.

"Some said 'twas a Britisher, and some said 'twas n't. Anyhow, 'twas a man, and he had a hoss and saddle-bags; and he come from Boston way, and he wuz going ter New London, so he said. He'd rode hard, for his hoss wuz clean tuckered out. He'd lost his way when he met that ar fust Carter down the road a leetle way from the barn and asked ef he c'd git some provender for his hoss and c'd stay all night. He fed his hoss himself, and he come in at that ar door,"—jerking her thumb backward over her shoulder in the direction of the outside door—"with his saddle-bags on his arm, and set down here by the fire. He was a pretty good-looking man, only he looked tired and kinder troubled. He eat his supper, and he wuz as hungry as a bear, with the saddle-bags on his arm. He wouldn't let go on 'em a minute. He paid that fust Carter for his lodgin' and his provender, 'cause he said he might go on afore the folks wuz up in the mornin'; and he lay down here on the floor afore the fire with the saddle-bags under his head, and went to sleep. That wuz the last thet wuz known fur sartin 'bout that man. Thet fust Carter wuz a burnin' a coal-pit down in that ar lot where Juder is a burnin' one now. When he come up ter breakfast in the mornin'—for he staid down there all night watchin' the pit—he didn't say nothin' bout the stranger, and the folks s'posed he'd gone off afore daylight es he said he might, till one uv the boys come in from the barn and said the stranger's hoss was still in the stable; and he acted orfully; he wudn't let nubbudy nor nothin' go near him. Then they began ter look for the stranger, but he was clean gone, and he's never been seen nor heard on, fur sartin, ter this day. That fust Carter, he said folks had better mind their own business, and that the man must hev been a villain or a spy, for it wuz jest at the last of the Revolutionary war, and he must hev run away in

the night ter escape the gallows. But," and Judith pulled up another of those long sighs and her voice sank to a low whisper, "when they drawed off that ar coal-pit, there wuz bones found in the bottom, human bones, and nubbudy knowed whose they wuz, or where on arth they come from."

Annie shivered till her teeth chattered; her heart was pounding as if it meant to come out of her ears, and there sat Judith doubled up over the fire, motionless and speechless as a stone image. Annie was just ready to scream when her ear again caught Judith's mutter.

"The wust of it wus, nubbudy knowed nothin' 'bout it, it might hev been, and it might not hev been. Anyhow the morgige was paid off pretty soon and nubbudy knowed where on arth that money come from. Years after a pair uv old saddle-bags wuz found down in this ere cellar, under a pile uv stones, and nubbudy knowed nothin' 'bout them nuther. Things looked plaguey queer, and that ar fust Carter, he wuz queer too. He never c'd keep still, and he wuz allers a walkin' 'round a mutterin' and a mumblin' and lookin' back over his shoulder es ef he thot suthin' wus a followin' on him. Everything went wrong, and somehow'r nuther the morgige it got back on the farm agin, and they went tu burnin' coal to pay off the interest. That fust Carter he wuz gettin' old then, he wa'nt so very old nuther, but he stooped and shook when he walked, and acted es ef he wus possessed to be 'round them ar coal-pits every minit. He'd go down there nights and stand and look at 'em, though his boys tried to keep him in the house. Wal, one mornin' he too wuz gone, and they hunted and hunted, but they cudn't find hide nor hair on him. I tell you 'twas a pretty solemn time when that ar coal pit-wus drawed off, and there wuz bones, human bones, found in the bottom of that ar pit too. And 'twas curis—plaguey curis—that that ar pit should stand exactly on the spot where that other pit stood, that the bones wuz fust found in. Folks looked at 'em, and said they guessed things got 'bout even at last. But somehow the Lord did n't seem to think so, for there's been one out uv every generation uv the

Carters since then that's either been burned in a coal pit so that he died, or got run over by a coal cart and killed. That's the jedgment on the Carters. And that's the reason I don't want Judah tu burn coal. Judah he's the last uv the Carters, 'cause yer father he haint got no boys, and it's beat in tu me that Judah will have tu go in some sich way. I wish he'd let *me* burn the coal; 't would n't be much matter then, 'cause I'm all Carter. Judah, he takes arter the Shumways, and the Shumways had n't nuthin' to do with coal-pits nor jedgments. When I tell him so, he says, 'What is ter be will be'—there 'll ollers be a morgige, and we must ollers burn coal; and it's his place tu burn the coal and take the consequences.' When I git tu worritin' he laffs and says that if that ar first Carter did do suthin wrong he guesses he's about settled up for't by this time, and according tu scripture that ar sort uv thing runs out in the third and fourth generation. We're the fourth generation, so jest as like as not it run out in the third generation. Anyhow, it don't trouble him much. But he haint seen things that I've seen. Now when them ar pits is pretty nigh burnt, ef you set and watch 'em all night, and don't go to sleep, nigh ontu four o'clock in the mornin' yer ken see in the smoke at the top uv the pit, if yer look sharpish, the figure of a man with his arms throwed up, sinkin' and sinkin' and sinkin' till he's gone clear out uv sight in the very bowels uv that ar pit. Juder, he haint never seen it, but I hev; and I knowed it meant suthin'; it meant that another Carter wud hev tu go that same way yit; but it shant be Juder, poor boy, ef I ken help it."

Not once did Judith turn her face toward the girl who sat fixedly watching her aunt's profile, and listening to the strange story till she seemed to have lost the power of motion; and it was not until the fore-log burned in two and fell out upon the hearth with a great shower of sparks, and Judith jumped up with "Land o' Goshen; it must be arter nine o'clock," that she recovered from her half-fascinated condition sufficiently to move and breathe on her own account.

Judith gathered the brands and coals into a pile before the back-log, and carefully covered the whole with ashes. The room became dark and gloomy at once. Another candle-stick with a short bit of candle came down from that high shelf, and, lighting the candle, Judith thrust it into Annie's limp hand saying: "Come, child; yer must go tu bed, yer look pale, and yer sneezin' and shiverin' now. I had n't orter kep yer up so late. Yer 'll sleep good, for that ar bed uv mine is as soft as a shadder."

"Where do you sleep?" ventured Annie.

"Oh! I sleep up chamber," answered Judith, opening a door from the kitchen to a dark flight of stairs that led backward and upward into some unknown region. "I allus sleep up there, summer and winter. That fust Carter, he did n't do off the chambers when he built the house, and there hain't none of the Carters since then done 'em off, though they've all been a-goin' to. They 'll never get done off now, for the house is een-a-most worn out, and we're the last uv the Carters."

"Is there no other bed up there?"

"No. It's jest one great chamber, and the rats they run all round jest as they're a minter, and there's a nest uv flyin' squirrels in under the clabberds, and there's bee-hives in one end, so I have all the company I want. Wal! good-night," and Judith turned on the lowest stair to close the door after herself.

"But, aunt Judith," began Annie tremblingly, "won't you please leave that door open? If I should want anything in the night—"

"Lord, yis; yer can hev it open if yer want; but the rats 'll come trampin' down. They wont hurt you though, 'less you step on 'em."

Judith went on upstairs, and Annie softly closed the chamber door. She did n't want any rats around her.

But now what should she do? That piece of candle would n't last long. Setting her teeth hard, and looking neither to the right nor left, she dove into the room where all the Carters died;—"not all," thought Annie grimly; "for that first Carter died in a coal-pit." Unlocking her trunk, she took

out a warm wrapper and pair of felt slippers. She gave one glance at the tall bed and cold white pillows. She was sure she would see the straight, rigid form of a human being under that still coverlid, and there certainly *was* something on one of those pillows. One thing was settled; she never could sleep in that bed where the Carters died, never. She would sit up all night first. Her boots made a noise whenever she attempted to move, more noise than ever they made before; in fact they seemed full of noise, and sitting down she slowly unbuttoned the boots and took them off.

All at once there came a dreadful, rumbling, whirling sound in the wall. Gasping for breath she rushed to the chamber door and opening it just enough to put in her lips, but not enough to let out the rats, she called:

"Aunt Judith! aunt Judith!"

"Wal! what's wantin'?" came faintly back from some remote cavernous space.

"Oh, aunt Judith! Something dreadful has happened! The wall is all coming down; I heard it tumble!"

"What on arth's tu pay now?" and Annie heard the creaking of a bedstead and the heavy thump of Judith's feet on the floor as she bounded out of bed. She was coming to the head of the stairs; she was coming down; and Annie held open the door and Judith followed her into "mar's room." Judith was a ghostly looking object herself, as she stood in her white nightgown, her long arm uplifted as she held the candle above her head, narrowly scanning the walls of the room.

"Yer said the walls was a comin' down; what on arth did yer mean?"

Just then came again the rumbling, whirling sound, succeeded by a pitiful peeping that made each individual hair of Annie's head stand upright in horror.

"There," she gasped; "don't you hear 'em tumble? and there is some one under them, too."

"Land o' Goshen; what a Annie yer be! That ar's nothin' but chimbly swallers. Yer see there hain't been no fire in this ere chimbly since mar died, and the swallers they hev' jest chucked it brimful uv nests,

and sometimes when the nests is full uv young 'uns, and they gets tu squirming round, the young 'uns falls out, or the nests tumbles down. Then the old 'uns they tries ter get 'em up chimbly again, but they can't, they hev' tu die there. That's the young 'uns yer hear peepin' now, down ter the bottom of the chimbly."

Annie breathed more freely.

"But, aunt Judith, couldn't we get the poor little things back into their nest again?" She had, just then, a very pure sympathy for birds that were out of their nests.

"Lord, no; I'm glad ter hev 'em die. This ere house is just swarmin' with rats and swallers; ef they didn't sum on 'em die, Juder and I'd hev ter move out. There, now, I'm goin' back upstairs, and yer git into bed and go ter sleep."

"Oh, aunt Judith, don't go yet! I hear somebody coming—coming down-stairs."

Judith listened. "There, I left that ar chamber door open, and the rats is comin' down." Two or three long strides brought Judith to the chamber door, and seizing the broom she brandished it up the darkened space, crying: "Sho! sho! git away there now! git away!" They minded. Annie heard the rats galloping up the stairs and skurrying across the floor overhead. "They'll stay away now for a leetle while, but when we all git tu sleep they come out again; they don't mean no harm; that's their way." Evidently this lonely woman had a sort of fellow-feeling for all the living creatures around her. They were not afraid of her, nor she of them. Closing the door, she mounted the complaining stairs and put herself into bed once more.

Annie stood where her aunt left her, with her arms full of shawls, which she forgot to wrap about herself, and the remnant of the candle in her hand. Which way should she go, and what should she do? Between ghosts, dead Carters, murdered men, rats and chimney-swallows, the situation was just horrible. At present she could do nothing but stand stock-still, with all her energies concentrated in her ears. Meanwhile, she was getting chilled to the bone.

What was that strange noise? "Chick-

chick; tick-tick; chick-chick; tick-tick." It wasn't the clock, for there was no clock in the house. They kept time by the noon-mark on the kitchen floor, and by Judah's watch when he didn't forget to wind it up. It seemed close to her—all around her; and it grew louder every moment. "Chick-chick; tick-tick; chick-chick; tick-tick!" Wouldn't it ever stop? It was getting nearer and nearer, louder and louder. Why yes, it was—it certainly was right in her ears! A new terror seized her—she dropped the shawls and fled to the chamber door again.

"Oh! aunt Judith, do come, do come, quick!"

Judith was just falling asleep, but that shrill cry penetrated her drowsy senses. Nothing made Judith so cross as to be disturbed in her sleep; she waited till the cry was repeated before she shouted back,

"What on arth ails yer now?"

"Oh! aunt Judith! do come down! something alive has crawled into my ears, and it makes a dreadful noise."

"Inter yer brain, more likely," said Judith pulling herself upright. She was fast losing every atom of respect for a city girl's knowledge, and she was n't going to be fooled into getting out of bed for any more noises.

"Oh aunt Judith! it's awful! I shall certainly die."

"No yer won't die nuther. What does the noise sound like?"

"Oh! it sounds horribly. It goes chick-chick, tick-tick, chick-chick, tick-tick, all the time, only it sounds louder when I'm in—in *that* room."

"I thort so," said Judith, a little contemptuously. "T'aint in yer ears at all; it's in the walls and its allers agoin' in that room."

"But what *is* it, aunt Judith?"

"It's nothin' but the death-watch; now du go tu bed."

"The death-watch! Oh! aunt Judith, what's the death-watch?" gasped the girl—horror piled upon horror.

"Land o' Goshen; yer dunno nothin'! Why, it's—it's—why, it's the death-watch. Suthin' in the walls in rooms where folks dies. It's allers a warnin'; a sign somebody

goin' tu die, and it'll be you ef yer don't hurry up and git inter bed."

That was the last feather—Annie broke down. Judith heard her crying—"Oh, aunt Judith, do let me come upstairs and get into bed with you."

"Git inter bed with *mè*?" ejaculated Judith. "Nubbudy ever got inter bed with me, *yit*. Why, I should n't sleep a wink."

"But it's so cold and *so* lonesome down here; I want to snug up to somebody," sobbed Annie.

"Snug up ter yerself! Yer might as well snug up to a heap uv old scythes as ter snug ter me. There now, yer jest stop cryin' and go and git inter mar's bed."

"But—but—it's full of dead Carters, aunt Judith!"

"Full o' what? Land o'—land o'—" exclaimed Judith, unable to express her feelings; "ef I don't berlieve that ar gal's nigh onter a fool! There ain't nothin' the matter uv that ar bed. It's the best bed in the house. Come, shut the door, and don't holler to me no more ter night."

This conversation was carried on under difficulties, for Annie dared to open the door barely enough to admit her lips, and when she had done speaking she substituted her ear for her lips in order to catch the answer, telephone fashion. It was plain that no comfort was to be got out of aunt Judith, and in despair she latched the door.

By this time the candle had burned down; there was nothing left but a small piece of burning wick lying in a tiny pool of melted tallow at the top of the candle-stick, and that was flickering away ready to go out. She must get the shawls and wrapper she had dropped on the floor in mar's room. It was better to stay in the kitchen with its unknown horrors, than to stay in that room with its known horrors.

She reached the settle, convulsively clasping her wrappers and shawls, just as the light went out. How long she sat in the darkness, trembling from head to foot, seeing troops of gibbering ghosts and processions of dead Carters, she never knew. Then that "Britisher," or whatever he was, came in with his saddle-bags and lay down

on the floor at her feet; and she saw that first Carter sinking—sinking into a coal-pit. She saw—what did she not see? And she heard rats, chimney-swallows, death-watches and all manner of horrible things. Very fanciful and foolish, no doubt it would seem to any one else, but to her it was very real and full of anguish. She sobbed and sobbed until she could not stop sobbing. At length her mental distress appeared to reach out through her body; every bone, every atom of flesh had a pain of its own. This could not be endured long, and she began to feel with a sort of relief that she should die pretty soon. With that thought came the question, was she ready to die? No; she was as much afraid of the unknown in death as she was of the unknown in the dark. There was no choice. In her despair she remembered that she had neglected to say her prayers that night; perhaps that was the reason she seemed so utterly forsaken. Full of self-reproach she fell upon her knees, and with folded hands and quivering lips said, "Now I lay me" and "Our Father who art in Heaven," followed by a little prayer of her own about her father and mother and herself, and again resumed her seat. But somehow it didn't seem to do very much good; she was just as much afraid and just as full of distress as ever. Scarcely knowing what she did, she once more flung herself upon her knees, with this cry forcing itself from her inmost heart:

"Oh, Lord Jesus! come to me! come to me! I am afraid to stay here alone in the dark, and I am afraid to die. There is n't a soul to come near me nor help me. Come Thou! See! I put myself in Thy hands! Hold me, keep me, I pray Thee. Amen."

She remained on her knees till all sobbing ceased, and a quiet, restful feeling took possession of her soul. Had she indeed put herself into His hands? Yea, verily! She rose to her feet, she was no longer alone; she was no longer afraid; the room was no longer cold nor dark; nothing could harm her now. Tears came, but they were tears of sweetest trust. She wrapped her shawls about her, and lying down upon the old settle at once fell asleep.

IV.

SEEING THE SPECTER.

"Ef yer 'll berlieve me, she never teched that ar bed all night; there ain't a wrinkle nor a crease on 't, nowhere. I found her on the settle, sound er-sleep with no piller under her head nor nothin'. She looked as peaceful as a lamb, but she was so kinder white and pimpin' I thort I would n't wake her up, and so I made the fire as softly as I c'd, and come out to milkin'."

"But what made her sleep on that hard settle?" asked Judah doubtfully as he leaned against the bars while Judith waited on the opposite side with a foaming pail of milk in either hand.

"That ar's what I'd like ter know. I told her 'twas the best bed in the house—mar's bed—the bed where all the Carters breathed their last—"

"You told her that?" interrupted Judah.

"Why, yis; I thort she knew 't was just the place for sick folks."

"I don't wonder she could n't sleep there, I'd sleep in the middle of the road first."

"Wal! yeou do beat all, yeou and that ar gal. She kept me awake nigh onter all night hollerin' fur me ter come down-stairs, skart eenamost tu death with chimbly-swallowers and death-watches. Why she dunno nothin', that gal don't."

"Poor thing!" said Judah compassionately, "she must have wished herself at home."

"But what are we goin' tu du with the gal ef she caries on so nights?"

"I'll tell you one thing we'll do," said Judah with unwonted energy, "we'll shut the door into that room, and keep it shut."

"But where 'll the gal sleep? She can't hev my bed, nor yours nuther, that's sartin; and she 'll break every bone in her body on that ar settle."

Judah thought a moment, deftly peeling the birch bark from the rail against which he still leaned—suddenly his face brightened: "You remember the hammock I used to sleep in summers; we 'll have that strung up in the kitchen, and she shall sleep in that. And, Judith, don't go to telling her stories about the Carters, nor any one else. I re-

member how you used to make my flesh creep when I was a little fellow, with your horrible stories."

Judith nodded, and wisely kept her own counsel. "Come, Juder; let down them ar bars; I must go in and get yer breakfast."

"Not if she is asleep. I'll go without my breakfast till doomsday before she shall be disturbed."

But Annie was awake, for just then her face appeared at the half open door, a bright, cheery young face, pleasant to see; and the group at the bars started in procession for the house; Judith with her pails of milk, followed by a huge, sleepy looking cat, while Judah briskly brought up the rear.

"Good morning, Miss Annie; good morning! Allow me to present Sir Thomas. He's a little too philosophical, or in other words, a little too old and lazy, to catch rats and mice, but he has his good qualities, nevertheless, and is Judith's one pet, being quite jealous of her attentions to any one else."

Annie stooped to stroke "Sir Thomas" as he passed, when she was admonished by a low growl that she probably had the pleasure of meeting him the previous evening, as he sat under the splint-bottomed chair, glaring at her with fiery eyes.

The Carter farm was a very pleasant place by daylight, and under uncle Judah's intuitive care, Annie gradually relinquished her plan of starting for home before another night. Her introduction to the laboratory and the carryall proved a very pleasant affair. The laboratory was a huge coal-pit, looking like pictures she had seen of volcanoes, with the blue smoke drifting slowly away from its peak. The carryall was a substantially-built house or hut on wheels, that followed the coal-pits over the farm, and constituted Judah's principal habitation. Of course its dimensions were somewhat circumscribed, being just long enough in one direction for the bunk which was built against the wall, sailor-fashion, and wide enough to admit a small table, a chair and stool. In one corner was a diminutive charcoal furnace to be used in case the days or nights proved too cool. The walls were

a source of wonder and entertainment to Annie. Directly over the door and opposite the one window hung a rifle, rarely used, a snarl of fishing-tackle, and a hatchet. On one side was a book-rack with a few well-worn volumes, silhouettes framed in gay-colored mosses, and two or three of Nast's cartoons tacked to the wall; and on the opposite side were the shelves of a museum, one shelf being covered with various specimens of rock and stone, an assortment of Indian arrow heads and a portion of a human skull; for Judah was something of a geologist, having theories of his own. Another shelf showed all manner of native woods and barks, pressed ferns and leaves, for he was also somewhat of a botanist; and above the shelves were stout branches nailed to the walls, on which were perched in grotesque attitudes, stuffed birds, from a titmouse to a hawk. On the table was a Bible, Hugh Miller's "Old Red Sandstone," a newspaper and a pitcher of water. Uncle Judah himself was something of a curiosity, as he sat in the doorway, his favorite seat, his straw hat with the top of the crown out cast on the ground, his head covered with short, light brown curls, his forehead large and startlingly white, while the rest of his face, sun-burned and brown, seemed thrown into shadow. His sleeves were rolled above his elbows, his pantaloons patched at the knee; but a neatly-fitting shoe showed a small, daintily-shaped foot. Judith said, "Juder allers was foolish 'bout them feet;" but Judah could be pardoned his one vanity, since he was sensible, if queer, regarding everything else.

"Will that grow into another coal-pit?" asked Annie, looking at the pile of fresh turf alongside the pit, like mother and child.

"No that is a reserve to be used as brick-bats or patches." Seeing that Annie looked puzzled he explained. "Sometimes the chemical process within the labratory goes on faster than I suppose, and the genie at the bottom of the chimney, generating caloric, gets the upper hand, and I have to fight him with brick-bats of turf till he is smothered, or sufficiently subdued to go on with his steady work. And then as the

wood chars, it shrinks and packs, leaving the cover loose; or the turf, dried and killed by the heat, breaks through, letting in a draught of air, and if I had no fresh turf to patch it up, away would go the result of my care and labor in flame."

"That is the reason you have to watch it day and night?"

"That is the reason."

"And you have to walk on the sides of the pit when you patch it?"

"Yes."

"I should think there would be danger of breaking in," said Annie, remembering the fate of that first Carter.

"So there is, unless one is cautious, especially when the pit is nearly burned."

"Are you ever afraid?"

"Of what?"

"Of breaking through when you are here alone?"

"No. If I think there is danger, I use that ladder," pointing to a long board with narrow strips or cleats across it for foot-rests. "I lay that up the side and walk on that. It distributes the weight."

"What would you do if you should fall in?"

"Try to get out."

"But if you could not."

"Then of course I should submit to the inevitable. But here comes John Hull."

Annie heard a quick step, and looked up to meet John's eyes and outstretched hand.

John and Judah had been fast friends ever since John was old enough to sit on Judah's knee. All the leisure time of his boyhood was passed at the Carter farm following Judah's coal-pits and coal-carts. When he went away to school and college he wrote to Judah as often as he wrote to his mother; but somehow about this time his friendship and affection for Judah took on an extraordinary fervor and devotion. In fact he could with difficulty deny himself the pleasure of Judah's society day and night. He was willing to do anything for Judah, and magnanimously assumed the task of driving Annie all about Stoneton, and the surrounding country; showed her all the finest views; initiated her into the mysteries of fishing and trapping, and in

short passed the greater part of his time in her company, in order to please Judah.

This out-door country life was something new and very pleasant to Annie—her spir-its rose and the hay-fever was fast disappearing. Judah thought it was owing to *smoca*, which she inhaled more or less diluted according to the direction of the wind, as she sat, hours at a time, in the doorway of the carryall. John thought it was owing to those long, quiet drives and the beauty of the landscapes. All agreed that the hay-fever was going; and strange to say, all seemed a little sorry to have it go. Who would believe that hay-fever could be robbed of its sting?

The hammock proved a most delightful resting-place. Annie swung herself to sleep night after night—no longer afraid of ghosts, rats, chimney-swallows, or death-watches. After having given herself into the Lord's hands that ever-to-be-remembered night, she felt that she could not take the gift back; that would be neither right nor honorable; nor had she any desire to do so. He could care for her much better than she could care for herself. Having trusted once, she would trust always. Here was a factor that neither Judah nor John could estimate among the causes of Annie's physical and spiritual improvement.

One night, however, she was restless and sleepless. Her eyelids would fly open and all manner of busy but pleasant thoughts floated through her brain. At last she fell to thinking of uncle Judah, and wondering if he too were awake. She knew that the pit was being watched carefully now, for the coal was nearly done. All at once an irresistible impulse took possession of her to go down and see if she could discover the figure of the man in the smoke at the top of the pit. This must be, according to Judith, about the time for it to appear. There was lurking in Annie, as in all half believers in that phase of the supernatural, a keen desire for proof positive. She wanted to see just *one* ghost. Without stopping to debate the question she sprang out of the hammock, dressed, and unlatched the outside door—a latch was the only fastening the Carter doors ever had—and feeling not afraid, but as if

she was in some sort of mischief, stepped out into the still moonlight and sped down the now familiar path to the coal-pit and carryall. How brightly the moon shone! and what a sense of freedom—as if she was some wild thing that had just got the use of its wings! She slackened her speed as she drew near the carryall. If Judah was asleep she would not disturb him.

The pit stood sharply defined in the moonlight, but there was more smoke than usual at the top, else it sagged with the wind in her direction. Her heart began to beat thick and fast. Would she see the specter? She half wished she had not come; but as she gazed she saw, or thought she saw the figure of a human being struggling in the smoke. Yes, that must be the specter; but it was not sinking—sinking—with uplifted arms, as Judith described, but it was making frantic though noiseless struggles to get out. It seemed frightfully real, and unable longer to endure the sight she sprung to the door of the carryall shrieking, "Uncle Judah! uncle Judah!"

There was no answer—uncle Judah was not there. A thrill of horror unnerved her for an instant, then she understood it all. The board with the cleats upon it, lay on the ground. How she took it up, swung it round and laid it on the side of the pit, she never knew; nor from whence came the strength and courage to dart up the board, and half strangled with smoke, and choked with fear, to grasp the arms of the figure that had now sunken almost out of sight.

It was no specter. Strong human hands clutched hers, and with a desperate struggle that well-nigh drew her in, the figure slowly emerged from the pit and followed her down the board. It dropped in the doorway of the carryall.

"Go call John, but don't disturb Judith," it said hoarsely.

They were flying feet that crossed the lots to John Hull's house and returned in advance

of John. The flames had burst out at the top of the pit. It was burning up, but no matter. The figure was not in the doorway; it was stretched on the bunk.

"How shall we get you up to the house?" asked John, quite unnerved, and for the time unable to think: "You can't walk."

"No. You will find cotton and oil under the bunk. Wet the cotton with the oil, and roll up my feet and limbs; it is all you can do."

As the sun rose that morning it saw a little procession entering the Carter yard. John with his father's oxen drawing the carryall, and Annie walking beside it.

For days it was impossible to tell which would win the victory, life or death. But Judah strenuously resisted Judith's kindly attempts to get him into "mar's bed," and at last he began slowly to recover.

Annie's father came out and said he was glad the pit had burned down, and that there should never be another built if the birches grew over the farm as thick as a wall. He paid off the mortgage once more, and secured Judah and Judith an income sufficient to prevent its ever being renewed. So the Carter mortgage and the Carter judgment went together.

Of course Judith said, "I told you so!" but she was quite happy at the prospect of having Judah all to herself. She could take all the care of him now, for he would never be able to care for himself again.

John's affection for Judah continued to increase, but he never went to the depot after Annie again, for it came to pass that at their frequent visits to Stoneton they came together and went together. Judith was heard to remark more than once:

"I du believe that ar gal had the hay-fever and wuz sent out here a puppose tu save Juder's life and tu marry that ar John Hull. It jest happened so, or else it wuz to be, I dunno which."

SAFE-FOLDED.

Oh, it is hard, when o'er the face
 We scarce can see for weeping,
 The little, loving baby face
 That last, still shade comes creeping;
 Full hard to close the tender eyes,
 And fold the hands for sleeping.

Yet, when the world our own would claim,
 It doth not greatly grieve us;
 We calmly see as days go by,
 Our little children leave us,—
 And, smiling, heed not how the swift,
 Soft-footed years bereave us.

Oh, mother-hearts! I count you rich
 Beyond mere earth-possessing,
 Whose little babies never grow
 Away from your caressing—
 Safe-folded in His tender arms
 Who gives again, with blessing.

Caroline Leslie.

PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

WE bless thee, Lord, for those sweet memories!
 The thanks rise swift, swift upward to thy feet,
 But old-time love doth follow them as fleet,
 Forth-breaking still in long-hushed, tender cries;
 E'en for the blessed must its pleading rise:
 "Make them more blest; make heaven doubly sweet,
 Their safety surer, glory more complete;
 Their feet more glad in paths of high emprise!"
 O happy prayer! that hath no spur of fear,
 No prick of care or pain to urge its way,—
 That hath no need, but rises free and clear
 "To them that have been given!" just to say.
 By right of purest love it claims thine ear,
 And sings assured its sweet, spontaneous lay.

M. E. Bennett.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PREACHING HONESTY.

A VENERABLE pastor of a New England Congregational church puts this question:

"Must we confess that it is because there is something wrong in the religious views we hold, that so many of the defaulters in these days are men who have been prominent in our churches, several of them office-bearers, and others active in our Sunday Schools and prayer-meetings?"

We are glad to find in a leading Unitarian journal words bearing on this point which may serve to reassure the querist:

"Whether certain doctrines tend to obscure the sense of right and wrong is always a fair question; and we have no doubt that both orthodox and liberal opinions may be so presented and so held as to exercise no moral power whatever. . . . But 'you cannot draw an indictment against an entire people.' Wholesale reproaches only add to the sum total of injustice by which society is afflicted. The attempt to make capital against a religious denomination or a political party, by raising an indiscriminate outcry and a mud-storm whenever an individual member walks crookedly, is itself a form of fraud."

This is surely a fair and generous judgment. The *Christian Register*, when it takes this tone, shows itself to have not only the form of liberality but something of the power thereof. Let us hope that the charity which it metes to others will be measured unto itself when the need shall arise.

But the most urgent question of our venerable pastor is this: "Do we preach honesty? I mean, we Orthodox ministers. Do we make enough of honesty in our public teachings?" And he is rather inclined to answer his own question in the negative. For this failure he gives certain reasons with which we need not concern ourselves. One of them, however, is curious enough to call for a word of comment. It is possible, he thinks, that some of the preachers to whom he speaks may have refrained from emphasizing this virtue lest they should be suspected of Unitarianism. The conjecture is not altogether groundless. The kind of reasoning to which he refers is very common. You hear it every day from earnest sectaries; men to whose names great titles are appended freely resort to it. It runs like this: Unitarians preach honesty; Mr. Smith preaches honesty; therefore Mr. Smith is a Unitarian.

This seems to many worthy people a perfectly clear and unanswerable argument; and any attempt on the part of the Reverend Mr. Smith to show them that it was fallacious would probably result in confirming their views with regard to

his theological status. We will not attempt to help him out of his difficulty. We will only suggest another syllogism of the same sort and leave his accusers to wrestle with it at their leisure. Here it is: Unitarians believe in the multiplication table; Mr. Moody believes in the multiplication table; therefore Mr. Moody is a Unitarian.

We beg Mr. Moody's pardon for this profane reference to him; and we also crave the indulgence of our intelligent readers for giving two inches of our space to this method of argumentation; the prevalence of it, as testified to by our venerable brother and observed by all of us, must be our justification.

Either from a fear of being thought Unitarians or from some other cause, "we Orthodox ministers," our brother says, do not "make enough of honesty in our public teachings." We trust that not many of the ministers to whom he refers have been withheld from speaking the truth by the silly fallacy which we have been considering. And so far as there has been any failure in this respect we should be inclined to attribute it to the fact that the training of ministers in these latter days has been too scholastic and metaphysical—more concerned to adjust the teachings of the pulpit to the symbols of the past than to the facts of the present.

We do not think, however, that there has been any hesitation on the part of Orthodox ministers about teaching, in a general way, that men ought to be honest. The fact that religion must include morality is asserted by them strongly and frequently. The great lack has been a careful and minute application of this truth to the affairs of every day. Men must not only be told that they ought to be honest; they must also be told what honesty is. A close and faithful application of the moral law to the business of life needs often to be made. It is in this, if in anything, that the modern pulpit has failed.

If the average New England minister, for example, should undertake to preach on the Eighth Commandment, he would be likely, first, to give a careful exegesis of the text, referring to other scriptures which support its teachings, and showing how in all the legislation of Moses the rights of property were protected; in the first place he would enter into some philosophical investigation of the origin of property rights; then he would show how Christ's law of love secures obedience to the eighth commandment, and a genuine re-

spect for the rights of property; and finally he would impressively exhort his hearers to remember the injunction of the decalogue, and never to interfere with the property rights of others. All this is curious and entertaining, of course, to minds trained in abstract speculation; and, graced by an occasional illustration drawn from nature or from history, and by a few neat literary references, it may be made very pleasing to the auditors. The trouble is that it does not come quite close enough to the "business and bosoms" of those who listen. Mr. Angier Chace or Mr. Ira B. Wright or Mr. John G. Tappan would listen to such a discourse in entire serenity of soul.

The thing that is needed is that the command, "Thou shalt not steal," should be translated into the terms of modern commercial life. It ought to be shown, to begin with, that cheating is stealing; that every transaction in which by deceit or concealment or misrepresentation a man obtains money or other values that he could not have obtained if he had told the truth, is a direct infraction of the eighth commandment; that he who gains an advantage by telling a lie or by hiding the truth in a commercial transaction, is just as really a thief, in the sight of God's law, as he who picks his neighbor's pocket.

Then, it ought to be shown with equal distinctness that the commandment forbids all violations of the law of trust. He who appropriates to his own uses property entrusted to him for safe keeping is a thief. He who risks in private speculation the property which has been placed in his hands for specific purposes is a thief. The boy who spends the money of his Sunday School class, or of his ball-club, for his own purposes, breaks the eighth commandment. He may intend to replace the money thus taken; he may think he knows just where will be able to obtain it; but this gives him no right to take it. Every penny of it ought to be sacredly kept, that he may give at any moment an exact account of his stewardship.

Such distinct applications of the Bible law of honesty to the affairs of every day are always needed, and if the pulpit has failed at all, it has probably failed just here. It is not only true, as the venerable pastor says, that we have not made enough of honesty, it is also true that we have not made it so plain as we ought to have done what honesty requires and forbids. Specific and elementary teaching from the pulpit on this point would be timely and serviceable.

WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

WHATEVER else our readers may omit in this number, we trust that they will not fail to read "A Workingman's Story." It is a true story, told by a veritable workingman, and reported by

his friend who is an observing and just-minded clergyman.

One thing it shows us with great distinctness—what it means for a workingman to be out of work. We hear a good deal about this, but those who suffer most are not those who speak most freely of their sufferings; and it is not often that we get such a glimpse as this article gives us into the home life of an intelligent and self-respecting mechanic to whose household the lack of work has brought distress and desolation. If any man can read this temperate record without a swelling heart, we do not know what manner of spirit he is of.

How many of our workingmen are in this condition? On this point the labor-reformers have been guilty of the wildest exaggeration. They have told us of three hundred thousand idle laborers in Massachusetts and of three millions of them in the United States. The absurdity of such figures will be apparent enough if we recall the fact that the census of 1870 makes the number of hands employed in all the manufacturing and mining industries of the United States to be less than two and a quarter millions. The whole number of skilled and unskilled laborers in Massachusetts is only 584,690; the assertion that 300,000 of them are out of work is sufficiently preposterous.

For the state of Massachusetts a careful census of the unemployed has been made by Col. Carroll D. Wright, chief of the Bureau of Statistics. From this it appears that the aggregate number of skilled and unskilled laborers, male and female, out of employment in Massachusetts last June was 28,508. This is not quite five per cent. of the laborers in the state, and is less than one tenth of the number claimed by the agitators of the Labor Party. Such extravagant statements naturally react upon the laboring classes. The public reasonably concludes that men who can talk in this crazy fashion have no claim upon its attention.

Nevertheless, we must not lose sight of the truth in our disgust with the ignorant and misguided men who have so greatly overstated it. If five per cent. of all the workingmen in the country are out of work the case is a very serious one. For we must remember that upon these unemployed laborers many others are depending for food. Colouel Wright estimates that there are 570,000 work-people out of work in the United States. Probably each of these represents upon the average at least two others who live upon his earnings. There are then more than a million and a half of our people whose support is cut off or greatly limited by their lack of employment. What this means, the "Workingman's Story" tells us.

What can be done for these people? To this question various answers have been vouchsafed.

Mr. Dennis Kearney, to begin with, is giving a great deal of advice, in a tone sufficiently emphatic. His recommendations are, briefly, that the "issues" be "pooled," that the newspapers be cursed, that the capitalists be "corraled," and that the bond-holders be hung. With these counsels many epithets and expletives are mixed, but, so far as we understand him, this is about the substance of Mr. Kearney's solution of the labor question.

Quite a number of philosophers and statesmen whose views resemble those of Mr. Kearney have been giving the country the benefit of their wisdom through the medium of Mr. Hewitt's Congressional Committee. One man suggests "a grand co-operative Christian society" after the plan of "the Shaker and the Oneida communities," embracing all the people of the United States. Another desires the government "to issue, say \$14,000,000,000 or so to New York to build docks, etc., and similar sums to other cities to be expended in public works. When these works have made sufficient returns the government can be paid back and the notes destroyed, as canceled bonds are." Another recommends the passage of a law compelling men to spend their money soon after receiving it. This, he thinks, "would prevent accumulation." Another proposes that a law be enacted requiring the government to lend every man five thousand dollars for the building of a house. These are only part of the remedies suggested for the relief of unemployed laborers. The deplorable feature of the case is the fact that several of these philosophers are heads of societies that boast a considerable membership. Under such leaders workingmen are not likely to pursue their interest.

Other and wiser men have made various suggestions of relief for the unemployed, but none of them seems to be more practicable than the one made by the workingman who tells his story in another place. It is not by a resort to the government that the distress can be removed. Industrial and financial ills are oftener aggravated than cured by legislation. The governments of all grades can rigidly curtail their own expenditures, and so lighten the heavy taxation that is crippling industry; the government can stop subsidizing corporations; the government can and must protect the savings of laborers by a rigid supervision of Savings Banks; but, beyond this, there is not much that government can do. If immediate relief is to reach the unemployed it must be through individual and voluntary effort. The good people of any neighborhood can, without any great trouble or sacrifice, furnish employment to those near their own doors who are seeking work. Some of the things that they are now doing for themselves they may hire done; they ought to economize in many other directions sooner than in the employment of labor.

Luxuries of dress or of food may well be forborne in order that something may be saved to add to the wages fund. Those who have incomes may thus share with those who have none without pauperizing them. Such relief as this may be more usefully administered by individuals than by associated effort. All that is needed is that the Christian law be put in force. Ministers everywhere ought to preach on this subject, pointing out to their hearers the things which the Christian law requires them to do for the relief of those who are out of work. A little practical religion of this kind would help the workingman in the most effectual way, and would not hurt the churches.

EXPOUNDING PROVIDENCES.

A RECENT tornado in Wallingford, Connecticut, unroofed a building of the Oneida Community, and prostrated a Roman Catholic church. About the same time a "gospel tent" in Philadelphia, in which a Sunday School was assembling, was struck by lightning and two or three of the children were killed.

There are those who regard all destructive operations of the natural forces as judicial and punitive; and, doubtless, each of these calamities has been so interpreted.

In some cases, no doubt, the wish is father to the thought. The wind that should blow down one or all of the buildings of the famous free-love phalanstery would seem to a good many people by no means an ill wind—provided its ravages went no further. Some, who do not pass among their neighbors for great bigots, are yet compelled to confess to themselves, that if they had the winds in their fists, they would be greatly tempted to let them loose upon these seminaries of corruption.

But for ourselves, however willing we might be to blot out this social abomination, we are not ready to pronounce the tornado a special judgment of God upon the Communists. We cannot so interpret it, unless we are willing also to regard the destruction of the Roman Catholic church as a judgment upon the Roman Catholics, and the destruction of the "gospel tent" with the Sunday School children as a judgment against Protestant city missions. Careful observation shows that winds and floods and thunderbolts are indiscriminating destroyers; they fall, as the sunshine and the showers fall, upon the evil and the good, the just and the unjust. The saints are no more secure from them than the sinners.

There are those among the defenders of the family who are able without hesitation to pronounce the Wallingford tornado a testimony of God against the Free Love theories, and there are zealous Protestants who with equal positiveness will declare the judgment to be directed

against the adherents of the Pope; and there are also strict ecclesiasts, even in the Protestant churches, who are sure that God disapproves of all irregular methods of doing good, and who will be confident that the destruction of the Sunday School tent is a testimony of this disapprobation. But only a very narrow vision in these days can admit of such interpretations of events. One must have the power of not seeing prodigiously developed in order that he may confidently assign a judicial intent to casualties like these we have mentioned. The telegraph and the newspaper bring to our notice every day a great variety of such casualties; and when we attempt to expound them on the theory that they are divine testimonies against sin, we are immediately involved in all manner of contradictions.

The men of a former generation, to whom such a wide comparison of facts was impossible, did, by looking very hard at the mischances befalling evil men, and by looking very hard the other way when mischances befell good men, convince themselves that they saw in these calamities some expression of the divine displeasure. But the man who reads a daily newspaper cannot hold such a theory unless he is one of those who will not see. It was easy for our fathers to expound the events that took place; our outlook is wider, and we have become wise enough to confess that the ways of God in these calamities are past finding out.

It would thus appear that an increase of knowledge has resulted in an important modification of the views of men respecting the retributions of the divine law. Many things that were once pointed to with confidence as expressions of the divine wrath are not now so interpreted. We do not doubt that God's law is enforced, nor that retribution follows transgression; but we see that some of the views of this matter formerly held are untenable. Is it not at least conceivable that still larger knowledge of the facts and the laws of the universe—those of the spiritual as well as those of the physical realm—may still further modify the views of Christian men respecting the nature and the methods of punishment?

OUR CONTRIBUTOR, Mr. Richards, in his article in the September number, unknowingly gave currency to an erroneous statement. His words were: "It is unquestionably an abuse of privilege for Trinity church in New York to hold untaxed property in the heart of the city to the amount of \$25,000,000; and it does not make the evil any more savory to be informed by official records that 'this untaxed land bears upon its breast 764 gin-mills and 96 houses of prostitution.'" This statement was current in the newspapers some time ago; and probably very few of those that printed it ever took pains to correct it

when its falsity was shown. It is, therefore, quite likely that many persons, like our friend, are still innocently believing and repeating it. In April last, however, a letter was written by General John A. Dix, the Comptroller of the Corporation of Trinity Church, in which this report was shown to be utterly unfounded. Instead of twenty-five millions the property of Trinity Church, according to General Dix is not worth more than seven millions, and the income from it is not nearly seven per cent on that amount. Instead of its being untaxed, it pays to the city more than one hundred thousand dollars in taxes annually—none of the land being exempt from taxation, save that occupied by its churches, its cemeteries, its infirmary and its free schools; while the records do not show that a single "gin-mill" or house of prostitution exists upon the land belonging to the corporation. The leases all contain a clause prohibiting the sale of any intoxicating liquor on the premises, and they are rigidly enforced. Trinity church owns 750 lots. Of these 483 are under the entire control of the corporation, and upon these Governor Dix asserts "without fear of contradiction" that there is not one liquor saloon. The remaining 267 lots are held for long terms on old leases; but even upon these the corporation have no knowledge that any liquor is sold. At any rate so far as the "official records" are concerned, the name of Trinity Church does not appear in the records of the Chief of Police, nor in those of the Board of Excise, as the owner of any property occupied by liquor sellers. Mr. Richards is the last man to indulge in any wanton misrepresentation, and neither he nor any one else could be blamed for accepting a statement as true which was made with so much particularity and fortified by reference to official records. The letter of General Dix shows, however, how baseless it was, and suggests that its original publication must have been due to something much worse than recklessness. It is only necessary to add that the article containing these statements first appeared in a paper devoted to what is called "Free Religion"—whose avowed purpose it is to overthrow Christianity. For the present its main interest would seem to be the abrogation of that command of the decalogue which forbids us to bear false witness against our neighbor.

It seems that the editorial in *The Watchman* on which we commented in our last number was written in the absence of the editor, and was disclaimed by him in his next issue. We are glad to know that he does not regard as "a grave danger," the slight depreciation of one of the ritual peculiarities of his denomination. Of course he would prefer that such discredit should not, even by implication, be attached to those explanations of Scripture which are peculiar to his sect, but

he does decline to characterize this as "the danger of the hour." In saying this he shows his common sense, and vindicates his consistency in recognizing those as good Christians who do not accept his peculiar views of church rites. How a man can invite into his pulpit preachers who by their teachings are exposing the church of Christ to "a grave danger,"—"the danger of the hour," we do not understand. And we are glad to know that the editor of the *Watchman* does not mean to stultify himself by talking in this way. But does he not, after all, go back to the basis of the repudiated editorial when he proceeds to say this: "When a professed Christian allows himself to be indifferent to the will of Christ, *in respect to any matter*, on the ground that he does not see it to be important, a principle or lack of principle is avowed the ultimate issues of which it is not given to human foresight to measure, but we may safely say that it tends to evil." The will of Christ is known, of course, only through his commandments. Are there no commandments of Christ which the *Watchman* disregards? How would the editor reply to one of the Tunkers who should quote his maxim, and then urge upon him the rite of feet-washing as an essential part of Christian duty? He neglects to obey that command, probably on the ground that he does not see it to be important. Does this neglect tend to evil? Does his treatment of this command as unimportant "involve a corruption of character at the very center of moral life?" And if not why not?

A DROLL illustration of the fact that the moral standards of Christendom are constantly changing for the better, is furnished by the ethical code of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, quoted in his autobiography. Lord Herbert was something of a free-thinker in his day, yet he was a firm believer in the supernatural, and, like Calvin, he had his "five points," namely, "that there is a supreme God; that he is to be worshiped; that virtue and piety are the chief elements of this worship; that sins are to be repented and eschewed; that good and evil will be rewarded and punished in this life and in the next." We mention these points to show that Lord Herbert's dissent from the philosophy of his time was not so radical as much that has been developed in later years. For his ethics he distinctly adopts the Christian law, as he understands it, and it is probable that his understanding of it did not differ greatly from that of the people of his day. Yet in respect to forgiveness Lord Herbert says: "Though whensoever my honor hath been engaged no man hath been more forward to hazard his life, yet where with my honor I could forgive I never used revenge, as leaving it always to God who, the less I punish my enemies will inflict so much more punishment on them." This odd commingling of spite with clemency sounds ludi-

crous enough to a Christian of these days. Yet the incongruity was not, probably, very distinctly seen by the great majority of English Christians two hundred and fifty years ago. Horace Walpole, who edited the Autobiography of Herbert, calls attention in a note on this passage to the words of Hamlet, when the prince hesitates to kill the king at his prayers for fear that he shall send him to heaven. The quality of mercy would seem to be somewhat "strained" by such reflections. Nothing is plainer to one who is familiar with the different periods of English literature than that the moral ideas of Christians have been gradually transformed and purified by the silent working of the Spirit of the Lord, and that many moral distinctions which are now clearly perceived were once but dimly seen. That this gradual elevation of the moral standards must have reacted upon the theology of the church is obvious enough.

THE horrible ravages of the yellow fever in the South-west recall the days of the "Black Death" in England. Doubtless the prevalence of this scourge is due to the disobedience of the plainest laws of health. We see that it is a terrible retribution, but we see also that the sin that is punished by it is not the sin of profanity or of Sabbath-breaking, as men would once have supposed, but the sin of living in filthy streets and of breathing tainted air. When this sin is repented of and forsaken, the scourge will be averted and not before. Out of all this evil some good emerges—the heroism and fidelity of those who are risking and losing their own lives in caring for the sick and dying, and the quick response of the people of the North to the cry for relief. We of the North must allow that a people among whom such a society as the Howard Association has sprung into existence cannot be wholly unworthy of our respect, and we trust it may be equally plain to the people of the South that their fellow-citizens in this latitude are not all their enemies. If this calamity shall serve to strengthen the bonds of good-will between the two sections, the terrible suffering will not be without some precious compensations.

MRS. ELIZA PINKSTON now alleges that when she recently declared that a previous statement of hers was false she said what was not true. It would be difficult to disprove this allegation. A three-fold cord is not quickly broken; and it would puzzle the lawyers of Mr. Potter's committee to untwist the Pinkston narration, and give us the real facts in the case. Perhaps it may be concluded that the two negatives of this lady equal her one affirmative; and that the result of her testimony is exactly zero. Most of the testimony given before this committee is of the same character, and the only thing made plain by the investigation is the fact that politics in

some regions is regarded simply as war, in which falsehood and treachery are legitimate weapons. That, indeed, is a theory of politics quite too prevalent in all sections. The nation has a right to congratulate itself, however, on the complete vindication of its chief magistrate from the charge of being accessory to the frands of the Returning Boards. The confidential letter of Mr. Hayes to Mr. Sherman which the investigation has brought to light, contains one noble paragraph:

"You feel, I am sure, as I do about this whole business. A fair election would have given us about forty electoral votes in the South—at least that many. But we are not to allow our friends to defeat one outrage and frand by another. There must be nothing crooked on our part. Let Mr. Tilden have the place by violence, intimidation and fraud, rather than undertake to prevent it by means that will not bear the severest scrutiny."

Other witnesses—some of them unwilling ones—testified to words of the same kind spoken by the President. The investigation has strengthened the confidence of the people in the integrity of the President and has only disclosed the malignancy of the charges made against him.

SEE if this be not sonnd doctrine:

"Two things that should be taught in every school every day to every child:—to love and respect the principles of true democracy, and to love and respect the union of the States. Let

every citizen be grounded in these, and the nation will work out under God from all her tribulations into a day of high achievement and noble men."

These words are quoted from the *Boston Pilot*—the Roman Catholic journal of largest circulation and widest influence in the United States. Such sentiments are not so uncommon among American Roman Catholics in this geueration as some of the more rabid anti-papists would have us believe. One encouraging word from Rome would call forth in America a hearty response of Liberal sentiment from the faithful in this country. And it is by no means certain that this word will not be spoken. All the later signs indicate that the Pope still adheres, in spite of the opposition of the reactionary party, to the more rational policy adopted by him at the outset. Cardinal Nina, the successor of Cardinal Franchi in the office so long held by Antonelli, is a friend of Franchi and will carry out the views of the latter. If the Pope had meant to surrender to the obstructionists he would have chosen a different man for his secretary of state. Let us hope that Nina will have the courage of his convictions and the health necessary to carry them into effect; and that he and his master may together be able silently, if not openly, to reverse the traditionary policy of the Vatican, and to read the anathemas of the Syllabus backward. Such a result would be hailed with the profoundest satisfaction by many Roman Catholics in this country.

LITERATURE.

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., have quickly followed their valnable publication on the "Religion of the Parsi," by another of even greater interest upon Buddhism.¹ It is a matter for congratulation that we are no longer getting our knowledge of these ancient religions at second-hand. Through such works as these we have the text itself of their sacred books, translated by competent scholars in the interest of learning alone. Heretofore we have been compelled to rely on the selections and renderings of the students of religion rather than of language, who often brought to their work a spirit of discontent with their own faith mingled with enchantment at the discovery of others outwardly very similar

to it. It is a singular fact that certain of these writers who have nearly parted with their faith in Christianity, are very eager to show how like to it are the ancient religions of Persia and India—valuing and venerating in Bnddhism what they hardly tolerate in Christianity. It is pleasant to turn from these discussions of religions in which Christianity is regarded simply as a religion amongst religions, and subjected to comparisons that are worse than odious, to such a work as this before us, which is simply that part of the text of the Buddhist Canon known as the Dhammapada, translated from the Chinese by Professor Beal of University College, London, with only such assistance to the reader as a scholar may render! It is easy to select the better phases of Buddhism and ignore its weaker ones, and thus institute a comparison with Christianity treated in the opposite manner that is well calculated to throw us out of our faith; but with the full texts of both religions before us, we are, at

¹ Texts from the Buddhist Canon, commonly known as Dhammapada, with Accompanying Narratives. Translated from the Chinese by Samuel Beal, Professor of Chinese, University College, London. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

least, left to the strength and clearness of our own judgment.

In nearly all the comparisons between Christianity and Buddhism, the defects of the latter are overlooked, and the essential features of the former are not recognized. In a thousand particulars the two faiths run parallel; their ethical codes might be exchanged almost without loss to either; fundamentally they are based upon the purest and deepest spirituality; they demand to a large degree similar exercises—recognizing alike the facts of sin, repentance and holiness. But this close parallelism with Christianity does not put Buddhism into its category. They differ in conception, in method and in spirit. Buddhism is a ritual, a discipline, a law. Christianity is neither, but is a life, an order, a spirit. Buddhism has for its method righteousness, indeed, but it is the righteousness of the law—of exact requirement and absolute obedience. Its conception of duty is not that of the fulfillment of the relations of life, but of a certain imposed discipline. Christianity likewise has righteousness for its method, but it is the righteousness of faith, of freedom and free and gracious relations to a personal God; its main conception of duty is the fulfillment of natural and human relations; it does not recognize any arbitrary or superinduced discipline, but calls for self-denial only in the way of duty. Buddhism has for its only aim the future state of *Nirvana*, or perfect rest, when there shall be no more birth or death. Christianity has for its end a perfected human society. The Buddhist strives only for deliverance from worldly care and change; the Christian strives to establish the kingdom of Heaven upon earth. While largely alike in their instrumentalities and cherishing similar hopes, one is essentially a selfish, and the other a benevolent religion. It is easy to see why one through all its millenniums of history has remained simply an external culture—a thing apart from the national life—incidental and parallel to the civilization about it, and not the force by which civilization is inspired and moulded. On the other hand it is equally easy to see why Christianity, though with a constant tendency to merge itself in ritual and discipline, still proves itself the ally of advancing civilization, and chiefly concerns itself with the fulfillment of human relations. In short, Buddhism is the religion of individualism; Christianity is the religion of humanity. One aims at escape from life; the other at the fulfillment of life. A religion that is founded in a sense of the impermanence of the world cannot do much for the world, nor make its votaries good citizens of it. The sentiment itself is very deep and true, but it is to be regarded as a seutimeut only and not made a factor of religion. The secret of Buddhism is well stated by Buddha himself (page 64): "The true way is to follow me, become true

ascetics and practice complete self composition with a view to obtain Nirvana."

As to the book itself we heartily commend it not only to the scholar, but to the general reader, as an authentic source of knowledge of this part of the oriental religions.

The Dhammapada are not choice selections from the Buddhist Canon, but rather a summary of the Faith. They consist of narratives of incidents in some way connected with or brought before Buddha, who rationalizes them—drawing out their hidden meanings and stating them in the form of general truths. The method is the reverse of that used by Christ—the parable being turned into an abstract form instead of the opposite, as in the discourses of our Lord.

Professor Beal closes his excellent preface with a practical suggestion in regard to the study of Buddhism, which we quote, hoping it may be heeded where it has application:

"It is a subject which has abundant claims on the attention of the student of religion, but especially on the philanthropist and the missionary; and it is my firm belief that comparatively little will be done either in producing an intelligent version of the Christian scriptures in countries where Buddhism prevails (especially China and Japan), or in placing the doctrines of the Christian religion fairly and clearly before the people of those countries, until Buddhism is studied by every missionary, and its terminology understood, as it ought to be, by those who constantly use the same terms in a sense more or less diverse and sometimes directly opposite."

We venture the opinion that if Buddhism were studied at New Haven and Andover and Princeton—at least to the extent of a course of lectures—it would tend both to develop a missionary spirit and to make better missionaries.

The great service that Dr. Clarke rendered to the cause of Education by his "Sex and Education" is hardly exceeded by that which this little volume¹ will render. It is a question if superstition has not simply changed its form rather than grown less during the last century; not so gross as in the past and limited to an intangible region and to matters incapable of absolute negative proof, but enveloping as many minds as ever before. This treatise upon False Sight will do much towards lessening the sway of that particular form of superstition known as Spiritualism, though it makes no direct attack upon it, nor even indicates that the author had it in mind. It deals nevertheless a heavy and effective blow at Spiritualism by revealing a scientific basis for a large class of phenomena kindred to those upon which it is founded. The body of the treatise mainly consists of a physiological analysis of the organs of sight with a view to showing that *sight* is a

¹ VISIONS: A Study of False Sight (Pseudopia). By Edward H. Clarke, M. D. With an Introduction by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

brain-act, normally produced by light falling upon the eye, and so acting upon the optic nerve; but that it may also be abnormally produced by excitation of the nerve cells and centers of the brain without the use of the eye. Under certain conditions, such as are created by disease, or association, or certain drugs, these nerve-centers act independently of light and the eye, and send to the mind reports that are in no way to be separated by it from the action of true sight. Such is the origin of a vast class of phenomena that the author classes under *visions*. It is safe to say that they form the basis of nine-tenths of the superstition of both past and present. When it is scientifically demonstrated that *often* there is no objective reality answering to sight, the foundations of superstition may be said to be destroyed; for superstition, in general, grows out of some supposed declaration of the senses. This slender volume, by a single stroke, has very sensibly narrowed the realm of superstition and enlarged the domain of reason. If, in some respects, it takes away from tender beliefs and high sentiment, it makes full restitution in another and more valuable department. While it detracts from what has often been supposed to be spiritual truth, it more than makes amends by placing the highest function of the body—*sight*—upon a spiritual basis. Dr. Clarke scientifically demonstrates what Plato asserted—that we do not see with our eyes but with our minds. The fact, so clearly presented, that sight lies back of the eye and optic nerve, and often results from mere excitation of the gray matter of the brain, drives us irresistibly to the conclusion that the real act of sight is mental, and that the physical apparatus, whether it acts truly or falsely, is merely instrumental.

This book affords another illustration of the fact—largely overlooked by psychologists—that the nature, or, so to speak, the interior construction of the mind, is best studied under its abnormal conditions. When acting naturally, it is like a watch in its case—giving the results of unseen action but not revealing its mechanism. But abnormal action, such as dreams, visions, trances, insanity, the delirium of disease and the action under narcotics and stimulants, lifts the veil so that we get glimpses of the agent itself. But the study of mind in its normal condition is somewhat like the physical act of attempting to lift one's self by one's boots. The mind cannot weigh or measure itself by itself. It is noticeable that while these abnormal conditions of the mind are caused by material agents and physical conditions, they still tend to deepen our conviction that the mind is not within the category of matter; for we see that the generic function lies not only a step farther back of matter than it usually seems to do, but is independent of it. When, as in this book, we find that sight may

result from some strange excitation of nerve-centers instead of proceeding from a marvelously constructed instrument like the eye, we assert with double emphasis that it is not matter, in normal or abnormal conditions, that sees, but a spiritual intelligence behind it.

We regard this treatise, therefore, as a contribution to the spiritual side of the conflict now going on between mind and matter, though its author, in the true scientific spirit, ignores the issue, except so far as to say parenthetically that the automatic theory of visions may not cover all cases, and to intimate, along with his declaration of faith in God and immortality, that there may be glimpses of another world "as the old is dropping off and the new is seen."

It has sometimes been said that the face of Ralph Waldo Emerson is a typical face; that the traditional Brother Jonathan of the better artists often looks like a caricature of Mr. Emerson. Surely no other of our literary men is more fully identified with this country, and if the Republic were to choose a fortune-teller it could scarcely find one with keener vision or firmer loyalty. The little book¹ in which he has undertaken this service is one of those precious things whose value bears no relation to their bulk. Faithful are the wounds which this friend of his country deals upon her faults. The cowardice, the vanity, the political corruption of our people he sees and rebukes with an unsparing truthfulness; but his faith, after all, is triumphant over his fears. "Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own; the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral which knows the way, and which has the force to draw men and states and planets to their good." Of such a discriminating but courageous optimism we are greatly in need nowadays; and men of letters, especially, will do well to read often and ponder well Mr. Emerson's "Fortune of the Republic."

A VERY clever and comprehensive little handbook² of American literature is that prepared by Mr. Richardson. We should not know where to look among published manuals for a more intelligent account of American authors, from the earliest period to the present day. Professor Tyler's long-expected and forthcoming history of our literature will, no doubt, give us a larger view of this field than any other treatise has attempted; but Mr. Richardson's more modest

¹ *Fortune of the Republic*. Lecture delivered at the Old South Church, March 30, 1878. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

² *A Primer of American Literature*. By Charles F. Richardson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

work will still be of great value. His account of the earlier authors and their works shows wide and careful reading; and when he comes to the more delicate if not more difficult task of selecting and characterizing contemporary writers, there is little room to find fault with his judgment. By some of the recent manuals young students of our literature are cruelly misled. Names are held up to them as lights of American letters of whom scarcely anybody ever heard, and of whom no intelligent reader would ever wish to hear. The extreme good nature of the historians has led them to provide seats upon Parnassus for people who will never be able to attain unto them. To pick out of the crowd of contemporary writers the good and omit the bad and the indifferent is an undertaking that requires some nerve and not a little perspicacity. Mr. Richardson has succeeded in it, on the whole, very fairly. In his index of three hundred and thirty-eight names we do not find many that we should care to erase, and the omissions are not grievous. In estimating authors every reader is, of course, a law unto himself, and some lovers of books will complain because favorite writers are not mentioned; but the people whom Mr. Richardson has put into his catalogue are, perhaps, about as likely as any equal number that any of the rest of us would select, to be remembered and read a hundred years hence. How many of these will be forgotten by that time we should not dare to guess. The narrow dimensions of this primer allow but a brief mention of most of these writers; but the few words or sentences with which they are dismissed are generally just and discriminating. Here and there a phrase cleverly hits off a writer or a performance, as when Joaquin Miller is styled "a sort of Oregon Byron," and when the stories of Henry James, Jr., are said to be "as faultless as statues, but as cold." The little book would answer better than any other publication known to us the purposes of a school manual of American literature.

MR. TENNEY allows the readers of "Agamenticus"¹ their choice of three words by which to describe the book—sketches, annals or story. The last is not the best. The story is slight; but the sketches are picturesque and undoubtedly faithful. Agamenticus is the ancient name of York, Maine, and the David Benson who is the hero of this book is a portrait, drawn with a free hand, of Samuel Moody, one of the earliest pastors of that vicinage. "Historians agree," says Mr. Tenney in a note, "that Agamenticus was settled by adventurers—many of them reckless and licentious—refugees and outlaws from neighboring colonies and from Europe; that their first preachers were little better than their people;

that near the close of the seventeenth century religious motives obtained little hold on the major part of the population; that scenes of merry-making and brutal life greeted Sammel Moody when he first settled in the wilderness, but before his death the wild country blossomed as the rose." Mr. Tenney has carefully studied such records of this community as are extant, and we presume that he has not overdrawn the picture. Such barbarism as he describes does not now exist anywhere in New England. The region known as the White Oaks in Williamstown, previous to the missionary labors of Professor Albert Hopkins was perhaps the worst corner in Yankeeland; but the White Oakers never approached the degradation of the denizens of "Firetown." Such orgies as were held in the "Round Barn" when with bread and wine and words of blasphemy mock communion services varied the carousals of the natives of York, our modern wickedness would hardly undertake to match. Those people who are so fond of deploring the degeneracy of these times are respectfully desired to read these annals, and then point out to us the modern parallel of "Firetown."

Into this desperate society good Father Moody carried a gospel that was not in word only, but also in power. His abounding benevolence, his quaint humor, his intense earnestness, and his genuine humanity—for he was human enough to err, and sometimes bitterly and with good reason bewailed his own unruly temper—endeared him to these half-savage people and gave him at length a complete and unquestioned leadership. "A conscience on horseback" he was, indeed, among them; and the strenuous love wherewith he loved them reminds one of the apostolic maxim: "Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

The sketches of the life of Benson and his family and of the inhabitants of Agamenticus are full of a certain rude power. Sometimes, indeed, the rudeness rather mars the effect. The elaborate puns which are wrought into so many of the names would better have been left out; and not a few of the witticisms are badly strained. Nevertheless, it is a wholesome and stimulating book, whose lessons may well be laid to heart by all who desire to do good to their fellow-men. We should like, however, to ask Mr. Tenney whether this paragraph, which he puts into the mouth of his oracle, be not something of an anachronism: "There are just two words," replied Crow. "'Follow me:' 'I am the way.' If any one will try to do as Jesus would do, obeying the Gospel rule of life, and trust in Him who is the personification of God's love to us, he is in the way. This is all there is to it." That is an admirable statement of the way to become a Christian, but it does not sound like a seven-

¹ Agamenticus. By E. P. Tenney. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

teenth-century statement. However, if it be, we commend it to the attention of those who go back to the seventeenth century to find out what they ought to believe.

A BOSTON letter-writer says of Mr. James's novels that they are apt to leave the moral sense a little in the lurch. This is at least apropos of "Watch and Ward,"¹ his elaborate trifle which ran through the *Atlantic Monthly* of 1871, and now appears from the Riverside Press "minutely revised."

Mr. James is minute enough for an entomological enquirer, and his characters remind us of dead beetles of a brilliant order nicely stuck on white paper. Sometimes morally repulsive, they are not relieved by any high examples. The main character, Roger Lawrence, is a very nice and confiding man, who as a rejected lover, adopts, educates and finally marries a young orphan, after various narrow escapes from his own purpose through a natural softness towards women, as well as through the high spirited antics of his ward, who comes near throwing herself away without sufficient cause. The plot is a slender one, and the main interest is due to the careful anatomy, we had better say, finished photography, of the characters. We do not behold them sitting in their bones, as Sydney Smith suggested might be comfortable in hot weather; but, sitting to be taken; and they are taken exceedingly well. We are more interested in looking at the pictures and examining the high finish of them than we are to know the persons themselves. There is a certain moral insipidity and lack of the enthusiasm of humanity in Mr. James's delineations. True enough to life, such as it is, his personages all say what you would expect them to, and always converse extraordinarily well. The right word is in the right place, but you do not care to bring one of them to your own hearth-side. Mr. James seems in this novel to be an exhibitor rather than a personal admirer. He never warms enough to his characters to give them his ungloved hand; and we feel likewise, as they go in and out, natural as life, in a highly artistic Puuch and Judy show. With no real heroes or heroines among them, they are well drawn within a certain average range of society life; but so morally colorless as to convey no trace whatever of any moral purpose.

If an unworthy deed can be well done the praise of well doing may be accorded to Mr. Bynner's novel² The character-drawing is

¹ Watch and Ward. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

² Tritons: a Novel. By Edwin Lasseter Bynner. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

clever, and the colloquy is spirited. But, to say nothing of certain sensational effects, the story which he has told is not only one that is not worth telling, it is one that no man has any business to tell. If it is true so much the worse; the truer it is the more reason for not telling it. Novels which have for their staple seduction and illegitimacy are, to be plain about it, one of the curses of literature. No matter how much of this mischief there may be in society, the mischief is not mended by reproducing it in books. Faithful to the life such novels may be; but there are some types of life which no artist has any right to reproduce. An accurate picture might be made of a heap of offal or a carrion carcass, but art is abused when it is put to such uses. The moral rottenness of society is equally outside the realm of good literary art.

FOR summer nonsense, "Nobody's Husband,"¹ and "Mr. Peter Crewitt,"² will answer very well indeed. The merit of these novelettes is wholly in the action; the situations and events are sufficiently laughable, and they follow one another as rapidly as the scenes of a minstrel show. There may be a question as to whether readers of average intelligence would find reading as light as this to be as restful, even in summer, as that which requires a little more mental wakefulness; but there are occasional hours into which such bright vacancies seem to fit, and the maker of summer stories as innocent as these will not lose his reward.

WHEN you are making up your Sunday School libraries put in "Kindling-Wood Jimmy."³ It is a breezy and wholesome story for boys, written by one who knows them, and from whom, after reading this book, they will want to hear again.

MR. SWEETSER's biography of Michael Angelo⁴ is quite the best of his excellent series. He complains, indeed, as well he may, of the embarrassment of riches in the materials at his disposal. To give any adequate account of such a life as this within the limits of so small a volume is not an easy task; but by judicious selection and condensation the work has been satisfactorily done. We have not only a good outline of the great artist's character and career, but a miniature portrait with considerable carefulness of drawing and warmth of coloring.

¹ Nobody's Husband. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

² Mr. Peter Crewitt. By the author of that "Husband of Mine." Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

³ Kindling-Wood Jimmy. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union.

⁴ Artist Biographies: Michael Angelo. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. II.—NOVEMBER, 1878.—No. XI.

WOMEN IN PRISON.

WHEN it was first proposed to build a separate prison for women in Massachusetts, it excited much surprise that there could be so many convict women in the state as to require a prison for five hundred. Few persons were aware that at the time the act establishing the prison was passed—in June, 1874—there were more than eight hundred women constantly imprisoned in the state, in jails, work-houses, and houses of correction. Since that time this number has increased much more rapidly than the population. Persons interested in such reforms have begun to inquire into the nature of the offences which women commit, and the causes which bring so many of the weaker sex into prison. It is not in order to gratify a prurient taste that we propose to discuss this subject—one which may not be entirely examined without encountering painful and revolting details. It is in the hope that more enlightenment on the general topic may awaken an interest in the minds of Christian people, which will lead to the cure of many existing evils and to the prevention of still more, that we propose to give such facts in general as may be publicly discussed.

We find in prison, among women as also among men, persons who are law-breakers, yet hardly to be rightly named criminals. Also outside the prisons there are thousands who are habitually law-breakers and criminals also of a very mischievous class, who are not arrested or punished, merely because

they do not openly disturb the public peace. No one makes complaint of them, and so long as they keep out of sight they pursue their lives of vice without interference: the number of drunkards, prostitutes, gamblers and violators of the liquor laws, who continue undisturbed in their sins, is far greater than that of the same class who are detected and punished. It is partly a matter of luck and chance which shall suffer and which shall escape. But the troublesome ones who are unprotected by friends are generally those who receive legal punishment.

Women convicts are usually sentenced for one of three classes of offences,—drunkenness, unchastity and larceny: the order in which we have placed them indicates their relative prevalence.

I. The drunkards, as among men, are most numerous, and consist chiefly of Irish women, at or past middle age. These are the law-breakers who are not criminals. They are often dishonest, sometimes unchaste, but a very large number of them are simply persons who have become slaves to the drinking habit, and who are not very bad when free from the influence of strong drink. They belong to a class of persons who habitually drink beer and whisky without going so far as seriously to disturb the peace of society; but for some reason these are unfavorably affected, and descend rapidly to a degraded and hopeless state. For many years the ladies habitually visiting our country prisons as Sunday School teachers have

been touched with pity for the condition of these women, and have seen that little could be done for them until public opinion demanded a wiser system of laws by which they may be restrained. They usually labor under the delusion, which seems common among all inebriates, that they both can and will reform. This however they are really unable to do without assistance; the first necessity being that they should be compelled to abstain long enough from alcohol for the body to recover from its effects. The physical craving for the accustomed stimulant is almost irresistible; and an ignorant, debased person is especially incapable of resistance.

The foolishness of punishing habitual drunkards by a short imprisonment or by the imposition of a fine is so evident that it seems hardly necessary to dwell upon it. Drunkards must be restrained as lunatics are, with the hope of cure and for the protection of society; and they must be restrained for a long time. We must finally come to see the urgent need of restraining some of these persons for life. They will in some cases always be dangerous when at liberty. The restraint should be humane, and they should if possible earn their support. Drunkenness is generally regarded as a trivial offence, especially by magistrates who have large powers of discretion allowed to them as to length of sentence. They are apt to give the minimum length even to old offenders. As civilization advances, it will be seen that a whole life of idleness and debauchery is a grave offence, and requires effectual discipline. In the Women's Prison at Sherborn habitual drunkards and vagrants may be confined for two years, thus affording a reasonable chance for reform. This is a longer sentence than is possible under present laws at our county jails; but is not a new thing nor a discrimination against women, as both men and women by a law of 1869 have since that year been subject to a sentence of two years for these offences, to the State work-house at Bridgewater. It is unfortunate that the magistrates still err very frequently in sending thoroughly dissolute persons on a short sentence to the reformatory prison, from

an unreflecting clemency, which spares the rod and spoils the offender.

It may interest humane persons to know the details of two or three specimen cases which have fallen under the personal observation of the writer, and which illustrate the condition of habitual drunkards in prison. These cases will be recognized by those who have known the unfortunates described. They are not peculiar, and are among those which are found capable of reformation, if properly dealt with in time.

M. R.—, a Welsh woman, served over fifty sentences in one house of correction in Massachusetts, besides one term of two years at the Bridgewater work-house and repeated imprisonments in Hartford and elsewhere of which we have no record. She died of delirium tremens in an almshouse. She had been a respectable wife and mother, but for many years before her death had lost sight of her family. She was an excellent laundress, and during one of her short periods of sobriety earned nine dollars a week in a laundry. When sober she had many good qualities; was kind and patient in attending upon the sick at the work-house, and really desired to reform. Strangely, too, she always expected to do so until the end. When intoxicated she was a rapacious thief, plundering shops and hall-ways, and a notorious "bruiser." Like all confirmed drunkards, she regarded a short sentence as a temporary mischance of little moment; again deferring for a short period the always intended reform. But when she received a sentence of two years to the work-house she was wild with grief and excitement and felt herself most unjustly treated. One of the lady visitors of the prison heard of her sentence and went to see her at the lock-up. She was crouching upon a low seat, rocking herself violently to and fro, exclaiming with a sort of wail: "And what would me fayther say, if he could see me this day,—me that has rared sivin childun?" The father and the seven children had apparently been forgotten during the forty previous short imprisonments, but the long one brought her to a sense of her degradation. For several months after her release from Bridgewater she kept sober, worked well and saved a little money;

always keeping up friendly relations with the managers of the "Home for the Friendless;" but was too old and confirmed in bad habits for permanent reform. Poor M. is still remembered with tender pity by a few who knew the real woman under the crust of infirmity.

Occasionally a New England woman of tolerable education falls into the habit of intemperance and becomes a frequent inmate of prisons. This is rare, but instances occur where the downfall is very conspicuous, and the following case is one of which the subject was once highly respectable—a wife and mother of a family who had given her up at last in despair.

M. C—, an American woman of very pleasing appearance, about forty years of age, was another case of confirmed drunkenness and repeated imprisonment, going out only to return in a few days or hours to the prison. Many efforts were made by the ladies who visited the prison to reclaim her. At one time she was engaged as housekeeper to a family in a neighboring town, where the mistress of the family was an invalid. She proved an invaluable person, and performed all the work of the household faithfully for some months. She expressed great satisfaction with her place, and assured her friends that she was now safe from future misdoing. One evening a lady who had been interested in her, saw in the newspaper that M. C—, had been sentenced to the state workhouse for two years. Full of horror she hastened to the lock-up to see her before her departure by the midnight train. As she entered the cell, M. rose up in the dim light like a wild beast from its lair, ragged, filthy, with streaming hair and blood shot eyes, saying: "Why do you come to see me? I am lost, lost forever." She had come to the city with sixty dollars in her pocket which was gone. She had been tempted into a den where liquor was sold and she knew no more! For days she had eaten no food, and was even then on the brink of a fearful attack of delirium tremens. Her friend sent for some hot tea for her, and tried to make her take food. She sought to comfort and cheer her by reminding her of the unfailing love and pity of her Savior, and the assurance that

she still had friends who cared for her. But her physical condition prevented her from receiving consolation. She went away to Bridgewater work-house, and in a month after made her escape, and has never since been heard from by her friends. She was made for better things. A wiser system of repression would have kept her where she could not be tempted and would have saved her from the horrible abyss into which she fell.

A drunken woman is even more mischievous than a drunken man, particularly when she is the head of a family. We have seen a woman brought into prison with a pair of nursing twin infants, the babes nearly dead from neglect, their eyes closed, their heads drooping, their cradle alive with maggots, their mother having been for days too stupefied to care for them. Revived under the care of the matron, and restored to vigor during the mother's short sentence of three months, they went forth with her to repeat the old experience. One of them soon died, and the remaining children of the family were taken by the overseers of the poor, while the mother again and again served short sentences, going out from time to time to drink, fight, steal and increase her family. What should a civilized and Christian community do for such a woman in place of these absurdly short imprisonments? Should it not by effectual restraint seek to save her soul and body, and also to protect her innocent children and society at large from the havoc which she persists in making.

Another unfortunate class of inebriates are demented persons, sent to jail as drunkards. Drunkards they *are*, though not responsible; but they are sent to jail in order to throw the burden of their support upon the county instead of the town to which they belong. Numerous instances might be given where this has occurred, the magistrates knowing or caring little about the matter. Very slight evidence is necessary to procure a short sentence for an old offender. But it is strangely difficult to get a long one imposed. This arises, as we have said, from an unreflecting clemency. The managers of the Temporary Asylum for Discharged

Female Prisoners at Dedham have found the cases which came to them from the Bridgewater work-house much the most easily reformed, the long abstinence from liquor having so far removed the physical causes which are the great obstacle to reformation.

As a deterrent measure the long sentence is very useful. We have said that drunkards regard a short imprisonment as a temporary mishap. Drunkards and vagrants also are violently agitated and shocked at a long one. At one of our county prisons a few years ago, a marked change took place in the number of female prisoners, after the police judge had sentenced seven or eight old offenders to two years each at Bridgewater. A general alarm spread among the old habitués of the prison, and regular visitors observed that the occasional cases were restraining themselves.

To sum up the whole matter, we must combine strict legal restraint and subjection to a long corrective and disciplinary imprisonment, with a kind, faithful Christian sympathy with individuals. Those unfortunates who in the sight of God are not more sinful than others less tempted, must have friends who do not forsake them. Good women must seek them out and help them to stand when the time comes to try their strength. Strict penal laws are of no avail without this divine charity. Many women and men also are ready to do such work. Some are now doing it effectually. Others fail and are discouraged because they try only half measures, not understanding the physical causes for their failure and having no help from the law.

Out of over six thousand persons committed last year to the Boston House of Industry on Deer Island, over four thousand were drunkards. This institution has always been visited by Christian women whose efforts have been rewarded by the reformation of a few women. But, meanwhile, the penal system has dragged down thousands and tens of thousands, who, in their turn, have continually corrupted others.

II. We come next in order to the prisoners sentenced for offences against chastity. Most abandoned women are sentenced as

vagrants—persons having no lawful calling, or regular habitation. Women also who have borne or are about to bear illegitimate children, are sent to the reformatory prison and previously to the Bridgewater work-house on sufficient evidence that they are lewd and wanton persons. A law of 1870 expressly states that the birth of an illegitimate child alone shall not be of itself a sufficient evidence of this fact. This law has been greatly disregarded by the Tewksbury court, which has been so badly conducted that it ought to be abolished. It is held in connection with the Tewksbury almshouse, and the general agent of the Board of State Charities appears at every trial to see that justice is done. Many women have been unjustly sentenced there to a year or two of imprisonment, who do not belong to the class for whom the law was made. But the number of dissolute women who are mothers of illegitimate children, who bring burdens upon society and diseased offspring into a wretched existence, is very great. It is absolutely necessary that they should be restrained, and if possible reformed.

Nearly all the mothers of the sixty-five infants now at Sherborn prison are such women, some of them very young girls. The subject of prostitution is little considered by most women. With a shudder the eyes are closed to the loathsome sight. It is strange how silent we all are; how we ignore it, when we remember the peculiar mercy and pity shown by our Lord to more than one woman "who was a sinner." God knows that of all sinners these most need pity. What can we do for them? Nine out of ten among Christians, even, especially among men, will answer, Nothing. It is not true, as we believe, that women are harder than men towards their frail sisters. But neither men nor women in general know much about their real needs or the causes which drag them down.

Let us solemnly in the sight of God consider what is our duty to our neighbor in this direction. It requires long familiarity with criminals to gain an adequate idea of the great corruption of mind and heart which this vice produces. The whole womanly nature seems changed. Long time,

wise and patient care and sympathy are necessary to eradicate the poison. As in all other reformation, evil must be driven out with good. The dislike of useful employment must be overcome, in part by coercion, in part by persuasion. The mind must be trained to useful pursuits; the kindly, helpful instincts cultivated; but above all, the truths of the Gospel inculcated in simplicity, as Christ taught them, without dry theological dogmas. We must teach the need of faith and repentance, the assurance of the never-failing fatherly love of God. If the unfortunate woman is a mother, she should not be separated too readily from her child. Often it will prove her strongest incentive to good conduct. Some very bad women have the maternal instinct strongly implanted and desire that their children should lead a different life from their own. On the other hand, it is not uncommon for women in prisons and almshouses to murder their infants by suffocation; and mothers exist who are so lost to all sense of shame as to bring up their own daughters to an infamous life. Every shade of vice may be found, and varying cases require judicious dealing, a strong and severe, as well as a tender and sympathizing discipline.

Although the number of prostitutes in this, as indeed in every other country on the globe, is and ever has been enormous, only a very few comparatively are arrested or imprisoned; nor can this horrible vice ever be overcome in any apparent measure until the evil propensities of human nature are subdued by obedience to heavenly laws. If we look at the whole vast field of sin through this and past ages we are appalled and overwhelmed. It is only by fixing our attention upon our own time and place, looking at causes, effects and possibilities at home, that we can personally achieve results. A woman may keep her own house clean though she cannot control her neighbor, and the example of wholesome purity there may spread about her. So in our own State and neighborhood we may cleanse some foul places, sure that other reforms will follow ours.

The prostitutes in our prisons, whether committed as "vagrants" or "street-walk-

ers," are generally young girls, and usually Irish or of Irish parentage, for the Americans of the same class who are equally bad generally possess the faculty of keeping quiet, not making public disturbance, and therefore escape arrest. A long acquaintance with and careful inquiry into the history of these poor girls has proved to us that they are almost always neglected children. The old and often repeated story is, "My mother died when I was a little girl, and my father drank and beat me." And so on through a forlorn, unloved childhood, driven to the streets to seek such companionship as might be found. Impure, bad surroundings are theirs always. Hundreds among them have never known what chastity is, even from earliest remembrance. Yes, dreadful as it seems, the managers of children's asylums as well as old prison visitors know how great is the difficulty of dealing with this early impurity, when from the cradle obscene language and conduct has been the daily example.

There are also a great number of girls, and of these more Americans than foreigners, who have left country homes for the excitements of a city life, to earn their bread by working in shops and factories. The want of motherly care, of home safeguards, the easily-acquired habit of strolling about city streets at evening in company with chance acquaintances, the attentions of young men, who under a fair outside are vicious and unprincipled, expose young girls to terrible dangers. Though many escape harm, still a fearful number are first betrayed by a faithless lover, and then abandoned to be taken up by another to lead a guilty life, sinking lower and lower into the whirlpool of infamy. The protection afforded to working girls in cities by the Women's Christian Associations, the boarding-houses where a cheap, comfortable home and friendly supervision are provided by these associations, render an invaluable service and supply the "prevention which is better than cure." But wise women should try also to keep girls in country homes so far as possible, where the life of mind and body is simple and more healthful.

The dislike of work, idle habits, love of

public amusement and of dress, of the admiration of men in general—in other words, vanity and laziness—draw thousands of other girls into temptation; first to surrender virtue, afterwards to pay the price of sin for a life of idle amusement. Almost without exception, prostitutes drink deeply and require physical agents to cure them of this as of other acquired habits. Frequently forcible restraint for a long time is necessary, and with it instruction;—above all, the patient daily care of pure women. Thus, in this case as in that of men drunkards, we see the need of long sentences, in separate reformatory prisons, under the charge of women who are laboring from love to God and the neighbor. This is a missionary work no less imperative and acceptable to the Lord than the labors among the heathen in foreign lands.

Among the neglected children who have become unchaste criminals we have found girls who have been placed out in families at an early age, and who have been subjected to vile abuse by the master or the son of the family. By force or persuasion their ruin has been accomplished, and a pitiful tale is told by some of these victims. Great blame in such instances attaches itself to the wife and mother, who should be the vigilant guardian of the purity of her household; but far greater is the iniquity of base men. Thus we see the vital need of caring for neglected children, orphans or friendless, of whom we have thousands and tens of thousands growing up in our midst to be paupers, criminals and prostitutes, all because of the ignorance, indifference and sinful apathy of the people of this land in general.

We have never had reason to accept the current belief that unchastity in women is often the result of poverty alone,—of the temptation to sin rather than to starve. The sin comes, like intemperance, from a combination of temptations, of inherent tendencies and of surroundings, and must be dealt with on rational and systematic principles. Let every good woman “do what she can” to war with this terrible evil. If we desire to do a good deed we shall find a way, though we may not be permitted to do much.

First we must guard the young from contamination. This not only by caring for little girls, but by teaching boys by the pure and sacred lips of mothers to avoid Satan in this his favorite path. If every young lad were properly taught at home what he is sure to learn elsewhere—perhaps at the cost of his soul—the punishment which follows sins of licentiousness, the sacrifice of women, the bodily scourges, the mental misery,—how much might be saved! And how terrible is the retribution which falls upon the innocent, the babes who suffer for the parents’ sin; the diseases entailed upon whole families by the dissolute women whom we do not try to save or restrain. Truly, our false delicacy and shrinking silence are both foolish and wicked. It is woman who must repair the wrongs and sins of women; not at the ballot box, or by public demonstrations, but by patient, prayerful and unceasing labor; seeking counsel not only of God, but by the experiences of others. We can only say that any one who is familiar with prisons, hospitals, almshouses and asylums, will see that the field is vast, the laborers few, and the need urgent.

One thing in the way of prevention comes in the way of nearly every woman. When a girl has been seduced and has become a mother, she may nearly always be saved from further sin by helpful, kind care and steadfast friendship from women. Here the “Homes for the Friendless” everywhere are doing good work, as well as many individuals.

III. Petty thieves, shop-lifters and pick-pockets form the bulk of the third class of female prisoners. These also have been neglected children frequently, though not always. Many seem to be victims of a monomania. The desire to steal is almost irresistible, and frequent detection and punishment do not prevent a renewal of the offence at the first opportunity. We have learned by observation, however, that strict honesty is by no means very general among the human race; and thousands of clerks, servants and other persons in positions of trust, not to speak of high dignitaries and officials, are quite as guilty as the thieves in prison. The petty thieves both male and female of our prisons

are a low class without friends and without shrewdness, who are easily caught, and have no position to lose. Of course the three classes, thieves, prostitutes and drunkards, are all intermixed, and a woman imprisoned for either offense may very probably habitually commit either or all of them—or may be innocent of more than one.

There is however a fourth class of exceptional cases of women who do not belong to the degraded and dissolute throng that fills the cells of prisons. This is composed of those who commit high crimes, and serve long or life sentences for murder, arson or forgery, for crimes of surgery and medicine and sometimes for assisting in burglary. There are comparatively few of these, and usually they are women of rather refined and pleasing personal appearance, quite as surprising as that of the Pomeroy boy, who looks like a good, mild, studious young man, without a trace in his face of his savage propensities. At the South Boston House of Correction we once inquired the crime of a singularly sweet and modest-looking young woman, and found that she was the kidnapper of a little girl. It was a sort of Charley Ross case, with a happier termination; for the child was restored to her parents through a detective, after four months' absence. This woman showed a strange lack of moral nature, and a seeming incapacity to realize the cruelty she had inflicted, looking only to a pecuniary reward for the return of the child. This is not unusual among both male and female criminals—a natural moral obliquity, amounting to a mental defect.

By the laws of Massachusetts, as is generally well known, it is left for a jury to determine the degree of a murder. The punishment for murder in the first degree is death; for the second, imprisonment for life. Probably a feeling of tenderness for the sex is the cause which prevents any woman in our courts being ever convicted of murder in the first degree. For many years no woman has suffered the death penalty, though several are now imprisoned on life sentence for deliberate and atrocious murders, proved beyond a doubt. One aged woman has been for twenty years in a county

jail for poisoning her husband, and fortunately has not been pardoned, though trying very hard to secure release, on the ground of her age and infirmity and on condition that she would leave the state! Persons who shudder at the cruelty of capital punishment have generally little idea of the hopeless despair and long suffering of life prisoners, when there is really no hope of pardon. The term of life is in most cases considerably shortened, and this arises in great part from the loss of hope. The health of average prisoners in a decently well ordered prison is good; the regular habits, simple food and cleanliness all tend to promote an improved physical condition.

Female burglars, incendiaries and "confidence women" are usually allied with professional male criminals. They are the most intelligent and the most hardened. They attract the casual visitor and often are very successful in enlisting sympathy, and deceiving the uninitiated. They are the least interesting and the most discouraging to the old trained matrons and teachers. In the county prisons as formerly conducted, before the women's prison was opened, it was very trying to the members of the Advisory Board of the prison commission to see some of these women receiving great favor; permitted to take easy places in the families of prison masters as nurses and seamstresses; allowed to wear fine clothes, eat dainty food, and spend their time outside the prison, merely because they were pleasing, and useful in the family; when their great crimes made strict punishment only just, and when offenders of a far milder type underwent all the penalty the law allows. This, however, cannot occur at the Reformatory Prison, where no discrimination is made in favor of pretty and well-mannered criminals. Still graver abuses have sometimes occurred in our prisons when women were under male supervision, which we forbear to recount, but which were a strong argument in favor of the separate prison for women.

On entering the prison at Sherborn, or any other large prison or work-house, where numbers of criminal women are confined, the first general impression is of a mass of ignorant, ordinary-looking peasant women,

scarcely differing at all from the lower class of foreigners who swarm in the by-ways and back streets of all large towns and cities. Here and there is a superior face; but on the whole stupid ignorance looks at you, without any attractive feature. You see among male convicts a more evidently bad type of face, more brutality and ferocity. The women look merely *low*. But these women in their way are as dangerous as the house-breaker and highwayman. Not by violence, but by undermining, do they sap the foundations of the strong structures of society, and many a proud house has fallen by the wiles of the woman "whose steps take hold on hell." She may not go into prison, but she and all her kind are malefactors whom we ought to fear. Not only, however, should we fear. The divine pity and love of Christ must enter into our hearts. He came to seek and to save what was *lost*—not what was in peril, but what was *lost*. Let us never dare to say that fallen women are beyond hope. Not only the assurance of Christ, but our own experience proves the contrary. Many instances have occurred where deeply depraved women have returned to lives of virtue, and remained faithful to duty, in consequence of Christian labors for them. Work in reformatory institutions and individual exertion have not been unrewarded. The task is very difficult, requiring faith, wisdom, and patience, but we must pay the same price for wealth or worldly success. The repulsive faces of a prison no longer repel the woman or man who goes among them with real sympathy. A divine spark is still alive in those hardest and dullest natures, and a response comes at last to one who knows how to appeal. A young girl sometime since was tried for the murder of her infant, of a month old. It was a deliberate act, but the girl showed such mental obliquity that the court sentenced her to only five years in prison. She was not regarded as fully responsible, and had been cruelly betrayed and deserted by a fellow servant in a hotel where he was cook, and she a chambermaid. Probably the physical condition in which her confinement left her, and the brooding over her wrongs had affected her reason in a degree. She smothered her

infant, concealed its body, and was immediately detected. She never showed any compunction; said she was glad she had killed the child, and wished she could kill its father. This continued for months, until at Christmas time her Sunday School teacher read the account of Herod's massacre of the innocents to her class. The girl listened with deep interest. She afterwards read the story over and over, and seemed much moved by it. For some reason, for the first time her heart was touched with pity for her helpless babe; the stony crust of unrepentance was broken, and she really saw her crime in all its horror. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that," must be the motto of every laborer in this wide field. Whether we train our own beloved children or teach those of others; whether we labor among the sinful or the weak; whatever we do, constant patient doing of the duty which the day brings, because it is duty, without being too impatient to see the result—this alone is Christian service.

In the August number of SUNDAY AFTERNOON we gave a brief account of the Reformatory prison at Sherborn, Mass., and the reasons for its existence. It is the first large state prison for women in this country. In the twenty-one county prisons of Massachusetts are still some women serving short sentences, awaiting trial, or for non-payment of fines. This is at present unavoidable. Their discipline varies extremely. In some prisons great order and system prevail, and efficient matrons have charge of women. In others male officers control them; and in the smaller ones there is very little system. Sometimes the women are dirty and ragged, and spend their time in lounging and conversation with each other or with male prisoners if they get access to them, which is not uncommon. There is no secular instruction, and the religious services on Sunday, though generally provided, are sometimes neglected, and often very unsatisfactory. Hitherto there has been nothing reformatory in our prison system for women, and its effect has been to make the bad worse. In other states, generally the condi-

tion of prisoners, male and female, has been far worse than in Massachusetts; but the Detroit House of Correction, under the charge of Mr. Z. R. Brockway, now in charge of a reformatory prison at Elmira, N. Y., has been a model of success, and women there have come under excellent influence.

As prevention is better than cure, we should make the care of neglected children our first consideration; but no one can regard the vast number of women under the strong hand of the law, without seeing that they also demand wise and careful management. It is difficult to do justice to this great subject. This article is written as an appeal to Christian women to consider it conscientiously; to open their eyes and their

hearts to the crying needs of other women. Not by almsgiving alone is the poverty of humanity relieved. The soul's poverty requires *love* to feed its hunger. Those who are most famished turn away from the Bread of Life and know not what they need. We cannot foresee the end of our humblest endeavor, and God finds His best instruments among those who may have little of this world's goods to give. Far more blessed, too, is the giver than the receiver of these gifts; and like him who traveled far and wide to search for the Holy Grail, we shall find the Lord at last, most truly, when we are only thinking of the poor outcast at our door.

Clara T. Leonard.

THE WHITE STONE.

"ALLY, you will come over to the farm, to-night, won't you?"

"Perhaps; I don't know."

"My cousins are coming up from Caernarvon, and Roderic is going to bring an old friend of his. He is to be their new minister, I believe. I'm afraid he won't like it very much—all the games and spells. What do you think, Ally, will he mind?"

"Oh, Mary, Mary, what have I to do with the Evans, and Roderic, and the minister? What have I to do with games and charms, and all the wonders of Halloween? Go away and leave me here; I thought I could be alone! I never have an hour to think. Go away, and in mercy let me be!"

The girl had climbed up on one of the rocks that jut out from the base of Mt. Snowdon, and sat with her hands clasped about her knees, gazing listlessly before her. Beneath her lay the "Farm," with all the signs of life belonging to the sunset hours; but she looked beyond, to where the town of Caernarvon lay in the distance, the massive towers of its grand old castle standing out dark and distinct against the glowing sky. Still beyond was the long, low line of the sea—a glorious view; but her thoughts were not of

the town, nor the castle, nor the sea. And one standing beside her who had once turned his eyes from the magnificent scene to her face would not have looked away again. The people said Alice Owen was beautiful, but her face was too hard. Hard, indeed, it looked now; hard, bitter and despairing. She was very different from the Welsh girls with whom she had always lived.

Some long-dead Southern ancestor had given her this strange wealth of color and expression. Her black hair drawn loosely back, her heavy brows and dark lashes, her deep blue eyes, her clear, rich complexion, her straight, stern mouth, with the firm rows of strong, white teeth, her magnificent strength and height, all marked her as of a different race from the slighter, smaller, pretty, light-haired girl who stood beside her.

"Ally, why will you always be so cold and hard? Others will forget, why will not you? I saw you climbing up here, and I could not help coming too. Do come to-night. We miss you so much. No one can be as bright and gay as you."

"Mary!" and her face softened a very little as she spoke, "Mary, you are the only

one good enough to wish to forget. As for the rest, do you think there is one who will ever cease to be glad that I have had to sin and suffer; that my pride and my willfulness have brought me where I am? Go! I could not have borne what you have said from any other being. Go, before I hate you as I do the rest!"

The hard look deepened on the grand face, the color paled as her teeth set firm and close. Mary looked and trembled, as she turned reluctantly away and went slowly down the steep path to the "Farm."

It was Halloween. The many traditions concerning its magical spells had taken hold upon the impulsive, superstitious hearts of the people of North Wales, and nowhere were its revelations more devoutly believed in; nowhere were the various charms more carefully and faithfully tried. It was a time-honored custom at the "Farm" that the young folks should ask their cousins from the town and a few other chosen friends to meet there, and see together what wonders of love and fortune should be revealed that night. It was a time of merry-making and yet of secret awe; and many a young heart beat with fear and delightful hope.

The guests had all arrived, and a few of the more trivial charms had been tried, but the magic hour had not yet come, and the dread and expectation kept the mirth from rising loud. Conspicuous among the gathering was the tall form of a stranger, the new minister at Caernarvon, it was said. Perhaps it was his presence which threw a slight restraint upon them all. He was very pale and thin, and his dark eyes seemed to contain his whole soul as they gazed, deep and earnest, into the bright faces about him. He was young, but no one would have thought of youth in looking at him. Though a native of Wales he had not spent much of his life there, and now had come back for rest from a work among the poor of London, which had worn upon his heart till his bodily strength could no longer carry on his labors. From the poverty and the misery he had reluctantly come to the rest and freedom of this northern parish. His name was Elis Wyn, Roderic said, an old college

friend, the best of men, though a trifle grave and sad.

At length, when a silence and oppression fell on them all, Roderic cried out impatiently: "Where is Alice—Alice Owen? She always knows what ought to be done; where is she?"

No one answered; Roderic had been away, and no one had dared to tell him. He had been very fond of Alice, and she had been perhaps a shade less haughty and cold to him than to the rest of those who worshiped her beauty. He was so bright and sunny and boyish in his unconcealed adoration of her, that even she had softened a little toward him and indulged him more than any one else. He had not seen her for months, and now her absence was very intolerable to him.

"Here I am, Roderic!"

Every one started and turned to the door. For a moment no one spoke or stirred. She had staid out on the rock for hours, unconscious of the bitter cold of the early autumn evening. The moon had risen and silvered the tops of the mountains already white with the first snows. The chasms in the rocks had grown blacker and deeper, the awful shades of the woods more dense, and the patches of light upon the open fields more weirdly white. Still she sat there, motionless, unheeding, till after some hours the physical misery of cold had roused her from the agony of her thoughts. She had not meant to stop at the Farm. No; she would go quietly by to the little cottage across the fields, where she lived with the old blind man, her grandfather. As she passed the door she heard Roderic's ringing, impatient voice. It startled her out of her apathy. The recollection of his love for her, her almost friendliness for him, made her long in her loneliness to see him and speak to him once more. Hardly knowing what she did, she entered the room.

The cold had frozen the color from her face; the sudden light and glow, dazzling her sorrowful eyes, gave her a wild, scared look; while her height, set off by her straight, dark gown, made her seem almost supernatural. Elis Wyn never forgot that vision. Here was misery, want, soul-sick-

ness, despair; here, too, was work for him. The unspoken cry for help in her eyes called forth the answering pity in his soul; but her wonderful beauty conquered the strength of the man's heart, which had never felt before the might of a woman's power.

Roderic, more superficial, less deeply moved, quickly recovered himself and sprang to greet her. Already the fleeting impulse had passed; she wished she had not come. She answered him very coldly, and looked with defiant scorn at the others, who had drawn back without a word of welcome. Only Mary, gentle Mary, came forward, a little startled and afraid.

"Alice," she said softly, "we are going to burn the nuts. Will you come and see?"

With a little laugh and blush the pretty girl looked up then into the face of the strong, handsome man who loved her and whom she loved, and kneeling by the blazing fire placed two nuts side by side. "Hugh and Mary," said Alice, and almost smiled as she watched the nuts kindle at the same moment and burn quietly, evenly, side by side, till the flame went out in each. "A quiet courtship, a happy marriage and a long, long life together. Just as it should be for Hugh and Mary," everybody said.

In her pretty confusion, Mary asked, "Will you not try, Alice?"

Again the same dreamy hush fell on them all after Alice had answered coldly: "Have you forgotten, Mary? Such things are not for such as I."

A little after, when the company had separated for the more thrilling, fascinating charms to be tried out in the night alone, and Alice had vanished as silently as she came, Roderic drew Elis Wyn and Mary aside and asked eagerly: "What does it all mean? What has changed Alice so fearfully?"

With many a broken sob and many a terrified pause and glance around her, Mary told the story, softening it as much as her tender charity could soften its sin and blame.

She told how, a few months before, there had come a stranger, an English tourist, into the mountains. He had obtained permission to stay at the farm, in order to be

nearer the wonderful sights of rock and cascade which those mountains hold. From the first he had loved Alice Owen, passionately, desperately. He was rich, well-born, and far above her in station. Mary did not think Alice had ever cared for him, but she was proud and ambitious, and at length gave her consent to marry him. He was one of those whose very love makes them exacting, jealous, suspicious, and irritating. Almost worshiping Alice, he could not bear the least fault in her, the least flaw in her perfection. Alice at first bore all without one word. Her lover never suspected the passionate resistance under the cold haughtiness which increased from day to day. At last, one day he tried her beyond the power of her endurance. There had been a little party of friends who had climbed part way up Mt. Snowdon. At the foot of one of the rocky buttresses which seem to support the mountain, lies "Ffynnon Llas,"—the Green Lake. From the immense height the lake looks black and unfathomable, only its edges are colored a deep green. They all gazed down, almost terror-stricken. Alice alone seemed calm and unmoved. She proposed to her lover that they should descend by a steep path to a rock below, which jutted out over the terrible precipice. He recoiled with natural horror, but the cool, contemptuous smile on her face made him turn silently and follow her. Alice was perfectly sure-footed and cool-headed; and those that watched them had no fear for her; but they could see that her lover's face had blanched, and, once or twice, he staggered a little. It was useless to call them back, or to follow them. Their companions watched them, breathlessly. At last they reached the end of the path and stood on the projecting rock. In the perfect quiet of the still air all heard his words:

"Alice, nothing but my mad love for you would have brought me here!"

"Love!" she answered, clearly, coldly. "Do you love me so much? Then know that you give your love for less than nothing. Do you think for one moment that I love you? I hate you with all the might of my soul, and your love is such a burden, such a curse to me, that I would count it

my greatest joy if I need never look upon your face again!"

He staggered, slipped, fell. For one long moment there was perfect stillness, then a faint splash in the deep-lying waters of the Green Lake.

With as firm a step, as pale and unmoved a face as when she had descended, Alice climbed up the dizzy path. No one spoke or moved. Quietly, slowly, she passed them and went without hesitation down the mountain to the little cottage.

There was an investigation, of course. It was clearly an accident. There were witnesses enough to testify to the fact of his foot slipping on the edge. From that time Alice had lived among them, shunned, feared, hated by some, pitied by the very few.

There could have been no clearer manifestation of the difference in the natures of the two men who heard this story, than the manner in which each was affected by it. Roderic, shocked, hurt, shaken to the depths of his easy, sunshine-loving heart, turned away and walked towards the town, his most conscious feeling that of a wish that he might never see her again. Wyn was more profoundly, less apparently, moved. He longed to see Alice, to help her, to save her. When Roderic said, "I am going home; will you come?" he answered, "No; not yet!"

He walked slowly on, looking about in every field, every corner for Alice. The little cottage was dark; he did not believe that she had entered it. The merry party, excited now by the growing mystery of the night, came noisily from the fields. Each bore a plant of kail which had been plucked with the eyes blind-folded, and great was the amusement over the typified lovers. Happy the maiden whose stalk was tall and straight, for such would be her future husband. Happier still if to the shapely stem some earth adhered, for this was the mark of fortune. They passed gaily by to hang the plants, each secretly named, over the farm-house door.

Wyn looked in vain for Alice. She was not with them; he felt that she had wandered off alone into the strange brightness

of the mysterious night. He felt that her nature, passionate and proud as it was, would yet be keenly sensitive to the superstition of the hour, and its magical influences. Far away from the farm-house and its open fields, he caught the flash of rippled water, and involuntarily walked towards it. Suddenly a dark figure crossed his path, and stopping by the shore of the little lake, bent over its waters. Fearing that her agony had driven her to madness, Wyn hastened after her, but stopped, wondering. The bright moonlight showed every movement with perfect clearness. She held a skein of yarn in her hand, and keeping hold of one end, she threw the rest off into the water. Wyn could see her face distinctly as she slowly wound and wound the yarn, looking meanwhile with fearful eagerness into the dark water. After a moment her hands ceased to move. Something held the skein fast beneath the waves. With a cry of terror she bent forward. "Who holds?" she asked, in a low frightened voice. There was no sound but of the tiny ripples on the sand; she leaned farther over the waves, and as she caught the white, distorted reflection of her pallid face, she screamed: "Death! Death! My bridegroom, Death!"

Wyn caught her as she fell, almost senseless. Warming her cold hands, speaking to her with tenderness, he strove to calm her terror. She looked on him wildly, then yielding to the comfort of his presence, she said: "You are very good. I remember, you are the minister, but you do not know—you do not know!"

"Yes, I know; I know it all. Now tell me what you were doing, and what you saw in the water!"

She drew a little away from him and her face grew more ghastly, her eyes dilated with fear, as she said, in a hoarse horror-stricken voice:

"He who holds the other end is to be one's bridegroom. I called and no one answered: I looked and I saw the face of Death! Before next Halloween I shall be gone—where? I shall be—what? I am afraid—afraid! It is my punishment; I knew it would come, but I did not think it

would be this! I could have lived—my lonely bitter life, but I am afraid—I am afraid to die! Is there no help? Is there no love?”

As she spoke, with a visible terror that wrung Wyn's heart with compassion, she caught the glare of a newly-lighted fire in one of the fields, far away.

“The white stone!” she cried. “I will try once more!”

Wyn followed her fleet steps, as she fled over the fields. It was the last, the most solemn custom of Halloween. The guests had all written their names on white stones, had placed them in the fire, and silently separated. When Alice and Wyn reached it, all had gone, everything was still. Alice searched for some minutes without speaking, then finding two small white stones which had been thrown aside, she brought them to Wyn.

“Write,” she said, “your name and mine.”

He wrote them, one on each stone, and gave them to her. She held them up to the light and read them, while a smile for the first time wavered on her face: “Elis Wyn!” she cried; “Alice Owen! How alike they sound!”

Then she threw them, one after the other, into the smouldering fire.

“To-morrow, at sunrise, I shall know,” she said with a shiver of fear, adding, “Now kneel, and pray! and if you have any belief in prayer, pray that I may find mine in the morning.”

Awed and bewildered, Wyn knelt, but when, after a few minutes, he raised his head, she was gone.

It had previously been arranged that Roderic and Wyn should spend the night on the Farm, in order to make some excursion up the mountain the next day. Wyn found Mary anxiously waiting for him. She had understood the cause of Roderic's leaving, and explained away its strangeness to the rest.

The wonderful beauty of Alice's face, its look of terror and helplessness, came between Wyn and sleep that night. He waited anxiously yet fearfully for the dawn. Himself as entirely free from superstition as it is possible for mortal to be, he had seen

and fully realized its powerful influence over an imagination vivid and untutored. With the very first rays of the sun, Wyn was standing by the ashes of the dead fire. Early as he was, Alice was there before him. Taking no notice of his approach, she continued her search among the ashes. She had taken out one stone after another, and laid them side by side on the stubble. It seemed to Wyn that they must all be there. He stooped and read the names, made half indistinct by the smoke. He came upon his own and Mary's, and those of all the rest except of Alice. His heart aching with love and pity, he stooped beside her, and together, without a word, they spread out the ashes, in vain, in vain! With a cry of despair, Alice at last gave up the search.

“Gone! gone!” she cried. “Less than a year of life for me! I am so afraid!” Throwing herself on the ground, she wept with all the passionate vehemence of a frightened child. Wyn tried in vain to reason with her, to soothe and comfort her. Superstition had taken too strong a hold of her excitable nature, and Wyn felt an inward conviction that it would fulfill its own prophecy.

At length, grown a little calmer, one of those trifling thoughts which dart through the intenser moods, made her lift her head, and start with a gentle surprise. “Why!” she said, softly, “there will be roses and woodbine on my grave, after all!”

Wyn looked at her, questioningly. His long absence had made him forget the peculiar customs of the people. She smiled faintly at his wonderment, and said with a tender calmness, strangely at variance with her passionate grief: “Did n't you know? They mark the little babies' graves with snowdrops and violets and primroses. My little sister's grave is so, and it never seemed to me so very sad for the little ones to go. My grandmother was very old, and her grave is planted with tansy, and rue, and starwort. Somehow, I had always thought mine would be, too. I thought I should live to be so old I should not care to stay any longer, and the dreary rue and tansy seemed so fitting for a lived-out life. But my mother's grave—it always makes me cry

when I see it, though I never remembered her. She died when I was very little, and she was very young. Her grave is all covered over with roses and woodbines, and they seemed too beautiful and out-of-place. Last summer it was a bank of glowing color, and it made me cry to think how like the roses she must have been when she died! And now—now—there will be the roses and the woodbine for me, too!”

She had grown calmer and more quiet as she spoke, and now she walked slowly away to the cottage. Wyn dared not follow her, or speak to her, lest he should again awake the storm of grief. The others would soon be coming to search for the stones. He gathered them all and threw them back carelessly into the ashes, except his own. This he flung far away. No one should know that they had tried their fate. How he hated that harmless little pebble! Why had it not been his that the fire had crumbled? He would never have given it another thought; but Alice—his sorrowful heart knew that her words were true. Next Halloween she would be gone! If he had only examined the stones; hers must have been more porous, softer; if he had only written them differently. But regret was as useless as to try to bring back the yesterdays.

Whether it was the penetrating cold of the autumn evenings, when Alice had wandered recklessly away to the solitudes of the mountains, whether it was some deep-seated disease inherited from the mother who had died so young, or whether remorse and fear broke down the vigorous frame, could never be known. But as the winter days began again to grow longer, and the cold more bitter, there came a great change over Alice. Her color faded, her strength grew less and less, while a fatal cough gave her no rest by day or night.

Elis Wyn saw her very frequently. He could not blind himself to the rapid change taking place in Alice, nor to his fast increasing love for her. He had never wasted any of his heart's wealth on lesser or imagined loves, and now he loved her with the entire strength of a deep and persistent nature. All the hours that he could spare

from his parish work were spent at the little cottage. And when the late spring came, and Alice grew weaker and more helpless, he made the “Farm” his home, and placed his work in town in other hands.

From the first she had been very glad to have him come and talk with her. She would listen very patiently at times; then again, the old pride and resistance would burst forth in bitter words of despair and fear.

Her haunting thought that this was a punishment sent upon her because of the wrong she had done, roused all the rebellion of her nature. The God who required her life in return for the life she had taken—for she never deceived herself for one moment, as to the cause of her lover's fall—was only a God to fear. Wyn reasoned and taught and soothed her. Patiently putting himself and his love out of his words and looks, never assuming a knowledge or confidence he did not possess, he tried to show her the light that his own long searchings had found. He believed, and he led her to believe, that God does not measure out so much punishment, so much pain, for so much sin. He does not demand a life for a life. His is not the poetical justice, by which one suffers just as one has made others suffer. The bitterness of her remorse, the anguish of her life for the months since that fearful day, had been enough to rouse her to the full conviction of the greatness of her sin. Her repentance, not her death, was what was required in return. Death, he felt, was no punishment for her, but a release. Life would have been but one long agony of recollection.

As the sweet spring days grew into the greater warmth and brightness of early summer, her heart grew more and more restful and content. A peace and quiet so different from the old pride and unrest, took possession of her being. One evening, as Wyn sat near her, looking at her exquisite face, so delicate now in line and color, he could no longer keep back his love and grief. There was no fear now of startling or troubling her. The perfect peace lay too deep to be stirred by mortal touch.

“Alice,” he said, “my darling, have you

known how I have loved you? Have you ever dreamed of my agony, as I see you, day by day, slipping farther and farther away from me?"

"Yes," she said, a little color lighting her face. "Yes! I have known. Do you think I have not seen the patient devotion, the carefulness with which you have spared me every look or word which might pain me? Do you think such perfect unselfishness has not, again and again, touched my heart, and moved my eyes to tears? I have been loved before, but never in this way. They have always thought of themselves, and of what I could give them. Do you remember that little poem you read to me the other day:

'That was love of love, it may be,
But not love of *me*!'

And, Elis, I want to tell you—I may tell you now. If I could have lived, I would have loved you! No, no, dear; not now. I am too near Heaven. Spare me, now, as you have spared me. Do not make me love you! It is all that would make dying hard. I owe you everything; let me owe you this, too, that I die without one wish to live!"

And again, as he had done before, he spared her the sight of his pain. With his usual quiet words of farewell he left her. Only the stars and the mountains witnessed the struggle with his love and anguish. He could not rest; only physical fatigue could force him into quiet. In the bright starry night he climbed the mountain. At length he reached the summit. There in the soli-

tude and the stillness he wrestled with himself, until the stars faded away, and the sky grew darker, till, at last, the day dawned. The sun rose, round and distinct. The sea caught and was gilded by its beams. One by one the parts of the familiar landscape were revealed. The shape of the mountain was clearly marked in shadow on the fields for many miles.

Worn out, physically by his conflict, uplifted spiritually by his victory, Wyn was as if caught up into Heaven, as he lay and gazed at the wonderful beauty before him. Above all the shadows, above all the dangers, above all earth's sorrows, very close to the gates where Alice would enter in! Only for a little while; a few moments of rapture are all of Heaven that can be known below!

The mists rose from the lakes, and gradually obscured the valleys. Increasing steadily, a vast mist covered the base of the mountain. The chasms seemed filled with thick smoke, which at times broke into tiny clouds, that were whirled about in wild eddies.

Wyn slowly descended into the dampness and gloom. As he came again out of the clouds, into the quiet brightness of the morning, at the foot of the mountain, a messenger came running towards him.

No words were needed. Wyn flew past him to the cottage. Alice's voice met him, faint but eager. "Come!" she said, "I am only waiting to tell you. Think of the white stone, the new name!" *Susie M. Day.*

A VIGIL.

ALL-SOUL'S day! Where have I heard or read
An old-time legend, sad and sweet,
That to-night return the remembered dead
And walk among us with phantom feet?
The watcher heedeth nor sight nor sound,
But till dawn is breaking, they throng around.

Beloved! Thou hast been gone from me
A year and a day. I will watch to-night;
My door shall be left ajar for thee;
I will brighten my fire and trim my light,

And, musing softly of other days,
Vigil I'll keep by the midnight blaze.

Are there joys untold in those realms above
With whose meaning mortals may vainly cope?
Blooms there a sweeter rose than love?
Sings there a happier bird than hope?
Was the waking all that thy dreams foretold
Of palm and palace and gates of gold?

Thou didst love me truly; I doubt it not.
To part was bitter though silent pain.
In that far-off land am I yet forgot?
Is mourning empty and memory vain?
Hark! Was that a whisper, so soft, so near?
It is but the sighing wind I hear.

How fair to me was thy fading face,
Bright with a tender and tranquil glow!
Heaven had lent thee its promised grace,
A dawning rapture was on thy brow!
Thy smile—What shines so within the door?
Only the moonlight just touching the floor.

We were happy, love, in those summer days,
The days of sunshine so bright, so long;
Pleasant our walks by the flowery ways,
Sweet the communing by word and song.
Listen!—O melody, come once again!
All silent! I must have been dreaming then.

I hear the wash of the troubled tide
As it breaks on the cold, unheeding shore;
The elm trees grieve by the river side,
And the lonely pines reply, "No more!"
Low in the east hangs the star of dawn:
Has the angel visitant come and gone?

Surely one moment she stooped to see
The light on my hearth, and her glance was kind.
Such presence veiled from our sight must be;
They are not faithless though we are blind.
In the light of the same undying love,
We watch below and they watch above.

Frances L. Mace.

WHO ARE THE DUNKARDS?

IN view of their numbers, their wide diffusion, and their peculiarities, the "Brethren," called also "German Baptists," "Dunkards," "Dunkers," "Tunkers," and "Tumblers," are a strangely unknown people among us. Now and then, especially in Pennsylvania, one comes into contact with them; but they do not court the acquaint-

ance or friendship of any but their own brethren. Like the Friends they are easily known by their dress. The men are usually tall, stalwart and bearded, and dressed in coarse homespun clothes. Their hair is suffered to grow long and hang over their shoulders, and their coats are made with a standing collar. The women are marked by an equal simplicity of dress.

The Brethren are a very worthy people, who, renouncing the vain pomp and glory of the world, endeavor to conform their lives to the teachings of the Bible, and to follow with conscientious scrupulousness the model furnished in the lives and practices of Christ and the Apostles. If, in their strenuous contest against a worldly spirit and against worldly practices, these simple people have fallen into a sort of ritualism and make too much of trivial matters, they are not to be ridiculed for their "peculiarities," but to be respected for their sincerity of purpose.

Being a simple, plain, practical people, like the Friends and Mennonites, they have thought it of small importance to have a distinctive denominational name, simply calling themselves "The Brethren," as expressive of their relation to one another, for which they find authority in the words of Jesus: "All ye are brethren." They have also used occasionally the name "German Baptists." The other names, "Tunker," etc., have been given them as descriptive of their mode of baptism. They are from the German word *tunken*, which means to sop or dip. The name Dunkard is no longer regarded by the Brethren as a term of derision, and it is not improbable that they will adopt it.

The Brethren took their rise in Germany, which has given our country so many denominations. In 1708 a number of pietists of Schwazenu, on the Edder, in Witgenstein, dissatisfied with the Lutheran and Reformed religions, began to meet together privately to read and study the Scriptures. Wishing to be guided by the Bible solely, they searched it diligently and reached the conclusion that baptism by immersion and government by the congregation had the sanction of the practice of the Apostles. There were no Baptists in that neighbor-

hood, but having, like Roger Williams and his followers at Providence, Rhode Island, decided in favor of immersion, they called upon their minister, Alexander Mack, to baptize them in the Edder. Mack having declined to take this office upon him, lots were cast and one of the others was chosen to baptize Mack, who then baptized the three brethren and the three sisters composing the company by trine immersion. A congregation was organized which grew in numbers and gave rise to others. Those were days when a new form of religion was very apt to meet with violent opposition; and so was it with the Brethren. They were most severely persecuted. Some were despoiled of their property, some imprisoned, and some even pressed into the galleys. So the congregations were scattered, and some of the members went to Holland, and some to Friesland. From Friesland, the members of the original church emigrated to America in 1719, and thither they were followed ten years later by the Holland congregations and the members left in Germany. All the families settled in Pennsylvania,—at Germantown, Skipack, Conestoga and other places.

Neglecting for a time, on account of their wide separation, the assembling of themselves together for worship, the Brethren, like Philip Embury and his Methodist companions in New York, grew cold in religion, and the new faith might have died out entirely if a few zealous persons like faithful Barbara Heck, had not visited and aroused the Brethren to activity. The revival which was thus begun lasted but a short time, but it resulted in a considerable increase for the new denomination, besides waking it to life again. The first love-feast (for the Brethren have this service as well as the Moravians and Methodists) was held at Germantown in 1723. The growth of the denomination since that year, has been a gradual one. The earlier converts were from the German Colonists and all the congregations used the German language. Though the German is still extensively used, the many English congregations are multiplying. The list of over fifteen hundred ministers, however, is composed chiefly of names of German origin.

It is hardly possible to imagine an atom of matter so small as not to admit of being divided into halves. So it is hardly possible to find a denomination which has not suffered two or more divisions. No church is so small, so united, or so devoted as to escape it. The Brethren have not escaped it. Before the first congregation had been in Pennsylvania a decade there was a secession. Conrad Beissel and six other members of the church at Mill Creek, Lancaster county, withdrew from it because Beissel, who could not convince the majority, had convinced himself that the seventh day ought to be observed as the Sabbath. He retired to a hermit's cell on the Cocalico river, in the same county. Converts flocked around him in considerable numbers, and thus arose the Ephrata Monastic community, and the denomination known as the Seventh Day German Baptists. The Ephrata was one of the most remarkable institutions known to the history of Communism in this country. It was long ago broken up. Another secession of less importance took place in 1790, when John Ham led out of the church a party who had adopted Universalist doctrines. This branch never became very numerous, and is now nearly if not quite extinct. There has been a good deal of Universalism among the Brethren, insomuch that the brotherhood has been charged with preaching it. They deny the charge, which is undoubtedly untrue. In general council in 1849 it was decided that it could not be permitted to any of the ministers to preach the doctrine of universal salvation.

The Brethren have no creed, but their doctrinal position is not a peculiar one. They teach the doctrines of the Trinity, of the fall of man, of his redemption by Christ, and of his conviction and sanctification by the Holy Ghost. The conditions of pardon are faith, repentance and baptism. Faith goes before, and is inseparably connected with repentance which works a complete change of mind and which is followed by baptism for the remission of sins. They do not believe in baptismal regeneration, but that baptism is an act of obedience required of man by God as a condition of pardon. The same doctrine is held by the Disciples

of Christ (Campbellites). Candidates for membership are baptized by trine immersion as in the Greek Church. The Brethren also observe as ordinances, feet-washing, the Lord's supper, communion, and the anointing of the sick with oil.

They have made no attempt until recently to ascertain how many churches and members they have. They have not liked the idea of taking a census, having in mind, doubtless, the terrible punishment of David's sin in numbering Israel, and feeling that it would savor of pride. A count, however, was made in 1877, which, though incomplete, shows that instead of having 100,000 members as they supposed, (their scruples did not prevent them from *guessing* at their numbers) they have about 60,000. About one-fourth of this number are in Pennsylvania. Indiana has the next largest number, 8,000, Ohio has 7,913, Illinois has 6,000, Virginia and West Virginia have 7,176; and the rest are scattered over Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, California, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and Oregon. The number of churches is between three hundred and four hundred. Many of them are small, but each has two or more ministers, the average being about four, if the statistics are correct. Two weekly papers in English and a monthly in German are published for the denomination, but it has scarcely any literature, and hardly any schools. The Brethren in Indiana tried in 1872 to build up a college at Salem in that State, but the enterprise was very short-lived. Twenty-five years ago the Annual Council was asked if it was right for the Brethren to assist in building high schools, or to send their children to them, and the council taking a somewhat literal view of the subject, advised that the brethren be "very cautious and not mind high things, but condescend to men of low estate." Such a school, however, has been established at Huntingdon, Penn., but it is not called a "high" school. It is a normal school, in which the English branches and drawing and music are taught. It may grow into a college some time. Of course the Brethren patronize the common or public schools; but they do not like the idea of sending their children away to college, because when they

return they become dissatisfied with the life and church of their fathers, and want to improve upon the one and remodel the other.

The Brethren have little in common with other denominations beyond the leading evangelical doctrines. They are a peculiar people and rather like to be so considered. They have no fellowship with other churches. They discourage the attendance of their people at the prayer-meetings and Sunday Schools of other denominations, because they believe that the latter have strayed far from the true way marked out in the New Testament. They have sought to keep themselves from contact with the world and with other Christians, in order that the purity and simplicity of their religion and their lives might be strictly maintained from generation to generation. But it was not possible for them to live in the world and in the midst of other Christians without being affected by both. It is hard to be in the current of civilization and remain stationary; it is equally hard to prevent a forward or backward movement in a church. So changes have been forced on the brethren. They are not so rigidly exclusive as they used to be; they are less unworldly, yet not, I think, less pious. They would hardly think it wrong now for one of their members to print for another denomination a Confession of Faith. Yet a little more than a century ago they censured Christopher Sauer for printing in his job office the Heidelberg Catechism. Sauer had the distinction of setting up the first German printing office in America at Germantown and of printing the first German Bible in this country. The letter by which his aggrieved brethren conveyed to him their sense of the wrong he had committed is still preserved and deserves to be for all time. Among the signatures was that of Alexander Mack, son of the first minister of the denomination. It was written in 1764 and is characterized by a kind, brotherly spirit. "Dear brother," it began, "it appears to us as if hidden and very politic powers of the spirit of this world had laid a secret snare for thy soul, trying to bring thee into the net by the well-meaning print-

ing of Catechisms. You had been overtaken in a fault," the letter continues in reference to a former conference or correspondence, "which had been amended, it was hoped, by your willing promise not to print any more of that Catechism. But you now say that you will not renew this promise. The matter in our view has become very serious. Christ has commanded to teach all nations and then to baptize, but you print (in said Catechism) that infants should be baptized. Christ has said that we should 'swear not at all,' but you print, 'we ought or might indeed swear an oath by the name of God in a godly manner.'" The letter then goes on to state that the printing of these and other doctrines opposed to those held by the Brethren is inconsistent in him, productive of harm and likely to give offence to "young babes in the truth." In conclusion the writers requested him to notify them if he should undertake to print more of the Catechism, in order that they might call a "big-meeting" to advise what should be done. Three years later Mack wrote a postscript to the letter saying half apologetically that he should not insist on calling the "big-meeting," and it never was called.

From what has been already said it will be inferred that the brethren do not have an educated ministry. Neither do they have a paid ministry. They do not condemn education, but simply feel that it is not a necessity to them. They begin, however, to feel the need of more education. A writer in the *Brethren at Work*, in making a plea for missions, says three-fourths of the ministers do not "average one discourse per month. A large per cent. of us," he continues, "lack the ability to take up a subject and do justice to it in the time that should be employed in a discourse. A want of education and a proper time to study the Bible have been a great drawback to the success of our ministers. Some of us are not what may be called good readers even."

Their ministers are selected by vote of the members, male and female, for their gifts and piety; and advanced also by vote from the first to the second degree, and to the third estate of elder or bishop for faithful-

ness and usefulness. Those of the first degree are on probation and have but little power; those of the second degree have authority to hold meetings, administer baptism and solemnize marriages. It is only the elders or bishops who are ordained. They are the highest officers in the church. It is their duty to install ministers of the first and second degrees, and to preside at all church meetings. They are also housekeepers, or overseers of the church or churches over which they are placed. On all occasions of installation or ordination, the candidate is received by the male members with the right hand of fellowship and the kiss of charity. There are also deacons in every church who care for the sick, wait on table at the Lord's Supper, and assist the elders in "housekeeping." They are installed without the laying on of hands. The Annual Council having been asked in 1844 whether this form ought not to be observed, gave a negative reply, quoting Paul's words, "Lay hands suddenly on no man," as authority. The Annual Council of 1877 adopted a form of ordination service for elders, which is the nearest approach to a ritual the brotherhood has ever made. The sisters enjoy equal privileges with the brethren, having the right to vote on all questions. They are only excluded from conducting the services of the church. The wives of ministers and deacons are commonly "presented to the church and charged to be helpers to their husbands" in their duties.

It is only recently that the Brethren have begun to build churches. Their meetings were held in their houses or in barns, very often in the latter. The annual meeting of 1877 was held in a barn, and the church was used for a kitchen. The annual meeting of 1828 was asked, "Whether we may build meeting-houses?" Its answer was that churches might do as seemed good to them concerning the matter, but the buildings must be without ornament. Church building is now going on rapidly. The churches are without galleries or pulpit.

The Yearly Meeting, or Annual Council, of which we have spoken incidentally several times, is a delegated assembly representing the whole church. It is composed of two

elders from each District Meeting and of the elders who happen to be present. It expresses the sense of the brotherhood on all questions of doctrine, order and practice, without interfering with the rights of local churches. The observance of its decisions is made a test of membership. It is the only body from which women are excluded; but in the District Meeting, which is composed of about twenty churches, they have the same rights as the men. The meeting of the Annual Council, commonly called the "big-meeting" (a term sometimes applied to revival services among the Methodists), is the chief denominational event of the year. There is always a very large attendance. On one occasion ten thousand people were present. The first of these meetings was held in 1742, to take counsel respecting union conferences held by Count Zinzendorf with the object of bringing the various denominations closer together. The Brethren had sent a delegate to one of these conferences who reported that he heard many "strange doctrines;" and in his opinion, it was nothing more than an attempt to "establish old Babel again." The meeting was called to take measures to prevent the spread of these "strange doctrines" among the Brethren.

The first work of the Council, which is held alternately in the East and the West, is the appointment of a standing committee of from thirty to forty elders, which names the moderator and the other officers of the Council, and prepares the business for it. The voting is by common consent. The character of these meetings will be better understood by an account of the proceedings of one of them. Let us take that of 1877. It was held in a barn at New Enterprise, Penn., May 22-25, and was opened by singing, prayer, and the reading of the fifteenth chapter of Acts, according to the established custom. Then the moderator, D. P. Sayler, explained the objects of the meeting. "Questions," said he, "come up in the brotherhood now to which we cannot apply the direct word of the Lord in so many terms or words, as to clearly enable us to say what shall or shall not be, although there may be an implied injunction in the Scriptures.

Hence there arise differences of opinion; and when these differences arise we come to a general conference, as did Paul and Silas."

The first query presented touched one of the cardinal principles of the brotherhood—simplicity in dress. "Ought not traveling evangelists," it was asked, "who do not observe the order respecting dress and non-conformity to the world, to be restrained?" The moderator thought so. "The man," said he, "who goes preaching with a dandy coat upon his back and a fashionable hat upon his head will never preach plain clothes on his converts." Some objected to adding to the requirements of the Word of God, and said there was no scriptural authority for uniformity of dress. Others showed that an affirmative answer would help toward uniformity and it was passed. Another question, which had been discussed many times before, was "whether the standing or rolling [coat] collar should be worn?" The answer depended on ascertaining what the old style was, and on this point the moderator was able to throw some light. Through his family he was connected with the old brethren. His grandfather ninety years ago preached in a coat with a standing collar. He knew this, because when his grandfather died the speaker's father wore out his coat; and when his father died the speaker wore out *his* coat and now he had one on of the same cut. After a brother had spoken, the moderator rose again to say that his grandfather wore buckskin breeches when he went to church. Another speaker said departures from the established order, such as rolling collars and buttons, always caused trouble. After some further discussion there were cries of "Pass it," and a single voice wanted to "Table it." To this the moderator remonstrated: "It is no use trying to table it, you cannot do it." And they did not. There was a discussion in regard to the sisters wearing "fashionable hats," and it was decided without dissent that it could not be permitted. The divorce question, which has troubled some other churches, occupied much of the time of the meeting and was left undecided. In 1875 it was decided that the making of "pools" (artificial baptis-

teries) in meeting-houses was wrong, and at this meeting the query came up: Is "pool" baptism valid? The council, with a gleam of common sense, said, Yes. An old, old question reappeared in respect to the modes of feet washing. Two modes, the double and the single, have been used many years. The former, which has been the prevailing one, requires two persons, one to wash the feet and another to wipe them. By the single mode one person performs both offices. The council was asked to give its sanction to the use of the single mode. After much deliberation it was decided to bear with those churches which are unanimously agreed upon its use, but to forbid any renewal of the agitation respecting it. The question of political voting came up, but not for the first time. The proposition was to make the renouncement of the right a test of membership; but while the prevailing opinion was against its exercise, the council was not ready to compel members to stay away from the polls. It simply recommended them to do so. One of the speakers thought it would be useless anyway for the brethren to vote, because, said he, "we are as nearly divided as possible." From which it may be inferred that, though they do not vote, they take sufficient interest in politics to be partisan in their sympathies. They make no objection to the payment of taxes, but prefer not to vote or hold office for fear they may sacrifice their non-resistant principles. For this reason the council advised that no member accept the office of school director in Pennsylvania. It was represented that many of the Brethren had introduced musical instruments into their houses, and the Council was asked to declare against this. The Council said that those who keep musical instruments and use them improperly, in their houses or in churches, and caused offence thereby, should be dealt with as transgressors; but it did not explain what constitutes such improper use. In answer to a query, the Council declared that it was not right for the editors to applaud and eulogize the ministers who travel from place to place.

A very animated debate sprang up in ref-

erence to the use of gilt-edged and ornamented hymn books. It was stated that the Brethren "are now perhaps outstripping all the fashionable denominations in variety of binding and grandeur [of their hymn books] including six or eight different colors, nicely finished lids, gilt edges, metal clasps, etc., to gratify the eye." The Council voted to put a stop to this, and ordered that there should be but one style, which should be plain. Among the other acts of the Council was the approval of a mission begun in Denmark under the auspices of the North Illinois District Council; the appointment of committees to settle difficulties in particular churches; and the consideration of some questions of discipline. Certainly many of these were very trivial matters to engage the attention of a great body of Christian ministers, and yet these things show, along with their narrow-mindedness, deep religious convictions, and thorough practical sincerity. They also show that there is a foreboding in the minds of those most zealous for the old order of things, that a change is imminent, and probably not far off. *The Primitive Christian* (newspaper) confesses that these are trivial matters, and thinks it is about time old and unimportant questions should give place to others of vital interest, such as the spread of the Gospel, the conversion of the youth, and the increase of holiness. This language is significant of the growth of a more liberal and intelligent spirit, as is also the formation of a church extension society to gather and build up new societies,—a truly home mission work.

Though in form the government of this denomination is of the congregational order, and the local churches are permitted to manage their own affairs, and though the authority of the Annual Council is in form only declaratory and advisory, yet it must not be supposed that there is no power to enforce its decisions, or those of the inferior tribunals. Perhaps in no other Protestant denomination is there so ample power to punish offenders and reduce them to obedience. The Church of Rome has no more terrible ecclesiastical penalty at command than is the "ban" or "avoidance" of the Brethren. Their peculiarities and their

exclusivism, have in themselves all the force of the most stringent laws of caste, and these shut them out from the world and in upon themselves. When one of them therefore is debarred all intercourse with his friends and people, he is like an outcast Hindoo, or an exile in Siberia, virtually cut off from communication with human kind. Complete "avoidance," which carries with it these consequences, is only imposed on those who commit "gross sin," of which however the church is the sole judge. To such a condemned one, the kiss of charity, participation in the communion, and even the hand of fellowship are denied. All social intercourse with him is prohibited and even his wife and children are made to some degree partakers of his curse, since they cannot receive the "elements" as long as they are in communication with him. Milder offences are punished by refusal of the kiss and of brotherly counsel, and exclusion from the communion and from the church council. Offenders are restored to their standing on public confession of their sin, the exhibition of due penitence for it, and the making of reparation as far as possible. As it is evident that the Brethren's discipline is capable of being abused to tyrannical purposes, so among an intensely zealous but narrow-minded people it would seem scarcely possible that it should not sometimes be so employed.

The order of worship of the Brethren closely resembles that of other non-ritualistic denominations. Services are opened with singing, exhortation and prayer, all brief, the latter usually closing with the Lord's Prayer. Then portions of the Scriptures are read, followed by sermons from two or more ministers. Singing, exhortation and prayer likewise close the services. No benediction is pronounced. The ordinance of baptism is considered of prime importance. No one can be admitted to communion who has not been immersed, not once, merely, but three times. The strictest Baptist would not be received without being rebaptized. The conditions of baptism are repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The candidate is first examined by two or more brethren privately; then he appears before the church council and declares his accept-

ance of the principles of non-conformity to the world and non-resistance. On the day appointed for the administration of baptism the Brethren gather on the banks of the stream as witnesses. The administrator and the candidate go down into the water together. Matthew xviii: 10-22 is read and the candidate declares his willingness to be bound by the rules therein laid down. He accepts Christ as the Savior of men, renounces Satan and the sinful pleasures of the world, and covenants with God to be faithful till death. Then the administrator says: "Upon this confession of thy faith which thou hast made before God and these witnesses, thou shalt, for the remission of thy sins, be baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." At the utterance of each name in the Trinity, the candidate is immersed face forward, "in imitation of Christ's bowed head on the cross." After this, while still in the water, the administrator offers prayer for the candidate with the laying on of hands. On going up out of the water the baptized one is received with the hand of fellowship by the brethren and sisters and with the kiss by the brethren only, or by the sisters if the candidate be a woman. Complaints have been made that the service in the water is too long, but the Annual Council has refused to shorten it. Sick persons who cannot undergo the ordeal are not received into full membership, but are recommended "simply to the mercy of God in Christ."

The Lord's Supper, as observed by the Brethren, is not the eucharist or holy communion. It is a full meal immediately preceding the communion, at which the meat served is usually lamb or mutton. After singing, exhortation and prayer, the ceremony of feet-washing is performed. After the water is brought, the thirteenth chapter of John's Gospel is read and commented on while the washing is going on. The feet of the brethren are washed and wiped by two of their number, who are relieved by others if there are many present; the sisters proceeding in the same manner among themselves. This service over, some remarks are made by the ministers concerning the Lord's Supper, and after singing a verse or two

and asking a blessing, all partake of the meal. Directly after the supper the table is cleared, and the elements of the communion are placed on one end of it. In all this the Brethren aim to copy the example of our Lord at His last supper with His disciples as nearly as they can. The preparatory service for the communion consists of the singing of a solemn hymn and the reading of portions of the gospels about Christ's passion and death. Then the unleavened bread is prepared for distribution, and the minds of the partakers for meditation on Christ's great work for man. The brethren then pass the kiss around, the sisters doing the same among themselves. A blessing is asked over the bread which is then broken from brother to brother, and administered to the sisters by the administrator, each one laying his piece in front of him. Then when all are ready the morsels are eaten simultaneously and silently. The cup is passed after thanksgiving is made and a blessing invoked with singing, and the services are closed with a "hymn of praise and prayer," all standing.

The love-feast is very similar to the Lord's Supper, the chief difference being that it is for a larger number, ministers and members of other churches (of their own denomination) in the same district being invited. On such occasions baptism is administered earlier in the day, if there are any candidates, and those who attend from a distance are entertained over night.

The Brethren find authority in James v: 14-18, and in Christ's teaching for the practice of anointing the sick with oil. They believe that "if it is done and received in faith the Lord will accept it as if done unto himself, and he will bless it either to raise the sick again from his sick-bed, or, what is far better, raise him or her up to glory." The rules for its administration require that the sick person who asks for it must not seek further help from a physician. He must then rest all his hope of recovery in the Great Physician. Two or more ordained ministers meet at the bedside of the sick person and sing and pray together. Then one of the ministers pours oil into the hand of the administrator, who, putting it on the head of the

sick, repeats the words: "Thou art anointed in the name of the Lord, unto the strengthening of thy faith, unto the comforting of thy conscience and unto a full assurance of the remission of thy sins." The anointing is repeated twice more without the words, then the ministers pray with the laying on of hands. This ordinance is only for members. It may be repeated.

The two distinguishing principles of the Brethren are "non-conformity to the world" and "non-resistance." The former, which is often little more than a kind of every-day ritual, not unlike that of the Rabbis in Christ's time, it has been hard to guard or enforce, notwithstanding the many rules the Annual Council has made for this purpose, and the constant watchfulness which "the faithful" have exercised. These rules oppose the building of fine houses, the using of bells in sleighing, or the possession of paintings and costly furniture. They prohibit the sisters from wearing hoops or trimmed straw or leghorn hats (when these things are fashionable), or rings or breastpins or jewelry. They declare that it is wrong for the brethren to wear fur or cloth hats, or frock or sack coats or dusters; or to part their hair on one side, or to have it "shingled." In 1828, the Annual Council, because it might engender pride, refused permission to the Brethren to lay carpets in their houses. Subsequently, when they were found to be convenient and comfortable, the objection was withdrawn. In 1804, it was decided that, inasmuch as God made men with beards and commanded his people not to cut them off, and Christ and his disciples followed this order (?), the brethren ought not to shave. Shaving was actually made a bar to ordination.

By decisions given at various times the Council advised against using mourning benches, joining secret societies, having "portraits" or "likenesses" taken, going about with a "Daguerrean apparatus," the using of pulpits or tombstones, putting up lightning-rods, attending theaters or shows, teaching singing-school, or keeping "tavern." This last was declared in 1835 to be "unbecoming," yet in 1877, the last page of the official report of the Annual Council contains

an advertisement of the "Bigelow House," kept by one of the Brethren.

The principle of non-resistance led the Brethren to refuse to take the "attest" in the Revolutionary war and to bear arms in the Civil war, on the ground that it is God who establishes kings, and that as they could not know [1779] that He had rejected the king and chosen the states, they refused to give allegiance to the latter and ordered their members to refuse it on pain of disfellowship. During the late war the Annual Council recommended that the fines and taxes imposed by the government be paid but declared that the principle of non-resistance must not be sacrificed. It offered, however, the government its hearty sympathy in its efforts to put down the Rebellion. They refuse to take an oath, to serve on juries, to go to law or to make use of the courts in any way; and it said that not one of their members has ever been a lawyer.

But if there have been no lawyers among them neither have there been any beggars. They permit none of their people either to beg or to go to the almshouse. If a person needs help he states his case to his church, which, if it cannot supply all that is requisite, calls upon neighboring churches. As early as 1781 they condemned the practice of members engaging in the distillation of liquor, and shortly after annexed the penalty of "avoidance." In 1835 they decided that the Brethren must not even sell grain to distilleries. Nearly every year the subject was before the Council which was constant in its condemnation of traffic in or use of intoxicating liquors. On the other hand, members were advised not to sign temperance pledges, nor preach temperance sermons nor participate in the war against intemperance carried on by the "world."

They have an honorable and consistent record on the slavery question. As early as 1782 they protested against the unchristian slave trade, and a member who was reported to own "an old negro wench" was advised to free her and her children. Fifteen years later it was decreed that if any of the brethren held slaves they must free them. Colored persons were received as members on the broad and Scriptural ground that the

gospel is for all men, and the church of Christ has no right to shut out any,—black or white. But in 1835, a serious difficulty arose respecting the mode of receiving colored persons, and the Annual Council was asked to indicate a way out of it. The Council said colored persons must not be turned away; “but inasmuch as we receive our members with a holy kiss, and there is a repugnance in some of our white members to salute colored persons in this manner, the colored members should bear with that *weakness* and not offer the kiss to such weak members until they become stronger and make the first offer.” When it is remembered how high the prejudices of men ran at that time in relation to the negro and with what scorn and hatred his friends were treated, the smile of amusement which this action of the Brethren may raise, should not make us lose sight of the fine sense of the brotherhood of man or of the high moral courage which were so quaintly expressed. Ten years later the subject reappeared in the Council and it was declared that “the more perfect way” was to make no distinction; but prejudice must not exclude the colored brethren from the Lord’s table.

A strange, quaint, simple people are the

Brethren. They have lived in this country more than a century and a half, and yet they are unknown to our public, and they scarcely constitute an appreciable factor in society. They have been hid away in the heart of the nation, as strangers in their own country; and while harmless and exemplary in their private lives, they have contributed but little to the great moral forces that must bless society and save the world. Avoiding the ecclesiastical formalism of the older churches, they have created another system for themselves, scarcely less objectionable. Scrupulously conscientious, they have zeal without knowledge, and have elevated their own fancies into the same authority with the word of God. They indeed belong to a past age, from which they have brought down a wonderful simplicity of both faith and practice, and have maintained through all their history great purity of life and a piety which may be a lesson to more pretentious bodies of Christians. But evidently the time for their change has come. They are out of harmony with the spirit of the age, but will not be able probably to resist its influences much longer. Yet the change may not in all respects be an improvement.

H. K. Carroll.

AUNT HULDAH'S SCHOLARS.

BY REV. E. E. HALE.

CHAPTER XVI.

And, having soon conceived the mystery
Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stript
The bark, and rubb'd them in his palms,—on high
Suddenly forth the burning vapour leapt.

Shelley.

RACHEL would not have believed that the presence of dear, quiet, matter-of-fact Miss Jane Stevens would be such an absolute satisfaction to her. The loneliness of her position had come upon her gradually, and her time had been crowded too full for her to know the luxury of studying her own loneliness. She had fairly forgotten what it was. But now to talk with a per-

son who had her own tastes, wishes and hopes, to compare experiences, to draw Miss Jane Stevens out from her own quiet, and to make her also enthusiastic and eager, all these were indeed forgotten pleasures. The two women talked and talked, and talked and talked again; Rachel had made arrangements that they should sleep in separate chambers; but this night the arrangement was of little consequence, for the small hours were growing long before they bade each other good-night.

Miss Jane Stevens heard Rachel’s plans, and gave to them an approval more enthusiastic than Rachel would have dared expect

from one, who in general showed so little enthusiasm. Whether she should ever get behind Miss Jane Stevens's quiet manner, whether she should ever find what depth of romance were hidden or repressed behind this Lady Abbess serenity, Rachel did not know. Whether she loved her because she was the only person to love, the chronicler need not inquire, but that Miss Jane Stevens did love Rachel and that Rachel did love her, and that with the exceeding hearts'-love, this is sure. They talked of everything; they talked of Mrs. Templeman, and Rachel at first was a little shy in speaking of her dear friend. But she found that even here she had misconceived Miss Jane Stevens's extreme quietness, and that she had an adoration for the fire of Mrs. Templeman as devout as had Rachel. Miss Jane Stevens had seen Mrs. Templeman a great deal as the winter had gone by, and had brought from her a hundred messages, a hundred books and who shall say how many presents, each one indicating a separate thought of love, from that lady to her friend so far away.

Morning came, and both the women felt omnipotent. With morning there came a new adjustment of the school, after the vacation for vaccination. But neither fathers, mothers, nor children were in much mood for school, and sulky white people at the blacksmith's and the store, hung round in groups, unable to talk of anything but the horrible tragedy of the last Friday. What manner of man this President Johnson might be, and how hard his hand might be on divided Rebeldom, these questions were discussed in every mood by black and white, but always with the steady feeling that the best friend of black and white was gone, and that these were uncertain ways over which the country was drifting. Then there would go on little tides of inquiry as to this stranger or that who had passed down the valley on Sunday; whether he were or were not that murderer who was fleeing like another Cain from the vengeance amounting to fury of the Lord. Little chance for a very active school-day on a morning devoted to such discussions! Well, the scholars came

together, saw the new teacher, and she took the helm. The evening school was to be given up now, because most of the male pupils had gone when the regiments went. This was an immense relief to Rachel; the strain for the night, after the long work of the day, had begun to tell upon her, and she felt that this change had come none too soon.

In a thousand ways, difficult to enumerate, the neighborhood, like all the rest of the country, must learn how different peace is from war. For four years that neighborhood had well unlearned that lesson. Backwards and forwards as the tide of conquest or defeat bore through, had this valley been up with hope or down with despair. Crops had been trampled down, or had been stolen, herds and flocks had been swept away in a night or a day. Fences had been burned, hay and oats and corn taken for forage, the men had been off in the army, the women had been weeping for their dead. The boys had grown up with no higher hope than to get a crack across a fence at an ambulance, or to saw the joists of a bridge before a train passed by; and all this was to be changed for the humdrum of plowing and harrowing and putting seed corn into the ground.

And for the school children and for their fathers and mothers, the change was to be made, if any man or if God himself could teach them how, from slavery into freedom: from the laziness and theft and lying of slaves to the industry and honesty and truth of freemen. And this miracle would not be wrought by talking. It would only be wrought as they took up their own beds and walked, and Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens and Elder Bottle were standing and encouraging fathers and mothers and children to try this great experiment.

Nor was the beginning discouraging; the negroes, despite all the beginnings of farming, despite all the strange prospect of wages, held loyally by the school, and brought in their children with them. Miss Jane Stevens, in obedience to orders which she had received from her board, made offers to receive white children also, if they would come; but these offers were spurned

with more than derision, as Rachel and she had known that they would be. They had been offered, indeed, only as a matter of principle. The offer probably was injurious, and did something to create a worse feeling than already existed toward the school, on the part of the lazy whisky-drinkers of the neighborhood. These men, whose position was bad enough before the war, who had certainly not fitted themselves for civil life by their experiences in the army, so far as they had had any, looked with a disgust which they did not disguise on Elder Bottle's meeting and church, and on the school which the Yankees had established here. It was not simply old Governor Berkeley's wish that there might be no school or printing-press in Virginia. It was jealousy of the advantages offered to a race of slaves, which were withheld in fact from the superior race that had been their masters. Not that any one of these men had ever owned a slave or thought of owning one. But he did belong to the race that owned them, and though in truth he was descended from men who were shipped from London, by a process as arbitrary as ever shipped slaves from Guinea; although in fact his ancestor was a bound serf for years, all that origin was forgotten in the fact which was patent to all men, that for centuries the white race had kept the black race under. And now it was not the black race which had emancipated itself, it was a foreign army and four years of hard-fought war. In all this there was nothing to make the white trash of the neighborhood look favorably on the "nigger school." And, after the thrill given to all men when Booth leaped upon the stage of the theatre in Washington, shouting out the motto of the state of Virginia, every evening orgy at the store brought more and more declarations from the most drunken of the party, that such an institution as the northern general's school-house was not popular in the neighborhood and not to be permitted much longer.

Neither Rachel nor Miss Jane Stevens encouraged Tirah in bringing in gossip about threats, as they were reported to her by wondering and perhaps exaggerating witnesses. But the very air was full of

them. The children, themselves, in the school, liable to panic, and easily moved, were swayed to and fro by rumors of what was to happen if the school went on. A sort of curiosity indeed, to see what this unknown something might be, helped to keep up the attendance, perhaps, more than the enthusiasm for learning would have done.

And at last the bolt fell.

One night when Rachel had been sure she heard Tirah come in from her last patrol of inspection, and had then fallen asleep, later than usual, she was waked from that first dead sleep in which the young sleep in the beginning of the night, by a blaze of light shining through her thinly curtained window. Her unquiet dream of the instant before gave way to the reality. She was on her feet and threw open the door to Miss Jane Stevens's room, of which the window faced to the other side. At the same moment came Tirah's cry of "Miss Rachel!" A minute more, and Elder Bottle appeared—having caught the cry—and with his wife and his eldest boy met them at the outer door of their little house.

The great barn was in a blaze of light. The fire must have burned well on the inside before it broke out through the shingled roof—and, even in the minute since they heard the warning, it was one mass of flame. Tirah begged and pleaded, and even struggled, that she might be permitted to break in the north window, where all was still blackness, for the rescue of some of Miss Rachel's books. Even in the horror of the scene, Rachel felt the drollness of the appeal when Tirah, for full emphasis said, "The globes, Miss Rachel!" pleading for those brilliant, and well nigh useless globes, whose arrival had been heralded as such a marvel. No! Tirah might not go to save even the globes!

Of the whole event, the most awful thing to the two ladies then, and ever since, when they have remembered it, was the utter silence of the scene, broken only by the crackling of the flames, and the falling of timbers. The night was quiet, and such little wind as blew, drove the flames away from their house. Barn and house stood a quarter-mile from any other residences, and

in those lived white people who were not friendly, if not hostile. No person appeared from either of these. Apparently no alarm was given further up the road. The light dry timbers of the barn gave ready food to the fire. It seemed to Rachel not a minute, it was perhaps ten, after she started from her bed, when with one horrid crash the roof fell in. Then and not till then the horrid silence was broken, and the sense of loneliness, which was terrible enough, was dispelled by what was more terrible. One long yell of derision and of triumph, which gave way only to wild laughter and ribaldry, sounded from the dark woods on the other side of the barn-yard. The fire had been watched from that side by men who had started it, as on the houseside by those to whom these men thus offered defiance.

"And you expect me," said Father Bottle bitterly, "to preach to my folks that they must love these men, and return good for evil."

"Dear Mr. Bottle," said Miss Jane Stevens, smiling through her tears, and giving to him both her hands, "we expect you to, and more than that, we know you will."

CHAPTER XVII.

We bore as Freedom's hope forlorn
The public hate, the private scorn,
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our faith in man, our trust in God.

Whittier.

YES; and this was what Elder Bottle did, indirectly, not wholly knowing that he was doing it. Before day-break he had wrestled in prayer, and had subdued the devil, and when he read from his Bible to the little group, before breakfast, he chose for the Scripture lesson, Christ's marching orders to the apostles, and read with an emphasis which was pathetic, the words, "I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves," and with triumph that was sublime even in his blundering pronunciation, and wayward accent, "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."

The news of the fire of course traveled fast and far. More children assembled when they knew there was no school-house, than ever came at once while there was one. And they came earlier than ever before.

At nine o'clock when Rachel generally rang her bell, there was a larger company of children alone, to say nothing of wondering and enraged fathers and mothers, than ever met at nine o'clock before. And Rachel, who had been talking to fathers and mothers in little groups, disappeared for a moment, and when she came out again, she had a new bell in her hand, the very twin of the old bell which the children used to see on the school-house table. And when she walked across to the other side of the paddock, and smiled and rang it loudly, under the shade of the great butternut trees, the children hurraed with glee, and clapped their hands and ran up eagerly around her. The apparent resurrection of the bell, and its familiar sound, was the token to them of the immortality, or indestructibility of the school. In a minute Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens were surrounded by a crowd of eager children, who in turn were surrounded by their fathers and mothers. Then, at the familiar signal, they nestled down upon the grass. And Miss Jane Stevens read, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses;" and "Judge not that ye be not judged;" and "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you;" and other texts which she thought fit, from the Sermon on the Mount, ending with "The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and it beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock;" which Miss Jane Stevens read in a prophetic strain of promise, which astonished those who had seen her only as the calm, patient school-mistress. And then she said, "Elder Bottle will lead us in our prayers." And while some of the men and women were sobbing and some were crying "Amen," to the promise of the "Rock of Ages," Elder Bottle said "Let us pray," and the whole assembly fell on their knees.

It would be wrong to try to put in words the extraordinary outburst of his piety and poetry; its tone, now of despair and now of triumph; the quotations of Scripture language, words which were first spoken thousands of years ago on the deserts of Arabia,

and the words of vivid and burning intensity, borrowed by a reckless fancy, from the manners and acts of to-day, and from that very climate and soil. Before a minute had passed, children, mothers, fathers—all were in tears. Then, one and another joined in the petition with eager cries to God for his answer. "Even so, O Lord!" "O Lord, hear us!" "Blessed Jesus, answer!" "Now! good God, now!" "Amen! Praise be the Lord." But never did these ejaculations so break in on the stream of his inspired utterance as to divert it on either side from a certain aim, to which he steadily pressed forward in his appeal. He prayed for everybody—for these children on their knees before him, for their fathers and mothers, for the government that had made them freemen, for Andrew Johnson and his cabinet, for the Union army and the scattered soldiers of the Confederacy. He prayed for Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens, and for those who sent them there;—the people of the North seemed to be to him a sort of host of friendly angel guardians in some other sphere; but he prayed as well for the men who had burned down the school-house, and for all the enemies of his people in Laurens Harbour, which he named side by side with Nineveh and Sodom, indeed, but yet with nothing vindictive in his appeal.

But he was not satisfied with prayer for the present. In a gorgeous imagery, of which the substance came from the language of Ezekiel and Isaiah, and of the Book of Revelations, but which was all shot in with threads from the common experience of his daily life and theirs, he described, in his prayer, the certain coming of the kingdom of heaven in this valley. And in that visible kingdom he saw with his prophetic eye, the new school-house, which was to take the place of these smoking ruins. He did not say that its walls were to be jasper, and their foundations chalcedony, and emerald and sardonyx, and sardius and amethyst, but he did thus describe the temple of the new Jerusalem which was to stand hard by—and one would not have been surprised had the school-house shone, in his description, with chrysolite and beryl, and topaz

and jacinth. But it was for no such glories that he did pray, but thus:

"Dear Lord, let dhe light of dhy Love, and dhe Glory of dhine Holy Spirit be in dhat house; dhat it may have no need o' dhe sun,—neidher of dhe moon to shine in it; but dhat dhy Glory, Oh Lord, may lighten it; and dhe Lamb be dhe light dhereof; dhat dhe glory of dhe latter house may be greater dhan dhe glory of dhe former house; and dhy Holy Word may be dhar,—and dhy Loving Will be done dhar forever and ever, Amen!"

Then, as the holy man closed and sank back, evidently wholly overcome with his own emotion, the assembly cried "Amen! Amen." "Grant it, O Lord." "O Lord Almighty, hear us! O Lord hear us." "Come, blessed Jesus; come." Had there been at hand any one cool enough to look on, who could analyze the expression of that throng of less than two hundred people, such an observer would have held the key of history. Such a man would have seen what it is that makes crusades and revolutions; what moved Israel out of Egypt and John Robinson's flock out of Holland. In the excited determination which showed itself among those ignorant men and women, nay in the faces of little children, might be seen the germ of the triumph of their race.

After a minute or more of the ejaculation and hand-shaking and other expression of excitement, Rachel's bell struck again, and there was once more dead silence. She affected to address the children:

"Children, the old school-house is burned. But the school cannot be burned. Faith and hope and love last forever. Now listen, all of you, to what the Elder will say, and remember it to tell your fathers and mothers and all the neighbors.

And Elder Bottle read twice with great form and much explanation this notice:

"NOTICE.—A public meeting will be held this day, at the Bethel Church, an hour before sunset, to make arrangements for immediately building a new school-house."

This announcement was received again with hand-shakings and cheers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I would help others, out of a fellow feeling.

Burton.

THE older people now began to go away, but the children were told that the school would be kept for them in the open air. Miss Jane Stevens produced extemporaneous black-boards and a plenty of chalk, the younger scholars were kept at spelling and reading aloud in concert, and those of their elders who had compassed the mystery of writing were made to copy in large letters the notice which had been read by Elder Bottle. At the usual hour the school was dismissed, and the children told that there would be no afternoon session. As they went home, they carried in every direction—some of them, be it remembered, three or four miles—the copies which they themselves had made of the notice. They felt the distinction of the trust thus committed to them; indeed, every one there understood that he also was to be counted in, in the future, as one of the founders of the new commonwealth.

And, in the afternoon, with very little regard for the hour named, there began to gather at the Bethel meeting-house such a meeting as Laurens Harbour had never seen or dreamed of. They came on foot, they came on horseback, they came in wagons of the most vague and distant antiquity, some even drawn by oxen. Elder Bottle took the charge of the meeting, with little regard to any of the forms of moderator or chairman, and sometimes arrested remarks in a way which would have shocked Speaker Lenthall or any of his successors. But the spirit was all one way, and, if some very ugly things were said about those who had set fire to the old school-house, there were few of the offending race present to show their indignation, and these were recognized as the common-places of an occasion, where the speakers had it all on one side. That there should be a new school-house was a thing settled before the meeting began. Where it should be would undoubtedly have been questioned had time been given for the question. But this Elder Bottle had decided. There was, fortunately, room enough on the tract of land held by the

trustees of the chapel, and the Elder had confidence enough in the teachers to put the house right underneath the eaves of the sanctuary. As to the size and architecture of the house much more discussion ensued. The great majority of those present would willingly have agreed to build a school-house as large as the great temples which the Society Islanders built in the first enthusiasm of their conversion: a school-house in which ten thousand children might have learnt their letters. And, at one moment, it appeared as if any judicious person who wished to check such estimates for the largest figures, would be condemned by the meeting, as the enemy of his race, and likely to be drummed out of the assembly. But Elder Bottle and the more moderate directors understood their constituency well enough to have all these matters of detail referred to a firm committee, and they turned the enthusiasm of the gathering into promises, which were carefully registered, of gifts of days' work and lumber or logs, of nails, and of the use of cattle in hauling such materials as would be necessary in the completion of the edifice. Whenever they observed any faltering in these promises, they were quite ready to call by name on any person who was supposed to be able to contribute more generously; and the "sense of the meeting" was turned on such an individual member, as if it were a stream of water in a pent-up hose. Promises, indeed, for logs, had it been determined to build a log cabin, were made in sufficient numbers to have built five school-houses. Promises of labor were the most difficult to obtain, and the circumstances of the newly emancipated race were such that it was difficult for them to promise very efficient help in the way of cattle. Still the meeting was regarded as wholly satisfactory by the Elder.

Just before it closed two white men rode up, and, without dismounting, sat quietly upon their horses, a little to the left of the Elder's stand on the steps of the meeting-house. Room was made for them, more from a certain respect which evinced itself in this way among the bystanders, than from any unwillingness to have their pri-

vate conversation overheard. For some time the two listened attentively in silence to the speaking, but after the hand-clapping and "Praise de Lord" which followed a little speech from a man named Broom Darius, who had undertaken to furnish a yoke of oxen for three days' work in hauling stuff, one of the white men leaned forward in his saddle, and, standing in his stirrups, said in a broad nasal tone:

"Mr. Moderator, is this 'ere an open meetin'?"

There was general silence for a moment, and probably no little indignation that any of the race of tyrants should venture to speak on such an occasion. But Elder Bottle, with ready tact, replied: "It is a meetin' to make arrangements for buildin' a new school-house. It is open for all brudders who wish to unite in dhat object." The ingenuity of the Elder's answer was well received by the assembly, who noted their pleasure by clapping their hands and cries of "Dhat's so! Dhat's so! Good!"

"Jes'so," said the white man, "a so understood, fr'm a note a little moolatter gal put intur my hand. 'A thought 'a'd come round t'say th't ef there was any sawin' needed in gettin' up th' jists 'r th' floors, 'a sh'd happy undertake it—t our new saw-mill which 'll be runnin' next Monday week. 'N' 's'a don't s'pose the loc'l gov'nment 'll be organized in the course of this year, 'a'd like tuh add, th't 'a consider this 'ere sawin' 's my school-tax f'r the year, 'n' I'll make no other charge t' the neighborhood. 'F 'a had 'ny oxen, 'a'd c'ntribute a day's work 'r two, b't a ain't got none. Ef a wuz t' advise, 'a'd s'ggest th't the building sh'd be built o' logs, b't that's yer think best. Ef yer pr'fer t' build o' slabs 'r other sawed stuff, the mill shall du all the sawin' 'thout charge. 'A'm glad o' so good a chance to 'naug'rate the consarn."

It was a minute or two before the sense of the speaker, expressed in his foreign dialect, fairly entered the heads of the assembly at large; and before any expression of it could be well made, he and his companion were again in earnest conversation, as they had been when they rode up to the

meeting. But they did not turn away before Bottle cried out:

"The stranger within our gates has given more bountifully dhan dhey all. Dhe thanks of the assembly are given for dhe liberal contribution of our brudher." And one or and another of the white-headed elders cried "Praise dhe Lord."

"There's no thanks necessary," said Jonas Knowles, a little ill at ease, "'a'm glad of an opportun'ty to 'blige, and yer seem to 've been onlucky 'bout yer school." And he and his companion, nodding courteously to the elder and his friends, rode slowly away.

"Yer see," said Jonas Knowles to the other as they left the meeting,— "yer see ef yer ever mean to do anythin' with 'em they must be lairned to do for theyselves,— and they may uz well begin now. Time they knew that the goverment can't see to 'em nor the bureau, nor nobody but theyselves."

"That's true enough," said the other, "but if you knew them as I know them; if you had summered them and wintered them, you would not be so hopeful."

"There is nothin' like tryin'," said Jonas. "Anyway, we may as well begin."

Sure enough; uuder Elder Bottle's determined lead and that of two or three of his associates, who did, without a figure, put their shoulders to the wheel, the new house grew apace. It was not too large. It was anything but fine. The logs which could not be sawed to advantage were brought as they were, and a sort of ell of the new house was built, log-cabin fashion, from them. But there were logs enough contributed which could be sawed, to make rafters and joists, plank for the floor, the roof, and for front, while the sides were covered with slabs. The Freedmen's Aid Society sent windows,—and these were hauled in triumph from the new railway up the valley, by a volunteer crew of teamsters, with a long and miscellaneous team of mules and oxen such as the valley never saw before. When the cases were opened, to the joy of all concerned, a neat paneled door appeared, which the good-nature of the officers had added, and which quite eclipsed

the more modest door which had been provided. This was a week after the school had been re-opened in the building partly finished.

Four weeks from the day of the meeting,

another meeting was held in and around the new school-house, for congratulations on its completion. The glory of the latter house was indeed greater than the glory of former.

THE JAPANESE STORY OF CREATION.

[*Translated from the Japanese Scriptures.*]

OF old the Heavens and the Earth were not separated. Land and water, solids and gases, fire and stone, light and darkness were mixed together. All was liquid and turbid chaos.

Then the mighty mass began to move from within. The lighter particles of gas and air began to rise, forming the sky and heavens. The heavy parts sank and cohered, becoming the earth. The water formed the four seas. Then there appeared something like a white cloud floating between heaven and earth. Out of this came forth three beings—The Being of the Middle of Heaven, The High August Being and The Majestic Being. These three “hid their bodies.”

Out of the warm mould of the earth something like a rush sprouted up. It was clear and bright like crystal. From this rush-sprout came forth a being whose title is “The Delightful and Honorable Rush-Sprout.” Next appeared another being out of the buds of the rush-sprout whose name is “The Honorable Heaven-born.” These five beings are called “the heavenly gods.”

Next came into existence four pairs of beings viz.: (1) The Being Sprung from the First Mud, and The Being of the Sand and Mud; (2) The Being with Hands and Feet Growing, and the Being Having Breath; (3) The Male Being, and the Female Being of the Great Place (the earth); (4) The Being of Complete Perfection, and the Being who cried out “Strange and Awful” [to her mate*].

Thus the last pair that came into exis-

*The words in brackets are supplied by the Japanese commentators.

tence were the first man and woman called Izanagi and Izanami. [It is said that the other pairs of beings before Izanagi and Izanami were only their imperfect forms or the processes through which they passed before arriving at perfection.]

These two beings lived in the Heavens. The world was not yet well formed, and the soil floated about like a fish in the water, but near the surface; and was called “The Floating Region.” The sun, earth and moon were still attached to each other like a head to the neck, or arms to the body. They were little by little separating, the parts joining them growing thinner and thinner. This part, like an isthmus, was called “Heaven’s Floating Bridge.” It was on this bridge that Izanagi and Izanami were standing when they saw a pair of wagtails cooing and billing sweetly together. The heavenly couple were so delighted with the sight that they began to imitate the birds. Thus began the art of love, which mortals have practiced to this day.

While talking together on this Bridge of Heaven, they began to wonder if there was a world beneath them. They looked far down upon the green seas, but could see nothing! Then Izanagi took his long jeweled spear, and plunged it into the turbid mass, turning it round and round. As he lifted it up, the drops which trickled from it hardened into earth of their own accord; and thus dry land was formed. As Izanagi was cleansing his spear the lumps of muck and mud which had adhered to it flew off into space, and were changed into stars and comets. [It is said that by turn-

ing his spear round and round, Izanagi set the Earth revolving in daily revolutions.]

To the land thus formed, they gave the name of "The Island of the Congealed Drop," because they intended to create a large archipelago and wished to distinguish this as the first island. They descended from Heaven on the floating bridge and landed on the island. Izanagi struck his tall spear in the ground making it the axis of the world. He then proceeded to build a palace around the spear which formed the central pillar. [This spot was formerly at the North pole, but is now at Eshima, off the central eastern coast of Japan.] They then resolved to walk round the island and examine it. This done, they met together. Izanami cried out, "What a lovely man!" But Izanagi rebuked her for speaking first, and said they must try it again. Then they walked round the island once more. When they met, Izanami held her tongue while Izanagi said, "What a lovely woman!"

Being now both in good humor, they began the work of creating Japan. The first island brought up out of the water was Awaji; and then the main island. After that, eight large islands were created, whence comes one of the names of Japan, "The Empire of the Eight Great Islands." Six smaller islands were also produced. The several thousand islets which make up the archipelago of everlasting Great Japan were formed by the spontaneous consolidation of the foam of the sea.

After the country was thus formed the divine pair created eight millions of earthly gods or Kami, and the ten thousand different things on the earth. Vegetation sprang up over all the land, which was however still covered with mist. So Izanagi created with his breath the two gods, male and female of the wind. All these islands are the children of Izanagi and Izanami, and when first born were small and feeble, but gradually grew larger and larger, attaining their present size like human beings, which are at first tiny infants.

As the gradual separation of the land and sea went on, foreign countries were formed by the congealing of the foam of

the sea. The god of fire was then born of Izanami, his mother. This god often got very angry at any one who used unclean fire. Izanami created by herself the gods of metals, of clay and of fresh water. This latter was told always to keep the god of fire quiet, and put him out when he began to do mischief.

Izanagi and Izanami, though married but a short time began to quarrel, for Izanami had once told her husband not to look at her when she hid herself. But Izanagi did not do what she requested, but intruded on her privacy when she was unwell, and stared at her when she wished to be alone. Izanami then got very angry and went down into the lower world of darkness, and disappeared.

Izanagi was very lonely after his wife left him and brooded over his loss. He became incensed at Kagutsuchi, the god of fire, who had given his mother great pain. One day Izanagi flew in a passion, took up his sword, and cut the god of fire into three pieces. These pieces had life in them, and turned into the god of thunder, the god of mountains and the god of rain. The drops of blood from Izanagi's sword flew up into the sun and hardened into rocks. The blood that dripped from the guard and point of the sword settled on the rocks. Blood and fire being the same thing, the sun now began to give out heat and fire. After killing the god of fire, Izanagi resolved to descend into the Land of Darkness to find his wife. He traveled to Idzumo, and descended through a hole passing down through the center of the earth. Izanami saw him coming and came out at her palace door, to welcome him.

Izanagi cried out, "Come back, dear wife, for the country which you and I made is not finished."

Izanami answered: "What a pity you did not come earlier. I have eaten of the cooked food of this Under-world. Since you have so kindly come here after me, I should like to return. To-morrow I shall ask the god of the Under-world about it. Don't seek me." Thus saying she disappeared inside the door.

Izanagi waited a long time outside until

he lost all patience. He wore his hair in two large bunches on the top of his head, held in place by a many-toothed wooden comb. Breaking off the end tooth from the comb on the left side of his head, he lighted it as a torch and entered the cavern-palace to explore. He found Izanami lying down as if dead, covered with vermin and her body half putrefied. She refused to return to earth because she had eaten the food of the lower world, which had been cooked with unclean fire, and she was afraid to meet the wrath of the god of fire, who hated all but pure fire, not knowing he had been slain.

Filled with horror at the hideous sight, Izanagi tried to escape to the earth again. In his struggles several gods were created, one of them coming out of his staff. When he got up to day-light he secured a large rock to close up the hole in the earth. Turning this rock into a god he commanded him to watch the place. He then rushed into the sea and continued washing for a long time to purify himself. In blowing out from his lungs the polluted air inhaled in the Under-world, the two evil gods sprang forth from his breath. As these would commit great harm and wickedness, Izanagi created two other gods to correct their evil. But when he had washed his eyes and could see clearly again, there sprang out two precious and lovely beings, one from his left eye, being a rare and glistening maiden whom he afterwards named Ama Terasū, or "The Heaven-Illuminating Spirit." From his right eye appeared the "Ruler of the Moon." Being now pure again, and having these lovely children, Izanagi rejoiced and

said, "I have begotten child upon child, and at the end of my begetting, I have begotten me two jewel children." Now the brightness of the person of the maiden Ama Terasū was beautiful and shone through Heaven and Earth. Izanagi, well pleased, said: "Though my children are many, none of them is like this wonder child. She must not be kept in this region." So taking off the necklace of precious stones from his neck and rattling it, he gave it to her, saying, "Rule thou over the High Plain of Heaven."

At that time the distance between Heaven and Earth was not very great, and he sent her up the blue sky by the Heaven-uniting Pillar, on which the Heavens rested like a prop. She easily mounted it, and lived in the sun, illuminating the whole Heavens and the Earth. The Sun now gradually separated from the Earth, and both moved farther and farther apart until they rested where they now are.

Izanagi next spoke to the Ruler of the Moon, and said, "Rule thou over the new-born Earth and the blue Waste of the Sea, with its Multitudinous Salt Waters."

[So then the Heavens and the Earth and Moon were created and inhabited. And as Japan lay directly opposite the sun when it separated from the Earth, it is plain that Japan lies on the summit of the globe. It is easily seen that all other countries were formed by the spontaneous consolidation of the ocean foam, and the collection of mud in the various seas. The stars were made to guide warriors from foreign countries to the court of the Mikado, who is the true Son of Heaven.] *William Elliot Griffis.*

ANNE HYDE'S MISSION.

"BETSEY ANN! Betsey Ann! who's the bell a tollin' for?" screamed Miss Cerinthia Barber out of her kitchen window to the Widow Drake at work in her garden.

"Why, Squire Potter's wife died real sudden last night," answered the moderate

widow, rising from the earth and settling her slat sun-bonnet which an intrusive hollyhock had pushed aside. "Mr. Tucker he told me so jest now when he went by to toll the bell. I says, 'Who's dead?' says I, for I see he had the meetin'-house key into his hand,

and he says, 'Squire Potter's wife. She died right off, just like a flash,' says he; so I ask 't him what she died of and he said he did n't know, but he persumed likely it was heart disease, and I guess it's consider'ble likely 't was, for she's looked real miser'ble quite a spell."

"Well! I guess 't was heart disease, sure enough. I duno' but I should ha' had it myself if I'd ben married to Ben Potter."

"Why, how you do talk, Cerinthy!" gasped the widow, opening her mild green eyes to their fullest extent.

"I talk to some puppus, Betsy Ann, gener'lly, or I mean to. I believe in usin' your privileges while they 're spared to ye, and I do mean to say what's fac's as long as I live."

"Well, you be a master hand to speak your mind, that's so. I wish't I had your grit, but I haint; some pork will bile so ye know, and some won't;" and the widow returned to her onions. Miss Cerinthia drew her head in with an audible sniff, and said no more. Meanwhile, all was dismay and confusion at the square house on the hill; two little delicate girls were crying bitterly in the kitchen, where a stout Irish woman was alternately scolding and coaxing the poor children, who wanted their mother and could not find her. In the library Squire Potter, a man some thirty years old, who had attained his title by being the only lawyer in the village, sat in his arm-chair with his head buried in his hands. Upstairs in her chamber, still as a statue and no less fair, lay the sleeping shape that had once been sweet little Helen Hyde, and then Ben Potter's wife, and the mother of the two crying children.

Very quietly she slept now; the lines of premature care and pain were all gone; an expression of pure rest relaxed the plastic features, and the dark hair lay soft above a brow like a little child's for smoothness and purity of tint: looking at her you could not pity her, she was so fully at ease; the tired body was free from its persecuting soul, and cared nothing now for mortal pangs or demands of duty; it would return to the dust as it was and be racked no more: who would not congratulate it? As for those left to

mourn, the little children were least to be pitied; what did they know about death and dying? they would miss and mourn their gentle mother for a while, but in virtue of their childhood they would soon be comforted: it takes years to know how to grieve. He who sat in the library downstairs had an added sting to contend with, and one of which he was but half conscious; he had loved Nelly as well as he could love anything but himself, but he had not been good to her, and his conscience had wakened just enough to hint to him that something was wrong. He tried to read his Bible, and to pray, for he was a professor of religion, and went to church quite as regularly as the minister, and to prayer-meetings whenever there was a revival; but somehow his prayers did not run on even wheels; Nelly's white face kept rising before him, her sad dark eyes looked up at him as they did when she was dying, with mute terror and reproach; the Bible texts had an ominous way of appearing to his half-blinded eyes here and there on the page, and just those he did not want to see. What had his grief to do with such words as "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely;" "Gentle and easy to be entreated;" "Love is the fulfilling of the law;" "Suffereth long and is kind;" "Love your wives even as Christ also loved the church?" These were not words that touched or helped his sorrow; he shoved the book aside and hid his face in his hands with a groan; if he had spoken out the thought of his heart it would have been:

"What am I going to do without her? Who will see that my dinners are just right, and my shirts properly ironed? Who will take care of me when I am sick?" (The Squire was a martyr to dyspepsia, his friends said.) "I never shall have any comfort of my life now; the children must be attended to, and Bridget looked after, and I shall have to do the marketing. Oh dear! poor little Nelly! I shall miss her every day; what shall I do?"

No doubt some softer ideas mingled now and then with these lamentings, but on the whole Mr. Potter's grief was selfish, for he was a selfish man, and a tree is known by its

fruit. He sat a long time alone in the library, thinking how dreadfully he felt, and wondering what would become of him, quite forgetful of the lonely little children left to Bridget's tender mercies, who had the dinner to provide for and to cook, and no time to spare for compassion and consoling. But after a while he roused himself, for the minister came in, and having offered such spiritual consolation as he knew how, being a very young man and lately settled in River-ton, he asked if he could do any friendly office for Mr Potter, telegraph to relatives, or arrange for the funeral. The Squire had quite forgotten that Anne Hyde, Nelly's older sister, must be sent for, to Rockford, where she was teaching; and his brother Paul in New York must know too; his other brother was in the army, and stationed now at some fort far in the West, and Nelly's brother was a missionary in Syria; there were no nearer relatives; Parson Hyde and his wife were long dead, and his own father and mother had died before he knew them. Anne and Paul would be the only available helpers.

When Ben Potter married Nelly Hyde she was a bright, sparkling, tender-hearted little woman, with great loving eyes that indexed her nature, and a sweet, expressive face. She was one of those generous, unselfish, affectionate creatures who grow into the Christian life, under good influences, as the tiny green bud grows into a fragrant and lovely rose; her father and mother had been old-fashioned saints, after the pattern depicted in the catechism, whose chief end was to glorify God; and in a wholesome, cheerful atmosphere of living piety their children had developed into practical, earnest Christians, according to their several types of character. Anne and Nelly were as radically different as sisters are apt to be. Anne was clear-headed, intelligent, grandly generous, but severely logical; and there is no logic so incisive as a woman's, for she demands it in practice as well as theory.

Anne was just, but Nelly had only one side toward the sterner traits,—she turned them all inward; she could deny herself, control her sensitiveness, her temper, her grief, or her joy, but she asked nothing from those around her in return; she married

Mr. Potter with a heart full of love and duty to him, and she served him with her whole soul; but she asked no answering devotion to reward her, though her soul was hungry for love and caresses. After a year or two she slowly discovered that her husband was a selfish egotist, and her heart began to break; for her discovery was not framed in such a way as to excuse her own grief; she only blamed herself that her life had not been more satisfying to him; it was her fault that he was moody, silent, dyspeptic—in short, everything was her fault!

Young, timid, delicate, with two little children, she spent herself in silent and lavish endeavor to make her home just what should please her husband, and herself his devoted slave; and with the unconscious tyranny of a selfish man, who tortures most those who cannot escape from and dare not resent his oppression, he made her home and her life miserable in the thousand minute ways which are ready to the domestic despot's hand. No wonder she died! Two feeble babies preceded her to the graveyard; a third was clasped to her breast in death, and when Anne bent over the elaborate coffin and beheld those wan and waxen faces with the stamp of heavenly peace set fair upon either brow the bitter words of the cynic Preacher fell from her lips: "Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive."

After the funeral was over Mr. Potter proposed to Anne that she should give up her teaching and come and live at his house to care for him and the children. Anne knew him thoroughly; she had visited Nellie often enough to see what her husband was, and to pity her sister with all her tender heart, but she felt that in Helen's place she would herself have done differently. There were good traits dormant in Ben Potter, but a wife, and especially such a wife as Nellie could never call them out. Just now however she had no excuses for him in her mind; it seemed to her that he had as much killed her sister and ruined her life as if he were the worst man on earth; and her spirit flamed with the bitter

indignation that loss kindles. She was about to refuse his request instantly and finally, and perhaps would have made some observations more pungent than pleasant, but the children came stealing into the room, and, climbing into her arms, hung about her neck and covered her with caresses. Poor little souls! their Aunt Anne was all they had left of motherhood, and they clung to her with a grasp of despair, as it seemed to her excited feeling; she could not answer Mr. Potter then.

"Think of it, Anne!" he said, leaving her to Nell and Katy, to whom as yet he had not shown any fatherly devotion, but who proved now his best friends.

Anne's plan of life had been to join her brother's mission in Syria, and nothing but Nellie's failing health, and a dread she was afraid to acknowledge to herself of this very exigency had kept her so long in America. Now, as she sat there with the two tiny creatures—for though they were really five and seven years old, they were very small and slight for their age—clinging to her and kissing her with fondling hands and cool, soft lips, a flood of motherly longing and love burst upon her with sudden power: was there anything so much her duty as to care for these babies, motherless and worse than fatherless? Were not they nearer and more manifestly her care than the Syrian heathen? If there was any self-denial in the matter it would be in staying here; for her brother had always been her pride and idol, and his wife was her dearest friend from school-days. She had looked forward to sharing their pleasant home and hopeful work with warm enthusiasm all these years that a sense of duty to Helen had detained her at home; was that duty really over now? Was it not all the more urgent that she hated the idea of living under Mr. Potter's roof while he lived there too?

She prayed over it and thought over it, and every hour brought closer and closer the pressure of this newer need. "Do the duty that lies nearest thee; the rest will follow," had been her favorite school-day motto; and a higher authority came to strengthen it: "He that provideth not for

his own household hath denied the faith." If she left these children Mr. Potter would marry again soon, probably; and who could tell into what hands they might fall? Her cheek reddened with indignation as the idea came to her—and if he did not at once marry, who was there to care for these frail and helpless little creatures. Already the house was in disorder and anarchy; the meals ill-cooked and served, the rooms neither swept or dusted, only her own interference had kept the little girls in comfort and cleanliness; it almost seemed to her that Nellie implored her from the grave to befriend her children, and at last she resolved to give up her place at Rockford and accept Mr. Potter's invitation, and the end of a week saw her installed in her new position.

Anne was a born manager. Her practical talent was heightened by her intellectual force, and it took but a short time for the domestic machinery to get into good running order.

Mr. Potter had less to do with household affairs than ever, and they went on even more smoothly than in his wife's feeble and gentle reign. He was glad to be spared trouble; his selfish soul desired ease and peace at home above all things, but he desired it for himself. At first, while Anne was comparatively a guest and his grief was fresh for Helen, he acknowledged some restraints of civility, and showed that he could be a gentleman if he chose; but as the novelty wore off he lapsed into his old ways and became as moody, as snappish, as inconsiderate as ever. Anne was at first disposed to ignore his unpleasant ways and try to excuse them; but in thinking seriously one day about poor Nellie's thwarted and miserable life, it came to her mind that perhaps she owed some duty to Mr. Potter, as well as to the children: was it possible that he was unaware of his own disagreeable behavior? Was it not really his duty as a father to set a better example to his family? Above all was it the part of a Christian, such as he professed himself to be, to live such a selfish, unlovely, unchristian life? There was but one answer to this, and Anne was not a woman to shrink

from obvious duty however unpleasant, though she would far rather encountered a school full of heathen children than try to evangelize Ben Potter in his own house. But she must use tact, discretion, perhaps sharpness in dealing here, and attacking a man's faults puts his self-respect on the defence; she must take other grounds; however, she fell back, after devising a thousand ways in which to approach him, on the Bible admonition: "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak," and if ever that promise applied to daily life was it not now?

That very evening the hour came. Mr. Potter had not found the day agreeable, an intricate case had worried him, a debtor had failed to pay an overdue note, and he had overeaten at dinner. Here were reasons enough for dyspepsia, and though he managed to preserve an aspect of silent disgust at the tea-table, no sooner was Anne left alone with him than he gave way to his inward irritation, snapped at her efforts to mend the fire into blaze and brightness, and at last burst out savagely: "Let that fire alone, will you!"

Anne looked at him steadily, gathered up her work and left the room; her own quick temper flamed up so swiftly she dare not trust herself to speak; she did not know how her flashing eyes spoke for her. At first the man was angry; what business had she to reprove him for a mere snappishness? Could not a man do and say what he liked in his own house? What was a man's house for if not to be free to do and say what he liked therein? His memory recalled Nelly's conduct when such doings and sayings occurred in her life-time; how she shrank and quivered; the tears filling her eyes and her lip trembling till he was enraged at such a "fuss," and went on out of mere exasperation. Then came back the dead face of that vanished Nelly, the look of relief and peace that reproached him from her coffin; a sense of justice bade him acknowledge that Anne pursued the better course; that Helen had suffered at his hands and suffered needlessly; she never left him to sulk in solitude, she

always addressed herself to soothe his moods; it was she who apologized as if she had made him cross; she who cowered and cringed and even provoked him by her timidity and terror as cowards always irritate a tyrant. He did not like this train of thought; neither did he like to be left alone this stormy night with his own reflections; for the wind howled and the rain beat and something recalled to him an old story of a house that was founded upon sand, and he could not banish it.

Anne, meanwhile, went upstairs to the nursery and sat down by her sleeping darlings; her thoughts, too, were not comfortable; what if the course she had taken should separate her from these children who were dear as heart's blood to her? Hot tears dimmed her eyes as she faced the possibility; but she knew she had done the thing she thought right and best; she must trust the consequences to God, whatever they were; and bending her head above the tranquil sleepers she prayed long and fervently for strength to do her duty whatever it was, and for their good and peace in this world and the next whoever might minister to them here. Then she went to her room calmed and strengthened.

But she made the mistake most common to women in judging of men; she had not considered Ben Potter's sense of justice. It would not have been like him or like most of his sex to resent a slight vexation by a real injury; there are exceptions no doubt; men can be as unjust, as dishonest, and as cruel as the law allows, even to those for whom they have professed deep affection; but it is most often the case that they mean to be and are magnanimous,—except to their wives,—and nothing could have been further from Mr. Potter's thought than to send Anne away from his household after all she had given up to take charge of it, simply because he was vexed with her.

She was surprised the next morning when he welcomed her with a pleasant smile, for he could be very pleasant when he felt like it, and said: "Anne, you should n't have been vexed with me last night; when I am cross you must lay it to the right cause; it is dyspepsia that is cross, not me."

And he was more surprised at her answer, for Helen would have met such a dubious apology with a flood of tender assurance that he was not to blame; that she was silly and cowardly, and ought to have known better than to worry him when he was suffering; in short, have begged his pardon for his own ill-temper, and protested it was all her own fault. But Anne looked coolly into his eyes and said: "Are you then so weak a man that dyspepsia can overthrow your good breeding and your religion?"

"Wh-ew!" ejaculated Mr. Potter; "are n't you coming it rather strong, Anne?"

"Am I?" said she gravely. "Ben, you have two children to bring up; do you wish them to excuse their faults of spirit by their bodily pains and aches?"

He began to walk up and down the library uneasily.

"Do you think that courtesy, kindness and patience are physical states, or Christian virtues?"

The children bounded into the room just at this juncture, so rosy, happy and sweet, that their father's heart suddenly gave a leap of unusual pleasure; whether it was the timely interruption or their lovely aspect that was so welcome, it might not profit us to inquire; it is certain that Anne's questions got no answer that day, but perhaps for that very reason they echoed more and more through his soul; his conscience was touched with a spark of stinging fire; he looked back on the eight years of his marriage with Helen and said bitterly, out of the strife within him, "*She* never said anything like this to me!"

The argument was specious but flattering; that night found him again by the library fire with Anne opposite; his face was grave and almost sad as he opened the conversation:

"Anne, you asked me very pointed questions this morning, and I have found it hard to answer them; perhaps my best answer is that in all the years Helen and I were married she never once found fault with me."

Anne's face blazed and the bitter truth sprang resistlessly to her lips:

"She was afraid to."

Mr. Potter was confounded. Facts are

hard things to strike with; he did not speak, and Anne went on:

"You must admit that this was so; but let us leave Helen out of the question; 'God requireth that which is past,' but it is not for man to do so. I spoke very honestly to you, Ben; I know you desire and mean to be a Christian man, but I do not think you give religion a fair chance. I certainly know that if the Bible is true a Christian life means a life like Christ's, or it means nothing; and neither you nor I believe that He went about in any spirit of discourtesy, selfishness or inconsiderateness; his life preached in unison with his lips; and I believe that unless ours does, we take upon us the name of God in vain, and profane the holiness of our profession as truly and thoroughly as if we blasphemed and cursed with our lips."

"Strong language, Anne."

"Strong facts, Ben."

She said nothing more; a caller from the village came in, and Anne was glad, for she knew that a few words are far better than many; but when it was time for prayers and Mr. Potter brought the Bible from its place he found it open at the last chapter of Philippians and his eye fell at once on one of the very texts that had haunted him after Helen's death: "Finally, my brethren, whatsoever things are true," etc. He was a little indignant; he thought Annie had set a trap for him, and turned rapidly over till he came to the third chapter of Peter's first general Epistle. His usual reading was not much in the latter part of the Testament; those practical exhortations that were addressed to the first disciples pleased him as little as the like preaching pleases some congregations in these days; he preferred the glowing poetry of the minor prophets, or the historic records of Israel, as far more comfortable for daily perusal than the homely thrusts of keen insight and sharp advice which were aimed at those early Christians who became Christians indeed, and endured hardness and martyrdom with faith and patience. So now, when he saw that this chapter commenced with a homily on the duty of wives, he began it with crisp satisfaction as who should say:—"This is the

right sort of doctrine!" Unfortunately the duties of husbands are equally set forth in the following verses, and the pithy exhortations to pity, courtesy, peace, and gracious conversation which follow, were like nails set in their places and forced in with rapid blows.

"Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Surely it was so that night, for the very finger of God seemed to have set these lines before him, and pointed his roused conscience to their force and meaning. Hitherto he had thought it enough for his profession and standing to have lived an outwardly upright and moral life; that he owed any duty to God in taking His name upon him had not been his thought. Now he saw as with new eyes what disgrace and dishonor his daily conduct had been to the Lord whose title he wore, and the conviction appalled him; he closed the book and knelt beside it, but the routine of his usual worship was forgotten, for his heart spoke abundantly from penitent lips, and in returning freshly to the Master for pardon he found peace and strength also. Anne's tears fell freely; she was also convicted of hard judgment; she had not expected so much candor and honesty in this man, or such a real desire to do right. In fact, she had not really believed him to be a Christian, though she thought he had intended what he had professed.

When they both rose from their knees they looked at each other with dim eyes.

"Anne," said he, humbly, "you must help me too; I shall be but a stumbler in the new path; have patience with my faults, dear, even as the Lord will."

"Oh Ben!" sobbed Anne, "I was hard in my judgment of you, I did not give you credit for your strength or your honesty."

"Don't be unjust to yourself, Anne; credit for good traits was not what I needed;

my eyes wanted opening, and I believe the Lord sent you to do it, and after Him I have you to thank."

Nothing could have humbled Anne more than Ben's magnanimity and gratitude; if her spirit had been a little Pharisaic before it was freed from such stain now; and as Mr. Potter went on day after day and month after month growing more and more into the likeness of the Lord whose name he wore; stumbling and lapsing now and then, to be sure, but with manful strength and courage pursuing the way of life, Anne learned both to admire and respect him; the children grew to love and honor their father, and the church recognized a purer spirit and a deeper godliness and therefore loveliness in this prominent member.

"Did ever you see a cretur so changed as Squire Potter is sence his fust wife died?" chirped Widow Drake to Miss Barber as they went home from prayer-meeting five years after our first interview with them.

"Well, he is considable different, that's a fact," Miss Cerinthia answered. "I used to mistrust them times that he wa'n't uothin' but a professor, but seems as though he'd got to the practisin' part on 't now."

"'Twas a good thing Aune Hyde married him I guess, Cerinthy; she's a spleudid woman; I expect the loss of his fust was blessed to him."

"I guess more likely the gainin' of his second was. I heered quite a spell sence that she'd sot her mind on goin' as a missionary, 'long with her brother, but I dono' but what she's had mission-work to do nearer hum; auy way he's a most an excellent man now, and them children is patterns; lively and healthy aud good too. I tell you Betsey Ann there's more'n one kind o' heathen a goin', and mabbe this was Anne Hyde's mission arter all."

"Mabbe 't was," meekly sighed the chorus.

Rose Terry Cooke.

ONE NOVEMBER SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Who has not heard of the transit of Venus, of the expensive expeditions sent to different points that this rare phenomenon might be accurately observed, and of the importance of these observations in determining celestial distances? But how many in reading or hearing these accounts, have gone back to the time when Venus was first seen "on the sun;" have remembered the youthful English curate, who nearly two hundred and forty years ago arranged his poor instruments, watched them for hours, then left them for "business of the highest importance," even the worship of "the great God" in the house "which is builded with stones;" and returned to see the dark spot appear on the disk of light and note all its changes?

Jeremiah Horrox was born in 1619 at Toxleth Park, then a little village near the comparatively insignificant city of Liverpool, now an elegant suburb of that great commercial center. That his parents were poor is probable, for the first reliable information we have of him is that on the eighteenth of May 1632 he was matriculated, as sizer, at Emmanuel College, Cambridge; he was then thirteen years of age. He entered upon his college studies with avidity, read all the best Latin authors and so far as the meagre advantages of time and place allowed pursued his favorite branch of knowledge, astronomy.

The rule which requires young men to be twenty-three years old before taking orders was not then rigidly enforced, and he must have become a regularly accredited clergyman before reaching the canonical age. His first and only field of labor was in his native county, Lancashire, at Hoole, a desolate little parish, described at the time, as "a very poor pittance." The place, now a thriving manufacturing and agricultural township, was then almost surrounded by rivers, bogs and flats. The church, St. Michael's, is a chapel of the neighboring church of Croston, and as it has an old endowment for educational purposes, it is likely that the curate taught, as well as

ministered in holy things, and found the young people of Hoole dull scholars, for in one of his letters he tells of his "daily harassing duties."

Fortunately we have in his own words the reason for his early love of astronomy. "It seemed to me," he said, "that nothing, could be more noble than to contemplate the manifold wisdom of my Creator as displayed amidst such glorious works; nothing more delightful than to view them no longer with the gaze of vulgar admiration, but with a desire to know their causes, and to feed upon their beauty by a more careful examination of their mechanism."

Horrox soon saw that an intimate knowledge of mathematics was indispensable to the thorough study of astronomy; this he set himself patiently to acquire, though he derived little help from his university; for Cambridge, in point of time, was far behind her better endowed sister, Oxford, in mathematical and physical sciences. There was then no public astronomical observatory in England or France, and the young investigator found it very difficult to get either books or advice. After his death there was found a list of the titles of thirty-one books, which it is supposed, he at one time owned. This list was sent to Trinity college, Cambridge, for preservation.

He bravely met his difficulties, as is seen by his own account, which brings the struggling student vividly before us: "There were many hindrances. The abstruse nature of the study, my inexperience, and want of means dispirited me. I was much pained not to have any one to whom I could look for guidance, or indeed for the sympathy of companionship in my endeavors, and I was assailed by the languor and weariness which are inseparable from every great undertaking. What then was to be done? I could not make the pursuit an easy one, much less increase my fortune, and least of all imbue others with a love of astronomy; and yet to complain of philosophy on account of its difficulties would be foolish and unworthy. I deter-

mined therefore, that the tediousness of study should be overcome by industry; my poverty (failing a better method) by patience; and that, instead of a master, I would use astronomical books. Armed with these weapons, I would contend successfully; and having heard of others acquiring knowledge without greater help, I would blush that any one should be able to do more than I, always remembering that in the words of Virgil: *Totidem nobis animae-que manusque.*"

Horrox was unfortunate in seeing the works of Lansberg so highly recommended that he took great pains to procure them, and lost much valuable time in trying to make his own computations agree with Lansberg's erroneous tables; but in 1636 he made the acquaintance of William Crabtree, a draper living near Manchester, and deeply interested in astronomy. The young minister compared his results with those of the tradesman, and finding they agreed no better with Lansberg's than his own did, he took the advice of his new friend, and concluded to have more confidence in his own figures, and be more ready to detect errors in others. He found in Crabtree a sympathizing fellow student, with whom he corresponded the remainder of his life. The two friends obtained the occasional assistance of Dr. Samuel Foster, of Gresham College, London.

Horrox now sought for the works of Kepler, which Lansberg had described as absurd, false and erroneous, inconsistent with themselves. Our young astronomer quickly recognized the genius of Kepler, in his writings, and was ever after the enthusiastic admirer of the brilliant German, who was, he said, "the Prince of astronomers; to whose discoveries alone all who understand the science will allow that we owe more than to those of any other person. . . . I venerate his sublime and happy genius, and if necessary would defend to the utmost the Uranian citadel of the noble hero, who has so far surpassed his fellows; no one while I live, shall insult his ashes with impunity."

Yet Horrox did not servilely follow his great master. Instead of receiving Kepler's

explanation of elliptical orbits he sought for one more satisfactory. "To say, as he doth, '*Hæc contemporatis pertinet consilium creatoris*' which I understand to be, 'so is the will of God,'—if it had come sooner might have saved a labor of all troublesome inquiries, for it is most true that the will of God is the cause of all things; but resting in generalities is the death of philosophy. I must have another cause of that oval figure, which it is most certain all the planets do affect. This will not satisfy me." Full faith is here in the great Orderer of nature, but none the less anxiety to know the order.

Believing that the laws of Nature are everywhere harmonious, and work alike in immensity and in minutiae, he experimented with suspended balls, and satisfied himself that elliptical motion is the effect of opposing forces; thus probably helping Newton, who was familiar with Horrox's writings, some steps on the way to the complete discovery of the laws of gravity.

Soon after he began the study of astronomy he was specially interested in the statement that at long intervals Venus came in conjunction with the sun; but writers did not agree as to the times when the transit should be expected. Kepler had predicted one to occur in 1631, the year after his death; but there were errors in his calculations, and of course those who watched were disappointed. Horrox traversed the ground anew, and assured himself that there would be such a conjunction on the twenty-fourth of November, 1639. He wrote to his friend Crabtree, from Hoole, October twenty-sixth, 1639: "My reason for now writing is to advise you of a remarkable conjunction of the sun and Venus on the 24th of November, when there will be a transit. As such a thing has not happened for many years past, and will not occur again in this century, I earnestly entreat you to watch attentively with your telescope, in order to observe it as well as you can. Notice particularly the diameter of Venus, which is stated by Kepler to be 7^l, and by Lansberg to 11^l, but which I believe to be scarcely greater than 1^l. If this letter should arrive sufficiently early, I beg

you will apprise Mr. Forster of the conjunction, as in doing so, I am sure, you would afford him the greatest pleasure. It is possible that, in some places, the sky may be cloudy; hence it is much to be desired that this remarkable phenomenon should be observed from different localities." He adds the time that the transit may be visible at Manchester according to Kepler's tables, at eight hours, eight minutes, morning; according to his own calculations, at five hours, fifty-seven minutes, afternoon; gives the position of the planet in the heavens at those times; but to provide against errors, advises that the watch should begin on the afternoon of the twenty-third, be kept up through the twenty-fourth, and the following morning, if the transit is not before seen, though he says he has no doubt that it will take place on the twenty-fourth. He also notified his brother and asked him to watch, but the state of the weather prevented.

Having done what he could to cause the phenomenon to be observed elsewhere, he made his arrangements for seeing it at Hoole. Kepler had suggested admitting the sun's rays into a dark room through a hole in the shutter; but Horrox described a circle, about six inches in diameter, on a sheet of paper; then divided the circumference of the circle into three hundred and sixty degrees, and its diameter into a hundred and twenty equal parts; he then adjusted his telescope so that the image of the sun should fall perpendicularly on the paper and just cover the circle. This arrangement he thought better for him than Kepler's, on account of the smallness of his room, and because his lack of means compelled him to use the instruments he had.

He was nearly positive the transit would not occur before three o'clock of the twenty-fourth; but, determined not to be deprived of the anticipated sight, from lack of care, he began his watch at noon of the twenty-third, and continued it through the morning of the twenty-fourth, except at intervals when, as he tells us, "he was called away by business of the highest importance, which could not with propriety be neglected." The Prussian astronomer, Helvelius, who

afterwards edited Horrox's account of the transit said that he would not have suffered his attention to have been withdrawn by any occupation whatever, which could have been undertaken at another time; but Horrox had been set apart to proclaim on earth the "Great Original" of the "spangled heavens;" the twenty-fourth of November, 1639, was Sunday; and the important business for which he suspended his watch, was leading the devotions of the people of Hoole, not one of whom probably could in the least appreciate the young clergyman's worship of the Creator in the study of His sublime works.

Horrox returned from church to renew his watch, and was soon rewarded by seeing a dark round spot enter upon the disk of light. It was so clearly defined that he was sure it could not be caused by spots on the sun, with the appearance of which he was familiar. It was indeed the planet which obscured the great luminary: Venus was fully immersed by a quarter past three, he observed the conjunction till sunset, and took measurements which confirmed many of his previous suppositions, especially as to the size of the planet.

Crabtree prepared to watch for the transit as Horrox did, but the sky was overcast and he did not see the beginning of the conjunction. At five minutes before four the clouds separated and he saw Venus immersed. He was so enraptured that his presence of mind forsook him and he stood gazing in mute admiration, never thinking of measurements till the clouds again hid the sun, and the opportunity was lost. He afterwards made a sketch from memory of what he had seen, and it agreed with the notes of his "second self," Horrox.

Thus no one except Horrox and Crabtree saw the first recorded transit of Venus, and Horrox alone really observed it. He wrote in Latin an elegant treatise, describing what he had seen, and consulted Crabtree about its publication. Crabtree, after several letters had passed between them, proposed that his friend should accept a long-standing invitation, and visit him at his residence in Broughton, near Manchester. Horrox replied, dating Toxleth, 16th Dec.,

1640, that his friend might expect him on the fourth of January, if nothing unforeseen should occur. But death interposed. Horrox expired on the third of January 1641, in the twenty-second year of his age.

After Crabtree's death, a package of letters was found—among them that in which Horrox had announced his intention of visiting his co-laborer; on it was written in Crabtree's hand: "Letters of Mr. Jeremiah Horrox to me, of the years 1638, 1639, 1640, until his death on the morning of the 3rd January, when he expired very suddenly the day before he had proposed coming to me. Thus God puts an end to all worldly affairs, and I am also bereaved of my dearest Horrox. Irreparable loss! Hence these tears!"

We owe it to the affectionate appreciation and care of Crabtree that any of Horrox's papers are extant; those which were in his possession he claimed. Of the others, some were concealed in the author's father's house, but found by soldiers of the civil war preceding the Protectorate and burned; some were carried to Ireland by his brother Jonas, who soon died there, far from home and friends, and the papers were lost; the remainder, after being used to compute tables, were deposited with Nathaniel Brooks, a London bookseller, and destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

Crabtree died, it is supposed, soon after his friend; his establishment was broken up, and his library sold. Dr. John Worthington, a fellow-student of Horrox at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, found the precious papers, including the "*Venus in sole visa*," and bought them. He lent the treatise twice to individuals who proposed to publish; the second time, as the tract did not appear, he wrote to request its return, saying, in speaking of the man who first borrowed the manuscript, "all who design good things do not persevere when it comes to a business of some labor." That Dr. Worthington had cause for anxiety is shown by the fact, that while the papers were in the borrower's possession, his study was burned down and they barely escaped destruction.

It was not till 1662, that the "*Venus in*

sole visa" was given to the public, with notes and a treatise, by Helvelius, on a transit of Mercury which he had observed. In 1670 the rest of the papers, deemed suitable, were published under the direction of the Royal Society. It appears strange to us now that manuscripts so valuable should not have been preserved; but when we remember that the young author died the very year that Charles the First had his memorable contest with Parliament, and when we call to mind the bitter armed struggle that followed, we see that that was just the time for science to lose ground. Still we cannot but sympathize with that man of many grievances, Flamstead, the first Astronomer Royal, when he complains; "I cannot help being displeased, that this valuable observation, purchasable by no money, elegantly described, and prepared for the press, should have lain hid for twenty-two years, and that no one should have been found to take charge of so fair an offspring at its father's death, to bring to light a treatise of such importance to astronomy, and to preserve a work for our country's credit, and for the advantage of mankind."

No stone marks the spot where the remains of Jeremiah Horrox rest, and we know of none being raised to his memory before 1826; then Mr. Holden of Preston delivered a course of lectures on astronomy in Liverpool, and devoted the proceeds of one evening to the erecting of a tablet in St. Michael's Church, Toxleth Park. It is a scroll of white marble and bears at the top a representation of Venus crossing the sun's disk; beneath the inscription, "*Venus in sole visa, Nov. 24, 1639. In Memory of Jeremiah Horrox,*" etc.

Tradition preserved at Hoole the remembrance of the young curate, and fathers repeated to children and children's children, the story of the astronomer who had been the villagers' servant for Christ's sake, and who, though dead, yet spoke in the almost prophetic inscription he had placed on the old church clock and sun dial, "*Ut hora, sic vita—sine sole sileo.*"

Recently the incumbent of Hoole appealed to the gentlemen of the neighborhood and scientific men of the country to join in a

lasting acknowledgment of the debt which science owes his predecessor. Sufficient funds were raised to beautify the church, to enlarge it by the addition of a memorial chapel of thirty sittings to be forever free to the poor, and to place there a memorial window and tablet which bears the following inscription:

"Jeremiah Horrox: Born at Liverpool; educated at Cambridge; the curate of Hoole; died in the 22nd year of his age, 1641.

"The wisdom of God in creation was his study from early youth. For his wonderful genius and scientific knowledge, men speak of him as 'One of England's most gifted sons, the pride and boast of British astronomy.' Amongst his discoveries are the nearest approximation to the Sun's parallax, the correct theory of the moon, and the Transit of Venus.

"But the love of God in redemption was to him a yet nobler theme; the preaching of Christ crucified a yet higher duty. Loving science much, he loved religion more; and, turning from the wonders of the creation to the glories of the cross, he expressed the rule of his life in these memorable words:—*Ad majora avocatus, quae ob haec parerga negligi non decuit.**

"In memory of one so young and yet so learned; so learned and yet so pious, this church in which he officiated, has been enlarged and beautified."

It is claimed for Horrox that "he was first to predict and observe the transit of Venus in 1639; to reduce the sun's paral-

*Literally, "Being called away to greater business which it was not proper to neglect for these side ornaments."

lax nearly to what it has since been determined; to discover the orbit of the moon to be an ellipse about the earth with the center in the lower focus; to explain the causes of orbital motion; to ascertain the value of the annual equation with any degree of accuracy; to devise the beautiful experiment of the circular pendulum for illustrating the action of a central force; and to commence a regular series of tidal observations for the purpose of philosophical inquiry; besides all which, he effected improvements in different astronomical tables, recommended the adoption of decimal notation, detected the inequality in the mean motion of Jupiter and Saturn, and wrote his opinions on the nature and movements of comets. That so much should have been achieved by so young a man, notwithstanding so many disadvantages, may seem almost incredible; but if there is one fact connected with Horrox which more than another rests upon incontrovertible evidence, it is the age at which he died. This shows the lustre of his genius." Genius it was no doubt; but it is an immense advantage to genius to have a right starting point, a true aim. What then we may now ask was Horrox's starting point? what was his aim? We will call upon him to answer. When about to begin "the arduous task of correcting the Rudolphine tables" he wrote: "And may He who is the great and good God of astronomy, and the conservator of all useful arts, bless my unworthy efforts for His mercy's sake, and cause them to redound to the eternal glory of His name, and the advantage of mankind."

Susan D. Nickerson.

TWO LIVES.

Of what good then was Priscus to the world, who was but a single person and unknown? Why, what good doth the purple to the garment?—*Epictetus*.

In the spring of 1840, there was a barbecue or May muster, or some hurly-burly of that kind going on in Ridgely, a little hamlet among the Virginia mountains. The boys, as a matter of course, had a frolic of

their own, and the boy who started it was, as usual, Charley Quinn, the son of widow Quinn of the Stone-post farm. Charley was a stout, manly little fellow of twelve, with as much fun and driving energy in his

body as would have pushed a dozen ordinary boys through life. He had talked of nothing else to his mother for weeks but this frolic; kept her sitting on the side of his bed until late at night to hear his plans, and his wonderings as to whether Prudy Holston would really go with him, or not. He was in love with Prudy, though he told that to nobody. He meant to marry her. She would live with his mother in a marble house here in Ridgely, and when people would see her sitting on the porch they would say, "That is the wife of the great Admiral, Charles Quinn, U. S. N.," and when he came home from his voyages to Africa or the north pole, the people in Ridgely would have a barbecue in his honor every day, and he would give every boy pocket money and take them as midshipmen on his ship.

When the lad came down-stairs on the morning of the eventful day, you could hear him singing and shouting all over the farm.

"She is going with me, for sure!" he whispered to his mother as he kissed her good-bye.

She laughed and turned him around to see his new clothes. He was a singularly handsome boy, with a sweet, fine smile, and honest, dark eyes.

"There, go away, Charley!" she said, giving him a little push. "You are such a big fellow you make an old woman of me. You will soon be a man."

He had reached the door, but he ran back and gave her another hug for that.

"An' no such man was eber known in Randolph county," said old Dan, wagging his head as he looked after him.

"Nonsense! you're doing your best to spoil the boy," said the mother sharply. But her eyes laughed and shone. She quite agreed with Dan. Her boy would be a great, good man. He must be. Had she not prayed to the Lord for it? Rachel Quinn had been a church member in her youth, but religion was a real thing to her only since her son was born. She had besieged the Lord with prayers for him—to keep him from sickness or poverty—if any pain must come, let it fall on her, *her*. There was not a night that she did not sob out this supplication.

God must hear her. She had given her boy away to Him to be his servant—a great missionary or preacher, a light shining for all the world to see. When he was a baby at her breast she had given him away, had struck hands with God across his little body.

When she watched him springing down the hill that morning she saw his future guarded, high, pure, open clearly before her, by the light of faith.

As for the boy, his mother's careless words had set his blood on fire. "He would soon be a man." As long as he lived he never forgot that frantic rush of joy down the hill, the cold wind on his face, the sun shining. It was the last hour of his life in which the poor fellow hoped to be "a man."

After that —.

The boys were wild with fun that day. They met on the slope of Mount Savage, and skirmished down the banks of the Cheat. There was an old mill there, gone years ago to decay. They climbed over the broken rafters, and swung across the rapids to provoke screams of terror from the girls. George Galt was the best climber, being a thin, wiry boy. At least Prudy Holston called him the best. Her cool, blue eyes followed him wherever he went.

Charley Quinn, observing that, began, like any other hot-headed, silly child, to climb up the old wheel which hung over the fallen timbers in the river; he reached the top, stood upright on it, and hurraed, waving his cap.

George Galt rushed at the wheel and pushed it violently. He always afterwards told himself that he did not think it would move. Probably he did not think at all in his little spasm of rage and envy.

The wheel jarred, creaked, crumbled into a thousand rotten pieces. The boy threw up his arms, staggered, and was hurled among the beams that heaped the rushing river below.

He was taken out by some men who chanced to be in an adjoining field. One of them was Sam Bancker, the carpenter, who had been a friend of Charley's father. He waded out with the boy in his arms.

"Is he dead, Bancker?" the others cried.

Sam laid him on the bank.

"Great God!" he muttered, turning pale about the jaws.

"Is he dead?"

"No. Better he were. Quick, cover him! here is his mother."

The men dragged off their coats and hid the quivering mass out of sight.

* * * * *

One September morning ten years later, a young man and woman were drifting in a boat down the Wissahickon, a romantic little stream near Philadelphia. The man was George Galt; the woman a little Quaker girl whom he hoped to marry some day. Galt rowed, singing snatches of songs in a mellow, tender voice, watching the pink-tinted face opposite to him through his half-shut eyes. He had developed into a large, finely-built man, with a countenance which hinted at quick and delicate intellectual power, which was not backed by either strong will or judgment. He had an eloquent, hesitating eye, and the smile on his mouth was sensitive and appealing.

"Susan," he said for the twentieth time, "pull up your wraps. I promised your mother that you would be prudent."

Susan gave her shawl a careless jerk and went on sifting the water through her fingers. She was apt to forget wraps and prudence and promises. Her mother, however, sent her out with John Galt with perfect security. He was a careful fellow, who would keep her from night dews now and the temptations of the world and the devil when she was his wife. Galt was an energetic member of a church, a leader in Sunday School, a man who neither smoked, drank nor gambled, and who could not understand why any man was tempted to do either.

The setting sun yellowed the strip of sky overhead: on either side they were banked in by dark hemlock hills: here and there along the shore, maples or sumachs flashed out a sudden color. Susan leaned out every minute to break bits of rattle weed or red bergamot at the risk of tipping over the boat. George laughed but carefully brushed the splashing water from his clothes. They were cheap, coarse clothes, but his best.

It had taken so many weeks of hard work to earn them! It had taken night work for two weeks to earn this evening's holiday, but every moment of it was sweeter because so costly.

The boat dropped down past Lawton's, a rambling kind of inn, with long porches running parallel to the river, lined with vases of unbarked cedar brimming over with scarlet and purple flowers. Lawton's was a place of resort for boating clubs that summer. Galt, seeing a crowd of young men on the porches, bent to his oars to hurry Susan out of their sight. Susan blushed hotly but peeped under her lashes at them; she had a vehement curiosity as to godless men, and a strange conviction that if she had been a man, she would have been one of them.

Just then there was a shout of laughter from the crowd, as a dwarfish, misshapen figure came reeling out from the house, yelling some drunken song.

Galt gave a sharp exclamation and pulled uncertainly at the oars. The boat lurched, dipped water. Susan laid her hand on the tiller.

"Take care, you will drown us! What a horrible creature! More animal than man," looking back curiously, after the manner of women.

Galt did not answer. When they had passed the bend and Lawton's was out of sight, he raised his head.

"I made him what he is."

"You!"

He told her the story of the water-wheel and Quinn. She did not say a word when he had finished. It was very much the same as if she had heard that her lover had killed a man, and the instantaneous effort was to disprove it; to put him up again on his pedestal of perfection.

"It was an accident," she said decisively. "I don't believe you, that you were angry. You are not liable to fits of anger. Did he forgive you?"

"I never asked him to do it. What a strain that would have been! A man may forgive you a blow, or for tramping on his corns; but I murdered that boy—body and soul," wiping the clammy sweat from his face.

"I believe you have suffered quite as much as he from it," she said looking at him. She was not hard-hearted nor pitiless to poor Charley Quinn. No doubt Cain's wives always thought him in the right, and that Abel had wrought well for his punishment.

He paid no attention to her. "I went to see him once, two weeks after he fell; he had not recovered his senses then. His one cry was, 'Oh God, make a man of me, make a man of me!' I knew when I looked at him that even God could not do that. I had undone him."

"You are morbid about this thing, George. I understand now your spells of moody discontent, at times; you ought to forget it."

"The people in Ridgely were very kind to me," he went on dully. "They are good folks. They insisted on calling it an accident, as you do, but my father left the town. I could not bear to stay, child as I was; I could bear it less now; I have never gone back there."

"The man seems strong enough now."

"He regained the use of his limbs, but he is deformed, as you see, and his growth stopped from that day. I heard from Ridgely that he grew up cynical and vicious, turning against God and man with more bitterness every day that he lived. About two years ago, he left his mother and came up here 'to make an end of it' he said. I have seen him once or twice before, in the lowest haunts on Lombard street; he has sunk altogether to the level of a brute."

"You did not make yourself known to him?"

Galt shuddered. "I? No. What could I do?"

The boat drifted down the current. Galt had forgotten that he held the oars.

"There was no element of misery lacking in Quinn's life," he said after a pause. "He had been very fond as a boy, of a young girl named Rolston. They tell me that his passion increased with years, but she turned from him with disgust. That was natural enough, probably, in any woman, but she had an exceptionally hard, cold nature; she married a worthless scamp, and died the other day, wretchedly poor.

She and I together," he added with a bitter laugh, "have done for poor Quinn, body and soul."

This part of the story touched Susan more than the first; she sat silent for a time the tears coming slowly to her eyes. "She turned away from him did she? Some women are like beasts," she said at last sharply.

There was a shrill yell behind them and down the river shot the club boat, the men in scarlet and white straining to their oars. The dwarf lay drunken in the stern, his bloated face upturned to the sky. Susan leaned toward him as they passed, with a breathless pity.

Galt shuddered and caught her hand as if for comfort. "Look at him and at me, Susy!" he said with scared vehement eyes. "I have so much, and I have you. He has nothing—nothing! When I think sometimes of the difference in our fate—how it all came from the momentary action of an angry boy, I doubt if there be a just God in heaven!"

He was terrified at his own words even as he spoke them, but Susan listened without answer.

After a long time she remarked; "You said he was cynical and vicious. That is not a vicious man. You are wrong there."

There was but one man, old Sam Bancker the carpenter, to whom during all these years Quinn was not the wretched brute which he seemed to others. He was "Dwarf Quinn" to everybody in Ridgely now: Sam, alone, always called him Charley. He saw in him only the innocent boy for whom he had stood sponsor in the village church. The old man had neither children or kinsfolk, and he followed the poor drunkard about from city to city trying to reclaim him.

"The rest of you kin attend to the shop an' the church," he said, "Charley's been given to me."

He kept liquor from him once for weeks, making a prisoner of him to do it; and when he was exhausted through weakness and thoroughly rational, the old fellow appealed to him through his reason, his feeling

for his mother, his hope in another world; finally broke down altogether, dropped his gray head on the table and sobbed:

"Charley" he said at last with vehemence, "I tell you God's truth when I say that I'd give my own life if it would save you."

"I believe you would Bancker," said Quinn gravely, "but—look at me!"

He rose, pointing to himself. "My mind and soul are as warped and brutalized as my body. I know it and you know it. If there is any other life where I can have a chance, for God's sake let me go to it and begin over again."

He left the house that night and Bancker failed to find him. This was months ago.

The boating club landed Quinn at Fairmount and bade him good-bye. They found him a good fellow enough when he was sober and had plenty of money, but a rather disgusting companion just now. He lay in the shady recesses of the Park sleeping off his debauch. Late in the evening he rose and started to town. There is a little old house in the edge of the park, where an old German lives with his wife. Quinn stopped and asked the woman for water. And here a strange thing happened to him, which my readers must explain for themselves. As he waited for the water, the old man civilly opened the door and asked him into the little parlor. Quinn sat down glancing about him, amused at the quaint Dutch samplers and feather-flowers on the wall. But on the wall was a picture and when he saw it he rose with a sudden gulp of awe and terror. It was the Head crowned with thorns. The picture used to hang in his mother's room, over her bed. Quinn had seen fine copies of it—he passed them carelessly in shop windows every day: this was a coarse wood-cut. Why did he stand staring at it, seeing with an electric flash of consciousness, not the poor print but himself, all the misery, the brutishness of his life! Why did the Man-God rise before him there, real, for the first time in his life? This Man acquainted with grief, whose visage was more marred than even his own, an outcast and rejected of men, he saw as *his* Savior, *his* friend, whom he had driven away. Quinn had often

listened unmoved to appeals from the preachers most skilled in touching the human heart; they had convinced his reason, yet he did not believe; their pathos had brought tears to his eyes, yet five minutes afterwards he thought of them and their theme precisely as he did of the actors and play at the theater. Poor old Bancker had spent years in setting the truth of his life before him in vain. There was his mother, whom in all his degradation he loved passionately, whose prayers never touched him. Yet now, in this grotesque little room, with the laugh still on his lips at its absurdities, a mean print took hold of his soul and dragged it before its Maker. The hour of reckoning had come, as it came for Saul when he fell blinded by the way, as it comes to every one of us sometimes in our lives, and God appointed his own messenger.

The woman, bringing in the water, met Quinn in the door. His countenance was ghastly; he passed her as if he was deaf and blind.

"He's drunk," she said angrily. "What for do you bring drunken men into my best room?" and she fell to wiping the mud from her carpet. Her husband seeing it was sorry for his kindness, which as he thought had been of no use.

Quinn buried himself somewhere out of sight for days. He was a man with an iron will and powerful passions. The relation between himself and God, if he grasped it, would never be to him as to Galt, a mild, amiable submission to routine duty. He fought the fight alone. He went to no minister nor book for help; at times he was awed and amazed at the struggle going on in his brain. What had caused it? He could not quiet it by reason, by philosophy; he could not gibe nor drink it down. Why could he not push this whole matter aside and go on as usual down the long-trodden path? What mysterious force was this which had taken hold of him and wrenched his soul with remorse? What was this Jesus to him? A dim figure known to him only through a few half-remembered hymns of his childhood. Yet now He was suddenly more real to him than death itself. He stood beside him driving back all the

despair, the agony which had clung to him since he was a boy, the horrible craving for liquor, saying: "Come to Me. Be a man—a man."

Was he a man, then? not a brute, as he had called himself for years?

One day in October he crept out from his retreat, and stood leaning against a lamp-post, at a corner on Chestnut street, watching the passing crowds. The wintry sunshine was bright. There was a touch of frost in the nipping air. People hurried by more quickly for it, laughing and bowing to each other. Here was a father with his son, a manly little fellow just out of school; here an old man with his little grandchild; a group of pretty girls in their bright autumn dresses; tall, well-built men talking on business matters. To Quinn, they all seemed friends together, he outside.

A gang of news-boys coming up called out: "Hello, Humps! Not got your bit-ters yet, eh?" He did not care so much for that, but he noticed that men and women, the young girls especially, quickly averted their eyes when they rested on him.

He a man? He was a leper, without the camp. Near him, too, was a fashionable drinking-house. Every time that the door opened the smell of wine reached him. If you would know what that was to him, remember that he had been a drunkard for years, and had not for two weeks tasted liquor. Brain, blood, stomach, cried out for it with a physical agony almost unsupportable.

Yet he did not go in.

Old Bancker, coming up the street, caught sight of him. Then he observed an expression on his face which he had never seen there before. Daniel might have looked with such a steady high peace upon the unchained beasts around him. But the old man saw, too, that he was worn thin, and could not stand without support.

He came up and touched him. "Hello, Charley! You have not been drinking lately?"

"No," turning with a quick, boyish smile.

The two men looked at each other for a moment.

"What is it, Charley?" said Bancker with an unsteady voice.

"I've found a Friend, Sam, and He is going to make a man of me."

Seven years later, a pretentious carriage with liveried servants stopped at the door of one of a block of cheap contract houses in the suburbs of Philadelphia and a man got out, glancing sharply over the dwelling.

"Poor, plain; no attempt at style," he muttered as he pulled the bell.

He was a large black-a-vised man, oily and shining from his glossy beaver hat to the glossier patent leather shoes. When he was admitted to the little, cheaply-furnished parlor, his gentility and perfumes oppressed the atmosphere together. To him, presently entered Susan. She was a little thinner than when we saw her last; the roses yellowed on her cheeks, her eye steadier, her smile more tender and deep in meaning.

"My husband, Mr. Franks," glancing at the card which she held, "is still asleep. He is a night editor, as probably you know; he is always at work until dawn."

"Yes, yes;" with a pity which she felt to be aggressive, "I know. Hard work—wife and children at home—poor pay. But I've come to put an end to that. I've known Mr. Galt for years, and I've always felt there must be a golden harvest in store for talents such as his."

"Yes, I know that!" cried Susan, her blue eyes lightening in spite of their suspicion. She had taken one of her swift unreasonable prejudices against this man.

"I have a proposition of importance from certain parties, to make to Mr. Galt," he said, his black eyes fixed on her with an unctuous smile, "which will not admit of delay. Only my long friendship for him could have enabled me to overcome the objections of these parties to his youth. I beg that I may see him at once even at the risk of disturbing his sleep."

"That man wishes to conciliate me," thought Susan with a shrewd nod as she hurried up the stairs. "Business men do not take women into their confidence without a purpose."

George Galt was closeted with his visitor for

a couple of hours. Susan, while she washed the baby and made Jenny's skirt on the machine and finished the week's ironing and pared the potatoes for dinner, gave her leisure moments to considering his errand.

"A golden harvest?" Thirty dollars a week meant almost starvation diet. Such articles as George furnished to the *Leader* must attract attention and bring in a fortune. She always knew the Lord would remember them and give them success. Her cheeks began to burn and her eyes to fill, as she bent over the iron. But was this Mr. Franks a messenger of the Lord? He did not look like it, certainly.

When Franks was gone, George summoned her to the parlor and locked the door.

"Keep the children out, Susy, and give me your attention."

"You look as if it were a matter of life and death."

"It is very nearly that. This man Franks has offered to start a morning paper with a capital of one hundred thousand, and make me the editor."

"At what salary?"

"No defined salary, but a half share of the proceeds—the same as he will receive himself. He gives the money, and I my experience and talent as capital. It is the most unprecedented thing! I never heard of Franks as a generous man, either. But I suppose it is a magnanimous whim. He was greatly impressed by my articles on the labor question, last week." Galt was walking up and down, nervously pulling at his waistcoat button. "Well, have you nothing to say, Susy? I must give an answer to-morrow."

But Susy said nothing for a few moments.

"Mr. Franks does not look to me like a man subject to whims," she said at last. "Who is he?"

"A broker on Third street, immensely rich. Been in the Legislature two years."

"What does he want a paper for?"

"He thinks it a good investment, probably—why do you ask that?" stopping short.

"Because, George, this man does not buy you at such a price as that for nothing. What does he want you to do?"

"Franks is leader of the Whisky Ring," Galt replied with a startled look. "He has all kinds of corrupt schemes to push—but he would not expect me to touch them. If he did, he would find himself mistaken in his man," flushing hotly. "No, no! there's no ulterior purpose of that sort."

"If he buys you, George, you are bought," said Susan determinedly. "You will have no right to refuse to aid him. If you do he can throw you out any day; and then you are in worse case than now. The man's a bad man," rising excitedly. "I knew that when I looked at him. As far as I am concerned I'd rather starve than see you the bond-slave of such a wretch!"

"Bond-slave? Such exaggeration! How ridiculous women are! The man comes here and offers me a fortune, and you call him a wretch because the cut of his nose don't suit you!" He went to the window and stood drumming on the sill. Suddenly turning he said in a changed voice: "I'm so tired, Susy! My God, I'm so tired! To go on working and see you drudging, drudging, year in and year out, wearing ourselves out for a mere pittance—it's more than I can bear!"

She took up his hand and stroked it but said nothing. It was exaggeration, no doubt. Here was a fortune at the door and she would shut it out for a fancied danger to their virtue, far in the future. Perhaps there was no consideration of virtue about it, but only an unreasonable whim. She certainly had disliked the man's face at the first glance.

"There is the baby crying," she exclaimed, glad to escape. "We will talk of this after dinner, George."

Usually when they were perplexed, they locked themselves into their little room and prayed for help; but to-day, for some unexplained reason, nothing was said about prayers.

When Susan went down to the kitchen the baby was crying in the clothes-basket, Georgy was smeared with mud, the pork and potatoes were burning in the pot, and Ann, the maid of all work was dashing the tins about furiously.

"If you would only speak pleasantly to

the little fellow he would stop sobbing," said Mrs. Galt taking him up.

"I can't be cook, and nurse, and waitress all at wans't," retorted the girl raising her voice. "I'll either go to a house where full suits of servants is kep' or where the woman takes a hand herself; so there!"

Susan made no answer, but there came an overwhelming consciousness that if George accepted this offer, there would be an end of all these petty miseries. She would no longer be the companion and help-mate of servants; her children could go out as others did, properly dressed and cared for, into the fresh air every day. At that very moment she caught sight of a carriage rolling past to the park, filled with a group of rosy boys and girls, and their *bonne* in her white cap.

It was a small argument, but it weighed heavily in the trembling scale.

Galt, left alone, looked the matter squarely in the face. He might as well own the truth to himself. Franks was a corrupt politician. The paper was to be his organ, he himself his tool.

"No doubt," he thought, "I'll have a great deal of dirty work set before me."

He had always kept his hands clean; he was known in his profession as a man almost Quixotic in his integrity.

"And what good has it done me?" he broke forth bitterly. "I have served the Lord faithfully, and how have I been rewarded?" (Just then head and body were full of neuralgia for want of sleep, the children were shrieking, the pork and cabbage filled the house with greasy steam—his pay for virtue doubtless seemed small enough.)

There was Phelps, who started a flash story paper two years ago, living in a palace on Broad street, his sons at Yale, his daughters in Europe. If he accepted Franks's offer—he did not mean to do it, but if he did—he would spend money very differently from Phelps. There was a vulgar ostentation about that house; now a house that Susy would like was one for sale in West Philadelphia.

It was a pleasant dream. It lasted until dinner time. When the bell rang he found Susy at the table. "I sent the children out

with Ann that we might be alone," she said.

He avoided looking at her as they sat down. Galt felt as if being Franks's tool he was little better than a thief. It was the first time in his life he had ever feared to meet the eye of a human being.

"Now I shall walk the streets like a whipped cur," he thought. What would Hicks and Fenton say when they heard that Franks had bought and paid for him?

A letter lay on his plate.

"The postman brought it just now," Susan said. Galt took it up mechanically. It was sealed with red wax on which was the impression of an outstretched hand. He opened it.

"Ah!" he said glancing at the enclosure, and as he read the letter, he rose to his feet uncertainly, the blood leaving his face "Susy, look at this!"

Within the letter was a draft for a thousand dollars. The letter, which was without signature, read as follows:

"I wish to give this money to aid in the education of one or two poor boys in the city who would have no other chance in life. I will send more to you as it is needed. Take them out of the gutter or prison if you will, and make men of them. I ask you to work for me in this matter, because I have faith in you not only as an honest man, but a servant of Christ."

Susan's face glowed. "Oh, George!" she cried; "what are Franks's millions to this! See what men think of you!"

But Galt stood erect and silent, filled with a strange exaltation. "A servant of Christ? Yes, thank God!" he thought, bending his head humbly.

They sat down cheerfully together, almost forgetting in the revulsion of feeling to wonder who was the unknown giver.

"He meant to save two poor boys with his money," George said when he was going to his work, "but his letter has saved me. He shall not be disappointed in me."

* * * * *

As years passed, hard work, honesty, energy with a fair share of talent, brought the inevitable successes to Galt. He was not a rich man, but he had enough to hedge

his children into pure and gentle modes of life; while he had achieved the more solid fortune of an honorable name for them. No man in his profession was more trusted; no man was better known as the helper of the poor. One of his favorite whims, as his friends called it, was the education of needy boys. He gave much money and a large share of his time and strength to this work. Many a boy who is now a respectable man owed his rescue from utter ruin to him. But when they told him what they owed him he always replied:

"It is not I, boys. The money comes from a friend."

They asked for their deliverer's name or a likeness of him, and when Galt could give them neither, they were apt to forget all about this shadowy figure in the background, and give all their gratitude to the living friend so near and dear to them.

Galt and Susan had, of course, many theories and guesses as to this mysterious benefactor, who sent his money at regular intervals, usually without a word of advice, in an envelope sealed with the impression of an outstretched hand. They came to the conclusion at last that he was a queer old millionaire living in northern Philadelphia. "He wishes to give away his money while he is alive," said Galt. "Doubtless he watches me sharply in the disposition of every dollar."

When the children began to grow up, Susan urged her husband to take her and them to Ridgely. "It is only right," she said, "that we should see your old home, the place where you played when you were a boy. We shall know you much better then, I think."

"If I could put away the remembrance of poor Quinn, I should be glad to go," he said doubtfully. But the remembrance of this black mark across his life was not so torturing to him as it had been once. It was not easy for a man of his solid position, active charity and really fine, sweet character, to feel himself responsible for the angry fit of a little ill-conducted lad.

"What has become of that poor creature?" asked his wife.

"I saw a man from Ridgely last week,

who told me Quinn has reformed, and lives near the village. He has gone to stock raising, and ought, this fellow said to be rich. But he lives poorly. A bad manager, probably."

"I hope we shall see him. I never forgot the expression of his eyes. They were the most human I ever saw," said Susan.

"What an imagination you have!" said Galt. He did not wish to see Quinn.

The people of Ridgely did not give a barbecue in honor of Galt when he came, but they were very happy at having so great a man among them. The day after he arrived, the principal men of the village took him out in the squire's phaeton (drawn by four white horses, borrowed for the occasion) to show him the improvements.

"We have underground drainage you see? There is an old fellow here who has whims, and this is one of them. He paid for it."

Presently—"Here is the school-house. Free? yes. Another of poor Quinn's hobbies; however, as he gave the timber and his work till it was finished, we humored him. He teaches the youngsters himself, by the way. Church. Open to all denominations. Quinn got us into that. It's a poor fellow, who has been unfortunate, and we indulge him, you see," said the Squire, apologetically.

"I knew him when we were boys," said Galt. The Squire was a new comer in the village, and did not know the story. Galt kept an uneasy watch for his victim, and was relieved when days passed and he did not see him.

"I must ask him to forgive me, and what sham folly that would be!" he said to his wife.

Doctor McLeod, when he drove Mr. Galt out, showed him Quinn's house, a comfortably pretty little cabin. A white-haired old lady sat in the door-way. "That is his mother" said the Doctor. "She is a very happy woman. She thinks 'her boy,' as she calls him, the greatest and best of men. There is an old fellow named Bancker lives with them. Quinn takes care of the old people. It is a pleasant house to go to. Those were his sheep that we passed on the

mountain. He has the finest South-downs in the country."

"He ought to have made money."

"Y-es. He must have made it. I don't know where the leak is. It slips through his fingers somehow. Too many irons in the fire, probably. Poor Quinn is a kind of general utility man in the village. He's a good nurse, turns into work where he is needed, even at a small-pox case; he fiddles for all the children's dances, teaches the negro Sunday School, and so on."

"You ought to give so useful a man some public sign of approbation,—make him chief Burgess or church warden at least."

The doctor looked at him with some dignity. "It is only old Charley Quinn, we are speaking of, Mr. Galt," he said drily. "He is not a man of any social position."

The next evening there was a harvest-home at Colonel Pulteney's, and the Galt family were the principal guests. All the village were there. The Pulteney house stood half way up the mountain, and the ground sloped down a stretch of sunny grass shadowed with clumps of chestnuts and black oak. At the foot of the hill was the broad, shining river, and on its other bank, Quinn's little cabin. The tables were spread on the wide porches, the colonel went about urging everybody, white and black, to eat.

When the sun was setting, however, they all gathered in front under the grove of walnuts to see it go down. It seemed to Susan that this village was like a great happy family. There must, she fancied, have been some binding force at work among them, some peculiarly magnetic friendly soul that had drawn them so closely together.

"I wonder if I shall know him, if I see him?" she thought, idly looking about her.

There was a little stir in the outskirts of the crowd. Faces brightened as if something pleasant had come in sight, people turned their backs on the sun to smile and look down at some passing object. The doctor went over hastily, the judge followed, to hold eager consultations with the new comer; the colonel called out anxiously:

"What kept you so long? Might as well have a lantern without a light as a harvest-home without you, old man!"

A group of negroes seized on the stranger before he could reach the colonel; there was not one of them, Susan noticed, that did not claim him as their own particular friend. And yet there was an indescribable something of pity or patronage in all of their voices, under the affection, which made her think that they spoke to a child or an inferior. Presently he slowly edged his way through the crowd to an old lady who sat near Susan.

"My son," she said, smiling. He kissed her and sat down beside her. Then Susan saw that it was the dwarf Quinn.

The children found him out in a moment; they gathered around him with a shout, climbed on his knees, on the back of his chair, searched in his pockets for candy. He shook the boys off, rolled them over on the grass, and gathered the little ones quietly up in his arms. It was a noble, benignant head which rose from among the innocent little faces: "And the eyes are the kindest and the most human I ever saw," repeated Susan to herself.

She would have called her husband to speak to him, but that the Judge was at that moment questioning George as to the charities in the city in which he was known to take an active part. Everybody listened with eagerness. These were great and Christlike undertakings of which they in their seclusion necessarily could know nothing. But it was something that their old townsman aided them. They were most interested in the story of the industrial school for poor boys.

"Many of these lads," said Mr. Galt raising his voice so that all might hear, "have actually been taken from the very gates of prison when discharged. We educate them, give them a trade or profession and influence them to become useful citizens. In many cases they are devout Christian men."

"It is a noble work," said the doctor.

"The funds," said Galt, "were furnished to me from time to time by an unknown friend. I deserve no credit in the matter."

"Unknown!"

There was a movement of increased interest in the crowd.

"Well," said Galt, "not precisely unknown. I have a pretty shrewd guess as to the person. It is a merchant of large wealth in Philadelphia, who chooses me for his almoner. By the way, I have some photographs here that will give you the idea better than words,"—taking out his pocket-book. "Here are some of 'my boys,' as I call them, as they were when they entered the school. And here, as they are now. Did you ever see a more radical change?" handing the cards to the Colonel. "Strong, manly faces these, I think."

The Colonel looked at them and handed them to the Judge, and he to the Doctor, and so they were passed around. Susan

observed a singular eager look on the dwarf's face, and at the same moment Colonel Pulteney came towards him.

"Here, Quinn, this will interest you. Some young fellows that our friend Galt has saved from ruin." He gave him the likenesses and turned carelessly away.

Quinn bent over the card and looked into each face steadily for a long time. He gave them back to the Colonel without a word, but he was pale and his eyes were full of tears.

His mother softly slid her hand in his. The little children climbed closer to his breast, and his friends were all about him, and the setting sun as it went down touched his gray head as with a blessing from an unseen hand. *Rebecca Harding Davis.*

TO THE WORKERS.

SEE this yellow, fretted foam,
 Venice point—like Venice waves,
 Lashed to whiteness, tossed to lightness,
 By some madness in their caves;
 And as mellow where it lies
 As the moonlight, or the noonlight
 Of her skies.

Can you fancy how it fell
 Shimmering on a lustrous head?
 Brow as royal, lips as loyal
 As you overlean instead;
 While the weaver wrought and died,
 And this airy web of fairy
 Time defied.

Here's a-cup a conqueror bore
 Where it flashed on princely ways,
 And the fairest and the rarest
 Sung the triumph of his days.
 Bare and still is banquet hall,
 And the dancers send no answers
 To your call.

And the conqueror's name is lost!
 But the dainty cup shall hold
 One undying, through the flying
 Of the moons and hopes grown old;

For the potter, fashioning
Faith and duty into beauty,
Lives, a king.

And this portrait! when His Grace
Stood before it in content,
All the splendor it could render
Seemed his gracious monument,
Telling smiling dame and knight
All the story of his glory
And his might.

But to-day we only care
For the mantle's tint of flame;
And the measure of such treasure
Is the crownless painter's name.
For the workers lose their lives
Giving purely, knowing surely
Work survives.

Fannie R. Robinson.

CHIPS FROM A NORTH-WESTERN LOG.

BY CAMPBELL WHEATON.

V.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

WITH July came an end to any scarcity of food. Never in my life had I seen or eaten so many berries, beginning with the strawberries that reddened the ground for miles about and that the squaws brought in by the bushel. They were stewed and preserved and dried by Mrs. Kennedy, whose hands were red with juice from morning till night, and who attacked them with a housekeeper's fury, loth to let so much desirable food escape her. No berry can match the flavor of this wild-wood strawberry, subtle and delicate and unrivaled even by the raspberry succeeding it in equal profusion. Then came blueberries and blackberries, the former being dried in quantities by the Indian women, acquiring a pungent, smoky flavor in the process as it is carried on over a slow fire—a flavor to which one easily becomes reconciled. Last came wild plums and the flood of cranberries from the rich swamp-lands, enough for all the United

States; and before the frosts of late September began the harvesting of corn, digging of potatoes, and last, long days in the wild rice-fields.

In spite of absolute anguish from mosquitoes, resulting in so many coats of pennyroyal oil, that with the addition of sunburn I was quite as dark as any of my neighbors, the summer had been one of unflagging interest and pleasure, and could any prospect of means for successful work have presented itself I should have been more than content. Baffled however in this direction, and realizing that till payment time there would be no possibility of change, I did what came in my way with what heart I could, but gave myself chiefly to learning the people and their life, and to an out-of-doors existence wild as their own. In July wagons had come through with stores, Kennedy having gone "below" for that purpose, his journey down to St. Cloud and the return requiring over a month, so deep was the mud from the heavy rains. In the meantime, with old Esenewub I had

several times crossed the lake and journeyed some distance north, finding villages of from ten to twenty families at intervals. In these journeys we met Crees and members of various other wandering tribes, most of them averse to labor, and refusing to settle permanently on any reservation. Often when gardens had been planted by the women, and corn and potatoes were just ready for hoeing, the order had come to move on, and the patient squaws had rolled up their wigwams and followed to some fresh hunting-ground, returning to find the crop choked with weeds, or taken possession of by some thriftless half-blood. The Pembina bands were inferior in every point save physique to the Red Lake Ojibways; and, like all Indians whose life is much on open plains, they had a deep scowl, resulting from constant contraction of the forehead and eyes to ward off the sunshine. The forest Indians who depend less upon hunting and more on the lakes for food, had none of this, but their characteristics were on the whole the same, requiring only stern, steady discipline and equally stern justice, to evolve from their simple nature, limited aspirations and unlimited appetites, submission, and patient effort to learn how to live.

The harvest ended. Sheaves of corn, tightly braided, hung in every wigwam. Dance after dance had taken place, at the gathering and husking, the shelling and storing away in *muskemotes*. The Indian children ate all day and it often seemed to me all night, for as their hours of rest are erratic, one member of a family preferring daytime for that purpose, and consequently boiling his corn or roasting his potatoes in the ashes at midnight or the cock-crowing, just as fancy might dictate, there was always some one prepared to offer a meal to any wanderer. I remember coming once between one and two in the morning after a watch over a sick man in a distant wigwam, upon one of the summer lodges, where half a dozen blanketed figures were sleeping profoundly, while before the fire sat the old grandfather and a child of seven or eight, roasting corn and exchanging experiences. As I sat there resting and eating the ear offered me at once, I heard, first the barking

of a fox, then the prolonged howl of a wolf, and last the wild cry of the screech owl, a sound to which I could never become accustomed, and which echoed now through the wood in so dreary and lugubrious a fashion that I shivered as I listened. Beshikway laughed, and ran down the trail toward the Leech-Lake road. "He goes to his father," said the old man, turning expectantly toward the open front of the lodge and peering out into the darkness, and in another moment appeared the tall figure of Shaydayence or Little Pelican, the oldest son, who had been amusing himself as he journeyed, by imitating every forest sound, from the barking of a squirrel to the final volley of screeches from the night owl. Behind him followed another figure, gray-headed and sad-faced, the old "Missionary Hunter," a Pembina Indian, chief of a large band, and like Madwagononind, so filled with desire that his people might be taught in time the knowledge that should save them from extinction, that he had become the dread of every new agent, and the laughing-stock of the indifferent among his own people. Never has more fervent greeting been mine than that of the old man, as Shaydayence told him I was teaching a little and meant to do more if I could. He shook hands over and over, and his voice trembled with eagerness as he asked if I had no friend who would go to his people also, and if I thought the new agent would open a school to which the children of the band could be sent. With daylight he went on his way, and we did not meet again till payment time, the last of October, when he came through with the annuity goods and to meet his band, who had come in from the Pembina plains.

The crops had been excellent this year and some hundreds more of bushels of corn and potatoes were stowed away than ever before. The pumpkins also were abundant, and before every lodge the great yellow rings cut across the whole pumpkin, hung on poles and dried in the sun, making ready for winter use. The few who had planted beans had also a good crop, and Madwagononind smiled with pride as he told me that this year the people would have enough for themselves, even if government did send

bad flour and pork, as had once or twice happened. Ducks of every variety, their crops distended with the wild rice on which they gorged every day, were brought in by hundreds, their feathers carefully saved for beds and pillows, and their plump and tender flesh making savory stews, thickened with rice or boiled pumpkin. It was a carnival of plenty. Working steadily day in and day out, as the women were, the generous diet seemed to make amends, and a generous sense of almost joyous plenty gave a new expression to life.

I followed a party one day to the rice fields at Seven Mile Lake, bearing my own canoe, though plead with by a young girl who begged to carry it herself, and looked with profound amazement and some scorn upon the man who would do anything a woman could do for him. I compromised by giving her the paddles, and she went on, only partially satisfied, and rather disgusted with white standards of etiquette. In June, while the streams were still high, we could have launched the canoe a mile or so below Red Lake, and have paddled and pushed it through the narrow and reed-grown marshes separating the little river from the first lake. Four miles below, the stream was high enough to admit this, and I stepped into the canoe, every line and curve of which I knew by heart, and paddled slowly, the current doing the most of the work. The women had gone on, and I was quite alone, in a stillness which had lost much of its oppressive quality, yet filled me always with a deep solemnity. The banks grew nearer, and the branches of birches and maples met overhead, till the stream ended in what seemed an impassible thicket of reeds and marshy growth. Experience had taught me what to do, and standing up I pushed through, the rushes closing over my head, yet yielding to the steady impulse forward. Then came a space of floating bog, the accumulation of matted reeds and roots and wash of soil, some day to become permanent and solid, but now the most treacherous and elusive of footings. On this I trod gingerly, dragging the canoe after me. Deep water lay beneath, and I had had more than one ducking in learning how to walk dis-

creetly, but this morning I escaped, and passing through some muskrat houses, whose inhabitants had dived instantaneously as I appeared, followed by a large otter that had been lying in the sun I touched clear water again on the brook that emptied into Seven Mile Lake. This too, narrowed at intervals, and was filled up with tall reeds, at my last encounter with which I had begun to despair, when suddenly I shot through and was on the open lake. Myriads of ducks rose in a cloud above me, and flew swiftly to the opposite shore. How can I tell the beauty of that day, and what words can give its color and light and air? Above, the cloudless vivid blue, quivering with sunshine: below, another blue mirroring that above; a perfect oval shut in by the great forest, every leaf and branch of which was reflected from the clear water through which fish darted, and where for one moment fell the shadow of an eagle slow sailing overhead. At one end the rice-field and the graceful canoe and gay-blanketed women, the only warm color in the picture, bending the high heads over the boat-side, and beating out the ripened grain, while far in the distance, from Spirit Island, rose the tall pine, long ago blasted by lightning, and bearing in its top an eagle's nest visible for miles around.

Nature works wildly in these northern regions, and I saw storm and whirlwind do their will with an energy and fierceness I had supposed altogether tropical. Tornadoes swept through the woods, upheaving and twisting giant trees as if they had been reeds, and presenting a picture of the wildest and most trackless desolation. Thunder not only rumbled and roared, but ripped as well, the peculiar sound of rending making one involuntarily look up to see if giant hands were not tearing the clouds into strips, while lightning not only flashed but blazed, all strange electric forces seeming to act at once. Balls of fire darted across the sky. Spears of piuk and purple and green, shot through the blinding masses of light, or aiming at some lofty pine, left it blackened and smoking. All about the lake shores stood tall, blasted pines, dreary as so many ghosts, and the great forest

seemed made as a plaything for these fierce elements. The sense of personal insignificance and helplessness became simply overpowering, and through the crash and roar and blinding glare one could only shudder and quail, and wait for the still small voice, the hush of peace after storm, in which one could recover confidence and strength to go on.

Too quickly the bright autumn days sped away. Golden rod and asters faded, and October found fallen leaves, blackened, frost-bitten vegetation, and even little gusty snow-storms melting quickly, but a little more determined with each flurry. Runners came through, bringing news that the payment party had left St. Paul and would reach Red Lake by the last of October. The Indians left their summer lodges and made ready for winter-quarters. The traders appeared again, every sign indicating a long winter, and consequent heavy yield of furs, and everything bent to preparation for this culmination of the Indian year.

Payment time is the summing up of the agent's year, as well, and a tour of inspection also, taking the character of a great picnic. With the Red Lake Indians, as with all who have ceded or sold land to the United States, a fixed sum for a given term of years; a given number of barrels of pork and flour, and the necessary amount of goods, blankets, etc., is disbursed yearly, the agent making his tour of inspection, accompanied by his clerk or paymaster, and a corps of gentlemen, usually clergymen, selected from various denominations, and charged with the duty of making a truthful and unbiased report of all they see and hear. On the whole the report is more or less a farce, and pronounced so by the cool-headed of the inspectors themselves. The Indians are at their best, pleased as children with their new blankets and goods in general, and like children, forgetting past troubles in present comfort. If charges are brought, a dishonest agent can easily bribe the interpreters to say one thing to the inspecting party and another to the Indians themselves. In fact a large proportion of the misunderstandings and unaccountable risings among the Indians are to be attributed

to interpreted lies—a love of stirring up mischief being an integral portion of the half-blood character. Even Boileau, a man of marked ability, who accompanied the present party, and who seemed to understand the demands of the situation, romanced involuntarily; and if two yoke of oxen were promised by the agent, made it six in spite of himself, thus convincing the Indians of the chronic bad faith of the government, and leaving a sense of injustice and unreliability altogether unnecessary and producing the worst effects.

The long file of army wagons appeared at night-fall the last of October, and camped about the government buildings. The boiler of the little saw and grist-mill, owing to some defect in the iron, had exploded a few days previously. Fortunately Kennedy had just gone up to dinner, leaving only an Indian boy sitting in the door. Though sent straight into the lake, amid a shower of boards and timbers, he escaped without a scratch, and rushed off to tell the tale. Within three hours hardly a vestige of the mill remained. The explosion had shattered it thoroughly. The Indians flocked in, many with their ponies, and each one carried away every board, shingle or slab he could reach. I secured a few for shelving, knowing it was the last chance, while poor Kennedy, whose vocation was thus suddenly taken from him, looked ruefully at the busy crowd, and wondered whether he had better go "below" with the pay party or wait till his supplies were nearly out. Unfortunately enough, so far as my personal comfort was concerned, it was decided for him, and I was left to such housekeeping as army life had taught me, the disasters of which would of themselves fill a paper.

The inspectors, four clergymen of different denominations, I found to be men of broad understanding, and the genial and breezy energy often a characteristic of western ministers. They agreed with me fully in the ideas I advanced, and heartily endorsed the appeal I had added to my report as physician, for some immediate movement at Red Lake in regard to schools. They went with me among the people, listened eagerly to every fact given them, were

struck with the possibilities of work, and eager as myself for action. The agent, an honest, but narrow man, who considered the flour and calico, and plenty of ploughed land for their crops the most vitally essential points, listened good-naturedly, promised to do what he could, but doubted if it would amount to anything. I need hardly add that under his administration it never did, nor even under that of the gay young army officer who succeeded him temporarily, or the subdued and timid minister who followed him. So far as accomplishment is concerned, my own record ends here. I remained as physician for two years, desperately indignant, profoundly sad by turns, and ending in simple acquiescence in a state of things I could not help. Here and elsewhere I saw fraud and trickery of every description. The second pay party, larger than the first, were equally interested with what they saw; equally bent upon some effort, and equally powerless for good. Like many another disappointed worker, I had to realize that the time was not yet, and when the end came, and I parted with the people I loved, but for whom I had been powerless to effect any permanent good, it was with a yearning and heart-ache of which I am not yet cured. I had, in the summer of 1870, gone out upon the Pembina plains with a hunting party; had been cut off from return by a war party of Sioux; had wandered through regions where no white man had ever been, and had come out finally at Fort Abercrombie, hundreds of miles below. From this point I journeyed west, seeing the Cherokees in their own territory; visiting the Pawnee and other reservations; seeing the workings of the mission to the Sioux, and getting a bird's-eye view of the whole field, which settled its position definitely and resulted in convictions I have never seen reason to alter. In a general paper of this description, statistics hardly find place. The popular idea that the Indian race is dying out is so firmly fixed that only statistics can shake it, and it will surprise all who take up the last report of the Secretary of the Interior, to find that a steady though limited increase has taken place during the past ten years, and that the Indians whose

reservations are fixed are becoming a prosperous and successful people, the schools and public institutions of the Choctaws and Cherokees, especially, being of a very high character.

It is a fact that a tribe, deprived of its traditional freedom of movement and forced into narrow limits and into occupations revolting at first to all their beliefs and inherited tendencies, must for a time suffer inevitable loss. But as with the negro and emancipation, after the first crushing effect of the new conditions, another and more vigorous life springs up. Assimilation is rapid, and were modes of treatment intelligent and practical, a thousand times more might be accomplished than has yet been done. I quote from General Francis A. Walker; in 1872, our Indian Commissioner, and a man who has judged so wisely and impartially for the Indian, as to rank first as an authority on all questions connected with modes of work among them. In a paper upon the "Indian Question," prepared for the *North American Review* in 1873, and supplemented a year later, by an equally valuable one in the *International*, he draws from his mass of facts, some very startling conclusions, prominent among which is the one impressed upon all who investigate deeply, that the present agency system is often worse than useless.

"A tribe makes a treaty with the United States, ceding the great body of their lands, and accepting a diminished reservation sufficient for their actual occupation. In consideration, it is provided that there shall be maintained upon the reservation for the term of fifteen years, at the expense of the United States, a superintendent of teaching and two teachers; a superintendent of farming and two farmers, two millers, two blacksmiths, a tinsmith, a gunsmith, a carpenter, and a wagon and plough-maker with shops for all these mechanical services. This little bill is presumably made up, without much reference to the peculiarities in character and condition of the tribe to be benefited by the expenditures involved. As soon as the treaty goes into effect, the United States in good faith fulfill their part of the bargain. The shops are built, the

employés enlisted; and the government through its agent stands ready to civilize the Indian to almost any extent. But, unfortunately, the Indians are not ready to be civilized. The glow of industrial enthusiasm, which was created by the metaphorical eloquence of the commissioners in council, dies away under the first experiment of hard work: an hour at the plough nearly breaks the back of the wild man, wholly unused to labor: his pony, a little wilder still, jumps now on one side of the furrow and now on the other, and finally settles the question by kicking itself free of the galling harness, and disappears for the day. The Indian, a sadder and wiser man, betakes himself to the chase, and thereafter only visits the shops maintained at so much expense by the government, to have his gun repaired, or to get a strap or buckle for his riding-gear. But still the treaty expenditures go on: the United States are every year loyally furnishing what has been stipulated, and the Indian is every year one installment nearer the termination of all his claims upon the government. Meanwhile, population is closing around the reservation; the animals of the chase are disappearing before the presence of the white man, and the sound of the pioneer's axe: scantier and scantier grow the natural means of subsistence; fainter and fainter the attractions of the chase; and when at last hunger drives the Indian into the agency, made ready by suffering to learn the white man's mode of life, the provisions of the treaty are well-nigh expired. One, three or five years pass. All the installments have been honorably paid; the appropriation committees of Congress, with sighs of relief cross off the name of the tribe from the list of beneficiaries, and another body of Indians, uninstructed and unprovided, are left to shift for themselves."

I have given this quotation at length, because it presents, photographically, the system as it at present stands: hopelessly inefficient in result, and holding the seed of fearful future difficulty. It is evident that the whole reservation scheme must be recast. Emigration has already invaded lands unwisely set aside without due consideration of what the future might bring. Mining

and other interests have brought the class of frontiersmen whose presence means Indian deterioration, but not Indian decrease. To force all upon one grand reservation is impossible, the Indians of the North looking upon the South, or Indian Territory, as the burial ground of their people, while the hostile element is still too strong to admit of peaceful dwelling together. An ethnographical distribution of tribes should at least be attempted, for though that system, suggested by Secretary Calhoun and accompanying the message of President Monroe in 1825, has been hopelessly violated by the introduction and even incorporation of alien tribes from the North among those of the South, it is still possible to form the double Indian reservation for all tribes east of the Rocky Mountains. Having done this, the Indian department must be in an independent position and have a responsible head. At present, incredible fraud, chicanery and corruption of every sort, are vital elements of the system in spite of honest spasmodic efforts to bring about a better state of things.

For fifty years the War Department had the sole charge of the Indians. Under President Adams, reform was as loudly called for as now, and a Congressional committee reported in words equally applicable to to-day: "Our Indian administration under the War Department exhibited a total want of method and punctuality. Accounts of millions of expenditure have been so loosely kept as scarcely to furnish a trace or explanation of large sums and where entries have been made, even the very clerks who kept the books could not state an account from them."

The patient, steady labor requisite in leading a heathen people to civilization forms no part of the education of an army officer, nor will an officer of high rank become an Indian Agent. Should the Indian Bureau be made a part of the War Department, it would form a pretext for forcing political appointments upon a service thus far free from such stain, and degrade one without elevating the other. After months spent in the examination of frauds and other causes of Indian War, Generals Sherman, Auger

and Terry, brave soldiers and Gallant gentlemen, reported: "If we intend to have war with the Indians, the Bureau should go to the Secretary of War. If we intend to have peace, it should go to the Civil Department. In our opinion such wars are wholly unnecessary. Hoping the government and the country will agree with us, we cannot advise the change."

Such wars are unnecessary, but the only protection against them, and against the consequent terror and distress amongst the border whites, is to be found in this policy of seclusion. The Indian must be forced to remain and labor with his own people. The white man must equally recognize that within their limits he has no place, but so long as reservations are scattered broadcast, so long their owners will be dispossessed by squatters and a reservation mean, as in Kansas, that portion of the State on which the Indians have no rights whatsoever.

Having secured a permanent position, the next essential point, is a title to the land by the individual Indian; a title to be made inalienable. Certificates of occupancy are now given, not worth the paper they are printed on. The best motive to labor is in a guarantee of the rewards of that labor. The half-blood passion for locating "scrip,"—that is taking a title to a homestead on Indian land, must be checked, and that element eliminated as rapidly as possible from the various tribes. But as connections will be formed between white and Indian, the law should provide that an Indian woman living with a white man is legally married, and the children of such marriage legitimate; and it should also forbid all unlawful relations to all employés, traders and agents.

The sending to Indians of paint, scalping-knives and all implements of death should cease. The influence of the government should be for, rather than against, civilization. Government bounty, if given at all, should be simply as premium for industry, and no rations be issued save to the sick and aged, or in payment for work.

Government should protect persons, property and life, but by means of the fewest and simplest laws. The agent should be fitted for his trust, and have authority to

try civil cases and petty offences,—the heavier crimes coming under the jurisdiction of a United States judge. The agent's position has long been a difficult and anomalous one. To quote once more from General Walker: "Under the traditional policy of the United States, the Indian Agent was a minister resident to a 'domestic dependent nation.' The Act of March 3, 1871, destroys the nationality and leaves the agent in the anomalous position of finding no authority within the tribe to which he can address himself, yet having in himself no legal authority over the tribe or the members of it."

If he has tact or intelligence, a certain amount of control is exercised, but complaint is being made more and more loudly that the young braves cannot be held in check, and until the Indian is made a citizen with a citizen's obligations as well as rights, the evil must grow.

Our national characteristics are such that till an evil has assumed gigantic proportions, we are very apt to deny even its existence, but the settlement of this question is inevitable. Sooner or later legislation must act, and though our industries may be burdened in meeting the responsibilities for the future of this race, honor and interest alike urge their claim.

It is unfortunate that the majority of Americans are weary of the whole question. The western man, who has known personally perhaps, the full and terrible meaning of Indian atrocities, cries out for "extermination," as if it were a cloud of grasshoppers to be dispersed. A large and increasing class, who may be said to have adopted the politics of despair, believe that since the upheavals of the civil war we are voyaging on an unknown sea, whose resistless current bears us to very possible destruction, and accepting everything and examining nothing, call for Indian suffrage and citizenship, as only one more item in the bill of lading.

Others, again, neither indifferent nor impatient, consider the policy of seclusion as an anomaly not to be tolerated in a republican government, and believe in absolute freedom for all classes and nationalities alike. Knowing well that mischief must

come, they still insist that the Indian must take his chances, and are deaf to any opposing suggestions.

Indian citizenship is to be considered, not as a means, but as an end. Years of training must elapse before it can be practicable for the whole body, numbering over three hundred thousand, only half of whom are in direct treaty with the United States. But according to our action on this whole question will be our judgment at the bar of history. Thus far nothing has been recorded hopelessly dishonoring in its character; for in face of the many wrongs done this people it must be remembered that our industrial and territorial expansion has been beyond that recorded of any other nation since the world began, and that from the struggle for life and possession of soil by the first colonists down to the present day, injuries have been mutual, and the heat of blood has brought results that posterity will judge more fairly than we. The past is beyond recall. The future lies in our own hands, and no plea of the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, no indifference nor intolerance should blind us to the fact that a once powerful people are at our mercy, and that we shall be recreants to a most binding and solemn duty if we fail to reconcile them to civilization. Let it be remembered also that fifty-five thousand of these Indians are already not only independent and self-supporting, but even wealthy—the body occupying the Indian Territory. These Indians expend in education more than any other territory in the United States; their horses and cattle are excelled in number and value in only one territory, and their cereal crops exceed those of all the territories put together. To carry out the project urged now in Congress, as it has been at every session for ten years, that their land should be thrown open for emigration in general, is a wrong and outrage realized only by those who have read between the lines of the smoothly-written suggestions, and know how it would end.

While parties have squabbled and departments sat bewildered, a quiet and penetrating influence has been at work gathering volume as years have passed, and standing

to-day as one of the noblest forms of missionary labor the world has seen. Many churches have made efforts, failing from very natural causes; want of understanding of Indian character and too rigid adherence to old methods ranking first. To the Episcopal church of the United States, and the Episcopal church of the West more especially, is due a work, increasing monthly in magnitude, and bidding fair to accomplish many of the results hoped for from the action of the general government. The modes of worship, the dress, the certain amount of state and ceremony peculiar to the Episcopal forms, all commend themselves to the Indian mind. The surpliced priests take the place of the painted medicine men; the responses and personal part in the service, that of his own share in the dances of the changing seasons. The great personal power of two such men as Bishops Whipple and Hare has brought into the western territorial ministry a class of men very different from the average theological student of the East. This new country has demanded fresh blood, fresh brain-power; untiring energy, unlimited devotion; and the best elements of the Broad-church movement are found there to-day. Year after year, long before the question pressed upon the public mind these men labored, biding their time and yet imploring a hearing and some action on the part of those who gave it. Gradually the appeal was responded to. Devoted men and women began, at many points, working under the most depressing and unfavorable conditions, but waiting in hope. Then came the action of the General Convention of 1871 appointing an Indian Commission, and in the ensuing year that of Bishop Hare as missionary bishop of Nebraska. Dr. Hare had long been familiar with the workings of foreign missions, and carried to this new field not only a trained and perfected system of thought concerning the best modes of work, but an enthusiastic belief that has never flagged, and an energy stopping at no obstacle and urging him on till the worn-out body could no longer respond, and he has been forced like his equally devoted fellow-worker, Bishop Whipple, to stop and rest.

Six years have passed, and the results can

be read and known of all men. Beginning with small schools held in log huts, and with only occasional services from ministers who sought to fill half a dozen parishes at once, the whole aspect has changed. Referring to the first report from Bishop Hare, we find that in 1873 five schools were in operation, all conducted on the manual-labor system before mentioned, and all growing with a speed that made their limited accommodations nearly intolerable. The first one at the Yankton mission opened with but five picked boys. Many more applied, and five were shortly added, these ten being drilled a sufficient length of time to aid in guiding those who came after. Friends at the East furnished the necessary household belongings, sheets, towels, clothing, etc. The boys were divided into three squads, each one having assigned to it its special work for the week. The dormitory squad, whose business was to make beds and keep rooms in order; the table squad, who set tables, washed dishes, etc., and the out-door squad, to bring wood, run errands, go for milk, etc. When the respective duties of each day were discharged, all worked in common for a time, leveling and cleaning up the rough grounds, and taking to it far more kindly than could have been hoped for; though at times, when the outside work-hour arrived, they proved hard to catch as wild deer, and when caught went to duty as if on their way to be hung, each one developing a lame leg or sore hand, and remonstrating at the coldness of the air. By ten o'clock in the morning work ended, and the boys went into school for two hours. Then dinner and recess till two; work till three; school till five, and then the evening meal and amusements or talking till early bed-time.

It is hardly possible to conceive of the difficulties involved in this apparently simple training. Filthy personal habits to be replaced by cleanliness, and the whole alphabet of civilization in the way of beds, dishes, chairs, etc., to be learned. The results astonished the workers themselves. The children were found tractable and apt to learn; over-sensitive to reproof, but submitting in spite of this; always ready for little jobs or spasmodic effort of any kind, but finding

sustained work and continuous restraint very irksome; curiously timid in undertaking to speak or do anything new, and far less prone to quarrel than white boys are. Deep disappointment often came. The most promising pupil, perhaps, deserted, influenced by wandering Indians unfriendly to civilization; but in spite of every drawback the second year found one hundred and twenty-five names on the roll, and four schools in operation. Forty Yanktons were confirmed on this second visit, and the first one admitted as a candidate for the ministry. Log houses had been built by the Indians themselves; a weaving-room been opened where the Indian women wove very good cloth and rag carpets, and seven hundred sheep had been bought for the reservation. Basket making and many other trades were advancing rapidly, and a sewing-school taught by both the Episcopal and Presbyterian ladies of the missions was in successful operation. The third and fourth reports indicate equally steady progress; while in the last one sent out in September, 1877, we find four native missionaries educated at the East, ordained and settled among their own people.

The Yankton agency and the work accomplished there have been mentioned merely as illustrations. In September last, not only was the debt incurred by the Indian Commission entirely canceled, but a balance of nearly eleven hundred dollars remained in the treasury, and this in spite of many unexpected calls promptly met. Eight native clergymen, five in Minnesota and three in Niobrara, have been ordained; while five candidates in the former and nine in the latter diocese indicate the future possibilities of labor. The Commission adds only one word of dissatisfaction, repeated by the bishops; a word all who have followed up the subject at all will echo:

"The Commission has been and is seriously embarrassed in its plans of operation by the unsettled and uncertain policy of the government. This keeps it back from giving to the work that comprehensiveness and permanency so necessary to its complete and final success."

Later on Bishop Hare adds: "Civiliza-

tion has loosened, in some places broken, the bonds which regulate and hold together Indian society in its wild state, and has failed to give the people law and officers of justice in their place. This evil still continues unabated. Women are brutally beaten and outraged; men are murdered in cold blood; the Indians who are friendly to schools and churches are intimidated and preyed upon by the evil-disposed; children are molested on their way to school, and schools are dispersed by bands of vagabonds, but there is no redress. This accursed condition of things is an outrage upon the One Lawgiver. It is a disgrace to our land. It should make every man who sits in the national halls of legislation blush. And, wish well to the Indians as we may, and do for them what we will, the efforts of civil agents, teachers and missionaries, are like the struggles of drowning men weighted with lead, as long as by the absence of law Indian society is left without a base."

I turn to the Minnesota reservations, where naturally my strongest interest centered. In 1872 old Madwagononind said to Bishop Whipple:

"We have a tradition that some time or other a good man will arise who will care for us. He has come at last, but it is almost too late."

Later, as the work went on at White Earth, and finally extended to Red Lake, where to-day missionaries are laboring successfully, aided and loved by chiefs and people alike, one said:

"I seem to have found a great stake set deep in the earth to which I can cling, and from which storms cannot wrench me away. I know it is planted by the Great Spirit, and that it will hold me up in this life, and secure me Heaven at last."

Little Thunder, one of those who went to Washington in 1863, said:

"Many times in the past, when I have thought of the way my people have suffered, my heart has grown heavy with sorrow, and I have wondered if they would always be so ignorant, so cast down. I feel now that a new day has begun, with fewer clouds and a bright sun," and he added passionately, "We are not dogs and beasts, but men and

women, and some day our children will live in good houses, and have good farms and good churches, and make law, and preach the gospel. We will keep it close in our hearts; and I think our hearts are larger than they were before."

At White Earth about a thousand natives are settled, but rovers from prairies and ranches are constantly gathering in, throwing aside their blankets, cutting off the scalp lock and learning to plough, build, weave, and cook. More than a hundred houses have been built, almost wholly by their own hands. Their saw-mill, run by themselves, turns out over fifteen thousand feet of lumber a day; they have two hundred and fifty head of cattle, well fed and well treated; a hundred and forty acres in wheat, and each house its own garden and corn-field. In their little Episcopal church, a full-blooded Chippewa ministers to a reverent congregation, joining with deep and quiet yet almost passionate fervor in the service they love.

Every indication goes to prove that the Indian is not a combination of brute, demon and ruffian, but a man with like passions with ourselves, and with far nobler natural possibilities than any other wild race on the earth, no power thus far having succeeded in making them slaves.*

The Yanktons are learning trades. The Santees are turning farmers. The Apaches, considered hopelessly degraded and treacherous, are begging for schools—the Comanches and many other wild Indians as well. Yet the old story goes on, and life on the border is more or less a terror to the whites and destruction to the Indian. Innumerable instances could be cited here of broken faith on our part and patient acceptance and hope for better things on theirs. If white men have been treacherously shot down by Indians, Indian women in turn have been cut to pieces, and Indian babies scalped by United States soldiers, and in all history one finds no blacker record than that of the Chivington massacre, reported in detail to the War

*At White Earth also is found a hospital containing twenty beds, an absolute essential in any civilized community, and doubly and trebly so among a people where conveniences and alleviations for disease are wholly wanting. Cure of many cases is now possible. Before it was hopeless.

Department, in whose report it can be read by all, when white men ran riot in blood and fire and indiscriminate slaughter.

Yet in the face of insurrection and massacre, of broken faith on both sides, the work goes on; hampered by government apathy, cast down yet not dismayed. I am asked what type of Christian faith and life can exist among a people born to bloodshed, and I take for answer one single convert from the sad-faced Dakotas; a boy, found innocent and gentle, and only more spiritually sad than the rest. To Paul Mazakute the thought of a Saviour was as the unvailing of the actual Christ to a soul that had reached out for and ignorantly worshiped Him, and he arose and was baptized. In the years that followed his mind matured and his character brightened. He became an apostle to his people. So long as strength lasted he preached and worked. Then came the end of the life whose sacred beauty seemed "the human Passion-flower of the Plains, the sign of the Cross inwrought in its fibre." His last act was to write a message to his people; a wonderful document, a wail of blended narrative and prophecy, in itself a poem, and whose last pathetic and thrilling words better end this imperfect record than any my own mind knows.

"Esteeming myself of no account, I write these my last words: I write to the Holy Fellowship, and as a member of it, and a minister of the church. To my friends in Christ Jesus in the country called the United States, to the men and women who have faith in Christ and walk in his way I give thanks. I look with confidence to white people who have the charity of Jesus. My life upon earth is very weak, my mind is very short, and my voice and my body both are faint. Therefore for my children's sake, I put my trust in strangers. If any one will pity me and take one of them and make it wise, and so cause me to see it in Heaven,

my soul will have great joy. As I was the first minister from the Dakota people, so, if God my Father shall so bless me, from mine may grow up another minister, who, though I be not here, shall bear my name, and finish the work I now lay down. I ask it without shame, because we are one body in Christ.

"In times past, I walked over a dark way having no light. But all at once, the Good Shepherd, He who never tires, He who walks bravely in difficult places and in desert lands, ever seeking the lost, He came upon me, and He delivered me. This one is truly merciful, and no man can equal Him; alone all good, alone all strong, alone all holy. This one only is clear of sight; this one only is strong of wing; this one only everywhere strong in battle, and with a great victory he has won all the peoples of the earth. He is the Savior of both body and soul, Christ the Son of God. This is he who caused me to live, and it is He who even now adds night and day to my fading life. This One alone I trust. God bless His servant also, who led me to Jesus, so like Him in his work; fearing nothing, hindered by nothing, leaving his own people to save the Indian. God knows the number of souls that have been blessed through him. I think it is a shame that I should die without giving my testimony to the love of Christ. And I have thought that for the work that I did for Him while I lived, for my weariness for Him, for my heavy burdens borne for Him, for my tears for Him, for my walk with Him waiting not and resting not day or night—that now soon, in Him and with Him, He for these things will give me comfort. And now this is my mind, that I am going home to my Father's House where my Elder Brother dwells. Paul Mazakute has written in this book his last words to his friends."

THE END.

HOW TO USE THE BIBLE.

THE excellence of a thing is no guarantee against its abuse. Good food is abused in gluttony; good health is expended in base conduct; good air is corrupted by profane speech. And sometimes, when there is no malign purpose, through simple ignorance, good things are turned aside from their true function. There may be misuse or unproductive use when there is not abuse. One hundred years ago Americans used anthracite coal for paving their streets; they did not intend to waste it, but they did not know that it could be made to burn; they were ignorant of its true value. Doubtless we are trampling under our feet every day many precious things whose preciousness we do not know; some things that are employed by us for coarse uses, will be found by and by to be adapted to higher and finer service.

The Bible is one of the best things that God has given us; and like all the rest of His good gifts it is subject both to abuse and to unproductive use. Let me indicate in the briefest way some of the mistakes that men make in the use of it, and some of the ways in which they may use it with increase profit.

It was just five hundred years ago, that John Wyclif, relieved by one of those mediæval papal squabbles from the necessity of meeting the charges of heresy preferred against him by the Pope, returned to his living at Lutterworth and began organizing the great Home Missionary work that shook England in after days to its center. The "poor priests" whom he sent out to preach the gospel to the people soon found the need of basing their message upon some authority firmer than the Church of Rome—the Church that at this moment was rent into fighting factions, with two Popes, each calling himself the vicegerent of God, and in the words of Archbishop Trench, "hurling anathemas each at the other and at all the adherents of the other, shrinking from the employment of no weapons by which they might harm one another—equally hateful and equally contemptible." To the word of a Church thus torn and disgraced

Englishmen would not give very earnest heed; and the priests must have found that they could not make much headway with their call to repentance until they could preface their message, not with "Thus saith the Church," but with "Thus saith the Lord." So it was that the need of a translation of the Bible into the common speech of the people began to be felt; and probably it was in this very year of the century—1378—that the translation of Wyclif was projected and begun; though it was not finished until 1381.

Against this measure there was, of course, a vehement outcry. Translations were always imperfect, the good doctors of the Church insisted; it was profaning a sacred thing to turn the word of God from one language to another. Moreover the unlearned would not be able to understand it; they would wrest it to their own destruction. Volleys of these arguments were discharged at Wyclif, but they did not frighten him from his purpose. And it is easy for us to see that Wyclif was right, and that the Orthodox party of his day was wrong; that though translations do involve more or less of imperfection and error, yet, if they are honestly made they need not involve any serious loss of truth; and that he who keeps the Bible out of the hands of the people for fear that they may use it injudiciously is about as wise as one who should deprive the people of food for fear that they would not cook it properly. Indigestion is bad, no doubt, but it is not quite so bad as starvation.

The Bible is misused, then, when it is suppressed; when it is kept out of the hands of the people, as it was by the whole church before the days of Wyclif; as it is even in these days, to a considerable extent, by the Roman Catholic church. The Bible is the message of God to men—not to priests and theologians, but to the whole people; and it is only rightly used when it is fairly distributed among the people, and when all are taught to read it and encouraged to study it for themselves.

But there are ways in which those who have it in their hands sometimes misuse it.

1. It is not well used when men employ it as a sign or an advertisement. Mr. Moody has recommended his converts to procure Bibles printed in readable type, even though they may be too large for the pocket and must be carried in the hand. But Mr. Moody did not mean to recommend such a parade of the Bible as we frequently find his callow disciples making. I sometimes see a zealous youth walking along the public streets in a very self-conscious way, with a limp-covered Bible under his arm, evidently desiring to call attention to himself, as who should say: "Here is your unadulterated article of Bible religion! None genuine without this trade-mark!" A Bible used ostentatiously is certainly misused. Mr. Moody meant, of course, that men ought not to be ashamed of carrying their Bibles; but it is one thing not to be ashamed of them and quite another thing to make a show of them. Mr. Moody would say, doubtless, that one ought not to be ashamed, if the need should arise, of praying in a public place; but he would also assent to the word of one wiser than himself, that those who pray standing on the corners of the streets, to be seen of men, are not the model worshipers. There is, in these days of increased Bible study, not a little of this practice of putting the Bible on parade, and it is not a pleasant thing to see.

2. The Bible is not well used when it is used as a fetich. It is possible to worship the Bible as a *thing*, without much reference to the truth it contains, or the life to which it guides; and when so worshiped, it is not much better than any other idol. There are those who know very little of the Word of God that is in the Bible, and whose lives show no trace of its sanctifying power, but who are full of a kind of superstitious veneration for the book. They seem to regard it as a sort of charm or talisman that it is well to have about them. The late but not much lamented Tweed read it every day for so many minutes in prison, and occasionally looked up from what seemed to be his devotions to swear at his attendant. Doubtless he regarded the book as a sort of

fetich, and thought the holding of it in his hand, and the fixing of his eyes upon its pages for a little while every day was a meritorious observance. The Bible is only a medium through which the divine truth and the divine life are communicated to men; it is not an ultimate fact but an instrumental cause; it is not a thing to be worshiped, but a thing to be used; and when it comes to be regarded as the object rather than the aid of devotion it is greatly abused. The Protestant may and sometimes does make of his Bible exactly what the Catholic makes of the host upon the altar.

3. The Bible is not rightly used when it is regarded as an algebraic formula of doctrine. When you find the value of x in an algebraic problem you can substitute it in any true equation of the problem. And there are those who seem to suppose that the sentences of the Bible are of the nature of algebraic equations; and that when you find the meaning of a word in one sentence you can substitute it for the same word in any other sentence and get the right meaning. Science does call for such a rigid definition of terms; and when we study optics or political economy or moral philosophy we expect to have one meaning and only one given to every word, and to find the word bearing that signification and only that in every part of the treatise. But the Bible is not a scientific book, and it does not use language in this precise algebraic method. This is even true of the original; for in that we often find the same word used in many different senses. Take, for example, the word commonly translated faith: that is used in the New Testament with at least four distinct significations. It means, in some places simply belief of a fact—"By faith we understand that the worlds were made;" in other places trust in a person—"Ye are the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus;" in other places the doctrine or truth of the Gospel: "He which persecuted us in former times now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed;" in other places, fidelity or integrity, as where the "faith of God" is spoken of, and where the Pharisees are spoken of as neglecting "judg-

ment, mercy and faith." You can generally tell from the connection what the word means, but it is not used in a scientific way; and people who go about to establish doctrines by means of proof-texts are often found quoting various passages in which the same word is used in wholly different senses.

This free method of the original writers has been unnecessarily and even injuriously enlarged by the translators; for they often, for rhetorical purposes, give to the same word, when it is used in the same sense, a number of different English equivalents. Thus where James says: "If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring in goodly *apparel*, and then come in also a poor man in vile *raiment*, and ye have respect unto him that weareth the gay *clothing*," etc.—the three words, "apparel," "raiment," "clothing," all stand for the same word in the Greek. So, also, the same word, with the same sense, is translated "eternal" in one sentence and "everlasting" in the next sentence; the same word with the same sense is sometimes rendered "condemn," and sometimes "damn;" the same phrase in one place is made to mean "thy faith hath saved thee," and in another place "thy faith hath made thee whole." There are a great many such passages in which the translators have taken great rhetorical liberties with the text, making our version considerably less precise in its phraseology than the original, though that, as we have seen, is far from being scientifically exact.¹

Matthew Arnold says many untrue and even absurd things in his "Literature and Dogma;" his notion that the God of the earlier Hebrews was impersonal, and that the notion of personality came in as a later corruption is a pure invention, and other notions of his are about as baseless. But he is certainly right in saying that the Bible is not dogma, but literature; that it does not consist of theological propositions, but of free, roundabout, popular statements; and that it is not by etymological micros-

copy nor by logical practice upon words that we get the true meaning, but simply by trying to put ourselves in the writer's place, that we may feel the spirit that animates him and catch the drift and purpose of his argument. And this, it would seem, is the truth that Paul is teaching us, when he says that God has "fitted him to be a minister of the new covenant, not of the letter but of the spirit—for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

I do not wish to be understood either as denying that the Bible has a meaning nor as asserting that this meaning cannot be ascertained; but I say that the practice of tearing texts out of their connections, and making theological patchwork of them after some dogmatic design, is the very worst way of finding out what the meaning of the Bible is.

4. The Bible is sometimes, as Paul suggests, "handled deceitfully," or fraudulently. Not only is the truth which it tells perverted or withheld, but certain facts about the Bible itself are studiously concealed. There are those who seem to think that the Bible is something of a character so peculiar that it is wrong to tell the plain truth about it.

It is known to all scholars that the Greek text from which our Bible was translated contained a good many errors, and that these errors are incorporated into our version. Since the translation was made, in 1611, a great deal of critical study has been expended upon the text of the Bible, the multitude of old manuscripts have been compared and carefully examined, their differences noted, and the true reading in almost all cases clearly established. We know, therefore, what the errors of our version are;—at any rate, we know many of them; and it would seem that when there are errors, known to be such, that fact ought to be frankly stated.

In fact, the telling of the whole truth about this matter would serve to confirm, rather than to impair the confidence of Christians in the integrity and value of the Book. There are, indeed, a great many "various readings;" but hear what Dr. Ezra Abbott, a man of great learning and candor, has to say about them:

"Of the 150,000 various readings, more or

¹See Professor Thayer's Essay on "Unwarranted Verbal Differences and Agreements in the English Version," in the *Sunday School World* for October, 1878.

less, of the text of the Greek New Testament we may, as Mr. Norton has remarked, dismiss nineteen-twentieths from consideration at once, as being obviously of such a character, or supported by so little authority that no critic would regard them as having any claim to reception. This leaves, we will say, 7,500. But of these, again, it will appear, on examination, that nineteen out of twenty are of no sort of consequence as affecting the sense; they relate to questions of orthography, or grammatical construction, or the order of words, or such other matters as have been mentioned above, in treating of unimportant variations. They concern only the form of expression, not the essential meaning. This reduces the number to perhaps 400 which involve a difference of meaning, often very slight, or the omission or addition of a few words, sufficient to render them objects of some curiosity and interest; while a few exceptional cases among them may relatively be called important. . . . It may be safely said that no Christian doctrine or duty rests on those portions of the text which are affected by differences in the manuscripts; still less is anything essential in Christianity touched by the various readings."¹

Now the fact that the Bible passed through so many hands, and was copied in manuscript so many hundreds of times before the art of printing was invented, when any one who chose made a copy for himself,—and the fact that, by what would seem to be such an uncertain and precarious conveyance, it came down to us through the dark ages, so little affected in its integrity and purity by all this handling of ignorant and prejudiced men,—so that what we have comes so near to being the very word written by apostles and evangelists—these facts strengthen my sense of the sacredness and value of the Bible, and make it easy for me to believe that the book has been, through all these years in a special manner under the divine supervision.

But though this supervision may have guarded copyists and translators against important errors it has not made them infalli-

ble; and the marks of their fallibility appear in the book as we now have it in our hands. And the only honest way to deal with such errors is frankly to acknowledge them. When we come upon a verse or a clause that we know is not in the original Greek, we ought to say so. When I know that certain words found in Matthew or in Luke are an interpolation, that they were not written by Matthew or Luke, what right have I to give them out as the words of Matthew or Luke? To do that would be to handle the word of God fraudulently.

Yet a great many persons are inclined to practice concealment about this matter, from the fear that the Bible will lose its authority among the people if the truth about it comes to be known. There is a certain petty notion of the verbal and literal infallibility of the Bible which would certainly suffer if the truth were frankly told; and the fear is that with the breaking down of this notion the faith of man in the divine character of the Book would be greatly weakened. Such a fear is dishonorable at once to the book, to the church and to God. It dishonors the book to intimate that it is too weak to stand without being bolstered by a pious fraud. It dishonors the church to say that Christians have not sufficient intelligence and discrimination to prove all things—the Bible included—and hold fast that which is good. It dishonors God to teach that His kingdom can be promoted by concealment and misrepresentation. The idea that it is not safe to tell the people the facts about the Bible is of a piece with the old idea encountered by Wyclif—that it is not safe to give the people the Bible itself. If it is right that they should have the Bible, then it is right that they should have all the facts about the Bible—about the way it was written and compiled and the manner of its transmission through the centuries, and the errors, be the same more or less, that have crept into the text. So instructed their faith will not be a blind credulity—a mere will-worship—but an intelligent and discriminating acceptance of its messages. The Word of Truth is not honored by concealment and evasion.¹

¹ "The New Testament Text" in the *Sunday School World* for October, 1878.

¹ "The translation of the New Testament is from a

A few words now concerning the right ways of using the Bible.

1. It should be used reverently. Were it only a common book, did it lay no claim to a superhuman origin, the fact that it has been held as the treasury of divine wisdom by so many generations—that so many of the most sacred memories and associations of the race are bound up with it—would lead every man who has anything in common with his fellow-men to treat the book with reverence. Beyond all this, the fruit that has sprung from the seed of truth here garnered, the fruit of enlightenment and purity and moral reform; the whole grand product of Christian civilization, to which the Bible is seen to hold a seminal relation—would forbid any well-wisher of his kind to treat the book otherwise than reverently. It ought to command our credence as no other book commands it. It ought to lay hold on our affections as no other book engages them. We should come to it with what Dr. Clarke calls the Christian prepossession—looking with a joyful confidence to find in it the truth that shall make us wise unto salvation.

2. It ought to be used devoutly. We who believe that the Bible is the book of God believe that the God of the Bible is a living God; that he is holding fellowship

text confessedly imperfect. What editions were used is a matter of conjecture; most probably, one of those published with a Latin version by Beza between 1565 and 1568 and agreeing substantially with the *textus receptus* of 1633. It is clear, on principle, that no revision ought to ignore the results of the textual criticism of the last hundred years. To shrink from noticing any variation, to go on printing as the inspired word that which there is a preponderant reason for believing to be an interpolation or a mistake is neither honest nor reverential. To do so for the sake of greater edification is simply to offer to God the unclean sacrifice of a lie.”—Professor Plumptre in Smith’s Bible Dictionary; Art. “Authorized Version.”

“It is in vain to cheat our own souls with the thought that these errors (in the authorized version) are either insignificant or imaginary. There are errors, there are inaccuracies, there are misconceptions, there are obscurities, . . . and that man who, after being in any degree satisfied of this, permits himself to lean to the counsels of a timid and popular obstructiveness, or who, intellectually unable to test the truth of these allegations, nevertheless permits himself to denounce or deny them, will . . . have to sustain the charge of having dealt deceitfully with the inviolable word of God.”—Bishop Ellicott, quoted by Professor Plumptre in the same article.

with men in these days, not less than with Holy men of the olden time, and that He who inspired the men that wrote the book can lift up our thought, so that we shall be able to comprehend the things that are written in the book. Faith in God must vitalize and inform our faith in every word of God: it is by believing in Him that we come to trust His word; it is by communing with Him that we are enabled to understand His word.

3. We must remember as we use the Bible that it is an expression—such an expression as can be put into the speech of finite men—of truth about the infinite God. Of course, it is only by hints and glimpses, by cross-lights and refracted rays, that we get any knowledge of Him whose glory fills the heavens. Only a little way out of the darkness that is the habitation of His throne can our God come toward us: our minds are dazzled by the majesty and splendor of His being. And therefore we must expect to find the language of the Book that tells us about God struggling under the burden that is thrown upon it; often dealing in statements that seem extravagant and hyperbolic; conveying to us thus, in the vagueness and apparent contradictoriness of many of its utterances an impression of the utter inadequacy of any language that we know or can know to describe or define God. It is out of this fact that many of the mysteries of the Bible arise. There cannot but be mystery surrounding an infinite Person; and when He speaks to us, because of the feebleness of our own power, some words will be but dimly understood. The fact that the Bible contains deep and difficult things does not, then, detract from its authority; this is only what we might expect; but when we remember the nature of the task that is demanded of human language in this book we ought to be careful how we try to press all its lofty and rapturous strains into the categories of our logic.

4. So far as conduct is concerned the Bible is a manual of principles, rather than of rules. It gives us these principles, often, in concrete cases; but we are to detach the principle from the special case, and use the principle without always insisting on the

example. "Let all things be done decently and in order" is the principle on which much of Paul's advice to the Corinthians was based. The principle is for us as well as for them; but some of the specific things that he tells them not to do we may freely do, because the conditions are wholly changed. It is not now a shameful thing for a woman to appear unveiled in a public assembly; it still is, and always will be wrong for women, and men too, to bring scandals upon the church by careless and unseemly behavior. The principle remains; the rule may be often modified. And it is our business to discover the principles of conduct that the Bible gives us, and to govern our lives by these.

5. It must not be forgotten that the Bible is a book whose primary aim is the production of good character. It reveals God to us, it tells us of Christ, it unfolds to us the glories and the terrors of the world to come, in order that we may be influenced to live better lives. The salvation that it makes known to us is a salvation from sin. The paramount interest of the Bible is righteousness, holiness, purity of life; everything else is subordinated to this; the miracles rank below the morals of the book. Christ told his disciples that they should do greater works than he had done, after he had gone to the Father. Greater miracles they did not do, but greater moral effects did certainly follow their preaching than followed his; and this is what he means. He counts the raising of a dead soul to life,—the rousing of the conscience and the uplifting of the moral nature of a degraded man,—as a greater work than the opening of a sightless eye or the healing of a withered hand. His marvels were wrought only that he might

gain entrance for the word of life into the hearts of men. "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins"—that was his reason for working miracles. In all his work, in all his teachings, the supernatural, or what we call the supernatural, was made subordinate and tributary to the spiritual. And this is the Bible method. The great question with us, therefore, is whether we are using the Bible in such a way as to secure these results of character. Are we able to draw from our study of its truths and impulses that help us toward better living. Are we able to present its truths to others in such a way that they shall be convinced of sin and persuaded to forsake it—that they shall be drawn toward a holier and nobler life.

The Bible piques your curiosity, no doubt; it kindles your imagination; it stimulates your reasoning powers; it stirs your feeling; it rouses your fears; it awakens your hopes. All this it does in a way that no other book can do it; but when all this is done the chief end of the Bible is not yet wrought out in you. The question is whether it is helping you to do right every day; whether the truth which it reveals to you is converted daily into good conduct; whether its influence upon you tends to make you more truthful, more gentle, more upright, more pure, more helpful, more just, more patient, more brave. If you are using it so as to get such a revenue as this out of it, for yourself and for others, you are using it in the right way. If no gains of this description are accruing to you through your use of it, though you may understand all its mysteries and all its knowledge, and may speak its messages with all the tongues of Pentecost, it will profit you nothing. *Washington Gladden.*

FISHERS OF MEN.

BY S. T. JAMES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE daily excursion to his business which Arkwright had been wont to make in the early spring by rail most of the way and by

a brief quarter of an hour's walk the remainder, gave way as summer advanced to a walk the whole distance. The longer mornings invited him to an earlier start,

and he felt moreover the need of a stimulus to his bodily powers. To get into a railway train and be whirled in five minutes over a course which took his feet a half hour to traverse had its advantages, but those advantages were not in the direction of physical exercise, and besides, the trains did not well suit him now, for he had applied a whip to his flagging energy and was at his post at an earlier hour than formerly.

The walk along the banks of the river, on the other side of which the foundry lay, was always a pleasant one, and never more so than in the early hours of a summer morning. He could see the buildings across the water as he walked, and the landscape was varied too by the trains that darted hither and thither, as if they were some detached portions of the earth shot along with stellar precision. There were times, indeed, when these signs of activity and commerce depressed rather than invigorated him. It seemed almost as if there were a conspiracy against nature, and mechanical powers were laboring to force the world into rigid conformity to tyrannical rules. The railway train with its exclamation point of promptness, seemed antagonistic to the imperceptible regularity and movement of nature's laws, and the young man whose life was being compressed within fixed limits, had an almost passionate desire to escape from the confinement of work into the larger freedom of leisure and thought. It was on a morning when such desires were uppermost that he was joined in his walk by his friend, Pastorius, who was on his way in from an early country walk, but willingly turned about and strode beside his friend.

"How I wish I could do that," said Arkwright with a touch of bitterness in his tone.

"Do what?"

"Why, whisk about and walk in the opposite direction to that which I am taking; just as you did a moment ago."

"Perhaps I was not whisking about, but taking my normal track."

"Possibly. I think I have heard people call you a loafer. If so, your normal track is a perpetual turn about."

Pastorius laughed.

"Motley used to say that there ought to be a rope stretched across the entrance to Boston harbor, with a big placard on it, 'No admittance here except on business.' I am inside the rope and people look at me suspiciously. You need a vacation, Edward."

"An everlasting one, I sometimes think."

"When all the rich men have set up statues everywhere in honor of the industrious, I mean to beg enough money to persuade some clever artist to execute a statue of the Dustrious man to be set up in the market place. It makes me laugh and cry by turns to go into one of our money streets and see the anxious men and boys hurrying up and down. One would think that business and hurry were partners, but they are really enemies to each other. The most successful men of business are the least hurried. What would not men give, Arkwright, if they could get rid of this perpetual hurry and drive, this galloping to the end of a journey only to mount a fresh steed and gallop on the next stage, the clatter of the horse's hoofs an accompaniment to all their thoughts. There is certainly something ignominious in the confession which people are constantly making, that they have no time to do this or that needful thing, and that they shall breathe more freely if they can once clear their desk, or finish this job, or wipe out this obligation. One comes to feel that Time has been borrowed from, and that one's notes are perpetually maturing, while one makes a vain effort to cancel them by giving fresh notes. We turn round in a helpless sort of fashion and berate the age we live in with its whizzing locomotives and its clicking telegraphs, as if the punctuality of railway trains and the instantaneousness of despatches were not the very friends and servants of honest leisure."

"You want to give my soul a shaking, I suppose," said Arkwright. "Well, shake away, and dust it and turn it; it will only be my poor soul after all."

"Confess that you are not walking freely to your work this morning, but are driven to it."

"What absolution have you authority to offer after my freest confession?" cried Arkwright.

"The trouble with you, Arkwright, is that you think the end of the world is at hand, and what might inspire a great hope has become a great fear. Is it not pitiable to see one, who, through his very anxiety to do everything which circumstance seems to lay on his broad back, comes to be the very thrall of circumstance, and starts at every shadow which seems to whisper that he is not faithful! He wears this life away to a fretful existence in the vain attempt to leave nothing undone, when it would have been nobler to leave much undone which he has done ill. He disappoints those who expected great things of him, yet none is so disappointed as himself, for the solace of having tried to do what one has not done is a mockery. It is doing which brings comfort. Edward Arkwright, thou art the man."

"Well, Nathan, what is the remedy?"

"For the man of business, I hold that along with the courage which makes him refuse to do what he cannot do well, there should be the element which is but the spirit of order and courage combined, of resolute reserve of leisure. It is a necessity for every man of business to have a city of refuge, to have and guard jealously some period of each day which shall be consecrated to leisure—the leisure of books, or of gentle society, or of nature, or of worship. The last is essential, the others are grateful aids. In this shelter he has a chance to set his watch by the heavenly bodies, and when he issues forth, into whatever thicket of men or affairs he may plunge, he will at any rate be himself and not the slave of necessity. I say that is a necessity to a man of business, but are you quite sure that you belong to that order?" Pastorius looked at his friend keenly as he put the question.

"Are not these hands horny?" asked Arkwright, holding them up grimly. "Weren't they made for work?"

"They are not large enough to hold Fate," said Pastorius.

"Pray let us give over this talk," said Arkwright impatiently. "I am wearied with this perpetual conflict of opinion. For myself, I see no way but to go on blindfold, and if I fall into the ditch at last, I only

hope I shall lead no one else into it." They had come by this time across the bridge, and were met by a procession of carts. "Here is the end of one of my fine notions," continued Arkwright. "This is the charming piece of ground by the river side which I was to have bought and held for my workmen; but one of my neighbors stepped in while I was hesitating and bought it. He boasts that by rooting out the trees and cutting down this pretty hill he will sell enough gravel to pay for the original cost of the land. Then he will make house lots of the desert and sell to the highest bidder. I suppose he will reserve a few square rods for a park and flatter himself that he was very public spirited. Perhaps in his secret heart he believes that his statue ought to stand in the center of the desolation he has created. He has reversed the prophecy and made the blooming field a wilderness. But he is a successful man, oh, yes, a very successful man. He keeps his gig." Arkwright loitered as they talked, and finally stood still. Beneath the outward current of his talk ran a current of comfortlessness, and at this moment he had felt a strong desire to see Alice Garden and have five minutes of her companionship. He had come to rest in it as a positive relief from the distractions of his daily life, and he was uneasy now lest he could not shake off Pastorius. "Heaven deliver me," he said to himself, "from people who have no visible means of support." His thoughts and his dilemma made him silent and irresolute. Pastorius perhaps saw this; nevertheless he resumed his walk and continued slowly with him until they came in sight of the Garden cottage. Then he suddenly bade him goodbye. He would return by the way they came, he said, and Arkwright, released, quickened his gait. Pastorius stood and watched him, saw him enter the yard, and then himself moved on his way back to the city. He knew a little of Arkwright's familiarity at the Gardens; he suspected more, and it was with many speculations that he walked home.

As for Arkwright, he caught sight of Ellen at the window. She was watching for him and had opened the door when he reached it.

"I was so afraid I should n't see you," she said. "I must go on an errand before school, but I did so much want to ask you about my geography lesson. We're going to take a walk through Paris this morning, and sister Alice said you could show me on the map the Rue St. Antoine. We could n't find it."

"Or, rather, Ellen would n't let me show her," said the elder girl, laughing; "for she said she should remember it better if you pointed it out."

"And I want to know just where *numero kattray sank sankant* is," pursued Ellen, "for Fanny lives there, and she sent sister a beautiful picture of a lady who lives there. But she won't let me take it to school to show the teacher. Miss Farlon wanted us to bring something that came from Paris, and show on the map if we could, just where it came from."

"You may take this, Nellie," said Arkwright, detaching a crystal seal from his chain, a special admiration of Ellen's, "and say that it came from the Montanvert near Chamonix in Switzerland, but was engraved at a shop in the Palais Royale. I'll show you the place on the map."

"Oh, may I?" exclaimed the child. "That will be better than the picture. May I tell what the monogram is? I can make out the E and the A, you know."

"You can pretend that the E and the A are for Ellen and Alice, puss. And you must bring it back safely." He had purposely turned away from Alice Garden during these few words, for he saw that the mention of the picture had caused the blood to mount up to her forehead. She spoke now and bade Ellen go on her errand.

"But I would rather you would not take Mr. Arkwright's seal, Ellen; I will get you something I have, a picture which sister Fanny sent me, a picture of a little girl whom she saw in the street in front of her window; that will be a great deal better, for I should not like you to run the risk of losing Mr. Arkwright's seal."

Ellen demurred, but suffered her sister to go for the picture.

"It's a beautiful lady," she said eagerly to Arkwright when left alone with him.

"I mean the other picture. Such bright hair and such a lovely face! Tell sister Alice to show it to you."

"Whom is it a picture of?" he asked.

"I don't know her name. Sister Alice would n't tell me. She says I am a chatter-box; but of course she would let me tell you about it. You ask her to show it to you."

"Hush!" said he, as Alice came downstairs.

Ellen accepted the picture of the child, and gave back the seal, but looked wistfully at it.

"Will you let me seal one of my letters to sister Fanny with it?" she asked. "I have one just finished, only sister Alice has not yet corrected it."

"No," he said, looking with a smile at her upturned face.

"Well, will you let sister Alice seal hers with it?"

"No, Ellen. The seal means: this letter that I seal came from E. A. and from nobody else, and you would n't like the seal to tell a lie."

"Well, we could put our two letters together, and then we could pretend that they came from E. and A.," said the child, triumphantly.

"Ellen, I want my errand done at once," said her sister, and the child ran off, throwing kisses back through the doorway.

"Alfred has gone back to work this morning," said Miss Garden, as Arkwright lingered.

"I am very glad to hear it. I am on my way to the same great grind myself. Come! why did you not tell me of the picture? Please show it to me." He spoke so frankly and openly that the girl, hesitating a moment, left the room and returned with it. She spoke with embarrassment.

"Do not think I asked for this. Fanny was writing me of the people in the house with her, and she sent me this as a sketch of—of Miss Goddard. May I give it to you? Of course I did not tell Fanny what—what you told me." And she blushed with vexation and embarrassment. He took the picture and looked long at it.

"No," he said finally, returning it. "I

do not wish to do injustice to your sister. She is plainly very skillful, but she has not caught the likeness. That is, while the features are correct, the face behind the features is not there. This is another woman. Your sister does not like Miss Goddard."

He looked quickly at his companion as he said this. She hesitated a moment.

"No, Mr. Arkwright, I do not think she does. She writes freely to me of the people she meets, and she is full of prejudices and partialities; and if she does not like a person, her portrait is sure to be a little exaggerated; she will make a puzzling likeness, a likeness which will show just what she thinks of her subject."

"Did Miss Goddard sit to your sister for this?"

"Oh, no; it was a stolen likeness."

"It is not true, it is not true," exclaimed Arkwright warmly, pushing it from him. But he drew it to him again and continued to look at it. "Miss Garden," he said finally, "I want to ask a favor of you. Do not think me unreasonable, but destroy this picture."

"Here and now," said she gaily.

"Stay," said he, arresting her movement. "Let me destroy it, then your sister may reproach me if any one," and he tore it to shreds. "I am half superstitious about such things," said he, laughing constrainedly, "and I hated to have you destroy it. Now the original remains," and he laughed again. "You are not angry with me?"

"Angry! it was like you."

"I wish sometimes I could think as well of myself as you think of me. I do not wish to have any mock humility. You are generous and have been a true friend to me. You would smile incredulously if I were to tell you what a help these little visits have been to me. I have always found two bright spots on my way to the office,—the little hill with the evergreens on it and this window, outside and in."

"They are digging away the hill."

"An ill-omened affair for me," he said shaking his head. "Miss Garden, don't you let them pull your house down;" and he went away to his work, excited and restless. Was it altogether his mood that made his

work that day seem uncontrollably at sixes and sevens? Whatever he touched seemed to be bewitched. It was a day which sometimes will happen to one in business, when a succession of interruptions or accidents will seem almost a conspiracy to rob a man of his peace of mind. Nothing went forward properly. Letters to which he wished to refer could not be found; bills which he had supposed sent long ago turned out to have been waiting verification; orders which had been promised for a certain day had been delayed and no notification sent to the aggrieved parties; work had been blocked by the unnoticed absence of important workmen; customers called and the only person who could answer their questions was out of the way; estimates upon which contracts were based proved to have been incomplete; drafts came back unhonored; a large failure of one of the house's customers was announced, and in the workshop there was muttering of discontent at the tariff of wages.

"Mr. Simon," he said, after a specially exacerbating mistake had been discovered, and he was smarting at the consequence of the error, "I used to think you the most regular and accurate of men, but if things go on like this, I shall change my opinion." Mr. Simon rubbed his head nervously and took out his watch.

"Mr. Edward," he rejoined, "it was only day before yesterday that you made that mistake about Sargent's patent, and I worried over it all day, but I never said a word of complaint to you, and there was that order of Marshall's"—

"Yes, yes, I know. I make my mistakes as well as other people, but the devil's in the business, I believe."

"Your brother Job used to say that the devil carried on his business as silent partner with a good many concerns."

"Mr. Simon," said Arkwright, suddenly, throwing himself back in his chair and glancing about to see that Jim was not in the counting-room, "does n't it ever occur to you that I am not very well qualified to carry on this business?" and he looked steadily at the old man. Simon fingered his watch-guard uneasily. "Speak up," con-

tinued Arkwright. "I won't tell. We'll keep it a secret between us." The absurdity of the situation struck them both, and Mr. Simon was glad to escape from his embarrassment under cover of a laugh. Nevertheless Arkwright, though he resumed his work, could see that the old clerk eyed him furtively now and then.

"I wonder if he thinks me daft," he said to himself. "Why can't I act the part of a modern Hamlet and escape from this tangle by a general falling out and falling in of all the characters." But the grim pleasantry with which he bantered his shadow was not very exhilarating sport, and it was besides soon interrupted by a visit from a gentleman who was engaged in the same business. He came to consult with Arkwright with reference to a rumored combination amongst the men in several foundries who were dissatisfied with a recent scale of prices which had generally been adopted. The conversation turned upon the ability of the employers to withstand the pressure likely to be brought to bear upon them. Arkwright, as usual, thought aloud and succeeded in telling pretty much everything that his visitor wished to learn, without securing in return an adequate degree of confidence. When the conversation broke up it left Arkwright in an uneasy mind and with a confused sense of instability. For a relief he resolved to walk through the shops and especially to visit the iron foundry where the hour for pouring off had nearly come. There was often a sense of solidity which came to him from a visit to the mechanical part of the business, after sitting in the counting-room and dealing with figures and symbols, while he heard in the distance the rumble and dim clangor of work; it was a reinforcement to his jaded mind to see men dealing actual blows with hammers, filing, forging and doing the hundred things that required a sturdy arm and a clear eye. This seemed real to him, much of his own work unreal, and it was when he saw the men actually shaping and forming that he envied them the kind of work which could be measured and weighed, and to the accomplishment of which the simple powers of the understanding were quite adequate. He passed through the various shops, speak-

ing a word to this man and that, walking slowly and trying his best to take in everything with his eyes, bent on discovering whatever was deficient, whatever was singularly good, but conscious that his lack of technical education prevented him from being a thoroughly good overseer.

He came at last to the blackened shed where the work was going on of filling with molten iron the casts that had been made. It was a most lively and picturesque scene that met his eye, and one which he always enjoyed seeing for the brilliancy of effects which suddenly were struck out in the process of work. Great cranes occupied the center of the building, ready to lift and swing the heavy ladles of metal which were used in filling the larger pieces. In a building adjoining was the furnace in which tons of iron were melting and fusing in tons of burning coal, and from the base of the furnace, a conducting spout into the great building carried the slowly-flowing, gleaming metal into a great ladle which was placed at its foot to catch the metal as it fell. This ladle was emptied as fast as it was filled by the hurrying men who came with their single-handed ladles, dipped them in the molten mass and bore them away to fill the small castings in other parts of the building. These men, dressed and undressed in all manner of rough clothes, some with, some without caps, some with short pipes in their mouths, young and old, stupid and merry, were like so many ants flocking about the ant-hill. The bright ladles were shining in every direction, and the haste with which the pouring had to be done before the iron should harden, lent a special activity to the men who were on the alert and answered quickly to the prompt orders of the foreman. The iron, brought into this tractable form, seemed itself possessed of a new, eccentric life. Every once in a while as it met a current of air in the blast, or came in contact with moisture, a brilliant shower of sparks would fly off, like Japanese fireworks, in their curious and magical forms. There were bright leaves of fire, formed of the finest and most delicate patterns, rushing full formed into the air, and falling dead and dull upon the earthen floor. It was marvel-

ous to see how instantaneously these fiery leaves were formed, how instantaneously they perished. Arkwright was irresistibly reminded of a similar phenomenon which he remembered to have seen in Switzerland, when in walking over the Grimsel pass he had come to the Falls at Handegg. There, two streams, one pure white, the other discolored, came together and plunged down a steep precipice. The force of the united stream was so great that the water was shot in an almost horizontal line from the top of the rock, then made a parabolic curve and fell into the depths below. At the moment when it attained its farthest reach from the rock, a myriad whorls and leaves were formed of the most exquisite and most carefully defined structure; at the moment it passed the curve these forms were dashed into a stream of falling water. For an instant these marvelous structures of water were formed, in an instant they had been destroyed. The water and the fire alike seemed suddenly to reveal the artistic capacities of their nature, and then to disappear in shapeless foam and in darkness.

Arkwright as he looked up saw the face of one of the workmen looking through a little window by the side of the furnace. He was the workman in charge of the cupola, into which the iron was fed, and remembering the fellow, Arkwright nodded to him and clambered the little ladder steps that led to his platform, that he might get a look into the cupola. The flames roared and rose in a rosy, ethereal hue, enveloping the scraps of iron which were transforming into the molten mass below. From the little window the scene was very animated, and Arkwright saw that they were making preparations to fill an immense piece, the bed of a portable engine, which stood on the earthen floor of the shop not far from the great derrick. He returned to the ground and spoke to the foreman, after looking at the piece.

"Are you sure that the flask is strong enough?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; there's no doubt about it," said Mahaffy, a sharp-witted Irishman, very popular with his men, and not over and above impressed with Arkwright's mechanical knowledge. Like most of the

other men in the shop he had rather a contemptuous opinion of theoretical knowledge, and being a ready fellow never admitted his own fallibility. Several men brought a twenty-four hundred pound ladle and placed it below the conductor of the furnace. The fiery stream poured slowly into the ladle, and as it filled Mahaffy called his men from all parts of the building. The piece was too large to be filled at once by this great ladle, and beside the men who were to manage that, others were to bring smaller ladles to the other end of the piece. The derrick creaked, the ladle was slowly swung into position and presently while men were at work at the foot of the piece, the ladle was decanted and began to pour down the gates of the piece. A dull thud sounded once or twice as gas escaped, when all of a sudden there was a burst, the men sprang from their places and the whole piece was wrapped in flames. The flask had given way at one end, and there was danger that the whole piece was ruined. The crane was swung round with the partly emptied ladle, and Mahaffy, screaming to his men, called for water which was dashed upon the piece, upon the top and at the sides, sending steam into the air and for a moment turning the whole place into confusion.

"That's more than you bargained for, Mahaffy," said Arkwright gravely.

"Bad luck to it," said the man looking round for an excuse. "I told them they were pouring too fast." He moved away and began to prod the piece to discover the extent of the mischief.

"I expect it's ruined, sir," said one of the workmen to Arkwright, "but we can't tell yet." Arkwright walked back to the counting-room, and sat down again at his desk. Even the work-shop was a failure that day.

"I am going home a little earlier than usual to-night, Mr. Simon," he said, and left the building.

In truth he was out of tune and his only thought was how to escape the business for a while. Once in the open air he stood irresolute. If he had consulted his own impulses, he would have turned about and sought shelter in the Garden cottage, but some-

thing told him that he had best not go there again that day. So he sauntered listlessly toward the city. He took a little detour which carried him by the old willow where he had listened a few weeks before to the evangelist. Mr. Herrick himself, by some chance, was in the neighborhood, as if looking for plants from any seeds he might have dropped. His tall, ungainly figure was more grotesque because of an immoderately long black coat which he wore; a coat that seemed to be a compromise between the professional dress of some ecclesiastical brotherhood and the ordinary dress of a man of the world. Mr. Herrick looked hard at Arkwright, as if he had seen him somewhere before, and Arkwright, as if to rouse himself from his mood, stepped up to him, and said:

"Do you recognize me? I am the young man who had great possessions and went away from your preaching under the willow a few weeks ago. You think I am not willing to give up my great possessions?" The evangelist looked a little puzzled.

"I remember you," he said. "Come let us talk together."

"Thank you," said Arkwright, "I don't feel in need of spiritual advice this afternoon. I only want to ask you one question. Did it never occur to you that the young man went away sorrowful because he had great possessions, not because he wanted to keep them?" and with that he turned on his heel, leaving the evangelist looking after him.

"I wonder if the evangelist regards his life as enviable," thought Arkwright as he left the man behind. "I suppose I can take refuge in the commonplace that every one's life has its own perplexities." There was still some time to spare before dinner, and Arkwright, unused to leisure at this hour, took up one book after another, and tried in vain to interest himself in them. Literature seemed poor and out of reach. It was busied about nothings, he exclaimed, and was a poor enough solace to any one needing solace. Pictures were no better. He thought he should find music possessed of some charm, but he had no skill himself and in the dull house where he lived there

was no instrument and no performer. He thought of Alice Garden, and if there were time, he really believed he would choose to go to her and ask her for some music. She certainly played and sang charmingly. He wished he had gone there when he left the shop, after all. The hour before dinner passed uneasily,—the more so that he knew he should be examined by his mother, and he dreaded the ordeal. To bring his business home with him, to eat it and drink it and have it tossed back and forth between him and his mother was growing intolerable to him. The only hour when he could thoroughly shake it off was the short hour before bed-time. Thanks to the game of chess that intervened, his mind was by that time swept and garnished. That complete change of occupation was a rest which he never solicited and indeed rather dreaded, but back to which he looked with gratitude.

"What brought you home so early?" asked his mother, when they were seated at table.

"General disgust with everything," said the son, wishing he might take refuge in generalities.

"And particular dissatisfaction with yourself?"

"Yes."

"You must not run away from your guns, Edward. You will only run into the enemy's fire."

"I sometimes think that would be preferable to being continually knocked over by the kicking of one's own battery."

"You are out of humor, Edward. Something has gone wrong."

"That is not logical, mother. I notice that sometimes, after a most virtuous day, I am oppressed with a sense of my ill-humor. Humor is in the blood, not in the fortune. We have an Irishman, one of our foremen, Mahaffy, who is an irrepressible fellow, and I believe he could dance over my grave without meaning any disrespect to me. The fellows like him. I think they like to be bossed by one of their own set. They are proud of him as a representative Irishman, and he orders them about as if he was born to rule. He is not nearly as capable as his predecessor, a quiet, dignified Ameri-

can, but the men like him better and obey him better. There is a great deal in class feeling, and the Irishman has it in him very strong. Coming to America seems to inoculate him with freedom. He takes it skin deep and never after has the real disease. Mahaffy tells a funny story, and tells it well; I can't imitate him. You should see the man to appreciate the Irish humor of the telling. He says that he and Tim Cassidy were from the same town in Ireland and agreed to emigrate to America. They went to Dublin and found two ships ready to sail for New York, and quarreled as to which they should take. They quarreled and fought so about it that it ended in Tim's taking the *Erin* and Mahaffy the *Connaught*. The ships were pretty equal in speed, but the *Erin* was a little the faster, so that she got into port about twelve hours ahead of the *Connaught*. It was the evening of the third of July when Tim landed from the *Erin*, and the next morning the *Connaught* arrived. Mahaffy was in the crowd waiting to land, and they all heard a great din of a noise, bells ringing, guns firing, and the whole town apparently in a great hubbub. It was all astonishing to them. Mahaffy spied Tim on the dock, strutting up and down, with his hands under his coat tails, and his hat cocked on one side. Tim was spitting tobacco juice right and left, and tipped a wink at Mahaffy in an easy-going way.

"'Begorra, Tim,' said Mahaffy, 'what's all this racket for? I never heard anything loike it, at all, at all.'

"'Och, blazes,' said Tim, standing on his heels and swaying up and down, with his thumbs in his waistcoat arm-holes, 'it's the day we cilibrate!' Mahaffy tells the story as if it happened to himself, but I suspect it's an old story made to do service in this fashion." Arkwright rattled on, talking against time and hoping to divert his mother from the business of the day, but she had too steady a purpose for that.

"Has Whitcomb been to see you to-day?"

"Yes. He was in this afternoon."

"How did he say the new tariff was working at his place?"

"I inferred it was not working very well."

"Did you tell him any of our difficulties with the men?"

"Yes, I told him of the complaints that had been made."

"And what did he say he meant to do? will he stick to the tariff?"

"I don't think he said in so many words just what he would do. He asked me my opinion."

"He wanted to find out what we were going to do, did n't he?"

"Yes."

"And he took pains not to say what he would do, eh?"

"Yes," said Arkwright, slowly. "We talked the whole thing over, mother."

"So I see. That is, you talked and he asked questions. Edward, I had hoped you would learn one thing by this time. Your frankness and candor are good business qualities, if they go along with a clear sense of the proper time for frankness and candor. Whitcomb has plainly gotten everything out of you that he wanted, and you have nothing to show for it. My son, never talk about your business except to your mother. I can't give you any rule but that. Be as harmless and as unsoiled as a dove if you will, but be as wise and as watchful as a serpent. Business is like a man's wife; no man will allow his wife to be discussed by other men; least of all will he discuss her himself. In such cases he has everything to lose and nothing to gain." Edward sat silent, balancing his fork on his forefinger. "I suppose you think your old mother need not be lecturing you, and I should not be if you had your father or your brother Job. Simon is a good man in many respects, but he has no more ideas than his inkstand. He has committed to memory other people's ideas and he can draw them out of his little files with great readiness, but he is good for nothing in an emergency. Edward, just tell me as nearly as you can remember what mistakes were made to-day." The young man groaned.

"It would be easier to recount the few things that went straight, mother. I never knew a day that was so at sixes and sevens."

"That is what people say when they stub their toes against a stone. 'What business

had that stone to be there! It's a wicked, utterly depraved stone.' But begin, Edward. I want to hear the whole wretched catalogue." Arkwright obeyed, and for a couple of hours he was engaged in discussing the various contretemps of the day. Mrs. Arkwright listened to him and questioned him, probing the wounds in each case.

"Is that all?" she asked finally, as he closed with the accident in the pouring.

"Would you like any more? If you want to look at any more failures, look at me." Madam Arkwright was silent, but knitting rapidly; she paid no attention, apparently, to his last word.

"We have seen," she said finally, "that the accidents were such as could have been prevented, in most cases. I do not think even so many accidents in one day necessarily convicts any one, but in all your brother Job's business life I doubt if so many happened all told. I don't like this Whitcomb matter, either. Whitcomb is going to look out for himself. I don't blame him for that, but it looks as if we should find no friends in that quarter. Edward!" and she laid down her knitting and put her hand on her son's knee. "That business has come down from your grandfather and is in your

hands. There never was a better chance for you, not merely to keep and make a good old business, but to make yourself. Business makes the man. It has been hard for you. You are being tried, as by fire. Stay in the fire till all the dross is burned out of you, and you will rejoice in the good gold afterward. God set you in that place and you must not flinch. There is peril coming. I am sure of that. Prove yourself of the right stuff—the old Arkwright stuff." Madam Arkwright took a prodigious sniff from her aromatic bottle. "Don't talk about it; think about it. It's too late for our chess to-night. I don't know when I've missed a game. One thing more, which I had forgotten to ask." She said this with her hand on the door. "How is Garden?"

"He is quite well again and back at his work."

"Then you will not need to go there again—to his house, I mean."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"I think you might possibly go once too often, and it will be better for you to stop now—better for everybody. Good-night, Edward." She walked erectly away from him, and his eye followed her stately figure through the passage.

COMMISSIONED.

"Do their errands; enter into the sacrifice with them; be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the joy and life of it."

WHAT can I do for thee, Beloved,
Whose feet so little while ago
Trode the same way-side dust with mine,
And now up paths I do not know
Speed, without sound or sign?

What can I do? The perfect life
All fresh and fair and beautiful
Has opened its wide arms to thee;
Thy cup is over-brimmed and full;
Nothing remains for me.

I used to do so many things:
Love thee and chide thee and caress;
Brush little straws from off thy way,
Tempering with my poor tenderness
The heat of thy short day.

Not much, but very sweet to give ;
 And it is grief of griefs to bear
 That all these ministries are o'er,
 And thou, so happy, Love, elsewhere,
 Dost need me never more :—

And I can do for thee but this :
 (Working on blindly, knowing not
 If I may give thee pleasure so ;)
 Out of my own dull, shadowed lot
 I can arise, and go

To sadder lives and darker homes,
 A messenger, dear heart, from thee
 Who wast on earth a comforter ;
 And say to those who welcome me,
 I am sent forth by *her* :

Feeling the while how good it is
 To do thy errands thus, and think
 It may be, in the blue, far space,
 Thou watchest from the heaven's brink—
 A smile upon thy face.

And when the day's work ends with day,
 And star-eyed evening, stealing in,
 Waves her cool hand to flying noon,
 And restless, surging thoughts begin,
 Like sad bells out of tune,

I'll pray : " Dear Lord, to whose great love
 Nor bound, nor limit-line is set,
 Give to my darling, I implore,
 Some new sweet joy not tasted yet,
 For I can give no more."

And, with the words my thoughts shall climb
 With following feet the heavenly stair
 Up which thy steps so lately sped,—
 And seeing thee so happy there,
 Come back half comforted.

Susan Coolidge.

FENCING THE LAW.

THE making of fences for the law was a favorite device of the Pharisees, and the method of doing it was this : If the written law of Moses prohibited a certain thing, the traditional law, which it was their delight to add to the other, was made to carry the prohibition a little farther, in order to keep the people on the safe side, and secure the law thus fenced from the possibility of being broken.

Thus they found in the law of Moses the command, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in

his mother's milk," and reasoned about it in this way: "The law indeed says that we must not seethe a kid in his mother's milk, but lest the people should ever be tempted to do this, let us prohibit also the cooking of the flesh of any quadruped with any kind of milk; moreover lest they should be tempted to cook any quadruped with milk, let us also prohibit the cooking of birds with milk; and again lest they should be tempted to cook birds with milk, let us forbid also the eating of any kind of flesh with any kind of milk: one thing so easily leads to another that it will be a great deal safer to fence up the law with this general prohibition."

Again they found in the law of Moses the command, "On the sixth day they shall prepare that [the manna] which they bring in." This they understood to prohibit the preparation of any food on the Sabbath. Now as an egg laid on the day following the Sabbath was deemed to have been "prepared" on the Sabbath, (in the hen, of course,) the eating of such an egg was forbidden as a violation of the Sabbath. And not satisfied with this, as many festival days fell upon the day after the Sabbath, (though not all,) it was thought best by these fence-makers to prohibit the eating of all eggs laid on any festival day, whether such festival followed the Sabbath or not. If men would only obey this general prohibition, they would be kept from any infraction of the law.

Such were the fences to the law erected by the Pharisees of old. It is not difficult, as we think of them, to understand why Christ spoke of these men with such severity of denunciation as those who bound heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and laid them on men's shoulders, but would not themselves move them with one of their fingers.

And yet, even in this nineteenth century of the Christian era, we have our moral fence-makers, who seem to be doing pretty much the same thing as the Pharisees of old. Here for example is the sinful practice of gambling. Every true Christian abhors it, feels it his duty to refrain from it and to lead others to do the same. It is generally conceded that the law of Christian morality

forbids such a practice as gambling. But many Christians are not satisfied with the law as it stands. In their estimation it is so fragile that we must needs fence it about with other prohibitions. And so they call it an "inconsistency" in Christian people to play a game of whist purely for recreation and amusement, because, forsooth, the cards used in that game are also numbered among the favorite implements of the gambler. The reasoning amounts to just this: If you use cards in playing whist for recreation, you will be more easily tempted to use them in playing faro for money; or if you are not tempted yourself, your example will be apt to tempt somebody else.

Again, association with evil companions in haunts of wickedness is a practice universally condemned as inconsistent with true Christian morality. One would suppose that the unwritten law forbidding this practice would be sufficiently clear and strong to stand on its own merits without the protection of any outside fence. Not so, however; for there are Christians who say that because the game of billiards is recognized by some evil men as a sufficiently interesting game to use in drawing young men to their evil haunts, therefore Christian people should never think of using the same game to induce the young people of their families to spend their evenings at home. Some Christians even build a second fence outside of this, and say that the game of croquet, inasmuch as it resembles billiards in the use of round balls propelled by wooden implements, must also be proscribed.

Immodest behavior is another offence justly condemned by the law of Christian morality. In conformity to this law Christian people recognize the duty of refraining from certain kinds of dancing which are open to the charge of immodesty. A portion of their brethren, however, claim that this law should be fenced by the prohibition of *all* dancing whether modest or not, and consequently the modest cotillon and Virginia reel are placed under the same ban as the Parisian *can-can*.

The sweeping prohibition of all works of fiction and of all dramatic representations might also be used in illustration of our

modern fences to the law. The allusion to them, however, is sufficient.

In the view of many thoughtful Christians of the present day, these fences of the law, instead of being valuable safeguards are prolific sources of danger. Not the least of these is their tendency to blunt the moral perception. This they do by confessedly drawing the line between right conduct and wrong conduct in places where no such moral distinction actually exists. It is seldom claimed by the fence-makers that there is any inherent wrong in the things which they prohibit. It is usually admitted that in itself considered the game of whist is quite as legitimate as the game of authors, the dancing of a cotillon quite as harmless as an exercise in light gymnastics, and billiards as innocent as croquet. And yet, practically, these proscribed recreations are put under the same ban as the positive sins to which they are supposed to lead. The impression made upon most young people trained under this prohibitive policy is that playing cards or billiards under any circumstances is just as truly a sin, though perhaps not so *great* a sin, as indulging in the vices with which they are sometimes associated. The stress of denunciation which should be laid upon the pernicious vice of gambling is transferred to the innocent accessory of the gambling. Most young people are unable to see the justice of this, and if they accept the teaching, do so under the subdued protest of their conscience, and on the ground of their faith in the teaching of their superiors.

But as these young people grow older and their experience enlarges, they discover that these prohibited amusements are by no means always associated with vice, but that they are employed with manifest advantage in households of unquestioned character.

The first result of this discovery will almost inevitably be to shake their faith in the instructions of their former religious guides, and to destroy the influence of even the correct teaching they may have received from them. Perhaps, without being fully persuaded in their own minds, they will yield to an invitation to engage in one of these games and thus come under the condemnation of him who doubts while he eats. In this way not a few young men, the children of excellent parents, have needlessly been made to stumble, and, having passed the Rubicon of their moral history, have gone on to moral ruin.

"But," say some of the modern fence-makers, "we do not proscribe these things as sinful, but simply as dangerous. Our fence is a low rail fence of kindly caution rather than a high and closely-boarded one of absolute prohibition. Any one can look between or over the rails and see the precise character of the region beyond, and so need not incur the blunting of his moral perception. Indeed, if any one sees fit to climb the fence and wander beyond, we attach no penalty, much as it may grieve us to see it done."

Yes, dear friends, it is true *your* fences are not so objectionable as some. But the trouble is that others of your craft are not so discriminating as you are, and when they come along they will nail on their close boards of absolute prohibition. It is probable that the fences of the Pharisees were first built in the kindly, cautionary way, and we all know what they afterwards became. It should be remembered that the liability of a thing to abuse is just as good an argument against the cautionary fence itself, as against the thing which the fence encloses.

Horace Bumstead.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SHOALS IN THE ATLANTIC.

THE article in the last *Atlantic Monthly* upon "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life" merits a careful reading because of the truth that is in it, and needs a discriminating judgment because of the disproportion and partiality of many of its statements. So far as it deals with commercial, industrial and political affairs we see no reason to find fault with it. The view that is given of these departments of our national life is just and fair and the dangers pointed out are real dangers.

But when the writer undertakes to speak of the present condition of our Evangelical churches he is treading upon ground with which he is not familiar, and his views are not much clearer than the average Englishman's views of American geography. The faults of these churches are many and grievous; there are elements and tendencies in them against which all good men ought to lift up their voices; but they are far from being the effete and impotent vestiges of life that the *Atlantic* writer represents them as being; his picture of them is in all respects a caricature. Of course, we do not mean to assert that it is an intentional caricature, nor to forget that a caricature may often be, in spite of its disproportion, a recognizable likeness.

The members of our Evangelical churches consist, according to this writer, of three principal classes. First there is a very large class "in whom prehistoric or savage thought still survives with very slight modifications from science or any other modern influence." They are believers "in lucky omens, dreams, . . . and in the presence and influence of the spirits of the dead. . . . Perhaps a majority of the members of the Evangelical Protestant churches in this country have at some time consulted the spirits of dead people by the help of some professional ghost-seer or medium." Here, to begin with, is a very grave exaggeration. Nobody could have made this statement who is at all familiar with the real life of the Evangelical churches.

But having cast more than half the membership of these churches into the limbo of superstition and Spiritualism let us see what our critic does with the rest of them. "A very large class," he tells us, and these "the most intelligent members of the popular churches of this country," are persons to whom church work in all its forms

is "a kind of sacred amusement. . . . They have learned to be Christians, according to their meaning, without self-denial, or any abridgment of the pleasures, pursuits or ambitions of people who acknowledge no religious obligations." "They are not usually scrupulously truthful or conscientious, and do not believe it possible to maintain a high standard of justice or honesty in business life." They are wholly insincere, subscribing to creeds that they do not believe, and only staying in the Evangelical churches because they are the most popular. They give largely for various charities, but "they are almost destitute of moral insight and have little confidence in principles." Their ministers are men of intelligence and of considerable culture, but they are even more insincere than their parishioners. The people, generally, are aware "that their ministers practice the concealment of their real beliefs."

This, then, is what we are asked to accept as the true account of the moral and religious condition of the great majority of those members of our Evangelical churches who are *not* tainted with Spiritualism.

There is, however, one other class for whom our critic has a few good words. These are the people who "sincerely believe the old doctrines embodied in all the creeds." They are in a small minority, and their number is growing beautifully or pitifully less every year, but "they are the real strength of the Evangelical Protestant churches so far as religion is concerned. They are not liberal in their views but they are sincere. They live pure and good lives, they speak the truth, a rare virtue now, and they can be trusted with anybody's money."

This statement that the integrity and sincerity of the Evangelical churches are monopolized by that "small minority" of persons who "sincerely believe the old doctrines embodied in all the creeds," is the verdict of ignorance. Very many there are, indeed, among this class of our church members of whom all this is true—and for the virtues of this class we will all give thanks; but the notion that virtue is going to die with them we are not quite ready to endorse. A man must be profoundly ignorant of the interior life of the Evangelical churches not to know that the believers in "the old doctrines of all the creeds" have furnished their full quota of the recently recruited regiment of "religious" defaulters and scapegraces. The charge has been

made that the rascals in our churches mainly come from this class who hold, without modification, the dogmas of past ages: that charge in their behalf, we are ready to repel; but in the face of facts that are known to all men it does not become them to claim for themselves, nor does it become anybody else to claim for them, an exceptional morality.

There is another large class of members in the evangelical churches, of the existence of which the *Atlantic* writer seems to be ignorant; yet any account of these churches which does not include them is absurdly incomplete. These are persons who have ceased to hold some of "the old doctrines embodied in the creeds," because they find in them more of the speculations of mediæval philosophy than of the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. They believe much less than once they did, but the things that they do believe are held with a firmer hold than formerly. The great facts of the gospel they heartily accept, but their explanation of these facts sometimes differs widely from that of the old creeds. But they are honest men, and just so far as their opinions vary from those that are commonly received, they frankly confess them. They do not "practice the concealment of their real beliefs;" on the contrary they believe that intellectual honesty is the very corner-stone of virtue. The theories of religion which they hold differ from those which they have discarded only in being more intensely ethical. Religion, in their view of it, is good for nothing except as it transforms the character; except as it produces truthfulness and honesty and purity and charity in the lives of men. If religion is with them less a matter of dogma or of emotion than once it was, it is much more a matter of life. And they are trying, every day, by the aid of that divine Master in whom they trust, to practice that righteousness of life which is the end of religion—to show their faith in their home life, their social life, their business, their politics; to live more simply and independently and honestly in this present world.

We are far from claiming that the people of this class in the Evangelical churches monopolize all the integrity and piety of these churches, but we do say, without any fear of being contradicted by those who are familiar with the facts, that in truthfulness, in trustworthiness and in readiness to deny themselves for Christ's sake and the Gospel's they are not surpassed by any class among their brethren. Of course there are insincere and frivolous and selfish persons among those who hold a modified form of doctrine; but to say that such persons are as a class false and frivolous is to be guilty of grievous misrepresentation. We do not undertake to say how large this class is in our Evangelical churches, but, from a knowledge of these churches which we do not scruple to say is a good deal more exten-

sive and more intimate than that of the writer in the *Atlantic*, we are inclined to think that the number of these persons is pretty large, and constantly growing. That power "to regenerate the American church" which the critic says the traditional believers lack, we may trust that this class which he ignores will be proved to possess.

It may seem strange to the general reader that the existence of such an element in the Evangelical churches should have been ignored in this article. But the reason is not obscure to those who are able to read between the lines. This writer is undoubtedly a member of one of those "two or three small bodies of dissenters from the popular religions," whose quality he strongly endorses; and it is a very common thing for people in these "dissenting bodies" to insist that those who have ceased to hold any portion of the traditional dogma must come immediately over into their camp. The "Liberal" man in the "Orthodox" ranks may agree in nine points with his brethren and only in one with these "dissenters;" but if, with entire frankness of confession, he chooses to remain with the people to whom in all essential points he is closely allied, he is sure to be denounced as dishonest by the people over the way. It is quite impossible for some of these people to think that a man who has ceased to hold "the old doctrines of all the creeds," can be anything but a hypocrite if he remains in an Evangelical church, even though that church may have deliberately set aside these creeds as tests of fellowship. We do not say that this method of judgment is universal in these dissenting bodies, but it is very common, and this writer has clearly adopted it. A little more knowledge of the people whom he is trying to talk about would lead him to rewrite his sketch of the American church, and to adopt a much more hopeful tone concerning its future.

MORE ABOUT OUR WORKINGMAN.

THE Workingman's Story, told in our last number, has made a deep impression upon the public mind, and has drawn forth various comments. The truthfulness of the tale is generally conceded; its restrained and sober tone carries conviction.

The most frequent, and, indeed, the most obvious remark upon the story is, that this is an exceptional workingman. No doubt he is. It is not given to many workingmen to comprehend the situation so clearly as he does, nor to speak of it with so calm an utterance. If he has been unsuccessful in his search for work he has been fortunate in his friendships; and it is evident that a good part of his philosophy is a reflection from the mind of the man who reported him.

Not only is he exceptional in his mental grasp and culture, he is also exceptional in his fortunes.

The number of those who have sought work as diligently as he has done and yet have failed to find it is not relatively very large. Yet there are such cases; and few pastors of large churches in the cities or in the manufacturing towns will pronounce the story incredible. Such cases are frequently coming under their observation. It is precisely this class of persons who do suffer in times like these—the cultivated, the sensitive, the self-respecting, who cannot betake themselves to the town almoner, and who will not make known their condition to the visitors of the charitable associations. And we have known such men—intelligent, capable and trustworthy men, who were well-known and respected in the places where they lived, to go up and down the streets for six months begging for work of any kind—for coal to shovel, for cellars to clean, for wood to saw,—and offering to work for any wages, for fifty cents a day or whatever the employer might choose to give, and yet not able in all that time to get enough to do to keep their families from actual starvation. Those who do not know that such things have been happening all about us during the last three years are not well informed.

A physician of rank in one of our inland cities the other day corroborated the workingman's story from his own observation. "I know respectable people in this city," he said, "who are starving to death. Of course that is not the name by which they call it, and it may be that some of them do not know what ails them; but I do." Yet these are people who would rather starve than pauperize themselves. It is precisely this trait of the workingman's narrative that comes home with such power to every humane person. Those among us who are most likely to suffer are precisely those whom it is most difficult to relieve. To find out these sufferers and put them in a way of helping themselves is a most pressing and a most delicate task. It can only be done by individual effort; and we would vainly hope that among the men of good-will there are enough in every community who have the vigilance and the tact to do this work.

Considered as a tramp our workingman is, no doubt, a highly exceptional person. Very few men of his quality take to the road. In this part of his story the workingman exhibits his lack of wisdom. Tramping is a vain expedient. If one knows of work at a distance it may be wise for him to go after it; but to start out on an aimless and uncertain quest of employment is the height of folly. Any repentant man is far more likely to find work near home than away from home; his chances of subsistence are much better among his neighbors and acquaintances than among strangers. Yet it is easy to understand, and impossible harshly to censure the impulse that leads a man to go away in search of the living that he does not find at home.

From central Kansas comes this response to the "Workingman's Story," in a letter to the editor: "Assuming that this story is substantially true, I am moved to say that society is in a better condition in this part of the country. If such men as are therein described can get to Kansas they need not starve, nor their wives and children. A case in point: A few days ago I found a friend whom I had not seen for fifteen years. He is a workingman. His possessions are nothing to the purpose; I will tell you what I found him doing. He was living in a tent, so that house rent was costing nothing. He was keeping a cow whose pasturage cost only the rope with which to tie her on the grass. I took breakfast with his family. The day before he had earned two dollars digging in a cellar. With that day's wages he could buy four bushels of best winter wheat (mill close by) or sixteen bushels of corn, (indeed, I saw people burning corn for fuel,) or thirteen bushels of potatoes. This man has taken a homestead under the act of Congress but he has not yet got on it. The climate here is very healthful, and men can find better methods of solving the problem of life here than begging, crime, suicide or starvation."

It is only necessary to remark that while the state of things described by our correspondent may strongly invite many unemployed workingmen, and while it is plain enough that the only real remedy for the present distress is a transfer of the idle laborers from the towns to the farms, yet "the possessions" of the workingman in Massachusetts or New York who reads this story of abundance in Kansas and wishes he were there, are very much to "the purpose." If he only had the means of going to Kansas, or to productive lands nearer home, the problem would be easily solved for him. But to those who are absolutely destitute, the picture of plenty fifteen hundred miles away is not nutritious. It is just here that one of the most effective forms of charity comes in, to increase the "mobility of labor," and to help those who are willing to work to reach the work and the subsistence that is waiting for them in distant places.

THE HOTEL AS A MISSION FIELD.

An important opening for missionary labor in connection with the keeping of hotels, seems to have been almost wholly overlooked. Our foreign missionary boards are quick to seize upon every advantage won by war or diplomacy for the establishment of their missions in heathen lands; our home missionary societies have their agents out prospecting along every new line of railroad in the West in search of eligible places for the planting of churches; but here is an opportunity that nobody has noticed, of doing a grand stroke of work at a small expense. We do not blame

the enterprise that is so quick to occupy the openings for work abroad; we only wonder that our vigilant philanthropy has not before now grasped this nearer chance.

The need and the practicability of this kind of work was set forth, not long ago, in a simple recital of experience that fell from the lips of a bright young woman in a small New England village. The village boasted no public house of entertainment, and the few travelers who passed that way were directed for lodging and refreshment to the house of which this young woman was the mistress, and in which they never failed to find comfort and good cheer. Among the regular customers of this quiet hostel were a company of teamsters, engaged in the powder trade, whose trips brought them hither once or twice a week. They were a rough set of fellows, and the dining-room was generally a noisy place while they were eating their supper. At length, after one of their meals, the maid of all work told the mistress of the house that she could no longer wait at table upon these teamsters, since they had repeatedly insulted her in their conversation. "Very well, Bridget," said the lady of the house: "I will take care of that myself, the next time." Accordingly when the teamsters put in their next appearance, the landlady herself went with them to the dining-room and took her seat at the head of the table. They hesitated, but she politely showed them their seats, and began pouring their tea for them. Silence reigned, but it was broken by the lady who soon began a conversation with the men, drawing them out as only a woman of tact and intelligence could do, and treating them with entire respect and friendliness. The awkwardness and confusion of the teamsters soon disappeared; they were put at their ease by their landlady, and they did their best to conduct themselves like the gentlemen that she seemed to take them for. Never afterwards were they guilty of the slightest misbehavior in her house; and they came to speak of her in terms of enthusiastic regard. Probably they will all be better men as long as they live on account of their acquaintance with this Christian lady. Probably they had never encountered in any other experience of their lives so much of genuine courtesy and refinement.

The opportunity of doing such work as this must be frequently given to the landlords and landladies of public houses. In not all of them would the contact of host and guest be so close as in this village inn; yet if there be a willing mind the chances to do good to the wayfarer in many ways will not be wanting. All kinds of people take up their lodgings at our hotels, for longer or shorter periods, and the landlord who manages to fill his house not only with the creature comforts which the traveler craves but with that atmosphere of refinement and gentleness which we

find in our best homes, is surely, in a high sense of the word, a public servant. And while the keepers of hotels cannot be expected to be familiarly acquainted with all their guests, they do find frequent opportunities of showing friendliness, and of exerting in a very effective way a good personal influence. People are often sick and in trouble away from home in the public houses; and upon the landlord or the landlady delicate and important service is thus thrown. The man who keeps the inn sometimes has a chance to be as good a neighbor as the Good Samaritan himself.

Another field of usefulness is opened to the masters and mistresses of public houses among their servants. No other class of employees are brought into closer relations with their work people than they are; and the opportunity of counseling and befriending them, and above all of communicating to them, through daily intercourse, that subtle influence of purity and grace which the Christian life is always radiating, is a large and worthy opportunity.

This suggestion will not seem altogether visionary to some who will read these words. The Christian idea of sanctifying all work may even be applied to hotel keeping, singular, and even ludicrous as the notion may appear to some readers. It not only may be, it has been. One good woman who not long ago went over to the majority, passed the greater part of her life in one of our most famous hotels, and found therein a place to be a ministering angel,—a place quite as large and a work quite as well worth doing as she would have found if she had been in name as she was indeed a Sister of Charity. She was a Christian woman; and though she never obtruded her religion upon other people, it is certain that she found a good many ways open to her of exerting a Christian influence.

In other hotels the same kind of influence has been exerted; and the atmosphere that makes the home—the atmosphere of unselfishness and thoughtfulness and grace has been breathed by many grateful guests. It will hardly do to despise such Christian work as this. It is one of the signs of the coming of a better day. In the beginning, it is true, no room for Christ was found in the inn; but the world is better since he came, and some of the inns have found a place for him.

We are overtaken, as we write these last words, with a chilling apprehension. It is that certain enthusiastic people, stirred by the opportunity here pointed out, will go to work and organize Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Hotels. That would speedily drive out of them what little religion is now in them. And therefore to all those whose souls may have been inflamed with some such ambition we commend the much quoted "advice" of Douglas Jerrold "To persons about to marry: Don't!"

MATERIALISM IN THE POPULAR FAITH.

MANY defenders of the faith are greatly alarmed, just now, by the spread of materialistic doctrines. It is feared that the belief of men in the truth of the gospel will be undermined by this movement; and a host of apologists under the able and confident leadership of Mr. Joseph Cook, are arming themselves with such arguments as they can command to meet this dangerous foe. The materialism which excites their alarm is that which appears in connection with the recent investigations in physical science—the materialism of Bain and Buechner and Carl Vogt; the alleged (but not acknowledged) materialism of Tyndall and Huxley and Spencer. From the teachings of these physicists and philosophers the danger to religion is supposed to come; and these are the names with which polemical pulpits are resounding, and the pages of quarterly reviews are plentifully besprinkled.

We are not inclined to belittle the perils confronted by the church on this side, nor to ridicule those who are trying to meet them; but it may be that materialism in other shapes is assailing our faith in another quarter. Sometimes it is true that the most dangerous foes of the church are in its own household. Sometimes the enemy outside the camp has a powerful ally within. We wish to suggest the inquiry whether it be not so in this case; whether there be not a very considerable materialistic element mingled through and through the popular faith; and whether this materialistic leaven, which is not the product of modern science, but which has been propagating itself in Christian thought all through the centuries be not, after all, more to be feared than scientific skepticism.

When materialism is spoken of as affecting the popular faith, it must, however, be understood that it is only a modified and partial form of this philosophy that is ever adopted by Christians. A materialist, strictly speaking, is one who believes that nothing exists but matter with its sensible properties. He is, therefore, an atheist; and he believes that death is the end of conscious existence for all men. However it may have been in former times, there are in these days no persons calling themselves Christians who hold these opinions; and therefore materialism in its strict sense does not exist in connection with the Christian church. Those who hold the doctrine of conditional immortality are sometimes called materialists; but this is an unfair use of language. These people believe that God exists, and that He is a spirit; and they believe that spiritual existence and immortality are the portion of all who are joined to Him by faith. The doctrine that nothing exists but matter with its sensible properties they strongly repudiate; and they cannot therefore be called materialists

except by those who wish to bear false witness against their neighbors. The very name which they give to the doctrine that they teach is itself a proof that this stigma is not rightly affixed to them. No materialist believes in any kind of immortality, conditional or unconditional.

But though the term must always be limited and qualified when it is used in this connection, it is certain that materialistic ideas have invaded Christian belief, and that materialistic explanations are often given to facts that belong to the spiritual realm. The two realms of matter and of spirit lie close together in our experience; and the laws and processes of the one are often transferred by an error to the other. This error partly arises from the fact that spiritual truths are often set forth in the Bible by material images. Between spiritual facts and physical facts a close analogy may often be traced; and the higher truth is then made familiar and real when it is placed beside its analogue in the lower realm. But when the two are identified; when the spiritual fact comes to be regarded as a simple copy of the physical fact; when the image hardens into a dogma, then the mischief begins.

The most familiar instance of this method of importing physical ideas into the spiritual realm is seen in the coarse and horrible representations of future punishment which have until lately formed a constituent part of the popular faith, and which are current even now in quarters where better things might be expected. So long as the two largest Protestant congregations in two of the largest cities in Protestant Christendom are frequently taught that hell is a veritable lake of fire, in which the bodies of the lost burn eternally and are never consumed, there would seem to be some ground for saying that materialism has not wholly lost its hold upon the popular faith. The idea that the punishment of sin consists in the infliction of physical pain upon the bodies of the sinners, which bodies are rendered indestructible by a miracle in order that they may be able to suffer everlastingly—is certainly an aggravated case of materialism in Christian dogma. Yet it will be noticed that this idea has not been suggested by the scientific materialism of the day: Mr. Huxley and Dr. Mandsley are not at all responsible for it.

The dogma of transubstantiation, and indeed, all the sacramentarian and ritualistic notions, are instances also of materialism in doctrine. The ascribing of moral efficiency to physical objects or operations arises from the invasion of theology by materialistic ideas. He who regards any outward act or rite as an *opus operatum* has surrendered the citadel of the faith to these invaders. Yet everybody knows how long ago that was surrendered, and what hardships and conflicts have been endured in trying to win it back. But it was not Tyndall who stormed

that fortress, nor Spencer who pulled down that flag.

There are also just now in vogue certain notions of regeneration which are highly materialistic. The popular conception of a large class of religious teachers, who, at the present time, are zealously indoctrinating certain sections of the church, is that regeneration consists in the insertion, by some unexplained force, of a new nature into the old one. It is not only a materialistic theory, it is even purely mechanical. The "new man" thus inserted, is adjacent to the old man, in the same body; but neither is in the least affected by the presence of the other; and there is no more organic or vital relation between the two than there is between the cannon ball and the tree in which it has been imbedded. This theory of regeneration is based upon a very curious kind of materialistic philosophy. But the people who teach it are not indebted for any of their ideas to modern science.

Deeper than any of these examples indicate has the materialistic taint struck into the popular faith. The very foundations of morality have been weakened by it. The central principles of ethics and of spiritual religion are the intuitions of right and of liberty. Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty, and where liberty is there cannot be force or causation or necessitated action. These ideas belong in the physical realm, and have no place in the spiritual. Yet they are constantly imported into the popular theology by many of its teachers; and the teaching is that the choices of men are controlled by a power outside of themselves; that the relation between the divine power and good conduct in men is a causal relation. Virtue does not result from the free choice of the right as intuitively perceived; it is produced by the irresistible action of the divine efficiency upon the human nature. This is essentially a materialistic theory: the notion of causation, which underlies it all, belongs to matter, and has no place whatever in the spiritual realm. When causes come into the moral realm liberty goes out; there is no longer a moral realm. The physical laws now bear rule and theology has become essentially a materialistic science.

It is true that the atheistic scientists of the present time are fond of extolling this type of theology; but they are not entitled to the credit, if credit it be, of having invented and introduced it. It was in the world long before they came.

The instances which we have mentioned show that the popular faith is affected, and injuriously affected, by materialistic ideas, and that these ideas have not sprung from seed sown by the modern physicists, but that they are part of the harvest of the ages. And it would seem to be the part of wisdom for the defenders of the faith to turn their attention to these foes within the fortress. If the church were thoroughly purged of

the materialistic leaven that has long corrupted its life and impaired its influence, it would have no great reason to fear the inroads of atheistic science.

Those peculiar people called the Dunkards, described by Mr. Carroll in this number, have held their last annual meeting since his article was written, and a report of their meeting, throwing additional light upon their peculiarities, appears in a late number of *The Independent*. Some of the questions that came before the Council at this meeting were of an exceedingly perplexing nature. One of them related to "tub baptism." A sick lady had been baptized in her own house in a tub of water, the administrator standing on the floor; and the validity of the baptism was questioned. The opinion seemed to be pretty strongly hostile to the innovation. Brother Sayler, whose name is mentioned in Mr. Carroll's article, gave it as his opinion that a person able to be baptized in a tub was able to be carried to and dipped in a river—and confirmed his opinion by the following narrative: "Last year there was a young woman in his or a neighboring district who sent for the elders on her death-bed, and knowing 'that without being baptized she had no promise for the hereafter,' asked that the ordinance be administered to her in the house. She was supposed to be very near her last moments; but on the counsel of the elders she was taken down to the stream, only a little way off, in a sleigh and immersed. 'We thought,' added the elder, 'that she was as easily immersed as any applicant we ever saw.' *She died the next morning.*" So decisive an instance as this could not be argued down, and the council voted against allowing tub baptism. The carpet issue was brought up again this year, and the Brethren voted their disapproval of "fine and fancy carpets," as tending to "pride and elevation." One of the most difficult questions that came before the Council was "whether a candidate for baptism should be asked the usual questions about his faith before entering the stream or while in the water." The argument of Brother R. H. Miller seems to have settled the matter:

"If a man takes an oath before the law, he says the words and at the same time holds up his hand. Would it not look strange to have him pronounce the words out in the yard and then come into the house and hold up his hand? Logic would say, 'Let us have all of the covenant together.' When a man and a woman make a covenant of marriage, they both come up together, and all the words of the covenant of marriage and the act of joining their hands are spoken and done then. It would seem strange to have them utter the words of the marriage covenant at one place and put their hands together at another."

The Council decided that a visitor in the household belonging to another denomination must not be allowed to say grace at table, but declined to

disapprove of passing round a hat for collections. This latter practice was objectionable to some of the Brethren simply because it was in vogue among other denominations; but the Council evidently felt that a collection was an end so important in itself as to justify almost any means of getting it. It is pleasant to know that there are some fundamental points on which all Christians can agree, and we are glad to learn that on the question of taking up collections in a hat, if on no other question, the Brethren (with a capital B) are ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with all the other sects.

THAT question about feet-washing the *Watchman* answers very courteously, but not quite satisfactorily. We quote: "The only questions we feel at liberty to ask respecting a precept of our Lord are, What is its meaning? and, Is it addressed to Christians generally, or was it of limited or temporary obligation?" The meaning of this command relating to feet-washing, as it is contained in the thirteenth chapter of John's Gospel, is very plain, and no hint is given that it is of "limited or temporary obligation." "For I have given you an example," the Savior says, "that ye should do as I have done to you." The *Watchman* says that if Christ had enjoined this as a religious rite it would have been necessary to practice it, but "it is certain that the practice is mentioned elsewhere in the New Testament only as a matter of hospitality, never as a religious rite." Commands that relate to such matters as hospitality, then, we may use our own judgment about; it is only those commands enjoining religious rites that we must scrupulously obey. Our own impression, derived from a study of the teachings of Christ, is that he regards even such virtues as hospitality as more important than "religious rites;" and if the *Watchman* will carefully read that parable of the sheep and the goats, a comment upon which drew forth all this discussion, some ground for this impression will be discovered. The fact is that Christ does make a broad distinction in all his teachings between moral virtues and ritual observances; between the essence of religion, which is good character, and the symbols of religion, which are doctrines or forms. And another fact is that the modern sectary exactly reverses this method and exalts the symbol above the essence. This is precisely the point of the criticism to which the *Watchman* first excepted; but we have seen no reason as yet to modify our original statements.

"THE popular judgment," or that which the populace is pleased to call its judgment, rests upon this as one of its fundamental canons—that the thing which is most improbable is most likely to be true. It is a perfectly well-attested fact that ministers of the gospel are more free from ordinary immoralities than any other class of profes-

sional men. This is not saying much, perhaps; but this is certainly true, and everybody knows it. Charges of immorality made against a minister are, therefore, less likely to be true than similar charges made against other professional men. Yet, following its own perverse maxim, the public generally accepts without questioning accusations against a clergyman which it would not entertain for a moment if made against a lawyer or a physician. The notion seems to be that things go by contraries, and that that which is least probable is most credible. If poor Mr. Hayden of Connecticut, lately arraigned for murder and other grave crimes, had not been a minister, it is not likely that anybody would have believed him guilty. This is rather hard on the ministers, and they are entitled, we think, to ask of the public a little fairer judgment. Rascals there are among them, and these must not be shielded; but it is neither just nor reasonable to load them all with the presumption of rascality.

ONE of the religious journals expresses the hope that the Committee of Bible Revisers "will have honesty and grace enough to weigh with the utmost impartiality the authority for every passage in the Holy Word, and that wherever the evidence for an interpolation into God's Word overbalances by the slightest fraction that in favor of the passage, they will consign it to margin or brackets, or omit it altogether, as the evidence may require." To this the *Interior* seems to object. "Who," it asks, "shall certify to us the absolute accuracy of those balances? It was not nominated in the bond that they were to supply a new canon. If, however, the highly improbable supposition should prove true, that the Committee are thus amusing themselves, their work will fall so heavily from the press as to mash some of them. A steam derrick could not hoist an emasculated Bible into a single evangelical church." We do not quite get the force of this objection. It is true that the revisers were not expected to supply "a new canon;" and though the question of the canon was not settled by miracle, and cannot be regarded as beyond the pale of argument, yet we have heard no desire expressed that the Revision Committee take up that question. A new *version*, however, they are expected to give us; and it is to be a translation not of those particular manuscripts which King James's translators used but of the best critical text that the Christian scholarship of the present day can give us. The question as to what is the true reading of the Greek or Hebrew, is a pure question of scholarship. There is no other criterion except the judgment of learned and candid men by which to determine whether a given verse was in the original copy made by the sacred penmen, or whether it is an interpolation. We have such men on this committee; they know

vastly more about this matter than King James's translators knew; we have asked them to use their judgment on these questions, and they are doing it, as we believe honestly and reverently. And one of the best of them has assured us that the hope expressed above, at which the *Interior* has taken alarm, will be realized. "When an important reading is clearly a mistake of copyists," says Professor Abbot, "it will be fearlessly discarded; when it is doubtful, its doubtfulness will be noted in the margin." Does the *Interior* really mean to say that passages against the genuineness of which there is a preponderance of evidence should be retained? Is that an "emasculated Bible" which is simply made as free as Christian scholarship can make it from errors and interpolations of men?

THE leading congregations of Chicago have been counted by reporters from the *Alliance* and the showing is not encouraging. The largest Protestant congregation was that of Mr. Swing in McVicker's theater, and it numbered 1,650. Next to that was the evening congregation of the Rev. H. W. Thomas, the liberal Methodist, numbering 1,100, and next to that Dr. Kittredge's Presbyterian congregation of 960. The disproportion between the seating capacity of the churches and the actual attendance is, however, the most notable feature of the report. None of the churches were full, and on the average only 42 per cent. of the sittings were occupied. But the reporters took the "estimated" seating capacity of the churches. These estimates are often about as wild as the estimates of attendance. Very few of the members of any given church can be trusted to state the number of sittings in their edifice. We know that the capacity of some of these churches in the list of the *Alliance* is greatly overestimated, and we presume that the same thing is true of nearly all of them. The audiences could not, therefore, have had so sparse a look in the churches as the figures would indicate. That church whose estimated number of sittings was 1,800, and one of whose leading members declared that about 1,800 persons were present on the morning of the count, appeared, no doubt, to be fairly well filled. The actual number present was 960. Still, the fact is plain that no more churches will be needed in Chicago until its population shall have greatly increased or its church members shall have done a great deal of missionary work. And we presume that the same thing is true of every other city and town in the United States. The business of church-building has been ridiculously overdone.

THAT cleanliness is a safeguard against the yellow fever seems to be pretty clearly made out. Galveston, which was terribly afflicted by the scourge in 1868, has since submitted to a rigid system of sanitary inspection, and the disease

has never returned. Very little is known, however, concerning the nature of this horrible pestilence; and it is to be hoped that the study of it by physicians during the present year will result in some valuable discoveries. The question as to the efficacy of prayer in restraining the plague has been raised; we see no good reason for doubting that such prayer may be answered; but here, at any rate, is something for which all who believe in a personal God may pray with faith—that the medical commission which the benevolent Miss Thompson of New York has sent to the South to study the disease may be divinely aided. In a sermon on "The Lessons of the Cholera," the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke urged his countrymen to ask God "to inspire the scientific men of the nation with keener intellect and insight to discover the remedy of the disease, and to enable us to all see the causes of the cholera and to stamp it out." Prayer of this kind, that reverently follows God's laws, instead of asking for their suspension, may be just as fervent as the ordinary form of prayer, and is much more likely to be effectual.

"TWENTY-FIVE ministers," says the *Presbyterian*, "including twelve Roman Catholic priests, have died in the cities of the South-west since the beginning of the yellow fever epidemic. All Protestant churches—Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Episcopal, Presbyterian—are represented in the list. These men stood in their lot in days of terror and gloom, and fell upon the field where God had placed them. There is no form of heroism more true or more noble than that which keeps men at the post of duty in the face of such perils. It must be based on a permanent principle, on a devotion to men's good, which will last through weary weeks and months, and fail not in the midst of unimaginable horrors." This tribute of the *Presbyterian* to the heroism of the Roman Catholic priests, as "based on a permanent principle, on a devotion to men's good," is certainly generous, and we have no doubt that, in the main, it is also just.

THE Rev. Samuel Scoville, writing in the *Christian Union* says: "The tone of social life in college is pure. We believe there cannot be found gathered together in our land so many young men so clean morally as those who are brought together this week in our colleges. If one enters tainted, he will almost inevitably reform or leave college before graduation. The life, the tone and the routine all combine to crowd out impurity and vice." This is nearer the truth, no doubt, than some of the representations of college life; but it is quite too rose-colored. There are good influences and bad influences in college as well as everywhere else; and it is not "almost inevitable" that a boy who goes to college tainted will come out pure. On the contrary a great many

boys go in pure and come out badly tainted. The boy who enters college thinking that there are no foes for him to face and no flood of iniquity to stem will sadly miss his reckoning.

WHEN things are going wrong in the State, it is often proposed to set them right by putting bad men in office. Against the fatuity of this expedient it is hard to argue. To entrust the work of reforming politics to a man who has proved himself in a long career of political trickery to be utterly selfish and destitute of moral sense; whose record is as crooked and as slimy as the trail of an angletworm in the mud; whose own career is an epitome of the corruptions he loudly condemns—to expect from such a man the

righting of wrongs and the correction of abuses, requires a kind of credulity which it is impossible to understand. Yet men who are ordinarily credited with common sense are sometimes inclined to abet this folly. "Just for a change," they say, "let us try the old fellow. Let us see what he will do. He will make things lively for a while, at any rate." The proverbs of Solomon and the fables of Æsop are wasted on people who can make use of such arguments. Things sometimes go awry under God's government. Would it be wise, therefore, to undertake to put down God and set up Beelzebub, "just for a change," and to see how lively things would be under the reign of the "old fellow?"

LITERATURE.

AMONG recent works of permanent value the lectures¹ of Archbishop Trench on the Church in the Middle Ages will easily take a leading place. In a fair octavo volume printed in large type we have an outline history of the Church from the day of Gregory the Great down to the eve of the Reformation. These lectures were delivered to a class of girls at Queen's College, London. They have been carefully revised and largely rewritten, and the latest results of historical investigation are included in them; but they still retain much of the popular character which was originally given them.

Archbishop Trench in his good-natured preface, refers to the fact that the lectures were prepared for this particular auditory, but says that apart from certain reticences and restraints of statement which the assumption of the age and sex of his hearers imposed upon him he did not think that the auditory required any exceptional treatment. "Bishop Blomfield, indeed, is reported to have excused a popular preacher, when some sharp-thoughted lawyers complained that there was not sufficient body and resistance in his sermons, urging that he had so long preached to bonnets as to have forgotten there were brains. I cannot think the antithesis of bonnets and brains to be a just one. How far the wearers of bonnets would bear the strain of competition with those assumed to be in exclusive possession of brains, supposing the matter in hand to be one which demanded originative power, on this I give no opinion; but, having regard to receptive capacity, to the power of taking in, assimilating,

and intelligently reproducing what is set before them,—my conviction after some experience in lecturing to the youth of both sexes is, that there is no need to break the bread of knowledge smaller for young women than young men."

Certainly there is no sign in these lectures of any attempt to meet a low grade of intelligence; nevertheless they are admirably clear and simple,—showing a mastery of the subject in hand that knows what to tell and what to leave untold. The peculiarities of Archbishop Trench's style appear, of course, to some extent in this book, yet we think the English of it much the best that he has ever written,—because less elaborate and archaic and more direct and business like. The great familiarity of the author with patristic literature has given to his rhetoric a peculiar twist not altogether unpleasing to those who have become accustomed to it, yet not just adapted to the uses of the historian. Those who had read and valued his expository writings might well have feared, therefore, that history would suffer at his hands; but that apprehension will not tarry with them through many pages of this book. Indeed the style is singularly transparent and felicitous; one could not wish to have history more plainly or entertainingly told.

The method, too, of the work is the very best for conveying much knowledge of history within a little space. The lectures are upon distinct topics or movements, and they are so carefully selected and arranged that they cover the whole period. With the perspective of the work little fault can be found; though some topics, as Wyclif and the Lollards, and Huss and Bohemia, might well have received a little more emphasis. The lectures upon the conversion of England, the rise of Mohammedanism, the Holy

¹ Lectures on Mediæval Church History. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Roman Empire, the Iconoclasts, Monasticism, the Crusades, the Mendicant Orders and the Early Schoolmen and the Waldenses, are especially valuable; and one of the concluding lectures upon "Aspects of Christian Life and Work in the Middle Ages" will help all readers to a more just estimate of this dark time. It is, indeed, one of the chief merits of this history that it is wholly free from the partisanship into which historians of this period are so apt to fall. Both Protestants and Catholics are prone to misrepresent the persons and the events of the Middle Ages in the interest of their respective systems; but the good Archbishop holds an even judgment and wins our assent by his genuine catholicity.

INTELLIGENT Protestants would find profit in the reading of the memoirs of Madame de la Rochefoucauld.¹ It is true that all intelligent Protestants are aware that character of a noble quality is developed in the Roman Catholic church, and among the strictest devotees of that church; but the lesson is one that is not likely to be learned too well, and such a clear inculcation of it as is afforded by this memoir ought to be welcomed. One is, indeed, quite sure on reading this memoir that the character is idealized. The creation shown us is a little too sweet and good for human nature's daily food; a sub-acid trait or two would have added to the piquancy and the reality of the sketch. Nevertheless, the evidence is not wanting that Madame de la Rochefoucauld was a woman of rare gentleness and nobility of soul.

Some of the stories told about her childhood remind one of the Gospel of the Infancy:

"They had consecrated her to the Blessed Virgin whose white garments she wore. When she was three years old, Madame de Mancini, her grandmother, promising herself a fete in giving her the first colored dress, ordered a superb frock—pink, with silver spangles and fringes. Thinking to delight her, they brought the frock into the room with pomp, to the great admiration of all the women; but the dear child, as if she knew already the bliss of wearing a celestial livery, fixed her great black eyes sadly on the sumptuous apparel and shed abundant tears when they wished to dress her in it. All the day she begged for her white clothes and they had to give them back to her."

That the child, with such a mother as she had, grew up to be a saint, may, however, be accounted almost a miracle. As an instance of this mother's conscientiousness, it is related that "she thought, in the light of duty, that the dancing should be over at ten o'clock, but finding it to her taste that it should last until midnight she put back the clock two hours." As a specimen of her piety we learn that "she had an especial

dress for going to confession, and as at that time they were particular that the clothing should change with the season, she had to have four toilets entirely set apart for this pious practice." With all these virtues she was extremely harsh to her children, punishing them cruelly for the slightest faults. Finally the little Augustine, the subject of this memoir, was banished from her mother's roof under an accusation of falsehood; and in the convent to which she was consigned her religious nature, under a kindlier discipline than she had ever known at home, took the pietistic impress which it was so well fitted to receive. Here, at the age of twelve, she was strongly inclined to a conventual life; but one day as the vows of perpetual virginity were on her lips she thought she heard distinctly these words: "No—in the world, against all thine inclination." This determined her choice. "And it seemed to me," she writes, "as if I were to practice the virtues of the cloister without tasting its sweets, to apply myself to humility in the midst of grandeur, to poverty in the lap of riches, to mortification under the outward appearance of well-being, to the purest modesty amid the vanities and follies of the century. This sacrifice cost me a great deal; but I could not be mistaken about the will of God, and I prayed to Him to aid me in conquering my repugnance." It is not so difficult to believe that this monition may have been divinely spoken, and we cannot but be thankful that the good little Augustine heard it and obeyed it. The world would indeed have been the loser if the sweet sanctity of this life had been shut up in a monastery. The girl was married in her fifteenth year to Ambroise de la Rochefoucauld, still a little boy, whose head "hardly reached the shoulder of his fiancée." The story of their betrothal and their bridal is not a pleasant one. The sacrifice of these two children by their parents on the matrimonial altar to the deities of the old regime, shows us that, however it may be nowadays, they did not formerly manage these things very well in France. The young people were separated immediately upon their marriage, and were not permitted for years to see each other. On the eighth day of the honeymoon the bride "was condemned by her mother to dine alone at a table of penitence, in a corner of the dining-room, because she had made her courtesy badly in entering the room." The husband and wife undertook, after a little, to get acquainted with each other by writing letters; but even this correspondence was carefully watched, and finally prevented. Fortunately, however, when at length the period of their pupilage was past, they found that they were well fitted for each other, and lived a happy life together. The life of Madame de la Rochefoucauld covers the period of the French Revolution, and the memoir gives us some vivid glimpses of the

¹ Life of Mme de la Rochefoucauld, Duchess of Doudeauville, Founder of the Society of Nazareth. Translated from the French. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

Reign of Terror. The courage and fortitude of this good woman were conspicuous in these trials.

One thing in her religious experience is noteworthy—the absence of Mariolatry. The Virgin is scarcely referred to in her writings or her prayers. Most of her expressions of faith and devotion are such as any devout Protestant could fully appropriate. The trait which distinguishes her piety from that of her Protestant sisters is her unquestioning submission to the authority of the priest. One sees in this subjection an element that is wholesome neither for the conscience that is ruled nor for the character that rules; and one finds also in these pages, as a matter of course, tinges of an unlovely fanaticism; nevertheless the record makes it sufficiently plain that this was a good woman, and that she was good not in spite of her faith but because she was a good Catholic.

THE prayer-meeting of the period is a very different institution from that to which most of us were accustomed thirty years ago. It used to be spoken of as among “the means of grace which we enjoy;” but we enjoyed it just as some people “enjoy poor health.” The stiff, formal, dreary “deacon’s meeting” has now in many places become a thing of the past; and the people go to the prayer-meeting week after week expecting refreshment and stimulus in the service, and rarely failing to find what they expect. It would not be fair to ascribe all this change to an improvement in the character of the worshipers; though we trust that some improvement has taken place in this direction, and that the piety of this day is a little more vital and wholesome than that of the day that is past. The change is chiefly due, however, to the application of common sense to the methods of conducting prayer meetings. Much has been written on the topic, and a wide comparison of experiences has resulted in throwing much light upon it. Mr. Thompson’s little book¹ contains many useful suggestions. It must be used, of course, with discrimination; one man’s theories will not fit every other man’s experience, and methods that work well in one place may not work at all in another; but almost any pastor might gain a little wisdom from this book. The notion of a uniform list of prayer-meeting topics which Mr. Thompson favors is extremely foolish; we will trust that the churches may be spared this infliction. But this book contains quite a number of good lists of topics for prayer-meetings, and pastors who are sometimes at their wit’s end for appropriate subjects may find the book serviceable in this direction if in no other.

IF “advice” would make good ministers the pulpits of America would be magnificently filled

during the next few years; for it has been pouring of late in torrents upon the theologues. Here is another volume¹ in which a great many more or less celebrated cooks of various persuasions furnish the young pastor with the secrets of their culinary success. Queer broth he would make, if he followed all their recipes! Many of these counsels are, however, rational and salutary; such men as Drs. Taylor and Hall of New York, and Drs. Scudder and Cuyler of Brooklyn, known to all the world as successful pastors, ought to have something worth telling to the pastoral neophyte. It will be perfectly safe for any sensible young minister to read the words of all these wise guides, and then look straight at the work before him and follow his own nose. As for those that are not sensible, this little book will not hurt any of them, and may even do some of them a little good.

THE industry and docility of Professor Perry are well exhibited in his treatise on Political Economy,² which has just appeared in a new edition. The original edition, issued in 1865, was immediately adopted as a text book in several of our leading colleges. Its faults of proportion, of treatment and of style, were evident enough to masters of the science; but its ideas were conveyed with a certain lucidity and directness that made it an admirable help to the teacher. The good quality of Professor Perry as a student and teacher of science is shown in the fact that he has been ready to see and correct his own mistakes. The book has passed through several revisions, to the most thorough of which it has just been subjected. By all of these it has gained in symmetry, in accuracy and in literary form; and it must now be regarded as a most valuable contribution to economical science. Professor Perry gives in his preface an interesting sketch of the growth of the work, referring with a laudable pride to some of the improvements in nomenclature which he was the first to suggest and which have clearly advanced the science. From Professor Walker’s discussion of the doctrine of the “Wages Fund” he owns that he has gained new light, and he also follows the same authority in dropping the ambiguous word *currency*, and substituting for it in this last edition the word *money*. The chapter on money which has been carefully rewritten, opens with words of confidence. Holding it for certain “that whatever men have devised men can comprehend,” he not only claims himself to understand this vexed subject but be-

¹ The Young Pastor and His People: Bits of Practical Advice to Young Clergymen, by Distinguished Ministers. Edited by B. F. Llepsner, A. M. New York: N. Tibbals & Sons.

² Elements of Political Economy. By Arthur Latham Perry, LL.D. New Edition. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

¹ The Prayer-Meeting and its Improvement. By Rev. Lewis O. Thompson. Chicago: W. G. Holmes.

believes that he can unfold it so that others may understand it also. It must be owned that he goes far toward making a complicated subject plain; and that no fairly intelligent person who will carefully read his treatise needs to be wholly destitute of clear ideas concerning this much-befogged question. The subject of "fiat money" is not very fully discussed; perhaps the author regarded it as scarcely worth his notice. It is a question, however, that needs discussion; our political future is likely to hinge upon it; and a more full and elementary treatment of it would have been serviceable to the readers and the students into whose hands this book will fall. The historical sketch of the French assignats does indeed bear upon this topic; but it is a matter of which more might have been made. We need a popular tract that shall let the light shine through this foggy delusion of "fiat money;" and Professor Perry is the man to write it. The state could hardly summon him to a more important service, and the work cannot be done too soon.

A BULKY volume¹ of nearly twelve hundred pages contains General Eaton's Report with the accompanying tables. A vast amount of information, not all of it important, and much of it imperfectly digested, fills these closely-printed pages. Probably the work might be better done with a larger clerical force in the Bureau; if that be the condition of improvement it is to be hoped that Congress will increase the appropriation. Nevertheless the Report as it is contains much extremely valuable matter; and the study of it, though doubtless a weariness to the flesh, will be found profitable for doctrine and reproof.

The condition of the schools in the Southern States furnishes food for reflection. The "school age" of the several states differs greatly; in one state all persons between four and fourteen are reckoned as of school age; in others the limits are four and twenty; in others four and twenty-one; in others six and twenty-one; so that the ratio of children enrolled in the public schools to the children of "school age" reported, would not afford a fair comparison of the efficiency of education in the several states. But a table has been prepared, giving the estimated number of children in each state between the ages of six and sixteen; and thus we have a just basis of comparison. And while, in many of the Northern states, the number of children enrolled in the public schools is larger than the number of children between six and sixteen, showing that the pupils above sixteen outnumber those between six and sixteen who are not in school,—in most of the Southern states the number enrolled is much less than the number embraced between

these ages. In Massachusetts, there are 300,834 children between six and sixteen, and 305,776 enrolled in the schools. In New Hampshire, the number between these ages is 55,555, and the number enrolled is 66,599. In Alabama, on the other hand, there are 283,659 children over six and under sixteen, while there enrolled in the schools only 126,893. In Mississippi the figures are a little better, being, respectively, 249,143 and 166,204. In Louisiana, out of 206,016 children between these ages the school enrollment is only 74,307, or but little more than one in three; In Arkansas, out of 141,848, only 15,890, or a little less than one in eight. In several of the Southern states the enrollment for 1876 was considerably reduced from that of the preceding year. It is to be hoped that the era of improved relations which has now begun at the South has turned the tide in the opposite direction. But it is plain that so long as from one-half to seven-eighths of the children of the Southern states are outside of the schools, the prospect of a permanent peace in that region is rather dim.

Among other papers in this compilation is one copied from *Macmillan's Magazine* and showing the results of the system of compulsory education recently put in operation in England. It appears that during five years the average attendance of day scholars in England increased 60 per cent., and in Scotland 42 per cent. in three years; while in Ireland the increase in five years was only 8 1-2 per cent. In Birmingham, which was the head-quarters of the Education League, the results are notable. The average attendance in that city has increased during four and a half years about 150 per cent. Compulsory education, against which the British mind so long revolted, seems to be justifying itself in the experience of the nation.

Special articles upon "The Study of Anglo-Saxon" by Professor March of Lafayette College, upon "The Pronunciation of Greek in this Country" by Professor Boise of Chicago, and upon "Latin Pronunciation" by Professor W. G. Richardson of Richmond, Ky., are of great value to teachers.

For their promise, rather than for their performance, the poems¹ of Mr. Day are noteworthy. Young men in college do not often exhibit so nice a sense of poetic form as these verses reveal; and there are frequent lines of thoughtfulness and beauty. Yet the thought does not run deep and many of the conceits as well as the phrases are simply reproduced from memory. A very pleasant verse-wright this young man certainly was, and if he had lived he might have been a poet.

¹ Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1876. Washington: Government Printing Office.

¹ Lines in the Sand. By Richard E. Day. Syracuse: John T. Roberts.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

VOL. II.—DECEMBER, 1878.—No. XII.

WHAT A RADICAL FOUND IN WATER STREET.

It began in the Club of The True Brotherhood.

Now the Club of The True Brotherhood is an organization to be named under one's breath; for it is at once the synagogue and the supreme flower of Culture.

For years the question had come at intervals: "What! don't you belong to the Club of the True Brotherhood? You must. You shall. You don't know what you lose. Such society! Such delightful people! Such simplicity and such culture! Every one is so anxious to make things pleasant, and every one has such a real genius for drawing out undeveloped talent. Oh, yes, you certainly must be proposed."

"What do you do?" I asked my enthusiastic friend.

"Do? Oh, everything charming. The papers are such delightful papers, and the comments and discussions are certainly finer than anything that ever gets into the magazines—they are so spontaneous you know; and then you see such fascinating people. Do give your name and let me propose you. It is mental suicide to remain outside such a circle."

That is the way I began. My bump of veneration is a knob rather than a bump, and had led me into difficulties, even before I could spell Phrenology, or define Veneration. Bitter experience had taught me that my idols were mostly clay, and only a head of gold at rarest intervals kept me in any degree constant to my early faith. But

here did seem something better than I had known. A place where culture had not killed simplicity, and where noble thought could feed and grow: where petty comment and criticism were never heard, and men and women had rubbed down the angles of too aggressive personalities, passed out from the limitations of sets and cliques, and stood ready to share all that life and thought had brought them, with all who sought the gift. Though I have passed the age of "thrills," a sensation very nearly akin to that of my youth went through me, as I read the card of notification:

"You are hereby informed that your name having been proposed by ———, and seconded by ———, you are from henceforth a member of 'The Club of the True Brotherhood,' annual dues ———. The next meeting will be," etc.

A kind of solemn joy filled me as I made ready for this momentous occasion. "At last," I said to myself, "you are to see and know the best there is. Heretofore the best has come at intervals only, and as a whole this great city has seemed a social desert. Conversation is not after all, a lost art. Here you will find it; delicate, airy, graceful, as that of the mythical French *salons*. You will know how mind acts on mind when excited by this subtle power of flying thought, and the charm of presence will be added to the words you would otherwise know only on the printed page."

In such a mood, the sacred circle was

reached; was entered. In such a mood I even wrote my first paper, trembling at the inadequacy of my thought, and eager to add even the smallest contribution to the general treasury of good will and mutual development. In spite of deep, but stifled interior questionings, I held to this faith, till suddenly at the end of three months, common sense asserted itself, and prodded me the more sharply that I had deliberately and long forced it to silence. I shall not forget that evening. A poet was there visibly choking in the fuming incense burned before him by a knot of worshipers; a historian quarreling fiercely with another historian on some disputed point; a row of novelists and essayists; another row of critics, the two ranks eying each other with outward calm and inward distrust, and without, a circle of discontented, ambitious, uncomfortable men and women, too eager for individual recognition to see the absurdity of their position, or be aware that here the Literary Snob was king. The sense of humor, roused for a moment, turned to bitterness. Here were threescore men and women, most of them past their first youth; many of them with faces indicating kindness and understanding, yet each one with this wall of self-assertion shutting out all common offices of intercourse. Each was bent upon saying some sharp, telling thing that might be handed down as a Club aphorism; each was ignoring deeper wants and desires, and rising often on very feeble and fluttering wings into the rarefied and breathless atmosphere of Criticism and Culture.

"Charming evening! Most delightful paper, was it not?" said one of the critics pausing before my chair.

"No," I said with calmness, determined at last to tell the whole truth. "No; it is not charming at all; and the paper struck me as false and stilted, and not in the least the writer's real thought. But then no one here ever does give his real thought—only the thought that is expected of him."

Profoundly amused at this outburst, my critic stood for a moment in silence. "You hardly do us justice," he said at last, as if the thing were dawning upon him. "You

would not have our hearts upon our sleeves for daws to peck at?"

"Then the True Brotherhood is one of daws, and not of singing birds," I said. "That is what it has long seemed, and I give up one more illusion. I wonder if one is to be left me. Give me a country sewing-society; give me anything but this hypercritical, sarcastic, cold-blooded Culture! I have yet to hear one word that touches real human need; that indicates the slightest knowledge of even real intellectual needs. Spiritual ones I leave out of the question. Is there a soul here who trusts another soul in the room? Under all this ineffable and high-toned nonsense, is there something better, that would find voice if it could, but dares not? I wish I were a Quaker. Then this sudden moving of the Spirit would be pardoned, and I would speak out here all the disappointment to which these months have given birth. I would show you, and in such words that you could never call it pique or envy, just what you are doing; just what you fail to do. We come for bread and you give us a stone. Culture as you exhibit it, is a keen and merciless blade, cutting into all genuine, hearty life, and you walk about, unconscious that your life-blood is gone and your place among the living vacant. You are ghosts, and your squeaking and gibbering you take for profound speech on life and its work."

"This is a cold shower-bath," gasped my hearer. "What have I done that it falls solely upon me? In pity, my friend, raise your voice and douche somebody beside myself."

"No," I said. "This is my last word for the Club of the True Brotherhood. I am not strong enough, mentally or morally, to remain in this ice-house, unchilled. If I stay there would simply be one more corpse. I must run while I can. Good-bye."

So ended this chapter of experience, and I laid away the record with many another one—going on, a little more silent, and with a dreary wonder if there were any such thing as real human intercourse, and if loneliness must be the heart of all life, as well as its beginning and ending. From one point of view life had broadened and

deepened with each added year. Fresh possibilities of work, of knowledge, of happiness were discerned, yet through all, mastering the strongest hope, came the sense of limitation, the weariness of struggle; the doubt and question and sadness, underlying all the growth of this strange and wonderful Nineteenth Century. One by one, old landmarks had vanished. Speculation came, with no answer to its questions. One ism after another presented itself, seeming at first to meet the demand for truth; then fading and fading away under the light of investigation. Church people were stupidly intolerant; radicals equally so. Where I belonged had long been a mystery. With the former, I was counted radical and destructive; with the latter, conservative and willfully blind to progress. Thus in spite of most active efforts to get down and stay somewhere, I was constantly ordered back to the fence dividing these two parties, neither of which allowed that I had any rights which either was bound to respect.

There are many in precisely this position—a few who admit it; a far larger number who keep silence, but wonder painfully why life must be one long question, the asking of which brings down only a storm of indignation from one side, a half-contemptuous reception on the other. Radicalism takes in untold numbers, whose strong devotional natures are never satisfied with the amount and character of the worship permitted them, and who work with feverish energy in all schemes for regenerating humanity. Yet to bind themselves in old formulas, in dead doctrines, is impossible. The Christ shown them in the average church is not what they want; and when "honest doubt" is met with horror, they fling off all old beliefs, cease to search for the soul of truth in the ancient formula, and persuade themselves that content lies in utter rejection.

To this army I belonged; but the species of Brahminism I had tried to adopt neither soothed nor satisfied me. The sad condition of large classes in this country, who are literally "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity," and whom the gospel of development scarcely promises to reach, made my own personal pleasure and progress seem

almost a wicked thing, if they could not somehow share it.

"I give it up," I said one day to a friend, who was always too actively at work to have time for speculation. "'Ethical Culture' may reach the middle class, in fact has reached many, but over the masses I despair. There is no regenerating power in them to draw upon. Badly born, badly fed and clothed and housed; vileness is their beginning and ending. There is no salvation for these poor wretches. The world is out of joint."

"Don't go on!" was the half-laughing answer. "There is no 'cursed spite' about it; but it is a most blessed fact that we can set our small share of it right. You have refused, time and again, to go and see for yourself. Now you shall not say No. All I ask of you is to go with a mind as open to truth as it would be if I wanted you to examine some new scientific fact. You complain of the intolerance of radicals, but you are equally bad in your way. Come now, without protest, and if you do not believe I shall not ask you again."

I went. The place was the Water street Mission. The old Five Points region I had known well, and the change wrought there by means of the various missions; but this was all unknown country. Hardly a stone's throw from the Harpers' great establishment in Franklin square, we turned down Dover street. On one side, the towering pier of the East River bridge; on the other, a row of tenement houses, two or three with gabled roofs, the last remnant of the old time when quiet Dutch burghers made their homes there, and all swarming with children—dirty, unkempt, foul of speech. A turn to the right, and still under the shadow of the great pier; a long line of houses, some low and leaning, with bulging roofs and broken windows above; but below, on either side, dens of infamy, opening at the back into rat—or cock-pits. Women crowded here, sitting in rows on benches, or out on the sidewalk, waiting the return of sailors, for these were the noted "sailors' boarding-houses;" and for blocks around, far up Cherry street to the police station-house, and out into a region of dark alleys fester-

ing with filth, and narrow streets alive with masses of people, spread the influence of these foul lives. Painted and decked with tawdry finery, the smell of liquor about every one, with hard, brazen faces, and the indescribable voice that, once heard, is never forgotten, I saw for the first time the extremity of abomination—the last gleam of womanhood dead beyond resurrection. In men and women both, as we passed on, only the wild animal seemed left; brutal, lowering faces, stamped with every sign of violence, and oaths and horrible words the current speech. Pianos and fiddles jingled and squeaked. Every other house was a “bucket shop”—a saloon where only the cheapest liquor is sold, and the light from which showed sanded floors and the roughest of bars, waiting the evening custom. In the midst of these surroundings rose a plain brick building, the walk before it carefully kept, and the outer door closing with a spring lock, which, when opened, rang a bell as warning to the janitor that visitors were below. A policeman stood on the step to order off the children and boys, who had often sought to break up the meeting, not only by singing and shouting, but by throwing stones and breaking windows. Within was the simplest and plainest of chapels, holding some four hundred men, very few women forming part of the congregation either then or at any time. A raised platform with small reading-desk, and cabinet organ and half a dozen benches for visitors, were at the upper end; and here we seated ourselves, facing the audience, and looked about. Below the desk, and just in front of an empty bench, stood an arm-chair, unoccupied at present. The walls were hung with various Scripture texts, and on each side, in heavy, black letters, were two framed cards: “Speakers strictly limited to one minute.”

“Where are your ruffians?” I whispered. “These are all respectable men.”

“Wait and you will find out,” was the answer; and at this moment, through a door leading from the platform, entered a pair who smiled and nodded in every direction, stopping as hands were stretched out for a greeting, but passing to their places—

he to the vacant arm-chair, she to a seat at the organ. The favorite Moody and Sankey hymns were on every bench, and at once, “Number Four” being called, singing began with an intensity and heartiness I was not prepared to expect. For a few minutes this went on; then, as the hands of the clock indicated half-past seven, a tall man, an Irishman, as I soon discovered, came up to the desk and said quietly: “Let us pray.” All knelt, and the prayer went on; no rant, no shouting, but an earnestness of appeal that that night might see many wandering souls brought in, and made to know that the Father’s house was waiting for them:

“O, dear Jesus, you picked us up out of the gutter and made us clane and dacent. Come again and save more. I was the manest of sinners down in the mud, and if I could be saved, anybody can. Let them all know it and believe it, and come straight to you.”

The man’s rough voice broke, and for a moment he was silent, unable to speak. Then he rose, and after another hymn read the story of blind Bartimeus, with a depth of reverential feeling that destroyed all temptation to smile at accent or new methods of pronunciation, expounding after a fashion of his own, and ending with a climax, grotesque, yet full of power:

“An’ so ye see that the Lord was willin’ to give His time and His mind to any one that would be askin’ ayther. I tell ye, my dear friends, there’s nothin’ like it. Joshua commanded the sun an’ moon to stand still, an’ sure ’twas for his own interest he did it; but Jesus Christ himself stood still an’ spoke to a blind beggar! You’ll never get ahead o’ that!”

As he spoke men crept in, one by one, two of them hatless, one without shoes or coat, and with matted hair and dirty face, seeming to have come straight from the gutter. All eyes were fixed on the speaker, while the occupant of the arm-chair looked with eager interest at each new arrival. In spite of carefully neat dress the face and head of this chairman were so repellent in form and outline that after one look I whispered again:

“It is useless to say that Jerry McAuley

is an honest man. He cannot be. He was born to be bad. How can he help it, with that type of head?"

"Wait," answered my friend once more. And as I waited I looked and affirmed again that nature had not lied, and that this retreating forehead, small and deep-set eyes, heavy, projecting nose and wide mouth, indicated, and could indicate nothing but the bully and the ruffian. The tall, firmly-knit frame, long arms and great hands showed immense brute strength, and the keen and quiet observation appeared that of some powerful animal speculating on possible danger and ready to annihilate an enemy. The strongest face in the room was this—a man who, as a Fourth Ward rough, must have been incredibly reckless, fierce, brutal. This sweet, motherly-looking woman at the organ could have no connection with him. Her face and figure were full of strength and helpfulness, and her deep gray eyes were wide with feeling. Another hymn, and then McAuley rose and in a quiet voice said:

"The meetin' is open for experience. Don't be forgettin' and lettin' yourselves run over your minute. There's much can be said in a minute, and all of you have time to tell what Jesus has done for your souls. Tell it out, too, and don't be afraid. There's not a man here has a worse tale of himself than me, an' to-night I can say as I've said for eleven years, that I'm saved from bein' a thief and a drunkard and a gambler and everything that's vile. Look at me; I'm clean and respectable, and a happy man; an' yet I've been down in the gutter deeper 'n any poor fellow in here to-night, with no clothes but an old red shirt, s'iled with dirt, and a hat like you'd taken it out of an old tar pot. I've hung round bucket shops an' begged for drinks when I was so far gone my own mother would hardly 'a' come near me; an' I say to every one of you, there ain't a man nor woman here so far gone but what this blessed Jesus can pick them up an' set them on their feet. The meetin' is open."

"And I tell you the same thing," said a voice from behind me, and I turned to see the organist stepping forward. "I've been through it all, and in my very worst

drunken fits—and I drank all the time—there was a power that could save me even then. I was so lost and degraded, I don't want to think of it. I could n't speak of it, if I didn't want you to know that this dear, tender Savior, goes seeking that which is lost. He found me, and to-day all I want in the world is to make every one know His power, and have the peace and comfort I have, every hour of my life,"

If Lucretia Mott had suddenly arisen, flung down her Quaker bonnet, and announced herself an inveterate drunkard, I could not have been more profoundly amazed. I studied the sweet, steady face; not a line in it bearing any meaning but that of love and cheer and helpfulness, with an even merry expression about the lips, that smiled involuntarily at the unexpected turns of thought and speech from one and another. Experiences followed fast; men and women rose and waited their turn. Thieves, drunkards, gamblers, prostitutes, all with the same story; and in the majority of cases, look closely as I might, bearing little or no trace of their wretched lives. Peace, absolute contentment, fairly bubbled over. Men laughed as they told of their happiness, and many ended by saying: "And I bless God I ever came into the Water Street Mission."

"Six months ago I was a drunkard." "Four months ago I came here from a three years, term in prison." "Sixteen weeks ago to-night, I came in here, so drunk I couldn't stand straight, and God saved me that night." "Eight mouths ago I was a wicked woman, and there's many here that knows just how wicked; and Jesus saved me."

So the hour went on; at any pause a verse of some favorite hymn, and through it all, the sad faces near the door lighting with interest, as something was said that touched their own case. One man arose and shuffled out, growling oaths against the "McAuley hypocrites," and a pale young man sprang up.

"Yes, that's what I said," he responded. "I came here a month, an' swore every night it was a pack o' lies, an' Jerry McAuley the biggest fraud goin'. But I found I was

the liar, and I got strength here to stop my drinkin' an' my chewin' an' smokin', and save my money for my family, instead o' givin' it to gin mills. An' now I've got a comfortable, happy home, an' my children's got a bed for the first time in their lives, an' I'm clean inside an' out, bless His Holy name. O, why won't you all believe?"

"That was the way with me," said another equally eager. "I said the fellows here made a soft thing out of it, an' it paid 'em well to lie; but I found plenty of 'em givin' up thievin' that brought 'em plenty of money, an' goin' hungry rather than steal. I was n't a thief, but I was a rearin', tearin' bully, knockin' round the ward here, cursin' an' swearin' an' ready for any mischief, an' Jesus took hold o' me, an' here I am, saved."

"It is time now to change the meetin'," said Jerry, who had stood some moments waiting. "There's men here that work hard all day and I'm bound to let 'em out at nine o'clock. We've no time for long speeches, but I'll tell you again, what I'm never tired of tellin', and may it save some soul here to-night, that this blessed Jesus saves me. There's no sham about it. I don't tell you I was a thief and a drunkard and a fraud to glory in it, but I want you roughs to understand what Jesus has done for me. Yes! when I was such a mean, nasty wretch of a sinner, that I had n't a home or a friend, this dear, blessed Jesus picked me up out of the mud, and saved me from wantin' to do such things. Who would n't love the name of Jesus?"

"There was a time once, when I'd cut a man's throat for a five dollar bill and kick him overboard. An' then there was a time, when I'd plenty of money and rode behind my own fast horse, but it all came the same way. Do you suppose I'd do it now? Eh? Why not? Because I've got the grace of God in my soul. Jesus saves me and he can save any man. He says: 'He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' Jesus died for every poor fellow here that has n't got any home to-night. Won't you come to Him and let Him save you? Won't you come now? O, do!

"We're goin' to have prayers now.

Who'll stand up for prayers? There's one; there's two; three; there's another. The devil tells some of you not to do it. I tell you the devil ain't much of a friend. He goes round puttin' up all sorts of jobs on sinners, and he makes it pretty hot sometimes. You can't get the best of him, nohow. You've got to cry to God for help, an' keep cryin' till he gives it. He won't be long about it. 'Ask and you shall receive.' That's what he says.

"Every soul of us has got to have his help, great and small. Everybody needs help. Put us all in a bag and shake us up; s'pose there'd be much difference when we came out? Eh?"

"You hear some people say the Bible is a sham and religion a hoax. Well, it may be to them, but it's God's own power to me. Why! Look at me, friends. Eleven years ago I was a loafer and a rough. Head on me like a mop; big scar across my nose all the time. I wonder I've got a nose when I remember all the licks it got. There ain't a drunken rowdy round the corner worse lookin' than I was, nor more deservin' punishment. I cursed God! I held up my hands and cursed Him for givin' me life. Why had he put me in a hell on earth? Why had He made me a thief and a rascal, while He gave other people money and fun? And then it came across me that He hadn't done one o' these things. It was me that had brought myself to what I was! I had made myself a drunkard and a thief, and then blamed Him for it! Where was my common sense? If you want some—and who don't?—ask Him for it.

"Some say: 'I'm too bad; God would n't give me a show.' Oh, what a mistake! God will take what the devil would almost refuse. Didn't He save the thief on the cross? I know a man that came into this place to lick another for having said, 'Jesus saves me.' Well, Jesus saved that very man himself. He came along, looking for fight, but the starch was knocked out o' him. He went away like a cur in a sack, tremblin' all over, and now he is a good man. Jesus is waitin' for every one of you. Oh, won't you stand up to be prayed for?"

The strong yearning, the deep earnestness

of his appeal found its answer. One after another came forward to the empty bench whose use I now understood. The people rose and sang :

"This loving Savior stands patiently,"

and as the refrain sounded full and clear :

"Calling now to thee, prodigal,
Calling now to thee;
Thou hast wandered far away,
But He's calling now to thee,"

the most hardened-looking of the men burst into tears and buried his face in his arms. Mrs. McAuley left her place and kneeled by him, and as all knelt, prayed a prayer of such utter faith, such happy surety that then and there it would be answered, as my ears had never heard. I forgot to protest. Some strange, invisible presence was at work; a sense of expectation was upon me, and when McAuley spoke low, "Now let these poor souls pray for themselves," I knew some answer must come.

"Oh, Jesus," said the weeping man, "you know all about it. I'm sick of my sins. I want to be decent. You can help me. Don't let me get into the mud again."

"I can't pray," said the next one. "I'm too bad. I'm afraid to."

"You can't be too bad," said McAuley's earnest voice. "Just say, God be merciful to me a sinner!" and once more the publican's prayer went up from sinful lips. I had seen the wild excitement of camp-meetings in years gone by, but here was a hush, a power deeper than anything I had ever known. One by one trembling voices made their first petition—seven men, straight from the slums; and then they took their places on the bench, and for the first time I saw McAuley's full face, as he asked one and then another, what they had resolved to do. No tenderer soul ever looked upon human pain than that which now shone in his eyes and glorified the coarse features—a look more convincing of the power at work there than years of argument could have been. A deep stillness filled the room, broken only by a murmured "Thank God!" as one after another avowed his determination to lead a new life.

"We'll pray for you. You shan't want

for all the help we've got to give," said McAuley. "Keep coming, and we'll do you good."

It was nine o'clock. The men rose and all sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Mrs. McAuley passed down to the door, and stood there to shake hands and give some word of help or greeting to every one who went out, and I stood watching the hearty way in which all were talking together, and the crowd who surrounded the new converts. In all the faces, I saw but two who seemed to me frauds, and as it afterward proved, only one of them was really so. My friend made no comment. We talked of indifferent matters on the way home, but a day or two later I went again, this time an hour before the meeting, in order to question McAuley and his wife in person. I found the second floor of the building to be their home—a comfortable, prettily-furnished flat, exquisitely neat, and with a home-like feeling not always had in statelier places, and was greeted with a warmth and courtesy that absolved me at once from the guilt of intrusion. We talked for an hour on the origin of the work; their personal share in it, and the effect already produced in the street—its present vileness being peace and innocence compared with its condition in 1872.

"Come again! Come often as you like!" McAuley said heartily, as he was called away. "I'll tell you anything you'd like to know, though if I talked the rest o' my life, I couldn't tell all the stories I know, nor the sights I've seen."

I did "come again," and again, at last taking my place among the "regulars," as the few are called who have stated employment and come constantly. The congregation is a floating one, a large proportion being sailors, but go far as they may, they all come back, reappearing sometimes after intervals of a year or more, each in the meantime having become a missionary on his own account. To save some other soul from wretchedness and sin, is the first demand made upon them, and in the six years' history of the work, thousands of names stand already as the fruit of a labor, through day and night, and against such

obstacles as men and women in quiet, sheltered homes, can hardly conceive. Long before I admitted it as a fact of personal application, I came to believe in a literal regeneration, and to find that but one thing could be said to the sad and hungry souls waiting for some word of hope and comfort. Doubt fled from this atmosphere of loving helpfulness. Social problems remained problems no longer. Communism and drunkenness, and foul sin of every sort, died a natural death. Old things passed away, and all things became new.

As months went on, every question answered itself. With my own eyes I saw men who had come into the mission sodden with drink, turn into quiet, steady workers. Now and then one fell; in one case, permanently; but the prodigals commonly returned, confessing their weakness, and laboring earnestly to prove their penitence. I saw foul homes, where dirty bundles of straw had been the only bed, gradually become clean and respectable; hard faces grow patient and gentle; oaths and foul words give place to quiet speech. Whatever the liberal thinker might feel as to the limitations of their faith, however disappointed that certain theories essential to his scheme of life were beyond their grasp or comprehension, the fact remained that absolute reformation in bodily and mental habits had taken place, and was working powerfully toward a change in all about them. There is no room here for a statement of individual cases, McAuley's own story being of absorbing interest; but in another paper modes and results will be given more at length, together with some of the sights to be seen in the alleys and by-ways, where few ever learn the way, and where corruption and death are in the air. In these dens McAuley grew up, and I give the substance of his story, as far as possible in his own words, though written words can never hold the pathos, the tenderness, the strength, the quick-glancing Irish humor, which have made him the power that he is, and that even now, with weakened body, fast failing to meet the demand made upon it, still render him the most wonderful of apostles to

the roughs. Consumption, in part the result of former excesses, in part due to constant overwork in bad air, and under the most exciting conditions, has such a firm hold that it is doubtful if even partial recovery is possible; and those who know and love him, watch his failing strength with a vain longing to give from their own, and so enable the work to go on.

"I shall be here till the Lord has used me enough," he says, "and then, oh, won't rest be sweet to this tired body! I can't sing much; one lung is all gone; my voice breaks all the time, and when I have to stop workin', may I go quickly to the Master that's waitin' for me!

"I was bad stock to start with, you might say. My father was a counterfeiter, an' had to run from the law, before ever I knew him; an' they put me with an ould grandmother, that when she was n't telling her beads was cursin' an' swearin' at me for plaguin' her when she was on her knees. I never went to school, but roamed round doin' naught but mischief, an' gettin' naught but kicks an' thumps from them that had me in charge. At thirteen they'd enough o' me, an' sent me to a married sister in New York, but I got beyond them soon. I knew I was up to tricks enough myself to live by my wits, an' I went into a family in Water Street with two young fellows. We earned what we could, an' stole the rest. We had a boat, an' that's how I begun to be a river-thief. There was n't as good a set of river police then as there is now, an' it was easy work boardin' vessels, and makin' first-rate hauls. I learned to be a prize-fighter, too; an' as I was never afraid of nothing nor nobody, they stood round for me wherever I went, and there was never a bigger nuisance above ground.

"Now, I'd done enough to deserve prison ten times over, an' sent things flyin' so't they'd got to be afraid of me down in that Fourth Ward, and were ready to do anything to get rid of me. I was nineteen then. Strong as a lion, and not so much sense; but all the same, it came hard when they arrested me for what I had n't done. I knew who had, but that did n't help me. I burned with madness. I could a' crunched that

man's bones to flinders, but that didn't help. I was sentenced to fifteen years in state prison, and not a soul plead for me. They handcuffed me and took me off. Oh, that ride! It was the worst hour of my life. To know others just as bad as me were free, and that I must be behind bars for them. My heart was burstin' with rage and then went down like lead. Then I thought I'd mind the rulers and maybe, somehow, I'd get out.

"For two years no man could say a word against me. They put me to the carpet-weavin' business. I said the only prayer I knew—the Lord's Prayer—every day, for I thought maybe it would help me. I learned to read and write, and got to read easy. Then I got cheap novels, and read to pass away the time. They let me have all I wanted, and they filled my head fuller than ever of low and wicked thoughts. Some of 'em was about convicts, an' I took a fancy I might escape, an' meant to brain the keeper whenever I did. Then I got sick, for I was used to a free life, an' it made me uneasy an' difficult, an' then they punished me. That made me harder an' harder. How I hated 'em! I'd been in prison four or five years, when one Sunday morning I went to chapel; I was moody and desperate. I just looked up a moment to the chaplain, an' there, by him, was a man I used to know, one of my old pals. I'd been on many a spree with him, an' now I looked and wondered. He'd been in prison there. It was Orville Gardner. He came down from the platform, because he said he did n't feel fit to stand anywhere but right among the men, an' then he prayed an' cried, till there was n't a dry eye there. I was ashamed to be seen cryin'. I'd heard him swear and curse, an' I knew some strange change was on him. He said a verse that struck me, an' when I went back to my cell I thought I'd hunt for it. I'd generally a novel for Sunday, but to-day I had n't any, and I took down the Bible from the ventilator, where I'd chucked it years before, an' beat the dust off it an' began to hunt.

"Well, I didn't find that verse, for I forgot about it, but I found plenty more. One made me mad, that verse: "Now the Spirit

speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." I threw down the book and kicked it all round the cell. 'The vile heretics!' I said; 'I always heard the old Book was a pack of lies. That's the way they show us Catholics up.' Then I thought I'd like a Catholic Bible, and soon I got one from the library. There it was—just the same, only boxed up with notes. I read 'em both, an' got more interested. One night I could n't sleep. I thought about Gardner and the change in him, an' I had a burnin' desire to get like him. I wanted to pray, but I was ashamed to; could n't have been more ashamed if ten thousand people had stared me in the face. I got down on my knees, an' then jumped up; I was so ashamed. Then I got down again an' cried for help, but rose up again. There was a fight inside. The devil talked lively, but verses kept comin' to me that answered him. I was a mind to send for a priest. Then I knew penance never had helped me, an' never would. It went on a month. I couldn't tell what to do. Once a young lady that visited the prison asked for me, an' prayed with me. I looked at her an' saw the tears fallin', an' I couldn't understand it all. That night I said I'd pray all night, but what I'd find out. If mornin' came and I had n't, then I'd never pray again.

"It got to be the middle of the night. I could n't pray, but I would n't get up. All at once, when I was in an agony, the sweat rollin' off of me, I felt like as if a hand laid on my head, and something seemed to say: 'My son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee.' A thrill went through me. I jumped up, and went up and down the cell. It was all light, and I smelled something like the sweetest flowers. I could n't tell if it was living or not; but I clapped my hands and shouted. The guard came along. 'What's the matter?' says he. 'I've found

Christ! My sins are forgiven!' says I. 'I'll report you,' says he, and took down my name; but he did n't. I did n't care. My soul was lost in joy. Life was new. From that day on I did n't mind work, nor hard fare, nor scowls. The Lord began to use me in the prison, and many were converted through me. All the time I had was about half an hour a day; but did n't I use it! Two years this went on, an' then I began to pray for my liberty. I never had before; and it came; for I got a pardon after I'd served seven years and six months, just.

"There was never a lonesomer man than me when I got out. I would n't go back to the Fourth Ward among my old companions, an' I did n't know what to do. At last I met a friend, an' he took me to a lager bier saloon to board. That was a bad move. Lager bier had come up since I went to prison. I did n't know about it. They said it was like root-beer; so I drank a lot, an' soon I wanted something stronger. My head got confused. All the old appetites cropped out. Satan got the upper hand of me. I stopped prayin'. Oh, I'll never forget the first night I did n't pray! Then I went to the devil hand and foot. I had work in a large hat shop. We struck, and they wouldn't take us back; and then I went into the bounty business. That was a rascally business. Got men drunk and then coaxed them to enlist, an' that way we got half the bounty. Then I had fast horses and got to be a sportsman; took to the river, too, with another man, and I had my hands full of deviltry. Then the war ended and I bought and sold smuggled and stolen goods. I gave counterfeit money for them till I was found out, and then I got to be a river-thief myself, and boarded vessels at night. I was shot at many a time, but always got off. Sometimes I longed for my old peace, but I thought I could never get back; so I kept drunk all the time.

"One night I was out, too drunk to steal, so I staid in the boat while my partner got aboard the vessel we were after. Somehow I fell overboard; the boat went one way and I another in an eddy, and down like a shot—up, and then down again. The third time I said: 'This is the last, and now you

are lost; you're drowned.' Hell seemed right under my feet. I called on God, though I felt too mean to, and I did come to the top again and got hold of the boat. Something seemed to say: 'You're saved for the last time. Go out on that river to steal again, and God will let you drop in and be lost forever.' It made me mad. I drank harder 'n ever, and at last I came to want. Does that seem strange? I never laid up anything, and got so low down, I'd sneak round the bucket-shops and sawdust their floors for a drink of rum. That was the time the John Allen meetin' was under way, and I used to hear them singin' and prayin', and oh, how my heart ached to be back again as I was!

"One day I was in my room, when the city missionary went upstairs to see somebody. I thought maybe he'd get me a job of honest work, an' I came out an' stood on the landin'. I was a desperate lookin' case; my hair cropped, an' so dirty you'd think I could n't move, an' he told me to come down to the pavement. I suppose he did n't know but that I meant to pitch him downstairs the way he had been before. He took me to the Howard Mission—I'd never known there was such a place; and he said if I'd sign the pledge, he'd get me some work. I knew such a drunkard could n't get work unless he reformed, but I told them I could n't keep it. 'Ask God to help you and you can,' they said, and at last I did. Tom, my partner, was in my room when I went back, and I told him what I'd done. 'You keep the pledge!' says he laughin'. 'Here!' And he poured out a glass o' gin: he had the bottle in his hand. I drank it down. 'This is the last drink I'll ever take,' said I. 'Yes,' says he, 'till the next one.'

"That minute the missionary came in. I didn't want him to smell my breath, though if he'd asked me, I believe I should have told him what I'd done. He asked me to go out with him, and as we walked, I told him I'd got to go on the river that night, for I was dead broke and hungry at that. He looked sad and troubled. 'Jerry,' says he, 'before you shall do that I'll take off my coat and pawn it.' I looked at his

coat; old, and 'most worn out, an' the tears come in my eyes to think that poor as he was, he'd do that to save me from wrong. He went away, and soon he came back with fifty cents somebody gave him, so I did n't go out. Then he followed me up. Day after day he came after me, and it was n't long before he got what he wanted; for one night, when he'd asked me to his house to tea, and lent me a coat so 't I could be decent, it came to me again that I could start out in a new life. Not like the first time, but calm and steady like, an' then I knew Jesus had n't let go of me.

"Well, they'd shout after me; I was such a blackguard they thought I was shammin', but the missionary went round with me a good deal, arm-in-arm, and it helped, I tell you. You need n't think I did n't have to fight, though. I got work, and then was discharged because I made up my mind I would not work Sunday. Twice after that I got drunk, but I went to meetin' and confessed it, and knew I was forgiven. Then I found my chewin' and smokin' had got to go. They kept me always thirsty, an' that's one reason I'm so down on tobacco now. A man that wants the Spirit of God in him has got to be clean inside an' out, an' he's got to shut down on every dirty appetite. By this time I'd married Maria; that's been God's own help to me ever since. I got regular work, an' she was Bible reader in the ward. They shouted after her too, wherever she went, for everybody knew about her; but she did n't mind, no more than me.

"Well, one day at my work, I had a sort of a vision. I thought I had a house down in the Fourth Ward. There was a big bath, and men and women comin' in. I washed 'em clean outside, and the Lord washed 'em clean inside, and I thought, cryin' while I thought it, 'Oh, if I could do that, for Jesus sake!' I felt I could go down there where I'd always lived, for wasn't I used to filth and nastiness and Romanism an' everything else? I thought of it, day and night; an' at last when my wife an' me went to Sea Cliff and then to Ocean Grove, I told what I wanted to do, and people gave me money, till at last I had four

hundred and fifty dollars in trust. Think o' that! Me that was a thief, trusted that way! We took an old rookery of a house, 316 Water St., just where the new building is now. That was October, 1872. We cleaned and repaired it, and we put out a sign:

"HELPING HAND FOR MEN."

That sign drew in many a poor soul. The street was down on us both, for we were turncoats you see—converted Romanists. They said we were makin' a soft thing out of it, and they said too, we'd go back to our old ways soon as we'd filled our pockets, and they made it hot for us, but we went straight on and God kept us.

"Thanksgivin' day we had a great dinner. Friends helped us, and it was a good time. Afterward we had a meetin', and so many were blessed, we felt to say there should be one next evenin'. From that day to this, first in that old buildin' and now in the new, there's been a meetin' every night in the year; an' hundreds, yes, thousands, can praise God they ever came in to one. Some of them are led by Christian gentlemen, that have helped with time and money, but most, as you've seen, are by the men themselves, an' it is n't night alone—all day long they come in for help and counsel an' we give it as we can. This place is a refuge to many a sin-sick soul. You see a vile, dirty man, and can't believe the Lord 'll reach him, but He reaches anything, even a Fourth Ward bummer. There are some I have to kick out. They are frauds and I know them, and many a time I've taken a man neck and heels, like an impudent, yelping puppy, and laid him on the sidewalk. They were afraid to try it again. They don't trouble us much now. My strength's gone for that kind o' handlin' though it's the only way to reach some men, an' there's some I aint sure ever can be reached. But I never give up, and never shall. Just so long's I've got breath I'll tell what's been done for me, and when breath goes, the work won't stop. No! There are many here, to go right on. It's got to go right on. Down here among the roots, in the dirt, is the place to work, and how men

can dare to pass it by, when murder and drunkenness and sin grows wilder every day, God only knows. And I pray Him to put it in every heart, that even an outcast can be laid hold of. That's why I tell everything right out. I've got some shame; I don't take pleasure in telling what a

nasty bummer I've been; an' agin, I do, just as a proof there's hope for everybody. And may my blessed Jesus never be ashamed of me, but take me home, when this poor tongue has no power for more tellin' and such work as I can do is done here forever!"

Helen Campbell.

THE ART OF ALMSGIVING.

CERTAIN practical injunctions of Jesus concerning social customs and duties are liable to prove thorns in the sensitive flesh of our modern civilization. The opponents of Christianity either hold these injunctions up to ridicule, by exposing their inconsistency with the truths established by social science; or else they hold up to scorn the men who profess to receive these injunctions, by exposing the inconsistency between this professional acceptance and the actual practice of the same men. Surely the advocates of Christianity are often in perplexity to know what to answer.

Among such injunctions we may place without hesitation several which have reference to giving of alms. "Sell that ye have and give alms," said the master to his disciples. But who of his modern disciples literally fulfils this injunction? Certainly not all of those commentators who insist that the injunction is to be interpreted literally and that it applies to all disciples in all ages. It may relieve any rising apprehension, however, to learn that Meyer limits the injunction, and declares that it applies not to all Christians, but to the apostles and then existing disciples, who needed in their office perfect release from what is temporal. Moreover, the shrewd and terse Bengel explains the injunction in these words: "The departure from Galilee and the passion itself were hastening on; so the Lord prepared his disciples that they might be as free from baggage as possible. . . . In other respects there is not enjoined upon all a promiscuous selling of goods so as to con-

vert them into alms and force the men themselves with their families to seek alms from others. . . . Nevertheless spiritual prudence makes out of those naturally fond of buying, although they have no sumptuous equipage, men fond of selling and generous, especially when the time demands." Dean Alford, on the other hand, with that apparent haste and lack of reflection which, I fear, mar much of his comment, decides that the injunction applies to "all the elect people of God," and needs no limitation. But I never heard that the good Dean, though undoubtedly a charitable man, complied with the injunction as by himself interpreted.

The difficulty of obeying this injunction, patent as the difficulty is to ordinary experience, is largely increased by examination of the truths of social science. Let us listen to the protest of this science from the mouths of objectors: "The conception of the obligation of alms-giving," says Mr. Grey, "is to this day nearly as prevalent and influential as ever. . . . A pious man and tender-hearted woman do not feel comfortable or *good* unless they habitually give to beggars. . . . Yet nothing can be more certain than that all this is very wrong and does infinite mischief. . . . The consentaneous voice of modern benevolence and of statesmanship alike is crying out against almsgiving as a mischief and a sin, as anything but philanthropy or charity. . . . a distinct, and now nearly always a conscious, complicity in imposture, fraud, laziness and sensuality." This plain declara-

tion is far behind in vehemence the declared opinion of others. For instance, Sir R. D. Hanson asserts: "To improve the moral or physical aspect of society was no part of the Christian scheme. . . . What has been the action of the church on the progress of the world and the happiness of mankind? Startling as the avowal must appear, we can hardly help arriving at the conclusion that the church has been rather a hinderance than a helper in the great business of humanity." Another writer seems quite to lose his head, and ejaculates in a sort of crazed way: "In charity as in education, the supreme evil is religion. . . . Not true religion, not that love which is the fulfilling of the law, but that vile, devil-coined counterfeit, which the so-called religious world has stamped with its hall-mark, and agrees to receive as legal tender in place of true metal."

It is not our present purpose to seek relief for disciples from such indiscriminate throwing of contumely and scorn. From all this there is abundant relief by looking calmly into the face of history. I presume there is no doubt that vast harm has been done by indiscriminate almsgiving on the part of Christian people. Yet we do not learn that any tribe of savages has been civilized through "survival of the fittest," helped on by refusal to give alms. Indeed savages themselves are often the most indiscriminate of almsgivers. The North American Indians feasted every body who asked food of them, even to the last morsel, not excepting their prisoners, whom they afterwards roasted and feasted themselves upon. Christian civilization introduces more of charity and discrimination into the giving of alms. Indeed we are far from being in a position to deny that the most indiscriminate almsgiving has ever been on the whole so harmful to society as would have been that refusal to relieve suffering at all, which, but for it, would have taken its place.

Wordsworth lays these claims for his old Cumberland beggar who

"Keeps alive

The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
And that half wisdom half experience gives,

Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
Where'er the aged beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love ; and habit does the work
Of reason ; yet prepares that after joy
Which reason cherishes."

Such claims for beggary, though perhaps somewhat sentimental and exaggerated, are by no means wholly unfounded. There are numerous unnoticed compensations for obvious woes.

But there is no doubt also that in this business of almsgiving each one of us may cry, *Peccavi*; and the church at large should be quick to receive and profit by rebuke, though it be made stinging by unjust contumely and scorn. The good man wishes always to be improving his methods of benevolent action. And he who gave the concrete rule, "Sell that ye have and give alms," gave also the principle which is to modify and interpret the rule. The principle is that of enlightened love. Love is the fulfilling of the law of almsgiving as of all other laws for the practice of virtue. Charity must control charities; for the singular is the prime, and furnishes the essence of its own plural, commentators and objectors to the contrary notwithstanding. Jesus never marred the principle in giving the law. But we have to remember that the men of his day were too thick-skinned to profit by a gentle touch. If we are any more sensitive, it is because the truth which struck against them has since continued to rub humanity so hard.

We are not, then, departing from the injunction of Jesus, but rather inquiring how his own highest principle for human conduct shall be used to interpret, for our times and circumstances, these injunctions—when we consider practical rules for bestowing charities.

This is a subject about which it is not easy to write with confidence; nor is it easy from reading to get much real profit. Persistent doing accompanied by keenest watching is the best teacher of rules. Yet much may be learned from the printed page. The study of Jesus's own methods, with this end in view, and with due allowance for differences in times and circum-

stances, will put us in the way toward wisdom. The records of the efforts of others who have been successful, with circumstances somewhat similar to our own, in learning this art, are perhaps to be ranked for their helpfulness next to the gospels. "English Hearts and English Hands," "Haste to the Rescue," and "Annals of the Rescued," and many another similar book—may be read with profit. Even fiction, like that of George McDonald's "Robert Falconer" may furnish many hints, and stir the heart to seize and hold them.

The one great rule for the art of almsgiving is this: Work so as finally to stop as much as possible of squalid poverty and suffering, and of their causes, which are ignorance and sin. But this rule is somewhat too general to help much in practice; only it should never be contravened or even long lost out of the mind. This general rule on inspection breaks into two parts—the one a work which is for the prevention of need, the other a work for its actual relief.

The art of almsgiving is in the ultimate prevention of its own need. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," in almsgiving as in therapeutics; indeed the art of almsgiving is a sort of medicinal and therapeutic art. To have simply helped one's fellow over the difficulties of to-day, and to have done nothing looking toward effect upon the source of all his daily difficulties, is to have scarcely scotched the snake without having killed it. The bestowing of charities may, therefore, be an attempt to pour blessings and curses from the same hand; the blessings to be only seeming and temporary, the curses to be real and abiding. The man who knows how steadily to walk the highway between industry and economy, between the best earning and the judicious spending of wealth, will hardly need to be carried by others at all. To teach another how better to walk this highway may be the most royal gift of charity. This indoctrinating form of almsgiving needs to be done, as far as possible, without offence to the receiver, and with a large willingness on the part of the giver to put up with all manner of rebuffs and discouragements. It needs also to be

freed, as far as possible, from all suspicion of niggardliness. No one who does not value his gift of teaching at least as highly as his courage in pulling the purse-strings, will be apt to succeed in the art of the almsgiving of indoctrination. Few, however, will succeed, who are not willing on due occasion to pull the purse-strings while they indoctrinate.

Commonplaces are the very truths which above all others we need to have impressed upon our minds while we practice that part of the art of almsgiving which consists in saving others from need by teaching them how to avoid it. I shall, therefore, for a few paragraphs utter nothing but commonplaces. But I beg my reader to remember that rules which are commonplaces on paper are often the highest and rarest virtues when written upon the life's daily practice.

As means of stopping crime, suffering and squalor, let us have the Christian tact and courage to teach the poor the virtue of industry. It is an inexcusable remissness in the guardian of a child to permit the child to grow up without forming habits of industry. Jesus has appointed us all guardians of the poor and unfortunate.

Every man's household is like a sieve. The question of comfortable living is largely one, whether the workers can pour in as fast as the consumers shake out. That the housewife should know how to make the bread may be as important as that the husband should know how to earn it. Men of wealth, especially such as are large employers of labor, may exercise a great influence for good over their workmen, by kindly discriminating effort to enforce industry. This they should do, not only out of regard to the success of their own business, but also out of regard to the real interest of those employed. It is not the whip of selfishness, but the uplift of benevolence, with which they should secure approaches to the right level of industry. By judicious discrimination between the lazy and the industrious, by commendation—how rare and yet how helpful—by an extra wage, but above all by example, should the good man bestow upon those under and around him the almsgiving of indoctrination in industry. And let

Christian women teach their neighbor housewives who are poorer than themselves, with their own hands in the bread-trough or over the kettle of soup, with their own thumb and finger in the shears or holding the needle. The woman who can do this for another without offence has attained the highest rank of skill in charity.

With industry teach also economy, as an allied branch of the art of almsgiving through indoctrination. There is no more difficult and at the same time no more helpful way of bestowing charity than this. It is likely, however, to prove far easier to save five dollars for giving away yourself than to teach another how to save one for his own better spending. For the learner, on his part, it is worth far more to learn how to save one dollar than to receive a gift of five. It is, to be sure, a delicate matter to attempt in any way to control the expenditures of others. A negro girl will quite uniformly spend her two dollars for a gay ribbon, and go without woolen stockings and rubbers. But if you are to support her when she has the rheumatism, you surely have some right, on financial grounds, to interest yourself in her expenditures.

I have a most worthy and much respected friend amongst the so-called lower orders, who has amazed me by showing how very far a great deal of industry and economy will go toward piecing out a very scanty opportunity. Visiting "Old Bohemia's" little house one day, I stooped to look under it, and discovered one source of his meagre but exhaustless revenue. It was at the first edge of winter, and underneath his floor was piled, in neatest order, a goodly store of fuel—limbs of old trees sawed at due length, staves from barrels, broken bits of fence and boxes—all of which he had craved and carried home, some of it from several miles, during the previous summer. In a month's time large numbers of his peers—in social rank but not in morals—were begging quarter tons of coal from the city supply. These they had delivered at their doors, and burned in stoves the use of which would drive you and me to speedy beggary.

Let us hasten on to notice that the almsgiving of indoctrination includes the teach-

ing of cleanliness and a love of beauty. Few housewives are so dull that they do not instinctively feel how incongruous in the home are filth and flowers. Cleanliness and love of beauty will either drive want away or help to bear its presence. There are some houses in which you find neither bread nor a broom, but the most helpful thing to furnish is the broom. If you are putting the food into another's mouth, you have some right to insist that the hand and mouth which receive it shall not be of the unwashed. "Scrub your children and send them to us neat, if you wish them clothed; scrub your house and make it neat, if you wish for a frequent visit of relief;"—it is not unkind to insist upon these things in the giving of alms. Says a successful worker in the courts of London's East End: "Your first endeavor is to make these people take a pride in their surroundings, in clean floors, tidy walls and bright windows. I hope you don't forget those great educators of men—flowers."

But above all teach righteousness. The almsgiving of indoctrination is in bringing good morals and religion close to men. Homilies to the hungry may avail little; but there are sermons in the bread which is distributed to the poor, as well as in that which is broken at the sacramental table. We need far more the willingness, with patience and without taking offence, to teach the poor how to live aright for themselves, than we need larger subscriptions to pet charities. We shall never dry up these noxious streams, until we come in large numbers and personally to work at drying up their sources by the almsgiving of indoctrination.

These noxious streams are, however, flowing, and they bear on themselves the necessity for a large work of immediate relief to actual suffering and want. Besides the far-away look which sees the result of persistent use of the means of prevention, we need the eye keen to detect and the heart tender to feel, the present appeal of abject poverty, misery and crime. Certain commonplace rules for the art of this almsgiving of relief should also never be lost out of mind.

As the rule first and most emphatic, we must learn to work personally. We ourselves must go to, and become familiar with, those whom we wish wisely to relieve. The farther away any so-called charities get from the men and women who have the will to be charitable, the likelier are they to become a curse rather than a blessing. We may give a hundred pence and yet play the parts of priest and Levite, if only we pass by the man himself. He was the true neighbor who went himself and touched the wounded man; though he wisely gave only just enough of money to serve the purpose of quick recovery. It is true, in our complicated civilization we have to delegate to others much of this personal care of the needy. But it is a deprivation both to them and to us—to us more than to them—that we have to be so largely separated personally from them. Indeed there is no need that we should be thus separated one-tenth part as much as we are. The rich, whose liberal gifts enable many to work personally with the needy, may indeed do a great good; but after all they who are working personally are the chief benefactors. And if those whom our gifts thus set at work are not fit for personal intercourse with the needy, our money would often better be kept in our pockets.

It is of the utmost importance that we put as much of ourselves as possible into the work of almsgiving. You complain perhaps that the poor are ungrateful, and you may have cause thus to complain; but the real cause is apter to be in your own method of giving than in any thanklessness inherent in those who receive your gifts. You and I would not be grateful to the man or woman who tossed to us a dole out of abundance, or sent it by the hand of one whose presence was a perpetual annoyance and insult. Divine vengeance prevents him from receiving a reward for giving, who has given proudly, ambitiously, selfishly. He *has* indeed his reward. It is in gratified pride, ambition, selfishness. Nor is the case much better with that giving which is for the easement of spontaneous pity. The more we put ourselves into close vital relations with those upon whom we bestow

alms, the more of ourselves, of our *life*, we put into our alms, the better. The less we give merely to rid ourselves of awkward predicaments, the better. Thus to give is vent to selfishness, not expression to rational charity. It is an attempt to buy off pity and compassion at rates far below par, that we may make a profit on them. The voice of beggary will never be hushed except by hands which reach out from hearts voluntarily placed in communion with other needy hearts.

Do you ask, however, who among all the rich does really thus, to any large extent, put his self-hood into the alms he bestows upon the poor? There are only a few, but a few there are. A few years since in a large Eastern city, I made the acquaintance of a home where the spirit of Christ brought forth even this fruit. A home as commodious and elegant as any one could reasonably desire, sheltered a family whom wealth, social position and culture, had combined to make most fortunate in their circumstances. Yet this husband and wife, assisted by their children, were in close daily contact with some four hundred of the vicious and the poor. In a hall which he hired continuously for the purpose, he superintended his own Sabbath school; in the school his wife and children also taught. Into the parlors of his elegant house more than a hundred of these poor were often gathered for prayer. Up the front steps, with the five-story brown-stone house staring them menacingly in the face, the old women of this lay parish dared frequently to come; it might be to beg a little tea, or to tell the story of their troubles, or to report a neighbor sick. Scores of bonnets were trimmed for Christmas by the mistress' hands. And when the corner loafers for whose benefit the hall was kept open evening by evening abused the man's charity, broke up chairs and tables, put quids of tobacco between the leaves of the hymn-books and defiled their pages with obscene words, the good man's patience, though it reacted in indignation and due punishment, did not let go his charge. When some of the same loafers, just released from the station-house, taken to this elegant home and treated with the family's

Sunday dinner, tipped the spittoon over upon the carpet, the lady's remonstrance did not end in relaxing her hold upon these scapegrace fellows. Stranger than all this, in the upper story of this house, there were rooms fitted for the purpose, which had never for several years been quite empty of those whom misfortune or crime had made temporarily dependant. And as the result of such effort, while the years were going by, barbarism was giving way to Christian civilization, manners were improved, voices were heard asking for prayer and praying for the souls of others, whole tenement houses were permeated with a new spirit and habit of life. And in the work quietness, steadiness, gentleness and firmness combined, and abundance of good cheer constantly prevailed. It was indeed better than lighting, unexpectant, upon a new lead of ore of gold, to get within the doors of a Christian home of wealth and refinement like this.

As a next rule for the art of the almsgiving of relief, we must learn to work not too sentimentally. There is a hot-house sensitiveness to suffering with which it is not safe to approach the needy. They are most apt to be thus sensitive who know least about suffering and sinful humanity. This sentimentality, written in books setting forth the wrongs of the poor may gain some fame for the writers, but it will not have any good purpose in the disappointing, repulsive work of real and personal tender of relief. To be in the condition of highly wrought feeling is a luxury to some folk; they cherish the sensations of a shudder as most men cherish those of dining well. The art of the almsgiving of relief includes the ability to bear suffering and to see it in others calmly. The lady who cannot look on wounds and blood is no fit person for the Sanitary Commission. If the calmness does not come to the soul readily, it can nevertheless be acquired in the practice of this art. A person with a chronic succession of chills and fever—a habitually aguish person—is not the safest patron of the needy poor. The calm benevolence of Jesus should characterize the almsgiving of relief. Compassion is too precious a plant to shed its leaves without

flowering and fruitage. Feeling is only germinal; it must be perfected in calm, rational action. She is the royal, truly tender lady, who can dress a sore without too much visible repulsion, and close a dead baby's eyes with a loving but steady hand.

Sentimentality often greatly exaggerates the estimate of suffering and also overlooks the real and most pressing forms of it. We need to estimate suffering fairly, but not coldly, in order best to relieve it. A hot temper and rooms warmed overmuch by a furnace may cause more misery in a rich man's house than no fire in January in the house of a poor man. The suffering of indigestion and gout may be keener than that of going to bed without one's supper. An intelligent, healthy, robust charity makes light of much alleged misery. A cheerful, kindly Pshaw! will often accomplish what the physician tries to secure by giving dough pills or colored water to his complaining patients. Indeed the art of almsgiving is apt to teach us to yield our sympathy and relief in inverse ratio to the loudness and vehemence of the demand upon them. There is a class of malingerers among the petitioners for alms, who deserve treatment very similar to that which those afflicted with this disease receive in the army.

Sentimentality often forgets also that suffering is by no means always the worst thing for men, and that we are sometimes to make no effort at all to relieve it. Pain is God's spur and bridle for us all; we cannot throw off the bridle, nor must we refuse to receive the prick of the spur. Laziness, heedlessness, sensuality, will never be made thoroughly comfortable in this world; not even by all the organizations for relief which we can muster and man. We may not perhaps deliberately allow men to starve and freeze on account of their own follies and sins; but we are warranted in letting some men get rather cold and hungry before we relieve them. It is always the most trying thing of all, to see how the innocent and the guilty are woven into the same web of suffering. And it is one of the most delicate and painful exercises of judgment to learn how far to release the innocent from their suffering at the risk of letting also the

guilty slip free from the consequences of their sins.

It is an important rule for the art of almsgiving, that we learn to work minutely. In almsgiving, as in the other arts, our life is short, but the art is very long. It is better to catch one fish than to have nibbles from a hundred which escape us. In almsgiving, to have a minute knowledge of a few and to render them thoroughly applicable service, is far preferable to the more showing attempt at extensive charities. To do the utmost for a family you must have them well in hand. This involves, it may be, the knowledge how the granddame gets on with her rheumatism, and whether she has flannels for it; how the baby's teeth are coming through; whether the invalid has broth which is somewhat better than water discolored by boiling bones in it; whether the thoughtful one of the family has the desired Bible. Just so far as we must limit our almsgiving in order to make it thus minute, let us by all means limit it.

Cheerfulness also is indispensable to the art of almsgiving. Good cheer in giving alms is as valuable as in fasting; and Christ himself bids us when we fast to do it as though we were feasting. A smile and a hearty word are often worth more to the poor man than four shillings increase in his weekly wages. At the very best, there is indeed enough to make us sad in the work of almsgiving; at the very worst, there is enough to make us glad.

Those who call for our alms are by no means the most uninteresting, or pernicious, or hopeless people of the earth. Certainly the honest, industrious, but unfortunate poor are not. Jesus said, "Blessed are ye poor." And James wrote, "Go to now ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you." Through the darkness of this earth, we can see enough to show us that a law of compensation runs through the inequalities of human conditions and vicissitudes. And further, I am far from being certain that the lazy spendthrift and ignorant poor are the worst class of our communities. There is more miasin in the corpse of one thievish President of a Savings Bank or Life Insurance Company, or

one defaulting Superintendent of a Sabbath School, than in a hundred bodies of tramps and prostitutes. There is a thousand-fold more danger to us in the spirit of Mammon in the churches than in the growth of Communism amongst the lower orders of the unregenerate.

Nothing can be plainer than the teaching of Jesus, that moral, and therefore real, good and evil are not mingled according to the social grade. And in learning the art of almsgiving we find reasons for the cheerfulness of hope, even where we least expect them. I once heard a strange, and almost incredible story from the lips of a London missionary. In the district which he visited were two girls of the town, who had taken one small room together, and entered into a sort of partnership in their horrid vice. One of the two fell sick. The other, out of pure affection to her comrade, denying herself needed rest, sought for herself twice the usual custom and profit, in order that she might have wherewith to buy delicacies for her sick companion. What a grotesque mingling of heaven and hell was there in a work like this. Thus it is, in less degree or less apparent form, with rich and poor alike. And if the one element makes us shrink back with a sad horror, the prospect of helping the other into triumph should lure us with unfailing hope.

At any rate it is rendered certain by experience that whoever will learn well the art of the almsgiving of relief, must learn to work cheerfully. Gloom here is more than a sin; it is a pledge of failure. The light that shone in Christ, the good cheer of the good news, should be most conspicuously with us when we go into the darkest places.

One other rule for the work of relief may be added: We must learn to work with untiring patience. Nothing else grows so slowly as character; in fostering it God seems to take little account of time. The end of poverty and suffering is not coming soon; nor will it be much hastened by any amount or method of almsgiving. There is no short-hand way of writing peace and joy over every man's doorway. Oftentimes in our almsgiving we must recognize the mercy of withholding complete present relief.

"The consideration of the gradual process of God's works," says a successful workman amongst the poor, "will be most valuable to you. It will make all schemes of wholesale demolition and reconstruction of houses, all schemes of blanketing and clothing whole districts, of magic process for the sudden reformation of classes by temperance movements or revivals, seem to you as impractical as they are impossible." Charities are fruits and concrete specimens of charity, "which suffereth long and is kind," which, while it "endureth all things," "believeth all things," and "hopeth all things."

In this strong patience of sweet charity we are to be imitators of God as dear children. Nay more, we are to be co-workers with God. "To aid your superior," says George MacDonald, "is such a rousing glad-

ness!" In brief, the art of almsgiving consists in learning the divine methods of helpfulness, and in coming into the divine points of view. Above all, then, must we get up out of the fleshly point of view. The town of Mansoul is only a city of smut and ooze and reek, where want and sin run riot to no purpose of final improvement, if one see the city only from its own streets. But the everlasting arm has raised up a glorious mountain of hope over against the town of Mansoul, and on its summit, to view the city, sits the Lord himself. He sees far more of smut and ooze and reek, than those who walk the streets of the sad city. But the Lord sees what they cannot see; He sees the white-walled new Jerusalem, the city of the Eternal King, coming down upon that city. We need by faith sometimes to sit beside Him. *George T. Ladd.*

THE STORY OF ALICE.

IN my first misery after Tom's death I doubted if I had strength to carry on my life. Had I loved him when he died as well as I loved him at the time of our marriage I could have endured it better; for a simple helpless sorrow is less awful than that spiritual conflict when an anguish of hopeless bereavement contends with remorseful compunctions for some possible kindness left undone,—some duty unrecognized while it might yet be fulfilled.

It would not be difficult for me to make it plain why, although we had loved each other at the outset, Tom and I had gradually grown apart; but when his dust alone could claim any allegiance from me, it seemed my own sin that I had lost my faith in him, that I had turned skeptically from his professions with a cruel experience of how little desirous he really was for reform.

These weary thoughts which I could neither master nor dismiss kept me in the fluctuations of perturbing and hopeless sorrow. I might have yielded to a morbid condition of mind until it gave bias and color to my

whole life had not my children claimed my love with their perpetually recurring needs for service and sympathy. Bert's solemn questions, his wise speeches, his endless iteration of his heart's desire, "Does mamma love Bert?" then baby's laughing and crowing, her babble of incomprehensible talk, her

"Hands all wants and looks all wonder,"

made them more than ever supremely dear. Stricken dumb with horror although I had been at my husband's sudden death, I finally began to feel that I might yet take a little comfort and go on, the shadow of the past adding tenderness and sanctity to my future. Instead of turning shudderingly away from the events of the summer, I began to talk to my little boy about his father, and was at last enabled to dwell with pain which grew every day less bitter upon the incidents of my five years of married life.

I staid on in ———, near Winport Bay, where Tom had lost his life while out with a pleasure party. I was very poor. It needed careful contrivance to make the least

of homes for my children. I had but one near relative in the world, my aunt, Mrs. Falconer, with whom I had lived from the time of my father's death until I left her to marry Tom. She had now been in Europe for three years. She had forbidden our marriage, and her evil predictions had been more than fulfilled; and the recollection of what her clear-sightedness had easily divined had thrown a ghastly illumination over my unhappiness. She had refused to recognize me as Tom's wife, and one of my bitterest humiliations had been that he would persist in continued recourse to her contemptuous liberality—making extortionate demands upon her purse in my name. During his life, however, I had never ventured to confess to my aunt that my girlish folly and obstinacy had proved a mistake, so now that I was left alone in the world it would have seemed treason to Tom to be over-speedy in returning to her. I knew that as soon as she learned that I was a widow she was certain to come and claim me; until then I was determined to struggle on as best I might.

In spite of our narrow means we were snugly settled long before Christmas. Our house was very small, but for that very reason the more easily made warm and bright. The parlor was a bower of evergreens and red berries, and there I put up the Christmas tree laden with bonbons, oranges and droll little gifts I had prepared for Bert. Everything was a delight to him, and Baby! Baby was an incendiary if trusted too near the tapers. Although her mischief was wrought with such bewitching recklessness that the fault was sweeter than virtue, her little hands could yet grasp so easily and pull so hard that I needed to hold her all the time in my arms where I might command her gay impulses and have a chance besides to kiss every other minute the dewy scarlet lips and laugh into the great round eyes, which seemed brimful of fresh astonishment at every sugar-plum I gave her.

Then when the lights went out and baby was in bed, Bert leaned against my knee and listened while I told him over and over again his favorite story of how

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around."

The memories of that long vanished Christmas are powerful with me yet. What wonder if my nights of inward crying and clinging to old weary thoughts became as if they had never been? That holiday time grew to be a season of peace and of gradually brightening hopes. It was Bert who was my consolation. If that were all my story, I might write for hours about my little boy, of his goodness to me, his quaint mystical fancies, his wonderful sayings.

One morning late in January he was languid over his play and crept to my feet begging me to lift him up and hold him in my arms. "Bert is tired," said he.

"Bert is lazy," I answered laughing; but I was glad enough to pet him and tell him stories and sing to him all the songs I knew. He grew drowsy presently, and after I had rocked him in my arms to sleep I laid him in his crib, covered him up warmly and went back to my work. I prepared dinner a little past noon, and when it was ready I went to the bed, lifted the coverlet and looked down at the flushed face. He was awake but lay passive and heavy-eyed, yet he smiled as he looked up at me.

He stretched out his arms languidly when I told him dinner was ready. "Mamma take Bert," he muttered. His voice was choked, and I felt his bounding pulse with some dismay. But he laughed when I piled his plate with chicken and marmalade, then at the first mouthful flung down his spoon with a fretful cry.

"What's the matter, Bert?" I asked going round to him.

"Bert can't eat, mamma," said he. "It hurts Bert to eat!"

"Oh, Bert," said I, "try again."

He made one more effort and then burst out crying.

Baby Alice was crowing over her dinner. With a heavy heart I once more gathered my little boy into my arms and tried to discover what was the matter. The sight of his inflamed throat frightened me.

"Bert wants to go to bed," said he leaning his hot cheek on my shoulder.

I undressed him and laid him down at once. I had no one in the house to send for a doctor and it was not safe to leave baby Alice alone while she was wide awake. Nothing could have been crueler than her high spirits for the next hour while my apprehensions measured every moment so heavily. It was almost three o'clock before those dancing brown eyes closed upon my breast and I could leave her. What haste I made then! I locked the door behind me, ran out the gate and down the hill; gained the village street and toiled up the steep ascent to the doctor's house.

He was not at home his wife told me. He had gone out eight hours before to attend an important case and she had been expecting him back every moment since noon. I made a frenzied appeal that he might be sent to Bert the moment he returned, and she promised me with a little burst of motherly sympathy that he should come at once. I hurried home, again, not analyzing my fears but feeling them press upon my heart with a crushing weight.

I heard both children crying as I opened my door. I did not mind Baby, but made straight to my boy, who was sitting up in bed, his eyes full of a strange, dull glitter and his face crimson.

"Bert tried not to cry," he murmured in his husky, choked voice. "Bert tried to be a man, but the cry would come."

"Bert must not cry now that mamma is here," said I clasping him in my arms.

"Does mamma love Bert?" he questioned, with his little curly head pressed against my neck. "Bert won't cry any more," he added with a quivering lip.

Brave little Bert! He never cried any more. Life with its inexorable doom of suffering was over for him soon. The doctor came an hour after I reached home. The case was hopeless then; had probably, with Bert's delicate throat and chest, been hopeless from the first. He died next morning in my arms, holding my finger tight in his childish hand. Once, toward the last, he opened his eyes and fastened an imploring look upon my face; his lips moved, but

the paralyzed throat could never syllable word again. I guessed what he longed to ask.

"Darling, yes," said I kissing him; "mamma loves Bert dearly."

He smiled faintly; then his eyes closed once more and after a little while his clasp upon my hand slackened; finally the doctor took him from me and bade me go to bed.

My boy was gone. Two days before I had looked into his eyes and read all sorts of prophecies there of his coming life. His little hands had clutched eagerly at every boon existence granted him. I had cradled him in my arms; together we had heard the wintry blast shiver and moan about our cottage, then go hissing along the downs to the ice-bound shore, and when his appealing eyes fastened timidly on mine I had told him: "No wind shall blow my little boy away. Mamma holds him tight."

Now where was he? Who held him, comforting him in the loneliness of this new experience? Again and again I went in and looked at him hungrily. Death had robbed him of no grace—had even bestowed a new beauty on that high, placid brow—given a new serenity to those tender lips, which no longer gave me back my kisses, but smiled on my sorrow with a lofty sweetness.

Can I speak of the days that followed? No. Even now when I recall the desolation of that time I need to comfort myself as I comforted myself then, by clinging warm and close to human love, that at last lets me feel God's love reaching through the darkness and holding me with its everlasting arms. Little Alice was left me; little Alice, rich in all the irresistible charms of babyhood; each day a radiant delight; each new scene an endowment of wonderful promise for her. Words are nothing to paint a mother's love, a mother's consolations. A baby's smile contains the divinest essence of all earthly solacement; a child's love soothes without weakening; it demands so much that in blessing it one is blessed by it unawares. I was at the age when the feelings are most impetuous; I had studied little into the meanings of life, for endurance of its harshest as well as of its most

beautiful mysteries had been forced upon me when I was too young for analysis or philosophy. Besides I was never clever; my only talent lies in loving and doing all I can do for a beloved one. I had loved my husband when I married him, but my first glimpse of the awful depths of soul that can be moved by tenderness for another came with the touch of my boy's lips upon my breast. My love for my children was the awakening passion of my life.

Little Bert died four weeks after the new year came in. February was a stormy month. The sea rarely showed except when a great wind cut through the fogs and disclosed a black, wrathful waste of waters. Great blocks of ice piled up along the coast and when the tides came in upheaved, rending and crushing each other. What a desolate roar the breakers had! I used to listen to them with a shudder whilst I sat with Alice, watching the snows come down day after day. My rooms seemed very bare and desolate. I should have liked to put away Bert's playthings, but Baby had taken possession of them with delight. There was a little drum which of old I had fancied made my head ache when Bert thrummed upon it, now——

I long to pause here and leave space for fancy to fill up. Some sorrows are better endured than remembered

One morning in February little Alice was less joyous than usual over her playthings, and as the hours wore on she grew languid and heavy, and fretfully refused even the broth I offered her. I kept a domestic in those days; the doctor had sent her to the house during the first days of my mourning for Bert and I had retained her. I called her now and despatched her for the kind physician who had grown to be my good friend; but he had gone "up country" and would probably not return for three hours.

My mind, seeking out some clue for aid in this possible extremity, fastened upon a speech made by one of my neighbors at the time of Bert's death. "You ought to have called in Dr. Wilde of Winport, Mrs. Rivers; he has wonderful skill in throat diseases and can save life if mortal can."

I gave the girl some simple directions

about the child and went out, determined to bring Dr. Wilde. Winport was five miles away. By one of those accidents which often seem to make an anxious heart the prey to cruelty of circumstances, a funeral was in progress in the village and no horse or carriage could be procured without a long delay. I started to walk, undaunted by the long, snowy way. I felt no personal discomfort. My mind was at first preternaturally alive to thought and observation. The sky was vividly blue, flecked by soft, fleecy white clouds which traveled slowly on, driven by a mild west wind; the sun gleamed upon the crusted snow on the hill-sides, where strong, happy children in bright winter garments were coasting. I heard their glad cries and laughter and blithe talk. After a time, however, I grew dulled by the monotonous crunch of the snow beneath my feet; a life-time seemed to have passed since I set out. I remembered my sick child with a deadly pang. I experienced the need of prayer, yet felt powerless to break the eternal silence which seemed to envelop me, isolating me from any blessed assurance that there was anywhere in this wide, voiceless universe a Being who had interest or concern in me. Was it possible for any plea of mine to propitiate, to implore, to compel a miracle? I tried to utter some simple form of supplication but I could think of nothing. I was dazed and blinded by the sun upon the snow; it was hard to make rapid headway; the snow was deep and soft on the comparatively unbroken path, and my feet slid treacherously back, giving me double distance to overcome. Long before I reached Winport I supported my strength only by the supremest effort, feeling my limbs refuse to do my bidding as in a horrible nightmare.

It was four o'clock when I reached the town. I was directed to Dr. Wilde's house. As I neared it a gentlemen sprang from a sleigh and ran hastily up the steps. He turned and saw me just as he was fitting his key in the door. I had paused on the stones, and meeting my look he seemed startled and gazed at me with grave scrutiny.

"Do you want me?" he asked in the

kindest voice in the world. "I am Dr. Wilde." He descended the steps and put his hand on my shoulder. I was braced to endure loneliness and his touch unnerved me. I burst into a passion of weeping.

"Little Alice is sick," I gasped.

"Where do you live?"

"In ——."

He gave a quick direction to the man in the sleigh to change the horse at once, then with a strong hand he led me into the house and put me in a chair before the fire.

"You walked those five miles," said he. "Let me see your feet. I know they are wet."

He rang the bell, then stripped off my shoes and stockings, rubbed my feet and held them up to the blaze. The housekeeper entered, and he sent her for dry gear and bade her put soup and wine on the table. Then he said to me:

"It is your sister who is sick, I suppose. What is the matter with her?"

"I am Mrs. Rivers. Alice is my baby. Bert died three weeks ago of a terrible throat; and now little Alice has the same symptoms. Oh," I cried sliding down on the floor and clasping my hands about his knees, "won't you come and save her, Dr. Wilde? I couldn't live, you see, without Baby. She is all I have left. Never mind me. Come at once. If Baby dies—oh, Dr. Wilde, if Baby dies——" My voice had risen into a shriek; I could not control it.

He lifted me and put me back in the chair.

"I'll do all I can," he answered, briefly. "Come, Martha, put those shoes and stockings on her feet at once; the bigger they are, the better. Now, then, bring that bowl of soup." He put a napkin under my chin. "Open your mouth," he said, good-humoredly.

"I don't want any; I can't swallow it," I cried, feverishly. "Don't lose time, Dr. Wilde."

"You must obey me, unless you want to lose more time," he said, with authority.

I opened my lips, and he fed me as if I had been the merest child. Then I sipped a glass of wine, while he hastily ate and drank.

"Bring my fur cloak," he said to the servant; and, wrapping me in it, Dr. Wilde took me in his arms and carried me out to the sleigh, jumped in beside me and snatched the reins from the man who got up behind.

"Now, child," said he, "tell me all you can about Miss Baby."

He questioned me sharply concerning every symptom in Bert's case.

"How old was the boy?" he asked.

"Four years and three months."

"Good God!" he ejaculated, staring hard at me. "How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty-three next June."

"Where is your husband?"

"He was drowned in Winport Bay last July."

"You don't mean to say you are the widow of Thomas Marcy Rivers?" he exclaimed, with a startled look. "Why, I have been advertising for you in the New York papers for three weeks! I know Mrs. Falconer intimately, Mrs. Rivers."

The horse had flown like the wind; we had already reached my house. Dr. Wilde took me up and carried me to the door.

"Go to another room and change your dress," said he. "Don't come near the child until you are dry and warm from top to toe."

When I had obeyed his instructions, I found him sitting by the fire with baby Alice on his lap. The little head, with its mischievous brown eyes (Tom's eyes) and its crisp, golden curls, was against his breast, and she was pulling his whiskers with energy.

"Papa," she murmured in the husky voice I dreaded, "papa!" and looked at me archly; then she fell to playing with his watch-chain, cooing with delight until she choked, struggled with a horrible paroxysm, then dropped off to sleep suddenly.

"What do you think?" I faltered timidly, fixing my eyes on his face. But Dr. Wilde's professional visor was down.

"I have sent my man out for some medicine," said he. "In two hours I shall understand the case better."

He put baby in the crib, administered the medicine, which came in presently, then sat down.

"I shall stay with you for a while," he observed, kindly. "I am afraid you might grow nervous watching here all alone."

He smiled. I burst out crying and hid my face. He patted my head.

"Don't give up," he went on. "These dark hours come into our lives and must be accepted. This suspense is cruel for you, but I am powerless to tell you whether I can save your child or not. It all depends upon her strength in resisting the disease, which has a strong grip upon her."

I wept unrestrainedly for a time; then he began to talk, asking me little questions until I had freely told him all my history. He tried to make the hours pass for me; to make me forget what a fate hung on the passing moments while Alice slept in her crib, breathing heavily with protruded throat and parted lips. Only that one little life was at stake; a little maiden's, who had only belonged for eighteen months to this lower earth of ours—who might die and pass out of sight without a ripple breaking the surface of life in the outside world. Not an important loss. There are plenty of children everywhere; almost too many, some argue. Baby Alice's death would only break *my* heart; it would be only I who should awake at night and reach out my arms to draw her to my breast, and find no supple form to answer my embrace; only I who should miss baby murmurs silenced, baby kisses ceased forever. What matter was it to God in heaven or to man on earth, if one more innocent happiness were turned to despair?

I had not heard what Dr. Wilde was saying in his deliberate, gentle way. He repeated it now more forcibly; he wanted me to go away; to leave him alone to meet this enemy who was insidiously wooing my little one from me.

"Don't be rebellious," he whispered in my ear; "don't think but that—let what may come—God loves you, God pities you."

"Then why does He rob me of my children?" I cried, starting up. "Oh, Dr. Wilde, Baby is going to die. Bert was just like that!"

For the next five hours Dr. Wilde fought bravely with the unseen specter contending

with him over that little bed. As for me I lost consciousness before the final change came; not bodily consciousness, but I felt my mind go from me as if some one had taken it away and covered it up in a dark place. I was sensible of a feeling of profound commiseration for myself. For twenty-four hours I lay in this stupor of awful peace, with a presentiment of awful trouble upon me. Kind hands ministered to me. At last a gentle, yet firm, vital touch rested upon my forehead. It oppressed me, drawing me out of this temporary lapse of memory; yet I yielded to its persuasion, and finally opened my eyes. I saw above mine what already seemed the most familiar face in the world.

"Baby died!" I cried, starting up; then fell back into the blessed oblivion of stupor. When I again awoke a light burned dimly on the table; a fire shone in the grate. Dr. Wilde came up to the bedside and regarded me with a kind smile.

"There you are," said he, cheerily. "Now you are to swallow this."

I obeyed him, my eyes fixed on his.

"Now," said he, when I had taken a bowl of broth, "you are to drink this medicine and go to sleep."

"What is it?"

"Morphine."

I clasped his hand. "Give me an overdose," I whispered, eagerly. "Nobody will know. Oh, Dr. Wilde, you are so good and kind; let me die to-night!"

"Don't talk, child," he returned, gently. "I am doing the best I can for you; be sure of that, my poor little girl."

I actually thought he was granting my petition, and I smiled up at him with a sort of triumph at this victory over death and loss. Then I yielded drowsily to what I believed to be the strong tides of ebbing life carrying me forth to meet Bert and Baby in the great beyond.

But I did not die. I was sharply ill for days; then feebly convalescent; strong enough, at last, to sit by the window and watch the sun's luminous path across the sea. Dr. Wilde came every day. I was ungrateful, scarcely obeying his instructions, and taking a perverse pleasure in per-

suading him I grew no better. I was not actively sorrowful. My powers of mind seemed to be paralyzed. I lived on the threshold of thought without attempting to cross it, and attain a full realization of my position in the world. Nothing remained of my old life of warm love, hopes, fears, struggles, save a memory. After a certain degree of tension, vibration is over in any chord. My sensibilities had been too powerfully stimulated not to require a rest. Dr. Wilde understood me with the knowledge of a wise man and a great doctor, and he treated me skillfully. At first he never spoke of my losses; after a time he alluded gently to the great mystery which now enfolded all that had been given me to love, and tried to teach me to regard death calmly, and not with shiverings and shudderings of my flesh and blood.

When I was a little stronger he told me the news of my Aunt Falconer's death. She had died in December at Nice, having heard but a week before, through her agent in New York, that I was a widow. Her will had been made before she went abroad, bequeathing everything to me, with endless restrictions which were to prevent poor Tom from attaining any hold upon my very considerable fortune. No danger of that now, poor Tom!

Dr. Wilde was both executor and trustee. He had been my aunt's most trusted friend for the four years before she went to Europe, for the old Falconer place was but three miles west of Winport. He advised my removal there, and by May I was settled once more in the familiar manor-house where I had spent all my summers when I was a child. Miss Dorothy Falconer, a cousin of my aunt's husband, had kept up the place while Mrs. Falconer was in Europe, and at my request she continued to reside with me. I could tell little about the year which followed. I cared for nothing at first in my new life. I shrank from the old friends who came about me, for their sympathy stung me constantly into fresh recollections of my lost but happy time.

All I cared for in those days was to see Dr. Wilde. I needed him so much I used at first to wonder why he did not come to

me more often. The following winter, however, there were few days unbroken by his visits. When the second spring came on the beauty of the world excited and aroused me once more into interest and hope, stirring my still unbroken heart as if with the promise of the return of the old dreams of some attainable happiness.

I had never before known a man like Dr. Wilde, and his strength of mind and goodness of heart fed me like a cordial. His intellect was powerful; he was a close student and laborious worker. But his profession made him many-sided in his gifts, rendered his thoughts practical and clear, overshadowed by no prejudices nor half-visions. Yet it was only gradually that I grew to comprehend how great and good a man he was. He was anxious to interest me in the budding and growing world of out-of-doors; he made me learn the name of every tree, and flower, and shrub, and weed on my wide and well-wooded domain; he broke in a horse for my use and taught me to ride; he trained a mastiff and a greyhound into preternatural devotion, so that they became my protectors, and enabled me to go about everywhere alone. No care for my well-being was too slight for Dr. Wilde to consider.

He was writing a book, and pretended that he required help in translating extracts from a rare French treatise, and insisted upon my doing the work for him. The dry technicalities and the impossible vocabulary were very tiresome; yet I was glad to please him. I knew afterwards that he wished me to exert my mental forces, to brace and strengthen my mind, and thus stimulate my old curiosity and delight in literature.

I remember the June day when I carried my translation down to him and received his thanks and praise. My pleasure in accepting both was undefinable then. My father and mother had died before my remembrance, and I fancied their words might have stirred me like this.

"What a pity," I exclaimed abruptly, "what a pity you never married, Dr. Wilde! You would have made such a good father."

He flushed slightly and turned away.

"I have been married," said he, speaking

with visible effort. "In fact, I am now a married man, Mrs. Rivers. My wife still lives. I am thirty-nine years old, and I married at twenty-five."

"Where is your wife?" I cried, opened with wonder.

He sprang up and paced the length of the room twice; then came back to me.

"My wife left me for another man the year after our marriage," he answered, speaking in a low but very distinct voice. "I supposed that Miss Falconer had told you. I have often resolved to allude to it before you, but it comes hard to a man to confess so unspeakable a humiliation."

I felt so sorry for him when I saw his features working painfully that I could not resist telling him so. He made an imperious gesture.

"Don't pity me, child," said he; "I can stand anything better. She never loved me."

"Did you love her?"

"I thought at the time I did," he returned, slowly. "I was very tender of her, so tender that I pitied her for the twelve months she endured with me. Afterwards I discovered she had treated me ill before she left me."

"Were you divorced?"

"No. Her mother came and begged me on her knees not to disgrace the family by a public scandal. I too hated the thought of it and protected all I might the name of my wife. The unhappy girl had gone to Europe with her married sister for the summer, and soon as she landed went off with this man who was waiting for her there. The thing was scarcely understood and little talked about. I left New York at once and came here, exchanging the promise of a brilliant career for a country doctor's laborious work and scanty rewards. It was a mistake. Most things we do under thirty are mistakes."

"But you have done so much good here," I ventured, rather timidly.

"Thank God, yes! I found plenty of work to do, and put all my strength into doing it. Still," here his mouth closed firmly and his eyes flashed as he turned back to me, "it was a mistake; I should

have taken measures to release myself from the dead weight of a dishonoring wife."

"It was noble in you to spare her family."

"It was a mistake," he affirmed again with an odd, patient sort of smile. "But saying so is useless. No present wisdom can mend the past. It was a mistake which leaves my private life a blank. I can never marry now; never have a sweet wife; never have a child. However," he added brightening, "I am glad you know my story, Mrs. Rivers. You thought me a bachelor then?"

His keen look fastened on my face.

"I never thought much about it, I took it for granted," I returned lightly. "At least I have this comfort out of your trouble; you cannot fall in love with any woman now who will have a right to take my friend away from me."

It was two months after this conversation with Dr. Wilde, that Miss Dorothy asked me one day in her quiet way if I knew that he had a wife living. She was the sweetest, the most friendly of chaperons, but I could not help laughing at her little air of concern. I told her all that he had done for me; that I was so grateful to him, so proud of his friendship for me, that I loved the very tones of his voice, since it was his kindness that had opened my soul and let a love of truth and goodness, and beauty flow into my heart. Any disquietude due to the fact that I was a widow and young, and perhaps attractive to a man not yet middle-aged, I should have been ashamed of. Had not Miss Dorothy's suggestion been so timid I might have been angry with such an exaggerated susceptibility in my behalf. Not one word or look of flattery, of any over-indulgence had ever weakened the strong, life-compelling influence Dr. Wilde had held over me from the first. No, it was clearly impossible that I needed to restrain myself in any feeling which my grateful heart dictated toward my kind, wise friend.

In the fall we planned a few improvements in the stately old house whose walls had been untouched for a century. I wanted a conservatory to open from the dining-room, and Dr. Wilde, as usual, took upon himself all the fatigues and troubles of the enterprise and used to look

in every morning at breakfast time to direct the workmen. There was a certain delight in it all; the endless discussions, the differences of opinion, the plannings through various means for the same result, all combined to render our morning meal a time of genuine enjoyment. No doubt but what my saddened heart of the year before had undergone some magical transformation to allow me to forget my old struggles and defeats, and claim this sort of unimpaired contentment in whatever daily existence proffered. Everything that autumn seemed most beautiful; the soft silveriness of the sky, the pearly hazes where the horizon met the yellow stubble lands; the charm snatched from decay which made the secret of this tranquil splendor so baffling one longed to penetrate into the very heart of it.

One Indian summer morning, late in November, Dr. Wilde came in as usual, sat down and drank a cup of coffee and ate a roll for sociability's sake, then declaring he must speak to the carpenters at once and be off, as an important case awaited him, he sprang up, bade us good morning and went out. Cousin Dorothy also finished her breakfast and went out on the terrace for her morning promenade. I still sat in my place, now and then breaking a grape from the bunch on my plate. I was thinking of Dr. Wilde and smiling over something he had said. All at once I noticed that he had left his gloves on the table, and I exulted a little that, after all his hurry and his adieus, he must come back for them.

I was all alone. I reached out my hand and took up one of the heavy driving-gloves. I loved the touch of it. It thrilled me with a sense of nearness to the wearer. An irresistible impulse moved me, and I fear I held it to my heart, I know that I put it to my lips and kissed it twice. I suddenly became aware that some one was standing in the door-way, and without daring at first to look up I felt myself flushing deeply and painfully. I put the glove down for the intruder advanced.

"Oh, Dr. Wilde," I cried with a foolish terror of him and of myself. Our eyes met. For a moment a strong tide of feeling rushed over me drowning resistance. I loved

him—I knew it now; I loved him dearly. He looked at me steadily. His face, at first fiery red, turned pale gradually, pale even to the lips; he was absolutely ghastly as he murmured something inaudibly, bowed, took up his gloves and left the room.

It was hard to understand at first the meaning of what had passed so swiftly. I had an impulse of tumultuous joy when I remember his glance and its powerful meaning. To this folly succeeded tortures of lost self-respect; for whatever he had unwittingly betrayed, it was I who had forced him into it. Then, too, it was the most humiliating discovery that what I had rejoiced in as grateful devotion and reverent friendship was suddenly degraded into a selfish and absurd passion for a man to whom any ties of intimate affection were forbidden. His resolute acceptance of the pain and mortification I had compelled him to suffer, raised him so far above me that my first belief that his heart had answered mine in that long look was soon rejected as wildly improbable and wholly unfitting his character. How could I ever see him again? Yet how was I to be saved from this wretched state of fluctuating feeling unless he should direct me?

I must not write down the pangs of humiliation which made me suffer keenly for the two following weeks. Nothing broke for me time's noiseless monotony. Dr. Wilde no longer came. He wrote, indeed, a kind note saying that he was called away, but I knew that he was simply trying to spare me Miss Dorothy's conjectures concerning his absence while he gained time for me to triumph over my folly. Out-of-doors all the Indian summer glories had faded; the short days were full of winds and low, trailing clouds. The dried leaves, astray like lost and restless souls upon the earth, swirled and eddied past my windows, trying to skim and cower into corners of rest which they could never find. I was all alone in the world again; in the same state of mind which I had suffered from when after Baby's death I used to sit at twilight and watch the black ripples of the sea take a gleam from the light-ship in the horizon which shone like a setting star. I felt again like

a child in a dark room; I must have something to cling to and trust or I should go mad. Who is it, who knows what it means to be all alone in the world, that will call my state of mind altogether blamable and wrong? It is so cruel in this dependent life of ours to have no one to speak to, no one to laugh at, and scold and tease, and cling to. I had thought for months that I was growing strong; that I had brought myself into a state of steadfast reliance upon the divine will, when all the time I was but resting in the comfort the presence of an earthly friend had given me. I was in chaos again. My old cry for my children once more arose. If Bert were here to look into my face, and plaintively demand my love; if baby Alice might once more trill and coo, laugh and moan upon my breast, I should not have needed my friend so much; I might better have borne this enforced desertion. Yet I was no self-deceiver; I realized that this love which had grown up in my mind for Dr. Wilde was the most complete and satisfying feeling of my life. I had had ample opportunity to recognize the meanings of my heart; I had lived already tolerably deep; I had rushed into an early and foolish marriage with a man for whom, after the first three months of wedlock, I could feel only the pitying tenderness of a restraining mother instead of the faith and passion of a wife; whom I was obliged to influence, check, command even; from whom I soon knew I could expect nothing which should give me comfort. Now I had learned to look up to a man who was so good that from the first I had never felt his smile without a sense of security and peace; whose words were noble and wise, whose life pure, whose aims exalted.

Early in December Miss Dorothy fell sick and sent for Dr. Wilde. It was sixteen days since I had seen him, when one afternoon he came in at two o'clock, and was shown up to Miss Dorothy's room. When he came down an hour later I was sitting over the fire in the library without a pretence of occupation. I rose and murmured a greeting, then sank down again and went on staring at the coals. Dr. Wilde was quiet and composed and began tell-

ing me about Miss Dorothy's cold, which was much less dangerous than I had feared. She was certain to be better next day he added; then, as I did not answer, went on talking about the snow which the night before had come down heavily. Winter was setting in early, he remarked finally; after that ensued a pause.

I had not yet looked at him; I had only noticed mechanically without inference, that he carried a fresh pair of driving-gloves in his hands and I stupidly wondered why he had put by the others, which were almost new. Presently I gained courage to look up and meet his eyes.

"Have you been sick?" I cried, startled by some change in his face.

"Sick? Oh no. I am never sick. What fault do you find with me?" He smiled.

I looked at him wistfully. Where was the difference in him? Something had gone out of his eyes,—something from his smile. He was older; yes, that was it; he had barely looked thirty-five three weeks before, now any one would have called him fifty at least.

"When were you out-of-doors last?" he asked breaking the fresh silence.

"I forget," I returned, starting up and going to the window.

"Put on your things and walk to the lake and back with me," said he. "Your rubber boots, mind, and your seal-skin jacket. The air cuts like a knife."

"I do not feel like it," I returned, shivering.

He laughed good-humoredly. "I am your doctor and this is my prescription," said he. "Go this moment. Don't keep me long waiting."

Twenty minutes later we set out, the dogs frisking about us, the snow creaking beneath our feet and the sharp wind in our faces. Dr. Wilde talked constantly without apparent reserve or embarrassment until I was reassured by his manner and believed that, in spite of all, our old life was to recommence and go on just the same. What more did I ask, hope or expect, than that he should be my friend and let me every day hear his voice and meet his smile and the glance of his eye? Life reawoke within me:

the touch of the wind seemed not cold, only brisk and animating, and when we reached the top of the hill above the lake I felt like my old self again.

"Now you look as I like to see you," said Dr. Wilde. "Alice, I brought you out because I have something particular to say to you." I knew that I flushed crimson under his keen glance, which read me, face, heart and mind, like an open page.

"I am listening," I returned humbly.

"Will you promise to believe that I have tried to think what is best for you? Will you promise to do what I have decided you must do?"

"Yes."

"I want you to go to Europe in ten days with my cousin Mrs. Winslow and her husband. They will remain abroad several years. He goes to take the position of the foreign partner in their firm, who has lately died."

His tone if not indifferent was wholly matter-of-fact. I forgot everything save a conviction of my helpless misery at being thus exiled. I clasped my hands together on my breast and gave a cry like a hurt animal's. Dr. Wilde had turned away and seemed to be staring at the noisy skaters on the lake below. He would not look at me.

"It will be a pleasant change for you," he pursued, his voice just a trifle less deliberate. "You ought to go to Europe. You will enjoy it greatly."

I tried to say something, but a cruel sob broke from my lips instead.

"You are young, child, so young," said he bending closer to me and speaking almost under his breath. "Don't dream but that in three months you will smile with wonder to remember that your first impulse was to reject this journey in new and enchanted lands. I am old,—so very old, and I know that to youth, to *youth*, Alice, anything is possible in the way of a change of feelings—given variety of scene and occupation. Besides, these new experiences and sensations will give you new powers. I shall expect great cleverness from my little friend."

He had paused by the fence and I leaned my head on the rail and covered my face with my hands. I felt stunned and helpless.

He was silent for a few moments then resumed. "I know how the the lovely Mrs. Rivers must attract this gay society she will meet. A young and beautiful widow is sure to make many conquests—worthy men will seek her—she will soon marry." But his voice broke down at this.

"I am cold," I said. "Let us go home." He drew my jacket closer at the throat with a worried look. "Perhaps I ought not to have brought you out in such a sharp air," he exclaimed.

We turned back. "When does Mrs. Winslow sail?" I asked calmly.

"A week from Saturday."

"Can I be ready by that time?"

"Yes. That shall be my care."

"I will go," said I forcibly. "'Many travel for pleasure,' saith Seneca, 'to that city where thou art banished!'" I laughed nervously. This was a favorite quotation of Dr. Wilde's. "Yes, I will go. I am lonely here. I have no ties, no friends. Miss Dorothy never speaks; she knits all day long, and if I address her I disturb her reckoning of her stitches. I often feel very desolate."

"My poor child—"

"As you say," I pursued relentlessly, "I am young; it is possible that I may marry. You shall come to my wedding and give me away, Dr. Wilde."

I stole a glance at him. He was looking down at me and answered my defiance with a dreary smile.

"Fling any stones you like at me," said he. "Nothing can hurt me much more and the sport may amuse you."

We went home in silence, unbroken except for a few questions and answers concerning the most suitable arrangements about my traveling expenses.

The moment I reached home I sought Miss Dorothy and confounded her by my news. She had lived many a quiet year by herself in the old house, and was, I dare say, more gladdened than saddened by the thought of returning to her old routine. I at once set about my preparations and accomplished my task all too soon. This interval before my departure seemed too endless to be borne. Ten days and nights of inac-

tion, with all this leisure for thought and recollection! Dr. Wilde came no more until the last night before I was to meet the Winslows. He wanted to spare me all he could. I too knew that it was better that we should not meet. I had no courage in addressing him, and my manner must, in spite of his self-control, have pressed upon him clear intuitions which interpreted but too well all I left unuttered.

The final day came and I spent it in going over the little memorials I retained of my old life with Tom, and Bert, and Baby Alice. "What right have I to expect to be happy any more?" I asked myself. "I have thought too much of ease and comfort of mind; of being spared the weariness of dark thoughts and melancholy unrest. I never accepted the lesson of Tom's death; I forgot it in my children, and then when they were taken from me I turned to Dr. Wilde. And now I have to pay the full penalty of my sin."

I tried to believe that I was more than ever before a weak and sinful being, and that this was my punishment for loving earth and its woes and blisses over-much. Yet these convictions yielded me no inspiration which could strengthen my mind and exalt my heart above the wish to rest humbly upon the will of some one I loved and believed in. Let me go over my memories as I might and point their meaning; let me yield to the keen pang of renewed sorrows and pray for submission, the ideas and needs of the present asserted themselves and filled me with dreary oppression.

I was still in this complex mood, questioning why I must be singled out as one to be isolated and cut off from any sweet feeling of rest and hope, when Dr. Wilde came that last evening. He began by telling me about his arrangements with my bankers, and Miss Dorothy with her old-fashioned sense of propriety rose and went upstairs. The moment she had left us alone he broke off fitfully, telling me that he had written everything down and that it was, after all, Mr. Winslow's business and not mine. He had taken a seat by the fire across from me and sat leaning his head on his hand staring at me. He looked cruelly old and worn. The

silence was oppressive and I broke it by telling him what I intended to undertake in the way of study and self-improvement while abroad. "And you, meanwhile," said I trying to be playful, "what shall you be doing, Dr. Wilde?"

He shook his head. "I? Oh, I shall continue to exist, I presume," he answered briefly. I rose hastily and went over to him. I had it in my mind to say something strong and wise, but I broke down, and knelt on the rug beside him, and looked up with a foolish sob. He drew my head against his shoulder and then I wept long and bitterly. I wept in pity of myself and my loneliness. I wanted comfort. He passed his arm about me and smoothed my hair with his firm, cool, physician-touch. He was treating me only as he would have treated an unhappy child. I dared not complain that I was not beloved. What right had I to demand? What difference did my pain make to any other heart in the wide world?

Then after my childish sorrow I was afraid to leave the shelter he had held out for me. "I am not adamant," I whispered. "You do not mind; but parting from my only friend comes hard to me."

Dr. Wilde drew me forward so that I must look up into his eyes. "Do I appear to you like a happy man, Alice?" he asked kindly. No, he looked most miserable. He still caressed the little loose curls about my forehead. "Oh, child," said he. "You are such a foolish little girl! Why should I mind? Why, indeed? 'Tis only that in losing you I lose all which endears life to me; all which binds me to youth. 'Tis only that after you are gone I shall have nothing before me save a mechanical fulfillment of a round of tasks. I accuse myself of weakness now for having yielded to the temptation your friendship held out to me. God knows, Alice, I thought that if seeing you constantly entailed pain on any one, it would all come to me. I knew I was strong and could bear pain. I am used to it; and this was the first joy I had had for thirteen years. I wish for your sake, Alice, that I had been wiser. You look ill to-night—fairly ill!"

His words had been so potent to infuse

strength and energy again that I had to struggle with myself not to show him that I had a certain gladness in his sorrow. I had averted my eyes. "I can't sleep of late," I faltered. "I can't sleep until morning and it has made me grow thin."

He grasped my hand firmly, looked searchingly into my face, then started up and stood leaning against the fire-place.

"I ask you to forget me, Alice," he said with a calm, steadfast gravity. "I love you dearly. I want you to be happy. I shall rejoice in your happiness."

I too had risen. His words smote me. I flung him a word of defiance—that if indeed he loved me, he could not want me to be happy. He made no answer but went on deliberately.

"You fail to do me justice now. Later you will be grateful to me. I shall never forget you—fear anything rather than that. Be certain that what was for one moment fully acknowledged and understood between us can never be changed where I am concerned." He paused, then strode toward me, took my face between his hands and looked down into my eyes with an expression which made me very miserable.

"Good-bye," said he. "Good-bye, lovely, angel face, good-bye. Good, loving, darling child, good-bye." That was all. He did not kiss me; did not even touch my hand but went away at once.

First or last in this life comes the hour when we must each work out our own salvation. Now had come mine. Everything I had held to had slipped away from my grasp; it remained for me to find the eternal verities which should never desert me. Hitherto my heart had urged its own wishes with an insistence which demanded happiness; now it resigned its claims and sought, for mere weariness of personal struggle, to enter into the outside interests of the world and feel the pressure of less egotistic thought. Dr. Wilde had chosen my companions well. Mr. Winslow and his wife were childless people, whom exceptional gifts and exceptional opportunities had alike allied to sympathies with the fullest march of the world's work and energies,

while at the same time they could feel the warmest interest in any one who looked to them for help and sustainment. This nearer duty they performed for me; they knew my story and had gained the consciousness that there was a great need in my life.

But in appreciating my discouragement, my faintness of heart, they did not try to help me by pointing to any fresh hope by which I might feed my supreme, hungry shivering self. They tried instead to direct me into a range of stronger, wiser thoughts than those which I had hitherto known. There was nothing exceptionally noble in my new motives, nor were the determining acts of my fresh impulses anything to tell about: it is better for us when our struggling heroism fulfils itself under such prosaic conditions that we cannot look for applause nor feel that there is anything valuable about our example. Yet I did improve under the powerfully-compelling motive of longing for a better, worthier, and more self-sustained womanhood, even if the effects of my new powers were not widely visible.

We lived eight months of the year in Florence, and spent the remaining four in Switzerland. We had many acquaintances wherever we went, and after a year or two had passed I began to receive offers of marriage. Once or twice Mr. and Mrs. Winslow advised me to consider well before I threw away an almost certain prospect of happiness. I could not tell them that I found it impossible to cut myself off from the chance of returning to my old life. Until one of these new loves made me forget the sweetness of some of my imperishable memories, I could not believe in the worth of any destiny he might offer me. Not that I had expectation or hope where Dr. Wilde was concerned, but I knew that I was growing older, and that he would soon be a worn, gray man. When that time came, I believed it would be safe and right for me to go home. All I looked forward to as a private, personal joy in my own life was the content of sitting in the south parlor at Aunt Falconer's house and watching for the sight of Dr. Wilde's figure at the gate and listening for the stamp of his

horse on the gravel outside, knowing that presently he would enter with his kind smile and genial, "How are you to-day, child?"

At times we all heard from him, pleasant, friendly letters which were passed from one to the other or read aloud. Then, too, whenever the Winslows wrote I would put in an open note to my old friend.

One day in March, when we had been in Europe a little more than three years, I had a different letter from Dr. Wilde. It was a sequence to our long separation I never had foreseen; it was a—

But not to linger, I will write the letter down here:

"WINPORT, Feb. 25, 186—.

"My dear Alice:

"I am tired of having you away from me; I want you to come home. For twelve weeks now I have been a free man, and I have made use of my liberty in indulging many a thought and hope of you. My wife died just before Thanksgiving. I was with her at the last. She was cruelly changed, worn to a shadow, and life had ebbed, leaving such a feeble state of mind and body that she never recognized me. I pitied her deeply. I was glad of the chance to grant her that final service. I had forgiven her long before. She was weak; she had that temperament which forced her to snatch greedily at what promised her a moment's pleasure; she knew nothing of that spirit duty which alone sets us free from temptation. Poor girl, she had her wish and it did her no good. God grant that she somewhere found some strength, some stability according to her need. I am a free man now, Alice. I can marry. I shall marry and that within a few months, if the woman I want for my wife has not decided to take up with some foreign popinjay. Suppose, my dear little girl, you were to come home as soon as you conveniently can. I find it impossible to get away for the next six weeks, having patients I ought not to neglect. Besides, I can see that it will be better for you to return quietly. I shall take such comfort in seeing you again. I shall drive over to-day and tell Miss Dorothy

you will be home by May. She is older; she needs you. By the way, I once, as your guardian and-so forth, gave you permission to marry while you stayed abroad. I take it all back. If you have even a male friend in that confounded Florence, with its busy idlings and pleasure-seekings, tell Winslow to shoot him on the spot. I want my little friend to come back just as she went away. Now that I enjoy the luxury of a dream-world, I see your eyes as they were the night before you went away—like wet blue flowers. You used to be good and obedient; have you grown rebellious and insubordinate, or will you tell the Winslows, Miss Dorothy Falconer is very, very old and wants you home again?

Your most sincere friend,

ROBERT WILDE."

It is many years since I received that letter. Last night, Christmas Eve, Robert and I hung the tree full of gifts for the children and then coming upstairs looked into the nursery before we went to bed. There was Rob, like a young Bacchus, lying in his crib, the clothes kicked off his sturdy legs, and one hand still clenched about an orange; there too, was Alice, a pure, pale little snow-maiden folded close in her white draperies, while over by the fire sat nurse holding baby Falconer. We sent the woman away because we ourselves wanted to hang over our treasures for a while. Something mournful came over me that happy Christmas Eve, and I began to cry. My husband laughed and pulled me on his knee: he always seems to think I am a child still, although by this time I am old,—altogether an old woman, I tell myself every birthday.

"Now confess what ails you, Alice," he said, looking at me kindly.

"Oh Robert," I cried, "I am so happy. Is it right for me to be so happy? Think of poor Tom, and of Bert, and of my first baby Alice. Ought I to be—"

"Hush, child," he whispered. "Hush! Let us be as happy as we may be. God meant us to be happy."

Ellen W. Olney.

TWENTY-ONE.

GROWN to man's stature! O my little child!
 My bird that sought the skies so long ago!
 My fair, sweet blossom, pure and undefiled,
 How have the years flown since we laid thee low!

What have they been to thee? If thou wert here
 Standing beside thy brothers, tall and fair,
 With bearded lip, and dark eyes shining clear,
 And glints of summer sunshine in thy hair,

I should look up into thy face and say,
 Wavering perhaps between a tear and smile,
 "O my sweet son, thou art a man to-day!"—
 And thou wouldst stoop to kiss my lips the while.

But—up in heaven—how is it with thee, dear?
 Art thou a man—to man's full stature grown?
 Dost thou count time as we do, year by year?
 And what of all earth's changes hast thou known?

Thou hadst not learned to love me. Didst thou take
 Any small germ of love to heaven with thee,
 That thou hast watched and nurtured for my sake,
 Waiting till I its perfect flower may see?

What is it to have lived in heaven always?
 To have no memory of pain or sin?
 Ne'er to have known in all the calm, bright days,
 The jar and fret of earth's discordant din?

Thy brothers—they are mortal—they must tread
 Ofttimes in rough, hard ways, with bleeding feet;
 Must fight with dragons, must bewail their dead,
 And fierce Apollyon face to face must meet.

I, who would give my very life for theirs,
 I cannot save them from earth's pain, or loss;
 I cannot shield them from its griefs or cares;
 Each human heart must bear alone its cross!

Was God, then, kinder unto thee than them,
 O thou whose little life was but a span?
 Ah, think it not! In all His diadem
 No star shines brighter than the kingly man,

Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
 Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies;
 And the white banner of his manhood bears,
 Through all the years uplifted to the skies!

What lofty peans shall the victor greet !
 What crown resplendent for his brow be fit !
 O child, if earthly life be bitter-sweet,
 Hast thou not something missed in missing it ?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

AUNT HULDAH'S SCHOLARS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

Shakespeare.

WITH the opening of the new school-house soon came a change of home for Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens. For some time Elder Bottle and his wife and their little boy had been the guests, so to speak, of the teachers. The teachers had been occupying a little house which would otherwise have been left to fall into ruin, but which General McKaye had seized upon, and which had afterward been secured for this purpose by the commission which these ladies served. It was, however, a wretched cabin at the best; and now, as it was at some distance from the Bethel meeting-house and from the new school-house, there was no reason to remain there.

There was not one of the small white farmers of the wretched neighborhood, who would have dared to provide a home for these two ladies, in the state of public sentiment at that time. Their home was to be found in the family of some of their scholars. Nor was it easy to find such a home in that range. Many of the children came miles on foot; but it was desirable, on all accounts, that the teachers should live near the school. Elder Bottle and his good wife solved the difficulty by taking possession of another abandoned house, not far from the Bethel, putting it in a certain repair, which made it quite available, at least until winter. They then established themselves here, as in a sort of parsonage, the distant heirs of the late owner being glad enough to receive even the smallest rent for premises of whose existence they had till now been ignorant. Ra-

chel's possessions, and Miss Jane Stevens's, were easily transferred from house to house, with a good deal of enthusiasm on the part of those who moved them. That the "teachers" should live in their elder's house, was a display of confidence in the race. That the school was a fixed institution seemed now more certain than ever. Without much formal or logical reasoning on anybody's part, here was chivalrous guerdon of the future that was before them.

It must be confessed, at the same time, that both Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens felt the inconveniences, not to say the oppression, which many ladies in other fields of life have felt, and more gentlemen, when, from having the absolute control of their own ways of living, they have become the tenants of others. Speaking more simply, Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens had "kept house;" they now were "boarders." In the old house, though it were a wretched cabin, if Rachel wanted to drive a nail, to fasten the wings of a hawk upon the wall, she drove it, and asked no man's permission. In her new room, which was larger than the old, she drove the nails also, but it was after she had seen Elder Bottle and asked his leave. At this neither Rachel nor her friend winced, of course. They were not fools, and they knew long ago that they were in a finite world, of which they were willing to accept the limitations. Rachel had known, when she was monarch of all she surveyed, that she must accept also the burdens of a crown; and now that she had gladly laid aside those burdens, she knew that she could not longer be monarch of all she surveyed. But the situation, all the

same, had its inconveniences, as do all situations of divided sovereignty. For there is no question in history so difficult as that question, how the Roman republic got on so well for four centuries with two consuls.

Only ten days after the grand dedication of the new school-house, the ladies sat on the rather shaky piazza, which the ambitious builder of Elder Bottle's house had left them as a token of his wish rather than his power, after a summer day rather languid and monotonous. The sunset behind the western hills was, indeed, gorgeous. Its gorgeousness was painted on purple and black clouds, which were piling up above the hills, and which seemed to rise fast, as, in fact, they drew near quick, and brought quick night over the valley. There followed all the magnificent display of a Southern thunder storm. Quick, sharp streaks of lightning, not mere flashes, dashed hither and thither among the hills, and the ladies could not, as they looked and wondered, but guess at the aim the bolts took.

"Was not that the direction of Weaver's? Surely that one must have struck among the buildings at the Reynolds's! Could that blaze of fire be those great oat stacks of Weishample's?"

Darker and darker grew the scene around them; but as they stood at the windows, now fascinated even by the terrors of the scene, both, in one sudden flash, saw two men running hard towards the house through the sheets of rain. The same flash which revealed them to the ladies must have revealed the house to them.

Purely on impulse, Miss Jane Stevens ran to the outer door, and in the darkness called: "This way; this way."

The men needed no more formal invitation, but dashed upon the piazza, panting, trying to laugh, with a certain rough courtesy of manner as they spoke, or tried to speak to the ladies, and conscious, at the same moment, that they were no more fit to enter a decent house than two hounds who had just sprung from a water-course.

"Never mind, never mind," said Miss Jane Stevens; "only come in."

And Mrs. Bottle, appearing from her end of the house, joined in the cordial invitation.

The poor draggled creatures accepted it. Mrs. Bottle led them directly to her kitchen fire. She piled "light-wood" upon it, so as to start it up into a cheerful blaze. She bade the men, with a sort of hospitality which was both motherly and African in its tone, to kick off their boots, red with the valley mud. They did this gladly enough, and for each of them instantly appeared a pair of sanitary carpet slippers.

For the sanitary boxes of those days, dear Emma, dear Lily, were like the mysterious bag of the good Mother Elizabeth in the dear old "Swiss Family Robinson."

The men were shy, almost sheepish, in their answers to questions, of which Mother Bottle was by no means shy, as she hurried her arrangements to give them tea, hot hoe-cake, and some fried ham for their supper. They were "prospecting" in the valley, they said, with a certain surliness, as so many others who passed that summer. The species "tramp" of the genus "vagrant" had not then earned his name. But,—what with Confederate soldiers finding their way home, and Ohio and Pennsylvania adventurers, who had heard of the valley in the war, and had started to try their fortunes in it,—the dwellers on the valley roads, even on as obscure a by-way as that which led by Laurens Harbour, were well used by this time to wayfarers, with a certain soldierly march, perhaps with a rag more or less of rebel or of loyal uniform, with knapsack and walking-stick. Nor were these by any means the first whom Mother Bottle had entertained. But they were the first of the white race who had asked for such hospitality.

They had been tempted to ask for a night's lodging at the Colonel's, two miles back; but that place looked so "confoundedly grand" that they had felt timid at the very last, satisfied from the way the dogs growled at them that they would not be welcome. In this guess, as Mrs. Bottle told them rather sharply, they had certainly been wrong. They had, however, persevered, knowing of the existence of Laurens Harbour. They had therefore come down the valley with the shower, and, as one of them said, it seemed "like every blamed drop of rain had fell on one or the other" of them.

Before the repast was ready Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens held a conference outside, and agreed that that was but the meanest hospitality which left these men to sit at Mother Bottle's table, soaked to the skin as they were.

"My dear child," said Rachel, "if they died with pneumonia I should feel as if I killed them."

Miss Jane Stevens only laughed. "If you had seen what I have seen in hospital," said she, "you would not hold to your cockney notions about dying with pneumonia. They would not know what you meant if you told them of your terrors."

"Still there are those overalls and shirts in the New Becket box. I have wondered what we should do with them?" This, in an inquiring air.

"Oh! I've no objection, if that's what you mean. And I will take all the responsibility, if that is what you want. Only you must write the letter to the corresponding woman at North Becket."

"New Becket," said the accurate Rachel, who was already on her knees before the box. "I should think these would do for that tall one, and these for the stout one. This is marked 46, outside measure, and this 40."

"Fiddlestick for your outside measure!" said Miss Jane Stevens with unusual levity. "I should think it was poor, accurate Miss Jane Stevens at the box, and should never suspect her ideal and sentimental assistant! As if those vagrants had ever measured their clothes in their lives! Give me the things."

And she made up a complete outfit from head to foot, of clothing, and then calling out Mother Bottle, who left her culinary cares to Tirah a little unwillingly, proposed to her to offer them to her guests.

"I give dem nice things to dem white trash! See um funder fust. Too good for like o' dose, Miss Jane Stevens."

This was Mother Bottle's only reply, and she returned to watch the griddle-cakes at their critical moment.

Rachel had to call Tirah. She told Miss Jane Stevens that she could not make up her own mouth to tell the men to change their clothes. Tirah made no difficulty.

"Missus says please come out 'n de woodshed" The surprised travelers obeyed. In the woodshed, in a lantern, was a tallow dip lighted. "Take off dem wet close; here's some dry ones; better be quick 'bout it, too," said Tirah laughing at the broadest, "cos Mother Bottle says supper am ready."

And accordingly in two minutes the men reappeared in the costume of New Becket, and showed a good appetite too.

Meanwhile the rain had settled down into a hard south-west storm, pelting heavily on the south and west windows.

"My man'll spend 'night wid de odder elders," said Mrs. Bottle to Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens, as they retired to the sitting-room of these ladies and left the two wayfarers to Tirah's ministrations.

"I should think he would," said Miss Jane Stevens, looking out uneasily into the blackness.

"Where can you put these men?" asked Rachel a little doubtfully. For she anticipated Mrs. Bottle's reluctance to "put them" anywhere.

"Put um!" asked she with an affected surprise, "shan't put um noware. Let um trabbel again wen dey's ready. Can't have no sech trash as dem is 'n my beds." For Mrs. Bottle was a free negro of high Maryland caste. "Ain't gwine to take in trabbelers for de night wen dey's only us lone women in de house."

Mrs. Bottle spoke with an absolute firmness which her two friends had tested before, and which they had found hard to move.

In this case, to say the truth, Mrs. Bottle was quite right according to any ordinary rules of prudence. Whatever her husband might have chosen to do or to refuse, her husband was not here. She was, with her child and these two ladies, alone in a house distant from any assistance. How much they had to fear from "white trash," the white trash of the neighborhood had lately shown in the destruction of the school-house.

Both the ladies returned to the attack, however, with different arguments. But talk was all in vain. The men should not sleep in the house unless the Elder came home. Mrs. Bottle was absolute.

"Let them sleep in the school-house," said Rachel to Miss Jane Stevens. "Tirah shall take them to the school-house, and with some blankets they can make up a shake-down there." For Rachel was learning the language of campaigners.

Then Miss Jane Stevens began to feel the same terrors for her beloved school-house which Mrs. Bottle had felt for what we have called the "parsonage." But Miss Jane Stevens was nothing if not consistent. She felt the cowardice of refusing, where the responsibility was her own, what she had urged when the responsibility was another's. The bold suggestion of Rachel had timidly crossed her own mind, and had been dismissed as an intruder. Now that it was made in words it had to be logically considered, and then consistency required her assent.

To say truly, the two teachers had no more right to put the vagrants into the school-house than to keep them at Elder Bottle's. The school-house was not theirs; but it was considered to be theirs. They were habitually the monarchs—or, if you please, to be accurate, the consuls there. Mrs. Bottle offered no dissent, therefore, when Rachel said pleasantly, as if it settled all difficulties:

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Bottle, Tirah shall take a lantern and two blankets and take them to the school-house."

Rachel left no time for deliberation, but called the two strangers, as if it were a matter of course, and said to them: "We shall have to put you in the school-house to sleep. The girl will give you blankets." She was conscious that she did not like the manner in which the two men received her proposal. True, they apologized for the trouble they gave, and they expressed thanks for their supper. But they did not say it as Rachel would have had them.

However, the die was cast, and it was quite too late to show suspicion. Tirah received her orders and obeyed them indignantly.

"I take dem two vagrams to de schoolus, Miss Rachel? Shan't do it." She had caught the word "vagram" in some of the grander speeches of Elder Bottle, and she thought, by the use of an unfamiliar word,

to strike her mistress with terror. "Dey've got der pockets full o' matches, 'n dey'll set the house on fire 'n ebry corner."

Rachel laughed. "I'll risk any matches that they had in their pockets when they came here, and I'm sure they have none in the pockets they have on. Don't wait another moment, Tirah."

With a very sulky and rebellious air, Tirah took the strangers across the way to the school-house, and left them, in the dark. She felt, and she behaved, as if she were the Cassandra of a new Troy, prophesying evil to deaf ears. She shook from her skirts all the responsibility.

Her mistress, and friend, and Mrs. Bottle retired to bed, but not to deep sleep. Mrs. Bottle, perhaps, slept better than the others. At midnight there was a knock, and call at the door. It was the Elder,—who had known they would be a little frightened, and, so soon as the rain had ceased, had returned from Brother Hundley's. Elder Bottle heard the tale of the three of "womankind." He doubted,—and did not decide. He was loath to pass a censure on people whom he respected as heartily as he did the two teachers. He knew, in his heart, that he would not have willingly let the men sleep in his own house,—even had he been at home.

He did, therefore, as men do. He tried to make light of his wife's anxiety. He said: "It's all over now,—and it's only three hours to morning." He took the harness off Elder Hundley's horse and tethered him behind the house with a long rope. Then he took his own station for the night at a window, which commanded the access to the school-house, perfectly in sight under the clear starlight which followed the storm. It did not occur to the Elder that Tirah was keeping up a similar watch from her end of the wood-house, where she was supposed to sleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

"When shall the work of death begin?"

Milman.

As Kaza Kirk was creeping his way across the school-house, long after midnight, in the darkness of the small hours, his foot

caught on some outlying bench ; he tried in vain to extricate it, and then fell heavily to the floor.

He called his comrade in an undertone to his help, saying with unnumbered oaths, which need not be repeated, that he had broken every bone in his body.

Dan Cassin came to his relief, but in truth he was not badly hurt, and then they sat together on the offending bench, taking dark counsel.

"I'd strike a light in no time," said Dan, "but if my head showed for half a minute that cursed nigger gal would draw a bead on me, and you would get the next shot. "No lights 'till we light 'em all. Fetch the basket up inter this corner. Lucky the little giant kivered it up so tight," he said, as he opened it. "There ain't one chip but 's as dry as it was when he put it in." And so with glee, they built together their little cob-houses of light-wood chips under two of the benches, and filled full the spaces with shavings dipped in coal oil. They had now "got the hang" of the school-house, and arranged two other heaps of their incendiary preparations, without either stumbling or accident. Indeed the dead silence of the night, now that the shower had passed, gave them courage to suppose that their work would go forward with as little interruption as before.

When the fourth pile was built, they agreed after a little conference, to set the light to this first, as it was less exposed to the windows, and the possible omniscience of Tirah's eye. By rapidly passing to each of the others, the candle which they kindled in each, might then be left to burn down to the shavings, while they made their escape.

Just as Dan Cassin struck the match and lighted his candle, so that an unearthly Rembrandt light from below revealed the forms of the two incendiaries, each of them was seized behind his neck by a stout hand, which twisted his neck-tie after the fashion of a garrote, so tightly that neither could even cry for mercy.

Their two captors, without a word, availing themselves still of the light of the candle, and holding the two men on their knees,

at terrible disadvantage, threw them to the ground, and bound their hands behind them. Then, as if they were prepared for this very enterprise, each man tied his victim's legs together, while he fairly sat upon his back and so controlled his struggles.

"If yer don't lie still, I'll blow yer brains out." These were the only words that broke the silence, and these were so effectual that even when their throats were released, Dan Cassin and his comrade ventured to say nothing.

"I've got my man's elbows tight, George, could you just sit on his heels long enough for me to turn round?"

No, George could not render this assistance, and the other was thus obliged to recur to the threat of the brains, before he awed his victim into the stillness necessary for tying his ankles as firmly as his elbows. This point gained, he was able to go to George's assistance, and in a minute more Kaza Kirk was in the same helpless condition as Dan Cassin.

"If th' nigger gal 'd only left us her lantern," said George, "but I reckon these fellows 've got candles enough somewhere;" and stooping down he rescued in fact the inch of candle in the pile before him and was able to put that on one of the benches by his side.

"D'yer think yer c'n keep them both while I can go to the other piles?" he said ; and in a few moments he had three other candle-ends ready to preserve the spark of light if they should need it again.

"Pity," said the other, "to make a row in the middle of the night." And feeling in the pockets of the helpless incendiaries he removed, with some satisfaction, from each man a little revolver. "I reckon that here's fire-arms enough, if anybody gets in, and we've rope enough to keep them tight till morning. Sunrise is now pretty nigh four o'clock, and it's light a little after three."

They need have spared themselves any anxiety, however ; for in truth the enterprise had not been bruited, and Dan Cassin and Kaza Kirk and the "little giant" were the only conspirators. It proved, that, in the framing of the ell of the building, there were two joists stroug enough for the security

of the two prisoners, and their captors, taking them head and heels, much as they would have removed them for burial from the field of battle, tied them firmly, lying on their backs with their eyes looking up to the ceiling, quite regardless of their occasional ejaculations, or pleas for mercy. George completed the operation by setting a bench over each of them, and then took his own situation in a chair where he would have been in sight of them, had it been light.

"We've four inches of candles," said he; "I reckon they'll carry us till daylight." And he bade his comrade leave one on the table beside him, shading it with books, from the first instant, lest its light should fall on any window. "If you are tired," said he, "you can lie down again." Then turning to the prisoners: "I can sit here, and if either of you rascals sticks his head out from under that bench, why here goes! You know yourselves whether your pistols are good for anything."

To tell the truth, however, his work and his companion's had been too well done for much anxiety. The men could roll, and they could kick; but they could not stand upright, and there was little risk of any attempt at escape.

The reader will understand that the accidental arrival of these worthy "tramps" at brother Bottle's house, had fortunately deranged a conspiracy of Kaza Kirk and Dan Cassin. These two reorganizers of society had only been waiting for a night dark enough to renew, for the new school-house, the experiment tried so successfully on the old. The heavy thunder storm gave them their chance. But it was their misfortune that they unlocked the school-house door, for which they had provided a key, not fifteen minutes after Tirah had left the Pennsylvanians, and before they had fallen asleep. Watching the purpose of the intruders, these two, with common instinct, had kept on the alert; and with their bare feet, trod so lightly that the incendiaries had no hint of their presence until the crisis which has been described.

George Spang's watch did not seem long to him. It was occasionally varied by

growls or curses, or rollings over from one or the other of his captives. Occasionally a question came from his companion in victory. It was but little more than two hours, when this companion threw open the door, and said gladly:

"Day's breaking," and then he added, "'nd I'm blamed if the nigger elder hasn't got home. There he is at his winder! Hullo! Brother, can't you come over?" he cried, and thus he started Brother Bottle from the doze into which he had ignominiously fallen. Tirah was at the elder's side at the same moment. She had seen the school-house door swing open; and knowing by her "divine instinct" just where Elder Bottle was, she had run to him to report, before she reconnoitred further.

Elder Bottle was a fearless man, and he gave ready hearing to the tale which his unexpected ally told him. With great glee he and Tirah crossed to the school-house, and surveyed by the light of Tirah's lantern the two pinioned prisoners. They both knew the men perfectly well, as among the lowest of the wretched throng which gave life to the whisky-selling end of Gravel's store at the Corners. Bottle had not given to either of them credit for the courage which their enterprise displayed. As often happens, because he hated his enemy, he despised him unfairly.

Having secured two such rascals, he was quite willing to test the new promises of the new institutions. His new allies were ready to render any assistance in their power. At that gray hour in the morning, there was little risk of a rescue from any of the brothers at the corner store. Their habits were not those of early risers. Fortunately Elder Hundley's horse and lumber-wagon were still in readiness. After a little discussion, therefore, the two prisoners were lifted upon the floor of this wagon, and their captors drove them off to the county town, some seven miles away. The jail was there, that was one point, and it was certain there would be a magistrate there, while it was doubtful whether either of the 'squires nearest to Laurens Harbour could be found. Before four o'clock, Witherup and Spang, the two Pennsylvanians, who had, by this

time so well avouched their loyalty to law and order, were on their way. They undertook to see the two prisoners comfortably within the stone walls, if the county contained such. They knew the town, which they had passed through only at noon the day before.

"Good gracious," said Witherup. "My uncle had no end of them wen I lived with him. Horse thieves they was, mostly from Virginia, too," he added below his breath. "It don't take long."

This was just before he started, just as he took the reins. What proved to be his parting words fell on Rachel's ear to her amazement. Elder Bottle was explaining to his wife again, how he found the prisoners lying on their backs under the benches, with George Spang watching them. Half aside, as Spang stepped over the wheel and sat by his companion, he said to him, with no thought of being overheard: "I thought they 'd better look up and not down."

Elder Hundley's house was not far distant from the county town on the same road, and they agreed to leave his horse and wagon with him on their return.

This return came sooner than anybody expected. The men left, indeed, by four in the morning. As early as nine they were at Elder Bottle's again, triumphant. As they had approached the town a gentleman had joined them on horseback, who proved to be one of those neighboring squires, to whom, had they been more certain, they would have taken their captives. He approved entirely of their action; would have been glad probably, were all rascals so disposed of, and never any brought to him. With his advice and help they had gone directly to the right magistrate, who had actually heard the testimony half-dressed and in his shirt-sleeves. The moment he sent for the deputy sheriff, that officer recognized both men with delight. He had not dreamed that they were at Laurens Harbour, right under his nose. But they were horse-thieves, perfectly well known to him, who he had hoped were in the Yankee army, or, better, dead on some battle-field. But for the civil war they would have been in jail

long before. As it was, they were put in jail at once, to wait the meeting of the grand jury. The deputy sheriff had notified Spang and Witherup that their testimony would then be needed, but he would be satisfied with their personal recognizance that it should be forthcoming; saying, indeed, that he could hold the men for a dozen other offences if this particular charge fell through. Spang and Witherup had therefore been able to return within the hour to Elder Hundley's. That worthy had himself "hitched up" a neighbor's horse to replace his own tired steed, and had brought them back in triumph on their way.

"Jew tell him we thort dhat dhey was the same men 'z burnt de odder school?"

"We didn't know anything about any other school," said Witherup a little grimly. For he thought the story he had told was bad enough, and he was a little disconcerted to find that anybody thought he had understated matters.

The case was explained to him. In return, he explained that he had said nothing of this as a school for negroes; he had not known it was. All that he knew was that he was in a large school-house. "I saw the justice was puzzled," said he, "when I said there was no stairs and no upstairs. Then the justice said it was many years since he was in Laurens Harbour, and he had never seen the school since the new one was built."

"Golly be!" exclaimed Elder Hundley, quite unconscious of profanity and wholly guiltless, therefore. "Judge thinks it's de old 'cademy. Did n't know dat stands jes as 'twas left wen de Fauquier regiment sot fire to it fust year de war. Good for de judge!"

And the two elders laughed heartily at the reflection, that so far white man's law was being meted out to their prisoners.

CHAPTER XX.

"The assembled multitude

In awful silence witnessed;—then at once

As with a tempest rushing noise of winds

Lifted their mingled clamours."—*Southey*.

VICTORY is one thing. What follows victory is quite another.

Never had the school been so jubilant as

it was on this morning. Under Tirah's voluble narrative, the unsuccessful attack on the school-house lost nothing of its audacity. The piles of "light wood" which Cassin and Kirk had left, were still in the room when the scholars gathered. The slops of tallow on the table by lame Phebe's seat, which told the story of the guard kept over the incendiaries, was visited before school began, as the shrine of a pilgrimage; and, after the regular exercises were under way, Phebe was contemplated from afar with envy, as being the nearest watchman of a trophy so precious. When, at the first recess, Tirah came in with the additional tidings that the two men were Cassin and Kirk,—names perfectly well known to all the children, thoroughly hated and always shunned,—and further, that they were now in the county jail, enthusiasm was almost beyond bounds. The endless exaggerations which sprang from these simple facts may be imagined. And before night these exaggerations had worked their way so thoroughly through the neighborhood that one would have supposed that the colored people had won a perfect Manassas victory over the whites.

Such talk, repeated at every corner, and the absurd bragging which often attended it, could have but one result. Elder Bottle and his more sensible helpers foresaw this result, indeed, but were powerless to prevent it. On the very day after the capture and arrest, the storm of retaliation came. At the grocery at the Corners the clans had been gathering since noon. The attendance of horses alone, fastened at first to the rails provided for them, and then to every available tree or fence post on each of the Corner roads, was such as is seen ordinarily only at a first-class trial, or on an election day. The braggarts of the day before, who could not then be controlled, were now the very first to come into the school and to the elder's, to announce that few men came to the Corners who did not bring their muskets or shot-guns. No man of color ventured to go into the stores, even for legitimate purchases, that afternoon. A hot, languid day ground by, with occasional rumors of hurrahs in the store and from the group around it. But

it was not till after five o'clock that this group was seen to take motion and to come up the road toward the Bethel, not much more than a mile from the Corners. One and another freedman, boy, man or woman, came running into Elder Bottle's with this news. Rachel and Miss Jane Stevens had dismissed the school half an hour earlier than usual, with injunctions to the scholars to go directly home, and not to be found lounging around. These injunctions, as need hardly be said, were generally disobeyed.

There was no war nor battle sound; it was simply a disorderly procession of eighty or a hundred men, most of whom were on horseback, who came along the road in as close order as it would permit, the horsemen walking their beasts that they might not arrive before the others. As the scouts had announced, almost all the men were armed. As they came up to the Bethel the riders dismounted, and either fastened their own horses in the little sheds, which were "anexes" to that temple, or gave them to proud boys who undertook this charge. Short delay from this course changed the cavalry into a crowd of infantry, of whom the leaders came directly forward to the school. Miss Jane Stevens and Rachel were standing on the steps. The presence of women, perhaps, surprised the leaders of the mob; but they expressed no surprise. They even took off their hats and bowed with a certain courtesy.

"What is it you want, gentlemen?" said Miss Jane Stevens, fortunate in taking the initiative.

"We want to pull down this building," said the man whom she addressed most personally, "and we're gwine to do it right away. Ye'll have five minutes to get your things out," he added after a moment, with some thought, indeed, that he would need that time for the proper disposition of his forces, "and then, here goes!"

A general storm of applause and laughter from those nearest the speaker followed his words.

"What is all this for? What harm is the building?" said Miss Jane Stevens, imprudently.

"The school's a noosance," said the other, who was a little more drunk than he knew, "and has been voted a noosance in a public meeting. If you're familiar with lor of noosauce, you know there's nothiu' left but to urbate it."

And again his followers laughed and cheered.

DESTITUTE AND DELINQUENT CHILDREN.

MUCH is said in these Darwinian days, of heredity, of environment, and of adaptation—the three great factors in the evolution of species. How far each of these factors takes part in the formation of moral character, as well as of physical peculiarities, no one can wholly determine. A vast difference of opinion prevails among men; some being almost fatalists in the view which they take of inherited qualities, in the belief that a child which comes of a "bad stock" is a hopeless subject for careful training. Others are equally strong in their faith in the power of education to overcome natural defects, and that the infant mind is a blank sheet, on which one may write good things or evil.

The experience of life teaches the truth of the statement made in the second commandment, that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, to the third and fourth generation." Hereditary tendencies are strong, and not only the parents' good and bad qualities, but those of remote ancestors continually reappear in the offspring, presenting in the same family subjected to the same "environment," wonderful diversity of character, and baffling sometimes every effort to raise or to depress the moral stature. We know also that each individual, according to opportunity, must make a selection between good and evil, both of which will be continually presented to his choice, however favorable or unfavorable may be his surroundings. But no one can wholly fail to see that man is a creature of habit in a great degree, and that training, education, and daily companionship go far to modify hereditary character.

In the days of old New England, of the God-fearing, hard-working descendants of the Puritans, before the flood of foreign

immigration had cast upon our shores the mass of poverty, ignorance and crime which we begin to find a millstone about our necks, there was no such class of children in our land as we find to-day. Thousands and tens of thousands of pauper children and juvenile offenders swarm in our almshouses and reformatories, and prey upon our large towns. The increase of this number is alarming. It threatens the public safety already, and the question begins to agitate political economists, and social scientists, How shall we deal most wisely with our destitute and delinquent children? There is, however, another aspect of the case. Social science and political economy have their important office to perform. Large and wise views should be taken of the whole subject, and the best laws enacted and enforced for the care and restraint of the wards of the State. But there must also come into full action that spontaneous individual effort, that work of love, which sees in every neglected child a human being whose life may be turned from misery to cheerful content, from mischief to usefulness.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe of blessed memory, who was indifferent to no form of human suffering, says: "The natural reformer is a man whose talents and gifts are intensified to genius. He sees idle and vicious youth whom others call criminals, but who seem to him like lambs without a shepherd. He attracts these stubborn, perverse and wicked boys about him, and they become gentle and docile in his plastic hands."¹

Now this expression, "lambs without a shepherd," goes to the very root of the mat-

¹Second Annual Report, Massachusetts Board of State Charities, p. lxiv.

ter, and shows that Dr. Howe acted from the true parental instinct, without which let no one, parent though he may be in fact, presume to attempt the training of another person's child. Some one has happily said that "no woman is half a mother who does not see her own child in every neglected and helpless little one." So too every true parent who looks upon the little gamins of the street, or the children of almshouses and truant schools, will feel his heart strings twitch sorely as he thinks of these "lambs without a shepherd."

As civilization advances, the condition of children in Christian nations is greatly improved, and among prosperous and educated families they are made the great objects of consideration. But the children of the very poor have a hard lot to bear. As the number of these last have increased, various means have been adopted to meet the exigencies which have arisen. Orphan asylums, Refuges, Nurseries for the indigent, and Reformatories for the delinquent have arisen in every large community. Wise and good men have endeavored to frame judicious plans for the government and care of these institutions; millions have been spent for maintenance and shelter. But their success has been by no means what was to be desired. We find too large a proportion of the children from Nurseries and Refuges descending into Reformatories and prisons, and ultimately and permanently into the pauper and criminal class. There is a growing sentiment against "institutions," and the wisest philanthropists have come to the conclusion that they should be, so far as is possible, only temporary places for children.

God in His wisdom "hath set the children of the earth in families." Neither in great institutions, nor in crowded cities is the most healthful and natural life possible. A child has an incalculably better chance of developing his best moral qualities and his greatest capabilities in an average private household than in any institution, however well ordered, where children are massed together.

In England the system of boarding out young children in "cottage homes" instead of maintaining them in almshouses has

been successfully attempted. About ninety per cent. of pauper children reared in almshouses were found to have become paupers or criminals. Under the boarding out system, with careful supervision and visitation, a very large proportion now become useful and self-supporting members of society. In the state of New York, no child over three years of age may be sent to an almshouse, even for a single night, except such children as are idiotic, epileptic, paralytic, or hopelessly defective. The result of this excellent law, (Chap. 173, Acts of 1875, of New York,) has been the placing out in families of an immense number of children, who formerly, to use the pithy phrase of a well known journalist "were just *composted* together in almshouses," with adult paupers. This law was enacted through the exertions of the members of the "State Charities Aid Association," a society composed of men and women of the highest character, associated together to improve the administration of public charitable institutions, and to elevate the physical and moral condition of the poor.

The state of Massachusetts has upon her statute books many laws for the protection and restraint of children. In the year 1872 one of the three large state almshouses, that at Monson, was set apart for the exclusive use of pauper children who had no town settlement. Its name was changed, and carefully made, to avoid casting the stigma of pauperism upon the young. It was called the "State Primary School." It was designed to be not only a shelter, but a training school for its inmates. The original rules for the government of this school were carefully prepared, with the expectation that the children taught here would be fitted to enter private families and become good citizens. We will endeavor to show presently why it has signally failed to achieve the expected results and has become a training school of pauperism if not of vice.

The State Reform School for boys at Westboro was established through the efforts mainly of General Theodore Lyman of Brookline, in 1848. He contributed personally sums amounting in the aggregate

to \$72,000, toward its completion. That as well as the State Industrial School for girls at Lancaster, opened in 1856, are intended for the reformation and industrial training of idle and vicious youth. Many causes have combined to frustrate in part the philanthropic efforts for this end. At Westboro, overcrowding and the extension of the age of admission have seriously interfered with success. Many well-informed persons, who feel much interest in its welfare, believe it to be corrupting in its influence on the younger and less depraved boys. There is no doubt whatever that the number is too great there, and that a large number of inmates are too old and hardened for a "reform school"—more fit subjects for a house of correction.

One significant fact is a good test of the practical success of the school. The number of boys constantly under punishment there is proportionally very large. It is an accepted fact that a school or prison where excessive punishment is necessary is not well governed. A good system well administered will make frequent punishment unnecessary. This is the opinion of the best authorities on correctional discipline, and applies even to hardened criminals. It may not be wholly the fault of the superintendent. At Westboro much injury has been done by unwise legislation, in disregard of the remonstrances of the Board of Charities. When the "School-ship" was discontinued in 1872, a set of young desperadoes were emptied into the reform school, who changed its whole character. There is a prevailing suspicion and distrust of the recent management which has a good deal of foundation. The number of children who have been at the State Primary School and have come to Westboro is so large as to be also a significant fact as to the training received at Monson.

On the first of March, 1877—the latest date to which the state reports extend in this department—there were 850 children scattered over the state in town poor houses in Massachusetts, 240 of whom were over six years old, and had been over two years in the almshouse. This was an increase of 97, or 13 per cent. over the preceding year.

There are probably one thousand or more at the present time. Their condition is most deplorable, for although they are fed, clothed, and sheltered, they are generally without proper supervision and are associated with adult paupers good or bad. They cannot go to the State Primary School, because that is a State institution. Their parents, if they are of alien birth, as most of them are, have by naturalization, residence, and tax-paying acquired a town settlement, and their children must depend on a town for support. Few persons have a full idea of the evil which results from this method of providing for children. Their morals are inevitably more or less corrupted and they must acquire habits of idleness. It is a painful sight to see children running wild in such promiscuous company, without care or training. We should follow the example of New York—place a portion of them in small private orphan asylums and homes for children, at the expense of their towns, where they will have good care. A still larger portion should be placed in private families, either with or without payment according to age.

By a law of 1873, every town and city in Massachusetts must provide a place for the detention of juvenile offenders and truants from school. These children were formerly sent to county prisons, which is now forbidden by law for all under twelve years of age. Some of the larger cities maintain good industrial schools, but most large towns provide a place for their truants at the town almshouse—a practice every way to be deplored. A penny-wise economy prevails here. It is cheaper in every way to maintain the school in connection with the almshouse, but this course necessitates more or less contact with adult paupers, too close confinement, and insufficient training. Most juvenile offenders are boys; only one-fifth of those committed are girls. Our truant schools are filled with little fellows whom one beholds with pity, cooped up in confined quarters, sometimes deprived for months of out door air for fear of escapes, having nothing except the routine of school-book teaching, sleeping in a common dormitory without supervision. From ten to fifty in

such schools are found in charge of a teacher, who is frequently a young, inexperienced girl. They are left to themselves many hours each day, "composted" together, evil spreading more rapidly than good. A rotten apple will infest many sound ones, while the rotten one does not gain in soundness. No observing visitor can fail to see that the average truant school is worse than useless, except as a deterrent measure. The fear of arrest probably frightens some naughty boys into good behavior. Those who are punished almost invariably come from wretched homes, where they receive neither instruction nor restraint.

A law of 1865 permits the establishment of county truant schools by county commissioners. A law of 1873 *requires* it on petition of three towns in one county. Both laws have been hitherto inoperative. This is owing, without doubt, to the fact that small towns are permitted to send their juvenile offenders to Monson. This is very evil in its effect. The truants corrupt the pauper children, and the large towns, not having the co-operation of the smaller, cannot alone afford the expense of a well-kept school. If each county were by law compelled to establish a school, great benefit would result from it, provided it was judiciously managed. An expensive building is unnecessary. A large roomy farm-house would give the necessary space for the master and his family, the kitchen, dining-room, and school room. A dormitory cheaply constructed might be added, giving each boy a small separate sleeping room. Solitude and silence at night induce more profitable meditation than noisy companionship. Economize with what penny wisdom we may, the separate sleeping room is a vital requisite to reformation of *all* offenders, and proves in the end pound-saving instead of foolishness. Outdoor work and the care of animals are healthful influences, and our county schools should have a small farm on which the boys should earn part of their support, and learn usefulness.

Money is often wasted in providing palatial apartments for the officers of correctional and charitable institutions. In visiting state, town, and county buildings, I find

often, usually, indeed, that the private rooms are not only too large for economy, but even for comfort, and furnish very different quarters for the officers from those that persons of comfortable means provide for themselves. This is not the way in which women manage private institutions, and reflects much discredit on the judgment and conscience of the men who spend the public money. We ought to spend freely for real needs, but public officials are too apt to scrimp these, and waste the money on outward show. Small, well-managed county farm schools, governed by a good master and matron, would keep many boys from becoming jail-birds. The number should be kept as small as possible by putting the younger boys into private families for their term of detention, even if it be necessary to pay for their board. Thirty boys are as large a number as the best system would permit. There is no law at present which permits the placing out of town truants in families. Pauper children may be, and also the inmates of the Reform school and the truants at Monson. But there is no law which authorizes town authorities to do the same thing for their truants. We should have such a law, and it should provide for payment for the care of young offenders, at the same rate and no more than their cost at truant schools. The discipline of a respectable private family would be the very best kind of reformation for at least one-half our juvenile offenders. The worst boys could not be received into families.

Time and space are insufficient to go into minute detail and description of our public institutions for children. We have not criticised them so far in a spirit of fault-finding. It is with the purpose of pointing out the evils which undoubtedly exist, and of suggesting a remedy for a part of them, that this is written. Nor is it wise to take a sentimental view of vicious children. There are boys, and girls also, many of them, who are born with such perverted moral natures that it is almost impossible to control them. Some of them are really demented, and their morbid propensities to evil will require perpetual and firm restraint. The government of a "Reform school" for either sex

requires special genius in its head, as well as the highest moral qualities. The greater the number massed together, the greater the difficulty of discipline. To quote Dr. Howe again: "The standard of public sentiment in a large number of vicious children must necessarily be very low, and by public sentiment every community is really governed, whether of children or of adults."

Our laws have been framed with good intention. Most of our charitable institutions have been established by philanthropic labor, for the benefit of unfortunates. But the destructive forces, which are always at work in company with the creative, in the moral as well as the physical world, continually tend to deterioration in all institutions, and eternal vigilance is the price not of liberty alone, but of the perservation of the good we have. Two things especially work against success—the economy which "saves at the spigot and wastes at the bung," and the appointment to important places of supervision and control of men who want the place and have influential friends who can secure it for them, but who have no positive qualities of either head, heart or experience to fill it well.

The first requisite in the success of an institution is a good head—good not only in intention but good at practical work—well informed, well trained, well principled. To this head great responsibility should be committed, and the power to appoint and remove at pleasure every subordinate. The head should be quickly removed if the institution does not prosper. No matter how good or amiable; no matter how dependent for support on office; no matter what the political connections may be, if the head *fails*, he or she should go, and go quickly. Civil service reform is urgently needed here, and in every state in the Union.

Massachusetts can boast of some old and faithful public servants in her charitable institutions, but she has had some who have been a shame and disgrace to the power which appointed, and the power which retained them. God alone knows all the mischief they have wrought. Enough is known to man.

Next to a good head, it is important that

the number of children in an institution should not be too large for that head to have a personal knowledge of each child. There is no solitude so depressing as solitude in a crowd; no isolation so stultifying to a child's brain and heart as that which comes from the absence of individual love and care in a crowded institution. The State of Michigan in 1874 opened an institution at Coldwater, called the State Public School, upon a wise plan. The law provides "for the admission thereto of any dependent or neglected child in the State, over four and under sixteen years of age, who is sound of body and mind and has not committed crime," with the further provision that whenever there is room in the school for them "no such children shall hereafter be maintained in poor-houses." The children are in separate houses under the care of a "house father" and "house mother," not over thirty in one house, thus securing their personal care. The school has been a decided success, and in the first three years received 450 pupils and placed about 150 in satisfactory families.

Thirdly, it is of vital importance that all the employes in charge of children should be of good character—even more than that; they should possess the *missionary spirit*. It is not the practice of using *mere* pious phrases, or substituting cant for a life of active religious duty that is called for, but the spirit which leads men and women to sacrifice self and strive by every means to elevate their charges. These, too, should not be mere place-seekers, but should be selected with care for real fitness, and promptly dismissed when found deficient.

Contact with adult paupers is the bane of the State Primary schools at Monson, and of the children in town almshouses and truant schools. It is vain to pretend that the separation is complete. There is always more or less intercourse when both occupy the same premises. What are the bulk of our adult paupers? Men and women broken down by intemperance, to which is often added more debasing vice. At Monson women are employed in kitchen and laundry (in frequent association with the older little girls) who have borne one or more

illegitimate children, and who have been drunkards and profligates. These women are by legal permission sent there from the Tewksbury almshouse, to perform the work of the house; and the Tewksbury almshouse is the sink of the Commonwealth. It is true that unfortunate and virtuous women are sent to Tewksbury, but the great mass of paupers there are degraded beings. A naturally "smart" woman may render service in the Monson kitchen; she may cook, wash and scrub at the cost of her keeping, and of very cheap keeping too; while she may not be able to restrain herself outside the almshouse from drink. She saves an outlay of wages, but how much does she cost the State, even in money, when she pollutes her young companions with tales of guilty pleasure?

It is this system of entrusting the care of the children at Monson to pauper women, and their association with them in labor, which largely contributes to the failure of that institution to achieve the expected good results.

Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, the President of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, speaks thus of the influence of adult pauper labor in the Randall's Island Nursery of New York City: "To secure complete separation the children were placed on an island reserved entirely for them and for their attendants. The mistake was that the care of the children, and the control of the pauper and criminal labor of the city were placed under one and *the same management*. . . . Possibly motives of economy pressed. Surely, it was thought, no harm could come to the children by sending to Blackwell's Island for some of the idle vagrants and criminals to keep the grounds in order? And so a bit of the Penitentiary came. And why not send for some of the almshouse women to do the washing, scrubbing and cooking? They need never come near the children, and it would be such a saving to the taxpayers? And so a bit of the almshouse came. And then it was impossible to find good nurses at low wages, and the appropriation being cut down, the wages must be lowered. There were kind-hearted women

among the better class of almshouse inmates, who would serve for little pay. Why, if carefully selected, should not they make good nurses? Why not? Alas, alas! for good intentions grafted upon a fatal system! The children had indeed been removed from the poor-house, but the poor-house had followed the children."

Miss Schuyler then proceeds to results and gives statistics taken from the Report of the Vice-President of the Board of State Charities: "Of 74 women associating with and in charge of 773 children at Randall's Island Nursery, just before it was broken up by a law of 1875, the habits of seven were temperate, thirteen were moderate drinkers, thirty-five were periodical drinkers and nineteen were constant drinkers. Twenty-three belonged to the pauper class, and fifty-one to the work-house class sent up from Blackwell's Island. Thirteen of these fifty-one had been committed as vagrants, two for disorderly conduct, and thirty-six for drunkenness and disorderly conduct."

Persons familiar with criminal women do not need to be told what "vagrancy" and "disorderly conduct" mean. These terms cover a multitude of sins, of which unchastity is not the least. The result of this companionship and association was that the nursery became a hot-bed of vice, and not only was it necessary to abolish it but its experience led to the enactment by the New York Legislature of the law of 1875, familiarly known as the "Children's Law," to which I have previously alluded. The same system with the same results on a smaller scale is pursued to-day in Massachusetts.

Having secured a good head over a moderate number of inmates, well supported by an efficient corps of subordinate officers, there is still further care to be taken of our dependent and vicious children, in order that they may be finally made good citizens and absorbed into the natural domestic life of the community. Theoretically our State does this. The children from the town almshouses and the inmates of the State Primary School, the State Reform School, and the State Industrial School may be

placed out in families, indentured or not, by the overseers of the town poor, and by the agents of the Board of State Charities. A careful system of visitation is provided by law. The visiting agency of the Board of State Charities is an important bureau, employing many officers and clerks, and occupying extensive apartments in the State House. Theoretically every dependent child in the State is hedged about with watchful guardianship. The whole scheme was wisely planned. The best we can say for its actual accomplishment is that it has done some good, but has suffered from an internal dry rot, and is fast sinking into an expensive, useless machine. The children at Monson do not readily find their way into families; first, because so little pains is taken to secure places; and secondly, because the training at Monson makes them undesirable inmates. While children from private asylums are eagerly sought, there is a great and growing prejudice against those who come from the Primary School.¹

The visitation of the Wards of the State is not always carefully performed by her agents. Nor is sufficient care exercised in the selection of places. Repeated instances have occurred where they have been put in charge of most unsuitable persons, and very little has been known of their training. On the other hand wrongs have been righted and children protected. The department has its use. It needs voluntary aid, and this is suggested in the last Report of Mr. Sidney Andrews, Secretary of the Board of State Charities, who without any detailed plan recommends that the assistance of private persons and particularly of philanthropic women is desirable.

We come now to the boarding out system for young children, so successfully practiced in England. Mr. Tufts, the head of the State Visiting Agency, protests against this in his last report, but his objections can all be easily answered. He advocates long preparatory training for family life, and believes that the payment for board will prevent the indenturing of older children. This has not been the practical effect else-

where, and the best modern opinion is against prolonging institution life more than is unavoidable. It will be readily admitted if one grants that large public institutions are demoralizing and enfeebling to the energies and affections of childhood, that the earliest possible age of entrance into domestic life must be the best for success. While children over ten years of age may be useful in a family, those who are younger are only a care. There are many country families of good condition where food is plenty, and money scarce, who would readily take these younger children at the same price for board and support which they cost in a public institution. This is a fact proved by the experience of private asylums for children. Probably one thousand pauper children under ten years of age could have suitable homes thus provided in Massachusetts, at the small cost on an average of two dollars per week. This is asserted on good grounds and with knowledge. This expense should not be continued unnecessarily, or beyond the age where the child pays its own way. Not only would young children thus come under the family influence, and escape being "institutionized," but a large number would be adopted, or retained after payment ceased, having won the affections of the family, and proved themselves useful members of it. This assertion also is based upon experience gained in private institutions.

It is not sufficient, however, to place children in homes, without a watchful supervision. They are exposed to neglect, abuse, overwork, in families outwardly reputable. Good references from neighbors and from churches and ministers are not infallible tests. Many a hard, selfish man or woman professedly religious, and outwardly decorous, is a merciless tyrant over a helpless, alien child, and the cruelties of Southern slavery are practiced to-day in our own community. No paid agency is sufficient to guard against these abuses without volunteer help. The great principle of local self-government must be applied here. We must have local visiting agencies, and they must be volunteer and unpaid to be effectual. But they should be organized and

¹ See Fourteenth Annual Report Board State Charities of Mass., page 190.

orderly, united, governed by rules, directed by a responsible head; and should work in concert with legal authorities and should respect the law. I suggest as a model the great charitable organization of our sister State, New York,—the State Charities Aid Association. As its name implies, it is a voluntary *aid* to the State Board of Charities. It has branches in the several counties, with a central board in New York City. Its members are men and women of the highest character—including clergymen, statesmen, men of business. Massachusetts ought to have such an association of her own. Their work is extensive, and many privileges are accorded to them by legislative enactment, for the inspection of public charitable institutions. Horrible abuses in almshouses and hospitals, unseen or unheeded by a vast array of paid inspectors, have been discovered and remedied by their efforts. But they work like an army under military discipline. Spasmodic effort and slap-dash attempts to meddle with authority are not tolerated. Their work is inspired by Christian motive, performed with great self sacrifice, and in an enlightened manner. Massachusetts is a small state. As a general thing there are no crying abuses in institutions, like those which called this association to life in New York. But there is great room for improvement in Massachusetts.

Now suppose we secure the legislation which permits the boarding out system for *young* delinquents and dependents; also a recognition by authorities of the fact that all institutions, even the private and best managed ones, should be temporary places, stepping-stones only to the family life; also a complete separation from adult paupers. Can we not have a volunteer visiting agency, united, organized, governed by rules, its head in Boston, a parent society; a branch in every county, the center of which shall be in the shire town, with members in smaller towns? Its members should find homes for poor children, visit them often in these homes, and really know how they are treated. The older ones should be indentured where this is possible. The State should not require the payment of a sum

at the expiration of the term of indenture, for this prevents many suitable persons from making these contracts. The boy or girl who is well trained, fed, clothed and educated up to maturity is furnished with a good capital, and is generally well remunerated. Any plan of this kind will be resisted by public functionaries in general, and the least competent will be most obstinate in resistance. Old officials have great faith in precedent, and great admiration for big institutions, which furnish so many snug berths for their class. But more intelligent and enlightened men in office already see the urgent need of improvement, and the danger of enlarging and multiplying public institutions. Even for the insane the modern specialists deprecate great hospitals. Such men as Dr. Pliny Earle strongly advocate the largest possible liberty for insane persons, and protest against great receptacles for them. The opposition of old public functionaries is not, however, to be too much feared, and may be combated without serious trouble.

But there is another opposition more formidable,—that of the Catholic Church. There is no doubt that the clergy will use all their influence to prevent the children of their people being reared in Protestant families. We cannot wonder at this, if we look at the matter from their point of view. Regarding the Catholic faith as essential to salvation, it is not strange that they should guard, against the dangers of a Protestant training. The difficulty must not be met on our side by impatience and intolerance. We must seek the means to coöperate so far as possible with our brethren of the Roman church, to give them that full liberty of conscience which we claim for ourselves. It should be made a condition that a child whose parents are living and who require it, should not be prejudiced against their faith, and should have reasonable opportunity for instruction in it. A wise toleration will make us see that there is no more incompatibility between Protestants and Catholics, than between the extremes of Protestantism. While fully believing in the necessity of non-sectarian schools supported by general taxation, and in determined re-

sistance to all sectarian aggression whatever, I believe that fair dealings with Roman Catholics, encouragement to them to perform all their religious duties according to their belief, and cheerful acquiescence in Catholic education for their children within proper limits, will produce the best results. There is a bigoted intolerance of Catholics, especially in secluded country neighborhoods, which should give way to a broader charity.

A lady once took a young girl from the Monson almshouse to bring up. The mother, who had been temporarily a pauper but was no longer one, was very anxious about her child's religion. The lady, anxious also not to neglect her own duty to the child, who was very deficient in moral principle, went frankly to the parish priest, an amiable, courteous old gentleman, in order to establish a fair understanding. She explained to him her own conscientious scruples, and her entire willingness that the girl should follow her parent's faith. The priest cordially assented to her request that the girl should attend family devotion, and be instructed in the Scriptures, on condition that no word should be spoken against the Roman Catholic faith. He required that she should come once a week to him for instruction, and be prepared for confirmation. All this was done. The girl grew up and married, and remains a Catholic and a respectable woman. No dissatisfaction occurred, nor was there ever the least difficulty about the matter. She learned Bible lessons with the children of the family, the vital Gospel truths held alike by all Christians were inculcated, the peculiar doctrines of the Roman church were not discussed. There is no real trouble here if Catholics and Protestants can trust one another and both sides can be reasonable. This matter of religion applies also to the beggar children in all our cities, and parents instigated by the clergy refuse good places offered to idle children where they might learn to be useful and self-supporting. Another evil works here also. Charitable organizations find their efforts to provide thus for poor children frustrated by the pernicious practice of indiscriminate almsgiving. Children are kept at home to gather "cold

pieces" and old clothes, and the wastefulness of housekeeping feeds and clothes an army of idle beggars with what a conscientious economy would have partly saved and partly devoted to a better use. The careless spendings and the wasteful overflow of the rich set the example, and furnish the means of incalculable idleness, waste, want and sin in a lower grade of society.

This is far from being a complete account of the public and private charities for children, even in Massachusetts. There are many admirable private homes for poor and sick children, and infinite good is done by the patient, daily and long continued labors of private persons in their behalf, and by the generous gifts of individuals. The fourteen volumes which contain the annual reports of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, are filled with valuable and instructive information and comment. They are almost unread, but the public lose both wisdom and pleasure by this neglect. Even the legislators to whom they are addressed do not read them, and in consequence they waste money and make many blunders. They may be found in any public library, and we especially commend their perusal to persons who are interested in missionary labors and publications, that they may learn what a field we have at home for missions. The fourteenth report, published in January, 1878, presents the subject on which I have ventured to write far more satisfactorily, to the same effect; and every branch of it is accompanied with careful tables of statistics. It also gives a thorough *résumé* of the history of State institutions during the whole fourteen previous years.

The Advisory Board to the inspectors of the State Almshouse, State Primary School, and State Reform School, established in 1877, consists of three ladies, experienced, highly respected and conscientious. They serve without pay and visit by requirement monthly, in fact oftener, these three institutions. Women are beginning to take part in the work of administering and inspecting public charities. They are no doubt destined before long to do much more of this work, and will bring valuable aid to men. The details of the care of women,

children and invalids are in woman's natural sphere; and this duty is in no way connected with the demand by a small minority of what is termed "women's rights." The sex in general are at present more interested in what is right than anxious for increased legal privileges; and they may find an opportunity to do much that is right and necessary also in the direction I have indicated.

Little children, no matter in what repulsive garb of rags, disease, corruption—"of such," says our Lord, "is the kingdom of heaven." Surely he did not mean only the fortunate, favored children of the good and prosperous. He who was "the friend of publicans and sinners," was also the friend of debased and suffering childhood. To-day He renews to us His impressive charge to Peter: "Feed my lambs."
Clara T. Leonard.

CO-OPERATION AND SIMPLIFICATION.

IN the pleasant October weather I again turned my face toward the ancient town of Liverpool, Vt. My summer vacation was over. As the mountains were round about Jerusalem, so are they round about the peaceful village of Bethlehem, N. H., my father's favorite summer resort. As I ascended its breezy heights, I left behind and below me

"The trivial round, the common task;"

but not the tyranny of fashion, nor the whirl of amusement, which swept every moment and thought into its giddy vortex. In this nineteenth century, there is no more room for the spirit of rest and peace in the crowded inns of Bethlehem, N. H., than there was for the infant Prince of Peace, eighteen hundred years ago, in the one inn of that Bethlehem which still crowns the sunny hills of Judea. Yet what sings the poet-laureate?

"I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

A cheering prophecy, which we must believe, "since God is God;" but the ages are long, and the process of the suns to our eyes is slow.

We came away from Bethlehem, bringing with us "the strength of the hills," and my father, at least, had caught many an inspiration from the cloud-capped mountains, the mellow sunsets, the singing mountain-rills, and the flume—that mighty cathedral

"whose builder and maker was God;"—but whether his more frivolous daughters, who had thought only of a good time, brought home strength of mind as well as body was a question upon which I was profoundly skeptical.

Accordingly, when my younger sisters were fairly launched upon the waves and billows of school life, and a startling array of air-tight glass jars, filled with fruit and pickles, had been mounted upon the highest shelf of the china-closet, to attest to the beholding family that a happy harmony of sweet and sour was to be their lot, I threw the reins of government upon the shoulders of Ethel (the sister next in age), favored Bridget with a few wise and faithful admonitions, and speedily found myself *en route* for Liverpool, where I proposed to gain invigoration of mind by imbibing daily large doses of brain-tonic, extracted from the strongest and most concentrated thoughts of a mind untrammelled by the shackles of Mrs. Grundy.

What happiness it was, on a chilly October evening, to find myself before the blazing fire, in that sitting-room which like a faithful friend always remained the same, and to refresh my soul with the thought that beneath Aunt Judith's broad, motherly wing there was shelter and rest for me, and behind the crisp, curt manner, a wealth of tenderness for her motherless niece!

"Well, Aunt Judith," I said, when preliminaries were over, "I suppose you know

what I've come for. I want a little of the strong meat from your table, to live upon during the winter. I've had nothing but 'milk for babes' since I was here before."

"What! With your father and his prodigious library in the house? O child!"

"I know I ought to be ashamed of myself," I returned penitently, "but I never have any time at home. How you ever manage to find time for all your reading and study is more than I can imagine."

"I don't find it, I provide it," replied Aunt Judith, with a glimmer of fun in her keen eyes.

"Provide time!" I cried.

"Why yes, child. Mrs. Diaz gives a very simple rule for providing time in her 'Papers Found in a Schoolmaster's Trunk.' You've read that little book, of course."

"I think I have," I said, hesitatingly; "but I haven't the most remote remembrance of any rule for providing time."

"Her rule consists of one word—simplification! That's easy to remember, and not very difficult to practice. Simplification in dress, sewing, housework and cooking, will give you time for reading, thinking, and for going about doing good, as our Savior did."

"Yes; but how can one practice it? You say it is easy. Please tell me how *you* do it, for instance. You dress nicely—I'm always proud to show you to my friends in town; your house is a pattern of order, your sewing always 'done up,' and your table fit for a king."

"Well, child, I'm all alone, and can have my own way, that's one thing; but, depend upon it, other people could simplify if they thought so. Don't you know what Foster says in his 'Essays on Decision of Character?' 'When a firm, decisive spirit is recognized, it is curious to see how the space clears around a man and leaves him room and freedom.' Be sensible, independent, and decided, and people soon learn to say, 'Oh, it's her way?' and you are left to do exactly as you like. You say I dress nicely; I intend to. I don't mean to have my friends ashamed of me when I visit them; but I never spend, on an average, more than one hundred dollars a year on dress, and

never buy more than one new dress besides my calicoes each year. Oh, of course you open your eyes! But a little management is all that is necessary. Buy a good material and plenty of it, and it will last a long time. A good black silk, for instance, is never out of fashion and always suitable. I buy an ample pattern, and it lasts me ten or twelve years, with occasional alterations and renewals by my dress-maker. Divide price by time, and how much does it cost each year?

"A good shawl—lace, Paisley, or even India—does not cost any more in the end than the innumerable wraps which vary in fashion each year, and take trimming, dress-maker's bills, and time for selecting. I buy a good shawl once in ten or twenty years—a lace for summer, a Paisley for spring and fall, and have lately invested in a fur cloak for winter. These are not expensive for the time they last, and cost me nothing for alteration. Our Savior gives us one simple rule in regard to dress. He says 'Consider the lilies.' Now how does God dress the lily? He gives her one dress that lasts all her life, and never goes out of fashion; the fabric is always beautiful, and is made up with exquisite taste, skill, neatness and simplicity. To follow Christ's rule then, I consider that our garments should be few, tasteful, simple, neat, and if possible of materials durable and beautiful, and thus likely to remain in fashion.

"In regard to sewing, my one new dress I send to the dress-maker each year, who makes it according to the prevailing style, but never goes to extremes, and never puts on much trimming. It's the trimming that costs; and my dress-maker knows that I will never pay for having yards and yards of material cut up and made into ruffling and fluting. I do not object to one simple ruffle or fold, of course, but if more trimming is needed, I prefer to buy silk, velvet, fringe or lace, something that can be put on easily and will do to use again. The rest of my sewing I do in March and November, hire some needy seamstress to help me, if I find I cannot get through with it all myself, and so have it 'done up' for the rest of the year.

"In regard to housework—I will have neatness and order; but to do this it is not necessary, even with my limited income, that I should break my back, or give up all my time for reading and thinking. We need strength of body, not only for physical, but for mental and spiritual growth; therefore I consider it a religious duty not to overtax my body if I can help it. There are plenty of poor women, needing help, who can wash, iron, scrub and sweep for me, while I reserve the right of cooking and keeping my house in order.

"In regard to cooking—substitute fruit for cake and pastry, and you simplify cooking and promote health. Milk, cream, eggs, wheat, oatmeal, bread, fruit, meat, and a few vegetables, constitute the chief articles of my diet. I believe that a good variety of wholesome food should be provided, and that it should be carefully and even daintily cooked; but I think that a great deal of time is wasted in unnecessary and unwholesome cooking."

"Oh dear," I sighed, "if I only had your 'firm, decisive spirit' I might hope to accomplish something; but I'm afraid I'm neither sensible, independent, nor decided."

"Of course you are n't," was the truthful rejoinder; "but sitting down and sighing over it won't help matters. You can make yourself so, if you choose. Have an aim in life! Have something worth living for, and make every thing bend to it. You have a special taste for painting. If God has bestowed this gift upon you, you ought to cultivate it, even though it be a small one. It would be better for you to paint, and earn money to hire more of your sewing done. Thus you can cultivate this gift, and help some needy seamstress at the same time. Remember, God has given you Elizabeth Winthrop to trim, prune and cultivate, just as I give my gardener a tree. Make some plan for simplification, which shall give you time to cultivate her growth and character—but hark! there's the baby crying!"

Did my ears deceive me? "The baby!" I repeated in much bewilderment—but she was gone!

In a few moments I heard her coming

back, and was ready to pounce a question upon her the moment she opened the door.

"Do tell me what it means," I cried, "that there is a baby in this house!"

Aunt Judith calmly seated herself, folded her hands with composure, and, apparently without the slightest compunction, opened the broadside of another theory upon me.

"Well, child," she said, "I haven't reached my second childhood, and I haven't married a widower with nine children—so, don't be alarmed, there will be no restriction of your liberties, nor mine either, which is more to the point! That baby simply means *Co-operative Housekeeping*."

I gazed at my revered aunt in much bewilderment. "Co-operative housekeeping?" I repeated.

"Certainly. I'm enough in advance of the age to think that the thing can be done on a small scale, if not on a large one; and, if Mrs. Livermore's prophecy is true, 'the coming woman' will see more of it than we see. She (Mrs. Livermore) delivered a very sensible lecture here last winter, in which she spoke of those mothers who were obliged to neglect their children, and who found no time for reading, or culture of any kind, because of their housework. Then she mentioned some of the ways in which women's work might be lightened, without infringing at all upon the sacredness of home. Her idea was coöperation of some kind. I remember particularly the remark, that one stove could cook a dinner for ten as well as for five. She is an agitator, and of course her thought was in advance of the age; but it made quite an impression upon the thinking people of our village, of whom, you know, there are several. People have time to think and room to grow in a little village like this. In fact, statistics prove that all our great men emanate from the country towns, not the cities."

Here she stopped a moment to take breath and then proceeded:

"Well, that lecture made its due impression upon your Cousin Grace, among others. Grace, you know, is blessed with beauty, brains, a husband and a baby; but her strength is not equal to her energy, and her income is limited. They paid an exorbi-

tant rent for their house, but thought they could not afford to keep a girl; so Grace shouldered the baby and the housework, and was doing her utmost to ruin her health, when Mrs. Livermore appeared upon the scene, and presto! there was a change.

"Grace came to me a few days after the lecture with tears in her eyes:

"*'Now Aunt Judith,'* she said, *'please tell me what I ought to do. I do want to be a good wife and mother; but 'chill penury' sadly represses my 'noble rage.' How can I be a pattern mother, if I am obliged to neglect my baby for housework, and am so tired and nervous besides, that I often have neither judgment nor patience? What sort of a companion am I to my husband, if the moment he sits down to read to me in the evening, I fall asleep from sheer exhaustion? Mrs. Livermore's suggestions about co-operation made a great impression upon me, and James and I are agreed in thinking that if we can devise any reasonable plan for co-operation or simplification, we will adopt it in the name of the baby and of culture.'*

"James came to me, too, that very evening, thoroughly stirred up on the subject. He is a sensible man and a devoted husband.

"*'Aunt Judith,'* he said, *'I've been puzzling over the problem that Mrs. Livermore gave us to solve the other evening:—"How can the coming woman be relieved of some portion of her housework, and so find more time to give to the highest welfare of herself and her children?" Something ought to be done to relieve this fearful pressure on woman—the present way of living so evidently runs across God's ordination for her physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual well-being. She staggers and groans under burdens which she has no right, because no power, to carry. Something might be done by simpler lives, and ought, for these reasons, as well as to put an end to this shameful dishonesty born of extravagance, which is spreading desolation everywhere.'*

"*'Very well said,'* I cried; *'you talk like a man and a Christian. We women get up and moan and clank our chains occasion-*

ally, but we sit right down in them again, without the slightest effort to shake them off. Now if you can devise any solution to this terrible problem that can be carried out, the whole civilized world will be your debtor.'

"*'I should be only too thankful to pioneer "the whole civilized world" into this land of Beulah,'* he replied, smiling; *'but I am afraid that numerous experiments, and perhaps failures, must be the price of any thoroughly practical plan.'*

"*'I have been thinking of one plan, which works very well in Washington, and it seems to me might be attempted in smaller places. You remember my friend Dr. Strauss. He married and commenced practice in Washington, about a year ago. Last winter I had the pleasure of passing a day with him and his lovely wife. They had pleasant apartments in an agreeable location, and had their meals sent in to them. Mrs. Strauss washed her pretty china herself, at the breakfast table, while her husband and I chatted over the morning papers. Soon after breakfast we took a carriage, and spent most of the day in driving about to various places of interest, Mrs. Strauss accompanying us. We returned at four, to find a delicious dinner smoking on the table five minutes after our arrival.'*

"*'"Well,"* I said, *"this is a most delightful arrangement. Pray are there many other families in Washington who are equally fortunate?"*

"*'"Oh yes, indeed! The colored woman who provides our meals provides also for other families—from five to twenty, as the case may be. There are several other women also, who earn their living in the same way."*

"*'"How about the expense?"*

"*'"Well the expense is moderate, very,"* replied my host. *"It is a sort of co-operative affair, you perceive. If this woman provides for ten or twenty families, purchasing supplies by the quantity, she is able to give each family a good variety, and do the cooking, for only a trifle more than we could furnish and cook the same ourselves."*

““We thought at first that we could not afford it,” said Mrs. Strauss with charming frankness; “so we took our apartments, and I cooked the meals myself by a gas stove; but I soon found that it cost only a little more to have my meals sent in, and I can earn the difference by embroidering neckties and fine laces, for which occupation I have a great fancy. Fanny (our colored woman) is really a better cook than I am, so our home is just as pleasant, and my husband thinks I have more time to devote to him, and am more agreeable because less tired.”

““I have been wishing ever since,’ continued James, ‘that there could be some such arrangement for Grace. Do you think we could inaugurate such a plan in this little town?’

““Well I don’t know, James. We might possibly, if we could find a thrifty cook, and four or five sensible couples. But the wheat and tares are always growing together in this world. If the wife has sensible ideas the husband may be a mule, who will neither be driven nor led; or, on the other hand, the husband may be sensible, and the wife a goose. There are ’nt many who think as nearly alike as you and Grace; but I really think that more men than women could be found who would consent to such an arrangement. There are some men who are too selfish, exacting, or penurious, to think of the comfort of their wives; but there are more women who put house-keeping first, and the culture of themselves and their children second. Such a woman thinks that she must do everything herself, or nothing will be done well and nothing saved. No daughter of Erin can wash or iron under her vigilant eye; no seamstress is allowed to ply the treadle of her sewing machine; her days for sweeping and cleaning are as irrevocably fixed as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, and she could never think of having anybody cook for her because materials would be spoiled or wasted. Now in home-life, I think it’s very true that “man wants but little here below,” and that “little” is often a good meal and cheerful company. Nor does he “want that little long.” Let him come home to an or-

derly house, a cheery wife, well trained children, and a good dinner, and he goes back to his business in a very short time perfectly satisfied. He neither knows nor cares how often the windows are washed, and the paint cleaned. If the dinner is to his liking, it makes no difference who cooked it, and if his shirts and collars are washed and ironed to perfection, no matter who did it! Many a man would thankfully pay for having his cooking and scrubbing done, if he could come home to an agreeable and sweet-tempered wife, instead of an overworked and peevish “bundle of nerves.”

““Other women put common sense on the altar of fashion, and sacrifice it, with a great deal of mummary about the claims of society, and the necessities of their families. When sewing machines were invented we said,—“Now women can rest!”—But no! Instead of finishing her child’s dress with a broad hem around the bottom, Dora Viola must have fifteen ruffles, or forty-six tucks. The dear little girl, tired of play, and needing rest in mother’s lap and a “tory” is pushed away because the tucking or trimming for its little dress is incomplete. Oh, how sadly do such wives and mothers as these forget that “the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment!”

““Yes,’ said James. ‘and if such women have company to tea, they think they must provide as if we had never eaten before, or could never eat again. And the principal variety is of cake and sweetmeats, which take so much time and labor that I often groan, as I sit down at a well-filled table to think how much of her time and strength my hostess has given to the concoction of dainties, which only set the stomach in a ferment. Now Grace is very sensible in these respects. She gives me simple but well-cooked food, with a great deal of fruit, and is wise about her housekeeping; but, with the care of the baby, her strength is taxed too much even to do this.’

““I know it is, James, and something ought to be done for her. Let us think it over, and see if we can’t contrive some plan.’

“After he went away I thought it over.

First I tried to think of a first-class cook who would undertake to supply meals. Failing in this, another idea occurred to me. I said to myself,—here am I, alone in a great square house, with two large rooms each side of the front door, and a hall between, which is certainly wide enough to keep two families apart. I believe, also, that I know how to mind my own business. I am growing old and rheumatic, and feel the need of some help, and I don't see why Grace and I shouldn't divide the house, try co-operative housekeeping, and have a girl to help us both.

"Grace and James now pay a large rent, and hire their washing and ironing done. I could afford to give them part of this house at a very moderate rent, the girl could do their washing and ironing, and I would share the expense of her wages, and the fire; so, really, it would cost them no more to live, and Grace could have her work done for her.

"I proposed this plan to Grace and James, and after some deliberation they concluded to try the experiment for one year, at least. I have had the house altered a little, (as I will show you by and by,) so that both their dining-room and mine open now into the kitchen, and there we have installed a domestic. There is a separate pantry for each, as we prefer to keep our supplies separate.

"We thought it best for the girl to have only one mistress, and that is Grace; while I act the part of eccentric boarder. My washing, ironing and sweeping are done for me, but I prefer to take my meals in my own dining-room. If I like the meals that are cooked, I take my portion and pay for it; if I choose to provide something else (and being an old maid, with crochets, I often do) I cook it myself, by the same fire—but take care not to interfere with the arrangements of Miss Ann, who presides in the kitchen. She, however, is, like Barkis, exceedingly 'willin', and as I pride myself upon being too sensible to fret over little things, we work together nicely.

"In this arrangement there is only one man, and everything can bend to him. I

don't know how it would work if there were two. Grace and I also think alike in most things, and are inclined to be reasonable. There, child! that's our plan for co-operative housekeeping," concluded my beloved aunt, briskly. "Now what do you think of it?"

"I think it's an excellent plan for you and Grace; but, perhaps you are not aware that you are exceptionally sensible and reasonable women."

"Well, well, I don't know about that; but I think some families ought to set an example—to start in the matter. It may be that I'm like old Mrs. Green—you remember her, Elizabeth. She used to go about with four or five patches on her dress and then declare that dress was her lobby—meaning hobby. Just now co-operative housekeeping is *my* 'lobby' and I air my views on the subject on all occasions. It's highly probable that they seem 'patched up' to most people—but never mind! I have a few converts.

"You remember Mary and Alice Carver; they have been married lately, and the only house that they cared to rent in the village was something like mine—square, with two rooms each side of the front door, and only one kitchen. They were anxious to live in the same house, but thought they must have separate kitchens. I happened in there one evening when they were talking about it, and I said to them: 'Now let me plan for you. Take the money that each would pay for washing and ironing, and half the money that each would pay for wood, and hire a girl. You will need but one kitchen, if you keep in it the two bears—"bear and forbear." The girl will wash, iron, sweep and watch the fire for you, and can do much of your baking if you teach her. One stove and fire will take the place of two, one kettle will boil the potatoes for both dinners, and yet you can be as separate as you please. It will require some planning and some patience; but you will soon become accustomed to it, and will have time for other and better things.'

"I succeeded in persuading them to try the experiment, and they tell me occasionally that they like the arrangement very much

"Then James and I have succeeded in establishing a famous kitchen. You remember Adaline, who used to work for me so long ago, when my family was larger; well, she married a thrifty carpenter, and as they had no children, they accumulated quite a respectable sum. Her husband died in the spring, and she came to me shortly after, saying that she was lonely, and wished to invest her money in a business of some kind, which should take up her attention; 'but,' said she, 'I don't know what I'm fit for unless it's cooking; that seems to be my forte.'

"'Why, Adaline,' I exclaimed, 'you are the very woman I have been longing to find. According to my theories, a first-class cook and a thrifty business woman, like you, is just what is needed to reform society. I wonder I had n't thought of you before; for your bread, cake, pastry and doughnuts are always in demand at all our festivals. Now Liverpool is not such a very small town. We have three thousand inhabitants, and there are plenty of housekeepers that work too hard, I know. Let me go about among them and see if there aren't quite a number who would like to have you make bread for them. Your bread is nicer than any Vienna bread I ever tasted. Have a room in your house fitted up for a first-class kitchen, and cook meals also, through the hot weather. I don't doubt that you would make money, and you could manage such a business capitally.'

"She accepted my advice gladly, and began by making bread for a few families. They liked it so much that they recommended it to others, and now she has a good custom. People often engage her to make cake for company, and she supplies several families regularly with their meals. I urged her not to make a restaurant of her establishment; but to encourage home life by providing meals, only to be sent to people at their homes. Several ladies and not a few gentlemen have spoken to me of the establishment in the highest praise. One lady told me, only yesterday, that it was a great comfort to her to know that when she felt ill in the morning, all that she need do for dinner was to set the table, and a

delicious meal could be placed upon it at just the hour she wished.

"Perhaps you think these are small beginnings, for so large a word as co-operation; but they are not much smaller than the beginning of the Rochdale Association for co-operative store-keeping, in England. That began with twenty-eight members, and seventy-five dollars' worth of goods; now the association numbers eight thousand members, and the business is correspondingly large.

"If experiments must be tried before we can attain any practical results, 'in the name of advanced thought,' as Joseph Cook would say, do let them be tried, even though they prove failures! I would be thankful to know that there were co-operative stores all over the country; but far more would I rejoice to know that there were co-operative kitchens, laundries, and dress-making establishments, so that women should have no further excuse for neglecting the higher interests of their families for the lower.

"The question is, for what are we put into this world? Is it to cover our bodies with knife-plaiting, ruffling, and tucking, and our tables with rich and unwholesome food? Is it to put all our energy into clear-starching, fine ironing, and incessant sweeping and dusting? Or is it to grow physically, mentally and spiritually?

"How those women who are entrusted with the charge of sweet little children can think that it is of more importance that the house should be immaculately clean, and the child's dress ruffled, tucked, and fluted than it is that the child should have the companionship, instruction, sympathy and affection of the mother, is more than I can understand!

"And those wives who work upon their houses until every particle of dust and dirt has disappeared, and every grace of sweetness and vivacity is scrubbed out of themselves likewise, let them remember that they are constantly sacrificing the higher to the lower, and their husbands will soon find it out, and prefer more agreeable society. I believe, firmly, that woman's widest sphere of usefulness is in the home, and that she

should make it the dearest and most delightful spot on earth; but to do this, she must have some plan for co-operation or simplification, which shall keep her body vigorous, her mind bright, and her soul turned toward the sun of righteousness. Thus she may have judgment, patience, sympathy, vivacity, tact, and make her home a little heaven below.

"But there, child! I've preached you

quite a sermon, and you look tired now, and sleepy, too. My theories either wake people up, or put them soundly to sleep. Come in and see the baby a moment, before Grace puts him to bed. He's a fine little fellow, and will doubtless grow up to be a great man, if he is only brought up according to all his Aunt Judith's theories."

Elizabeth Winthrop.

THE HORNS OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S MOSES.

DURING the great Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, the question was repeatedly asked as to the statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo: "Why has it horns on its head? What is their meaning? Why did the great sculptor place them there?" And few, if any, were able to answer the query. Before replying to it, it may be interesting to turn for a few moments to the history and character of the statue itself.

The statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo, is one of the acknowledged wonders of the sculptor's art, and esteemed by many as perhaps the noblest specimen of statuary the world has ever seen. It is in the church of St. Peter in Chains, (San Pietro in Vincolo,) which stands on the Esquiline, not far from the Baths of Titus.

This church is one of the eight smaller Basilicas of Rome and its vicinity. It is the "Basilica Eudoxiana" of the ecclesiastical writers, and was built A. D. 442, during the pontificate of Leo the Great, by Eudoxia, the wife of Valentinian III., to receive and keep the chains with which St. Peter was bound at Jerusalem. It was repaired by Pelagius I., A. D. 555; rebuilt by Adrian I., in the eighth century; restored, A. D. 1503, by Julius II., from the designs of Baccio Pintelli; and in 1705 was reduced to its present form by Francesco Fontana. The chains of St. Peter, the largest and heaviest of which is five feet in length, are kept in the chapel, and are exhibited to spectators on the first Monday of every Lent.

The chief object of interest in this church, in addition to its architecture, is the Moses of Michael Angelo. It was originally intended to form a part of the magnificent tomb of Julius II., the plan of which was so grand and imposing that it is said to have induced that pope to undertake the rebuilding of St. Peter's. Michael Angelo's design was that of a parallelogram, to be surmounted by forty statues, and covered with bas-reliefs and other ornaments. The colossal statue of Moses was to have been placed upon it, and to have been one of four corresponding figures of similar magnificence and size. These figures were designed to represent Active Life, Contemplative Life, St. Paul and Moses. Only the last of the four was completed; and that by Michael Angelo's own hand. It was when making the model for this that the great sculptor said to the warrior Pope, "Would it not be well, Holy Father, to put a book in the hand?" "Put a sword," was the answer of the fiery Julius; "I know nothing of letters."

The vicissitudes of this monument form one of the curious chapters in the history of art. The quarrel of Michael Angelo with Julius suspended its progress for two years; but on his reconciliation to the Pope the great sculptor returned to Rome, and continued his work upon it till the death of Julius, A. D. 1513. It was then suspended during the greater part of the reign of Leo X., and was not fairly resumed until after

his death. On account of all these interruptions the original design was never fully carried out. Michael Angelo, at the time of his death, as already said, had only completed the statue of Moses, and of two other figures, supposed to represent Religion and Virtue; and these were placed, not in the Basilica of St. Peter, as originally intended, but in their present comparatively obscure position, while two of the figures of the slaves which were designed to serve as caryatides to the monument are now in the Louvre at Paris, and a third is in the Boboli gardens at Florence. These facts are to be borne in mind, because the Moses is by no means so advantageously seen as it would have been if surrounded by the intended and varied accessories of a finished monument.

"There are few works of art," says Murray, "which have been more severely criticised than this. But in spite of all that has been advanced, it is impossible not to be struck with its commanding expression and colossal proportions. The hands and arms are extremely fine, and rival the grandest productions of the Grecian chisel." And, says Forsyth: "Here sits the Moses of Michael Angelo, frowning with the terrific eyebrows of the Olympian Jove. Homer and Phidias, indeed, placed their god on a golden throne; but Moses is cribbed into a niche, like a prebendary in his stall. One critic compares his head to that of a goat; and another his dress to that of a galley slave. But the true sublime resists all ridicule. The offended lawgiver frowns on, unrepressed, and awes you with his inherent authority."

In similar terms Vasari says of this great work of the great sculptor: "The colossal statue of Moses is seated, holding the law in his hand, and stroking his long beard which flows over his breast. On his head, which is slightly turned to the left, are the *two horns* ascribed to him by tradition, which spring from his thick hair, exactly resembling those of a young calf or goat. Perhaps Michael Angelo, like all his contemporary artists, was in love with the ancient mythology, and wished to give Moses the symbols of the god Pan—the great All, who

metaphorically represented all nature, embracing all creatures, and who was at that time confounded with the Egyptian Osiris. Or he may have intended to produce a portrait of his lamented master, Savonarola, whose face somewhat resembled that of a goat, and whose peculiar eyes were called goat's eyes (*occhi caprini*) by his contemporaries."

So, also, we find Viardot, in his "Wonders of Sculpture," translated by D'Anvers, saying of the Moses: "It is the author's masterpiece of sculpture, and probably also the masterpiece of all modern statuary. Taken as a whole, it is the grandest and most admirable emblem of strength, severity, and power, ever produced; and never have those various qualities which give authority, and constitute the superiority of one man over his fellows, been so fully expressed. His irresistible glance seems to be overawing a mutinous people, and reducing them to submission at his feet. He is, indeed, the stern legislator of the Hebrews, armed with the terrible law. I do not believe that, celebrated as they were in antiquity, the Jupiter Olympius, the Juno of Sarmos, or the Minerva of Athens were more majestic, more fearful, or better calculated to inspire the populace with terror and religious awe."

And so, again, Wilson, translating the life of Michael Angelo by Gotti, and speaking of this unequalled creation even of his genius, says of the Moses: "He is seated, but his attention is roused by something that startles and stirs him, and he grasps his robe with one hand, and with the other nervously clutches his ample beard, and is about to spring to his feet, but pauses for an instant, while he gazes on the objects of his displeasure with a look in which indignation and contempt are mingled, and yet which may be changed into a glance of compassion. Language must fail in any attempt to convey a true idea of the sublimity of this great work of modern sculpture. That it places Michael Angelo far above all modern professors of his art, is undeniable, while it entitles him to a niche on an equal level with the greatest sculptors of the ancient world." And he adds: "The

horns, on which criticisms are frequently made, are in their unfinished state, and it is impossible now to say what Michael Angelo meant to make of them."

In Grimm's *Life of Michael Angelo*, speaking of the Moses, he says: "From the lifeless marble his spirit beams as mightily upon us as does the sunny brightness of ancient Greece, with its mysterious charm, from the old statues of Athens. It contains in itself enough to rank it among the most magnificent monuments which ever protected the memory of man from oblivion. The more we examine it, the more majestic does it appear." But this author, again, gives no explanation of the horns.

In similar strains the statue of Moses is spoken of by all the biographers of Michael Angelo; by Black, and Duppa, and Taylor, and Harford; and by many others, in sketches or notices of his life and works. Every traveler who has seen it is loud in his praises of this wonderful statue, and every treatise on the masterpieces of statuary gives it the highest rank among works of its kind. But every one asks: "Why has it horns? Why such unnatural and strange excrescences on the most striking and majestic head that the genius of statuary has ever given to the world?"

And no one, so far as we have seen, has fully answered this question. One writer says, "We are puzzled by the mysterious pair of horns, which the custom of the age assigned to the great lawgiver of the chosen people." Another intimates that "as Savonarola was thought to look somewhat like a goat, the horns of that animal were given to Moses by Michael Angelo as an indirect flattery of his patron and friend." Still another says: "The origin of the horns, so common in the representation of Moses, not only in this statue, but also in paintings, has been the subject of many disquisitions;" and then, after coming quite near to the true explanation, he goes on to say, that many "have sought in the Greek mythology, the reason why Pan lends his pagan horns to Moses." And still another, of no mean reputation as a professor of painting and sculpture in our own country, after speaking

to his class of the Moses as a most marvelous work of both genius and art, says: "But you may ask, as so many do, why the statue has horns. Because," he replies, "Moses was so great a man that he *must* have horns, just as man has a beard when a woman has none!" So far-fetched and unsatisfactory are all the attempted explanations! What, then is the true explanation? Why did Michael Angelo put the horns on the head of his Moses? The answer is found in a wrong translation, by Jerome, from the Hebrew into the Latin Vulgate, which is the accepted Bible of the Roman church. In our English version of the Bible, three times in the book of Exodus, (Chap. xxxiv., 29, 30, 35,) it is said, that when Moses came down from the mount, "his face shone;" and the common impression probably is that his face was all over radiant, as if rubbed with phosphorus in a dark night. The Hebrew language, however, like almost all of very early date, is in many respects what may be called an object language; that is, its terms are not so much abstract, as taken from and expressive of visible forms. And the Hebrew word here used is a word expressive of shape, and signifying both a horn and a pencil of light; for as the horn of the oriental buffalo and a pencil of light were both conical in shape, the same word was used for each. It is the same word that is used in Habakkuk, (Chap. iii., 3 and 4,) where it is said: "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran; and his glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise; and his brightness was as the light; and *he had horns coming out of his hand*;" where the version should have been, "*His very hands radiated light*, or had rays—pencils of light streaming forth from them."

Now Jerome, in translating the passage from the Hebrew of Exodus, made the Latin Vulgate say of Moses, as he came down from the mount, that his face, or head, was *horned*, or *had horns on it*, when he should have translated it, "His very face, or head, *radiated light*," sending forth its beams to the view of all Israel. In each of the three verses in Exodus the same word is used by Jerome in his version. In the 29th verse

he makes it read, "When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, he held the two tables of the law, and knew not that his face was horned;" in the 30th verse, "Aaron and the children of Israel, looking on the face of Moses, saw that *it was horned*;" and in the 35th verse, "they saw the face of Moses, that *it was horned*." And as the Vulgate was the Bible of the Roman Church, and the only version familiarly known to Michael Angelo, when he turned as he naturally would to the book of Exodus for a description of the appearance of Moses, and found that the verses we have quoted described him as horned, or having horns, then, to be true to the language of Scripture, he put these horns on the head of his statue of the great lawgiver of Israel. So strangely may one wrong translation mystify and mislead for ages interpreters as well as artists!

Tryon Edwards.

THE TYRANNY OF MOOD.

I.

MORNING.

It is enough: I feel, this golden morn,
As if a royal appanage were mine,
Through Nature's queenly warrant of divine
Investiture. What princess, palace-born,
Hath right of rapture more, when skies adorn
Themselves so grandly; when the mountains shine
Transfigured; when the air exalts like wine;
When pearly purples steep the yellowing corn?
So satisfied with all the goodliness
Of God's good world,—my being to its brim
Surcharged with utter thankfulness no less
Than bliss of beauty, passionately glad
Through rush of tears that leaves the landscape dim,—
"Who dares," I cry, "in such a world, be sad!"

II.

NIGHT.

I press my cheek against the window-pane,
And gaze abroad into the blank, black space
Where earth and sky no more have any place,
Wiped from existence by the expunging rain;
And as I hear the worried winds complain,
A darkness darker than the murk whose trace
Invades the curtained room is on my face,
Beneath which life and life's best ends seem vain.
My swelling aspirations viewless sink
As yon cloud-blotted hills: hopes that shone bright
As planets yester-eve, like them to-night
Are gulfed, the impenetrable mists before:
"Oh weary world, (I cry,) how dare I think
Thou hast for me one gleam of gladness more!"

Margaret J. Preston.

FISHERS OF MEN.

BY S. T. JAMES.

CHAPTER V.

It was as Madam Arkwright had predicted. Peril was at hand. The dull times that had prevailed for several months had been the excuse for every act, whether of prudence or of injustice, which had marked the relations between masters and workmen. It was hard times, and hours must be shortened, wages cut down, men discharged; masters must put their heads together to agree upon some course of action which would render their common interests secure. It was hard times and the workmen who had to feed their families received less wages, yet seemed to be paying as much as ever for rent, for fuel, and for provisions. They too met together, men of the same craft, and men of kindred minds, and considered by what combination they could make their demands stronger and better respected. The logic which prevailed was the logic of necessity. Everything was turned into an argument by the workman for an increase of wages, and by the employer for an diminution of wages. Upon the employer the banks and creditors kept up a pressure; upon the workman the petty bills of tradesmen. Each thought himself ill-used, and each looked to the other for relief; the employer demanded the same work for less wages, the workman more wages for the same work, and unfortunately as it seemed, since both were powerless to control it, more work was the common demand of both. Each professed to see the other's interest and to argue from that point; the workman showing the employer that higher wages would secure better work and give him the advantage in competition, the employer showing the workman that it was wiser for him to work at short wages, than to be cut off from work altogether. Yet each insisted that the other did not put himself in his neighbor's place, the workman complaining that the employer was only greedy and intent on making his profit whether or no, the employer complaining that the workman ran no risks and

ignored the employer's labor in finding work for him to do. There seemed in this controversy no common meeting ground; each saw in the other an antagonist, and the longer the discussion continued the more positively did each entrench himself in his position.

"I wish," said Arkwright, explaining the situation to Pastorius one day, "that there was some even-handed power above us both, to whom we could refer our disputes for decision."

"Then you are not satisfied with the laws of trade, with the eternal principle of supply and demand?"

"Supply and demand are the excuse of man's selfishness," said Arkwright warmly. "When you analyze the law you find that it is the operation of circumstances over which man has but selfishly refuses to exercise control, pleading that he cannot move nature. Supply and demand he calls laws of nature; they are laws of fallen human nature, and are not final."

"What do you purpose doing?"

"Follow my destiny; or if that sounds heathenish, follow the leadings of Providence; though I doubt if one phrase differs much from the other in practical effect in people's minds. I do not see a way out of this difficulty, but I hope to keep myself from injustice, though the heavens fall. Yet I begin to think that the greatest injustice of all to my men is for me to remain at my post."

"The man that deliberates at such a time is lost," replied Pastorius. "I cannot advise you in such matters. There is only one principle which I conceive to be equally applicable to master and workman at this or at any time. It is for each to say, 'My duty and your right.'"

The crisis came in a formal demand of the workmen for a restoration of the old tariff of wages. The demand came at the close of the working hours of a Monday, and an answer was asked at nine o'clock the next morning. Somewhat to Arkwright's

surprise, the spokesman of the workmen was Alfred Garden. Garden had not hitherto appeared in the several discussions which had been held, Mahaffy being generally put forward. Mahaffy came now as one of the committee, one from each shop, but Garden it was that presented the case of the men. He presented it clearly and cogently, and as Arkwright listened he saw that his own theoretical statements which he had used in familiar conversation with Garden were turned against him. It dawned upon him that Garden's was the mind which lay back of the recent disturbances among the men, and a sense of wrong rose in his mind, as if it were his own familiar friend who had done this. As he listened, the conviction was forced upon him that Garden belonged to a different class from himself. If they two could find no common meeting ground, how was it possible for him to be understood by the less educated workmen or to understand them. His thoughts turned so steadily in this direction that he found it difficult to concentrate his attention upon the statements that were made, and for a moment after Garden was through there was silence of which Arkwright was scarcely aware. He came to himself, however, and made brief answer: "I do not propose to discuss the matter with you. Discussion is of no use now. I wish it were not so. I wish with all my heart that I could persuade you to look at the matter with less reference to the immediate stress and with regard to the common interests which we have at stake in this business,—interests which are periled by your action, yet must continue to exist so long as the business exists. You make this demand final. Very well, I will give the final answer in the morning. Good evening." The men left the counting-room, but when Arkwright stood in the street, on his way home, he found himself joined by Alfred Garden.

"Mr. Arkwright," said he, deferentially, "if you could walk to my house with me, I think I could show you this matter more clearly than I could just now, with the men about me."

"Thank you," said Arkwright, dryly. "I think I see everything quite clearly now,

quite clearly." He walked quickly away, with a little bitterness in his speech. There was a sudden suspicion that this man had used his friendship to strengthen his own position. Was it possible that he had secretly made his sisters partners in his scheme? That they were cognizant of his intentions, Arkwright indignantly refused to believe. Nevertheless, when one has been startled by a figure coming suddenly out of shadow into one's path, the old careless insecurity is gone.

Arkwright lost no time in laying the situation before his mother. The old lady listened to him and was far less excited or concerned than he had anticipated.

"I have foreseen this," she said. "You must not judge Garden harshly. He has a good mind and the workmen understand it. They have worked on his pride. Besides, you have been his friend, and that has no doubt made the men suspicious of him. There comes a time to every one in such matters, when he must take sides. Garden elects to stand with his class."

"His class!" cried Edward. "Mother, you don't know how I detest that word, and all that it implies."

"Then you detest that which is in the order of life, Edward. It is not by that means that you will help men."

"I do not often hear you use that word, 'help men,' mother," said he, somewhat bitterly, as he thought of the cold comfort she had given him in his several schemes.

"I like the thing better even than the word," she replied. "I was not brought up in the Episcopal church, but I was ever a firm believer in that answer in their catechism where one's duty to one's neighbor is defined to be: 'To love him as myself, and to do to all men, as I would they should do unto me: To love, honor and succor my father and mother: To honor and obey the civil authority: To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters: To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters: To hurt nobody by word or deed: To be true and just in all my dealings: To bear no malice nor hatred in my heart: To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying

and slandering: To keep my body in temperance, soberness and chastity: Not to covet nor desire other men's goods; but to learn and labor truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.' That's a comprehensive summary, Edward, and the snap is in the last sentence. You have been called to be an employer, Garden to be a workman. He will never be called of God out of that state till he has done his whole duty in it, and you never can help men in any state different from your own until you recognize that the states are different. We had no strikes in my time and I think the reason was that employers remembered they were employers and the workmen that they were workmen. Each was not restless to change places. The employer made himself the master of his men by showing that he was fit to rule and that his rule was wise and orderly, and the workman obeyed, because it is natural for men to obey when they find a true ruler."

"Then that the men do not obey me is a sign that I am not a true ruler," said Arkwright.

"I will not judge you, Edward. Judge not and ye shall not be judged. But one thing is certain. No man is master who does not make himself a servant of all."

"Have I not served them!" cried Arkwright, passionately. "Have I not thought of the business only as it may be made of use to them, and now they turn against me?"

"You and they are parts of the business, Edward. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. If you do not carry out your part of the business as manager, no additional work for the men, however well-intended, can take the place. I speak plainly, for it is no time to mince matters. You saw Whitcomb?"

"Yes, I stopped there on my way home. His men have been to see him with the same words as nearly as I can make out."

"Will he give in to them?"

"He would not say definitely."

"Did you tell him what you would do?"

"No. I told him I had not decided."

"He is waiting to find out what we do. think he has probably managed to tem-

porize with his men, and that he will not decide till he finds out what we do."

"What would you do mother?"

"What time are the men coming for their answer?"

"At nine o'clock."

"Edward, your father and your brother would not have let things come to such a pass. They never would have received a committee dictating terms. It is something monstrous. But I agree with you that we must say yes or no. We must give up any reliance on Whitcomb. He means, if he can, to profit by us. No. We must take the matter into our own hands." Mrs. Arkwright began to knit furiously, and to take copious sniffs from her bottle. "Come, Edward," she said finally. "We'll have a game of chess. That will clear our heads, and we'll settle this business in the morning." Arkwright got the chess-table out with some impatience. His mother seemed ridden by a whim, and for himself, he felt too anxious and troubled to find any satisfaction in the game. Nevertheless, as usual, his faculties grew more vigilant, and after suffering heavy reverses the game was closed by being drawn.

"I don't know when we've had a drawn game," said his mother, "and I don't want another. I would almost rather be beaten. There's no finality about a drawn game. But we won't play any more to-night. Go to sleep, Edward, and things may look differently in the morning." It was long, however, before he could obey her. He wrote a letter to Marian Goddard, in which he tried jocularly but failed so miserably that he was forced to explain his jest by a serious account of his present troubles. When he came to breakfast the next morning, he showed traces of his unrest in a listlessness from which he found it difficult to arouse himself. He ate his breakfast in silence, and when it was over, turned to Madam Arkwright.

"Well, mother."

"I have nothing to advise you, Edward. I thought last night that I had, but I have resolved to leave you in this matter wholly to your own judgment. If you act upon that, you may err; if you simply follow my

advice you will be sure to err." The young man looked with surprise at his mother. What had come over her? She was not wont to remove her hands thus suddenly from any plough she was driving. "I may have erred myself, Edward," said she gently, "in insisting upon your carrying on the business to suit me. I am only an old woman, after all. Now go. Walk out as usual; the walk will do you good. Your mind will be well made up before you get to the office." She was not given to much demonstration, but she came now, passed her hand over his face, looked at him with fond admiration, and kissed him. "You are your father's own son, Edward. If Job had lived, we would have made something more of you than a man of business."

"If I could be made that, and a good one, mother, I should be content," was his reply, as he left the house and walked in the clear, fresh, September morning to his work. He reached the office a little before the hour named for the committee's return. As he glanced at the rusty sign in the doorway, a half bitter reflection crossed his mind that if ever the ancestors who were in silent partnership with him wished an opportunity to do him a good turn, now was the time. Simon was within, his head buried in the ledger. He looked up at Arkwright and showed a face considerably disturbed.

"Good morning, Mr. Simon," said his young employer. "Is there anything new among the men?"

"I have not seen any signs of any change. I have thought perhaps you might get them to wait till that job of Ireson's was done. If we could stave it off a week—"

"It can't be done, Simon. I tell you it can't be done. It's no use talking. We've got to face the music, and say yes or no to their demands."

"Which is it to be, Mr. Edward?"

"I have n't decided." Simon looked astonished. The clock was at that moment striking nine, and before it was through, the door of the counting-room opened and the three committee men entered and stood in the doorway; a confused shuffle and murmur of voices could be heard from the shop within, which was silent of any noise from work.

Arkwright was the first to speak, standing there with one hand thrust in his waistcoat pocket, as he leaned against his desk and toyed with the paper-weight. There was at first almost a listlessness about his voice, as if he labored to bring himself to a proper sense of the gravity of the occasion, and would be glad of any excuse which would devolve his task upon another.

"Well, Mr. Garden, you have come for your answer?"

"Yes, sir," said he respectfully.

"If I understand you, you demand on the part of the men that we should restore the old tariff which was abandoned a month ago?"

"That is what we think reasonable, sir, and what we ask."

"It remains for me to say then, whether I will grant this request or not?"

"Yes, sir." There was silence for a short time, during which Arkwright's head was bent down. Then he raised it, laid the paper-weight aside and stood erect before them.

"My answer is short. I am conducting this business to the best of my ability. The success of the business means your success and mine, not mine alone, nor yours alone. Our interests are identical; I as manager am bound to use my best judgment for the common good; you as workmen are bound to do your best work for the common good. I cannot, so long as I profess to manage the business, delegate my responsibility to any one, not to Mr. Simon here, not to you Mr. Garden, nor to any of the workmen, nor to them all combined. The question of wages is one of the most intricate in the business. I did not decide on the reduction until after I had given close attention to an analysis of the business, which convinced me that the reduction was necessary,—not to make any profit, but to maintain the business. I have seen no reason since to change my mind. During the past month there has been no such alteration in affairs as would justify me in revising the tariff. In deciding upon lowering the tariff I acted upon my own judgment, and it was not the result of any agreement with other houses, though I know you think it was. Neither is my

decision now the result of any such agreement. I do not, for instance, at this moment, know what Mr. Whitcomb will do."

"He's going to restore the tariff," spoke up Mahaffy.

"Maybe he is, maybe he is not. I only know what I am going to do. Look here, men. I've got nothing to back my word with but my character. I can't take my books and explain them to you. I can only say, and you must take my word for it, that I cannot carry on, in the present time, an honest and just business except upon the basis of the present tariff. If the time comes when I can raise your wages, you won't find me waiting for you to ask it. You have my answer. I am sorry it is not more agreeable, but it is the only answer I can give, and it is the answer of an honest man." The men looked at one another and whispered.

"Mr. Arkwright," said Garden, coming forward, "we thought we were ready with a reply, but we are not. Will you give us leave to consult the men?"

"I am willing to do anything that is reasonable. You may take an hour now, if you wish, but it must not be the time of the business that you take. If the work stands still for an hour, you must make it up at the end of the day."

"We'll agree to that," said Garden.

"That's fair enough," said Mahaffy, and the men withdrew. There was a hubbub in the passage as the crowd withdrew to the forge shop. Arkwright sat down at his desk, but though he was quiet he was so unstrung by the business of the hour that he could do nothing but take up aimlessly one paper after another. As he looked from the window near his desk, he saw a carriage stop, and to his surprise his mother's face appeared at the door of the carriage. He ran out to her.

"What brings you here, mother?" he asked.

"Is it settled, Edward?"

"I don't know. I have given my answer, that I shall not restore the tariff, and the men are consulting."

"Consulting now, in business hours! You ought to have forbidden that."

"They are to make up the hour at the end of the day, if they conclude to accept the situation."

"Where are they?" asked his mother as they entered the counting-room.

"They are in the forge shop."

"Mr. Simon, how do you do? It's a long while since I've seen you. You've not forgotten old Madam Arkwright?"

"No, ma'am. You don't look any older though than when I saw you last."

"Perhaps not. Mr. Simon, this is a very old business."

"Yes, ma'am. I've been in it myself rising of forty years. 'It's a long lane that knows no turning.'"

"You remember my husband well?"

"Indeed I do."

"He was a just man, Mr. Simon."

"That he was."

"And he built up this business very carefully."

"He was here early and late."

"I remember well that he used to be up every morning in winter by candle-light, so as to be at his business betimes."

"There was no getting ahead of him, ma'am."

"You remember his father, too, don't you, Mr. Simon?"

"I was a boy when grandfather Arkwright was here, ma'am. I remember him; a little man in a skull cap that sat where Mr. Edward sits now."

"And he was a good man of business."

"There was n't his like, they say, ma'am, in these parts."

"My son Job looked like him, they say," continued Madam Arkwright. "I think if he'd been an old man, he would have been much like his grandfather."

"Beg your pardon, Madam Arkwright, but I think Mr. Job was the greatest of the three. He inherited it all."

"He had his mother, too," broke in Edward Arkwright, smiling, yet thinking bitterly of his own absence from the catalogue of worthies.

"There's another," said Madam Arkwright to Simon, nodding at Edward.

"He's an Arkwright too."

"You'd have thought so, ma'am, if you

could have heard him just now, speaking to the men."

"Eh!" said the old lady, her face lighting up triumphantly. "He spoke like an Arkwright, did he, and he gave it to them clear and strong?"

"He did n't speak, ma'am, just as Mr. Job would have, or his father. It was different from their way, but the men took it well. There they come now," and Simon looked at his watch and plunged into his books as if he were an uninterested bystander. The door opened and Mahaffy and two others came back. Garden was not with them. Mahaffy was the spokesman, and he looked a little curiously at the old lady, whom he had never before seen. As for Madam Arkwright, at the first appearance of the men, she sat bolt upright, took a good whiff of salts, and looked steadfastly at the committee. Whether it was her presence and gaze or something in the circumstance of their return, the men hesitated and looked somewhat embarrassed. But Mahaffy found his voice.

"Mr. Arkwright, sir, the men have sent us back to ask a question or so of you. We want to know if you will split the difference? We told them what you said, but they can't agree to the tariff."

"Speak to them yourself, Edward," said his mother. He turned away half impatiently. He had meant to do this, but he half resented that she should advise him before the men.

"Tell the men that I should like to say a few words to them myself," he said. "I won't keep them long, and then I'll leave the matter to them." Mahaffy and his companions turned to leave the room and Arkwright got up to follow them.

"Don't you give in, Edward. Don't you give in," said his mother. He looked at her with some misgiving. He had never seen her so wrought up. He tried to quiet her with his answer.

"I do not mean to yield, mother. Now sit patiently here till I come back. I have little to say." He did not wait for Mahaffy to return, but reached the forge a moment after the committee had announced his purpose. The men were talking an-

grily, and it was plain that there was a good deal of dissension amongst them. They turned their attention to Arkwright, who stood in front of the doorway where he could command the shop.

"I thank you," he said, "for the spirit of concession which you have shown, and I will tell you shortly why I cannot change my mind. As I told your committee, that tariff was made after careful examination of the business, and I put it just as high as I dared to. I did not propose to treat this matter like a jockey and put it lower than I needed to, so that I could meet you half way, as the saying is, and so seem to give in. No, I say as I said before; you will have to take my word for it. I can give you no proof that the tariff is reasonable and fair except my own character. Whenever the time comes when it is safe to raise the tariff, if it is only five per cent., it shall be done. I am sorry this is so, but unless the business can go on upon the rate we have established, it must stop altogether."

There was increased murmur as Arkwright stopped, when suddenly the confusion ended, as Madam Arkwright appeared in the doorway behind her son. Some of the men took off their caps, and all looked curiously at the apparition. Arkwright turned to see the cause of the change in the crowd, and discovered his mother. She put out her hand to stop him.

"No, Edward," she said with a loud, clear voice, "I have a word to say. Do you know who I am, my men? I am Madam Arkwright. Some of you remember my husband, old Job Arkwright. Wainwright, I see you there. I've not forgotten you. You've been here nearly as long as I've known anything. Sharp, Mr. Arkwright set you to work. Henley, you were an apprentice. Oh, some of you know me. Some of you younger ones never knew me, but these old men will tell you who I am. You're on a strike, are you? (Voices, 'No, ma'am.' 'Yes, we are.') You don't know, I warrant you. I've heard of strikes. We never had them in my day. David Wainwright, did you ever know a strike here before?"

"No, ma'am," said the old man sturdily. "And this here ain't one."

"Oh, it is n't, is it? You want your wages raised again, do you, and you come and demand it?"

"Mother, the carriage—"

"Nay, you need n't stop me, Edward, I'm not crazy, though you may think so. I wanted to say a word to these men. The Arkwrights have always kept their word. They've kept this foundry going year after year, and they've done it when they did n't make a cent of money themselves, and now as soon as hard times come in dead earnest, you want to shift the load all on to our shoulders. We have something to carry, too. I know something about the business, and it's just as my son here says. He's made the tariff as high for you as he dared to, and carry on the business. I'm ashamed of you, coming here and wanting to dictate to an Arkwright what wages shall be paid. Did an Arkwright ever rob the poor or keep back any just hire? It's because some of you are lazy, idle dogs, that are afraid to do an honest man's work, and don't know how to do it, and don't care, and you set on the rest to make—"

The rest of the sentence was a groan. Arkwright who had refrained from interfering lest he should miss of his purpose in leading his mother away, had remained by her side, watching his opportunity, and it was upon him that she fell, so suddenly that he could scarce stand up against the weight. His strength came to him with a powerful effort, and he carried his mother back into the counting-room. Jim ran for the nearest doctor, but there was nothing that could be done. The restlessness had been a premonition of the sudden change, and the crisis of the business acting upon the intensely eager old lady had concentrated all her vital energy into the moment of her little speech. Anger, concern, excitement, pride, memory, fear, ambition and the novelty of her situation with that listening crowd of surly men, had snapped the cord of life.

There was nothing to be done but to remove her by the carriage, still in waiting, to her home, and her son sat alone with her in the coach. The cool air that came through the windows struck upon his cheek

and he found himself curiously alive to all that was going on outside, to the breaking of the waves below the bridge, to the names upon the horse-cars, to the thousand and one familiar objects which he passed every day but now seemed invested suddenly with a singular animation. It was only when he entered the house that his personal disaster came back with a heavy force upon him. There, the grim stillness at the morning hour, unusual to him, the dreary look of the old tasteless objects which had not left their places on the walls for a couple of generations, the blank idiocy of the carved head of the old war-club in the corner—these seemed to emphasize his errand, and he felt suffocated. He wanted to be by himself, yet he could not bear to remain in the house, and after the family doctor had come and one after another who could do nothing for him except answer the questions of the whispering people about him, there was nothing but to escape into the air, and he took his hat and walked rapidly away. He was irresolute enough. At first he would walk into the country; no, that was too quiet; he would go to the business part of the city, but he dreaded meeting people, meeting those who knew, and those who did not know. He heard the fire bells ring, and an insane desire seized him to go to the fire and watch the spectacle. He thought of the sea and wished he could row a boat for an hour or two. Anything, but stay by himself. He thought of Alice Garden, but he would not go there. If Marian were but here, how gladly he would go to her. He knew he could go nowhere except to the most entire and wisest sympathy. It is at such times that one, casting about, throws aside one book after another, one friend after another as incompetent, unsatisfying, and learns perhaps for the first time the limits of human sympathy.

His feet, as he thus mused, carried him by familiar paths and he found himself walking, as so often, by the side of the river. Again he heard bells and distant sounds, and for the first time he discovered a commotion upon the other bank. He looked over to where the Foundry stood and

saw heavy piles of smoke rising from it. There is so much deception about fire that one never believes his first impressions, and Arkwright, though he thought at first it was the Foundry, immediately decided that it was not. His heart gave a great leap. He was so excited that he was perfectly calm outwardly and his understanding kept up at a mechanical process. Just beyond where he stood, the river made a bend, and a stone wall, protecting the bank, ran out into the stream. There he knew he could see perfectly. Once when the river was frozen, a rare occurrence, he had crossed from that point to the Foundry. He made his way there now and walked carefully to the end, sitting down and hanging his feet over above the water before he would look up and decide the matter. He looked up; it was the Foundry. The flames shot up through the smoke and he could hear the signals of the engines, the shouts of the men and the puffing of the steam. It was close to him, yet in his sheltered spot he was away from all observation. The sight was one of immense energy and fury, and this young man sat calmly and looked at it. Yes, it was his foundry burning up, and he was watching it—watching it and doing nothing. No one at the house knew whither he had gone; he had met no one of his acquaintance on the walk; he was hidden here on this stone pier. He watched the fire; he thought of his mother dead at home. The river flowed at his feet, but all signs of life were remote. No boats were on the stream, and he could hear only now and then the passage of wheels on the road behind him.

There are moments in the life of a man when there is an arrest, as it were, of his being; when the world goes on about him, but he himself is not moving; some poise of his life has been caused which places him above all human affairs; he is suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. He sees but sees not; he hears and hears not, and it may even be that those things which he counted as very specially his own may be hurrying to destruction, while he is aloof and practically indifferent. It was somewhat thus at this moment with

Edward Arkwright. As a man of action he had driven headlong week after week, month after month, pushing out steadily and by sudden spurts against all opposing tides. As a man of reflection, a counter movement had been kept up, and now by the sudden catastrophe, he had been, in the strange coincidence of outward circumstance and inward thought, made to be stationary, as it were. Between the action of the two forces he had in himself was the resultant inertia.

He watched the flames and he suffered the thought of many things to pass through his mind, but at length he sighed and rose. He had awaked to life and responsibility again. He knew he could not throw off his load; he knew that much awaited him. He had been in a retreat and now must return to activity. He walked home by a circuitous road and entered the house. Several messengers had been to see him. Mr. Simon was the last, but had hurried back to the Foundry.

Arkwright listened gravely to what was told him, and read the various reports that had been sent. The bustle, hushed by the presence of his mother dead in the house, impressed him strangely, for it seemed very remote. It was ages since he had been at the office. He checked himself in the desire to say, "Why this haste?" Nevertheless, the situation began steadily to fill his mind. It was an effort at first, but by holding it all before him, he came to recover a proper sense of his duty in the matter, and thus he set out for the office. The situation there was grave enough. As nearly as could be ascertained the fire had begun in a remote part of the premises, in the rear, while the men were gathered in the meeting, and increased steadily while they were discussing. The talk had gone on in a desultory way after Arkwright had carried his mother out, and it was some time after before a man returning to look after his tools found the flames. Being in the rear, out of observation, and connected with a place which was always sending out smoke of some sort, the extent and character of the fire was unnoticed in the street. So much headway had now been made that it was almost im-

possible to check the flames. The men rushed in every direction to secure their tools, if possible, for these belonged to them and not to the business, but the large, airy sheds and buildings gave free chance to the fire, and the end of the struggle was only when the main part of the collection of buildings was a charred mass. The counting-room was not destroyed and the safe, of course, was untouched, but the foundry itself, the workshops and much of the work were either totally destroyed or rendered useless until worked over. The men eyed Arkwright curiously. They knew that his mother was dead, and they had acquired a sudden respect for him. His speech to them they liked. At its first delivery, it had had the effect of dividing the committee; Garden withdrew and declared that the master spoke reasonably, and he would accept the situation. His defection worked upon some others who had been half-hearted, and those who remained steadfast sought to break the force of the defection by securing a compromise upon which all could agree. Arkwright's second appearance and his mother's words had not left matters at all settled, and a good many took umbrage at Madam Arkwright's terms. A few meant to return to work when the fire was discovered; most resolved to wait the turn of events. The turn came in a different form from what they had expected, and all suddenly found themselves out of employment.

The insurance companies had already sent out inspectors while the fire was yet burning, and they were busy making calculations when Arkwright arrived. Reporters from the city newspapers were on hand, and one and another proceeded to attack the proprietor with questions. He shook them off as well as he could, and one of the more discursive closed his account of the fire with a description of the proprietor, who was set forth as a cool, self-possessed young man who seemed the most indifferent spectator of all present.

The postman came as Arkwright was leaving the place and he took the mail for reading at home that evening. He walked back over the bridge, pondering many things, but half stunned by the double

calamity that had befallen him. He walked as one in a dream. He had scarcely understood before how much he depended upon his mother's counsel, how completely she took the place of a senior partner; now, when he had need of all his wits, they seemed to have deserted him, to be in company with his affection, mourning by the side of his mother. It was the greater shock to him that he had for a short period that morning tasted the delights of self-reliance and mastery. He had gone to his business, his mind revolving the task of the day, and he had truly been uncertain to the last moment what course to pursue. Yet the right course had then been revealed to him in the presence of unavoidable necessity, and he felt sure that he should have won the day. It was a bit of triumph in perspective, which he had beheld for a few moments. The end which came seemed the more ruthless discomfiture. Still, it had given him confidence in himself, and that had hitherto been slipping away from him.

He went by himself to his chamber that evening. The house was silent. He was the master of it, and in a peculiar sense now his own master. A past lay behind him, marked off by this day. Well, there was a future, indistinct as it was, and he drew from his pocket the letters which he had received, and read them at his table. He reserved till the last, and until all business was over, one letter which he held for some time with unbroken seal. In that hour of trouble and of grief there was an inexpressible power of soothing in the very enclosure of this little letter. He suffered himself to linger over the very possession, before he should read the playful nothings within. It almost seemed wrong to take his pleasure thus at this hour, but he turned with a fresh sense of need to the living, and she who made the whole of his life now was very far away. Then he broke the seal and drew forth the delicate sheet. He was sorry there was so little, but he would make the little last. There was very little, and yet it was a good deal:

"You will scarcely be surprised that I should release you from your engagement before you ask to be released, or perhaps,

even find some excuse for proposing to release me. Since you find so much content nearer home, I am, I presume, acting the part which remains for me in freeing you from the embarrassment of a less congenial attachment. I regret that I was so hasty in accepting the offer which you made me before I had tested what absence could do. Hereafter, when you discuss me, you can discuss me as a former acquaintance. How

much friendship you may claim remains with you to say. I trust, however, that your life will be happy amongst those who can appreciate your present interests and occupation. You need not trouble yourself to return my letters, but you will oblige me by burning them. I have already burned yours. M. G.

"P. S. We shall probably remain abroad an indefinite period now."

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WE cannot spare them from our family anniversaries, our Christmas and Thanksgiving festivals. The chair of honor belongs to the patriarch of the house at these domestic reunions. Our New England feast-day, especially, has found, from the beginning, its chief attraction in the welcome by parents and grandparents of the scattered members of the old home, under the ancestral roof; but hardly now so significantly as in former times of more simplicity and serenity of living. Our younger people can scarcely spare hours enough to fly, even at railroad speed, from their city residences to the not very remote farm or village where white locks and tremulous hands would rejoice, how tenderly, to embrace again children and children's children in the quiet pleasures of an old-fashioned Thanksgiving day. There is a real ground of apprehension that the genuine spirit of this thoroughly American institution is evaporating in our modern atmosphere—a vague tradition hovering around the age-marked mansions of an earlier date, the type of a sentiment of home-attachment and reverence which we seem to have small leisure and a lessening disposition to cultivate.

A change is going on in this direction, which has many indications, and needs to be checked before it becomes unmanageable. We are turning everything of this sort into an affair of taste, and patronize the picturesque on principles of artistic

criticism. An old homestead we are proud of, if it has a kind of aristocratic, baronial air; and we take our genteel acquaintance to see it, if it looks as though the family which used to live there belonged to the upper-tens of those times. But the little one-storied red cottage on the back cross road we do not care to say protected our infancy, if polite people are about. We admire the ancient spreading oak or elm because it sets off the lawn so æsthetically; but we do not hold it in veneration almost as a hallowed cathedral of God's building, sacred and loved as the memorial of countless divine kindnesses, and human experiences of hope and fear and joy, during its century of slow and silent growth. We are fond of very nice old people, who look well in photograph albums; but we do not rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man as well in decrepitude and burdensome helplessness. Nevertheless, a true veneration for the venerable is a wholesome sentiment, a grand and elevating attribute of character, whether its object be an inanimate thing or a living soul. Any observance or agency which cultivates this quality among us deserves all praise and fostering care. Much as we hope for from the future, what just now jeopardizes our public and social welfare, is not old but young America.

Half a century ago there was among us a real respect for aged people, outside of the circle of near kinship. Boys and girls on

the roadside were not ashamed to "make their manners" to their elders, who, in turn, had the politeness to return their courteous thanks for this youthful civility. That was a good symptom of the social sentiment. But the movement of the spirit of the age has left this mostly behind; and with this respectful feeling for those whose years and position entitle them to an honorable regard, has gone, to a perilous extent, the reverence of many for the authority of the parental rule, for the authority also of the State and the statute-book. It is very difficult to break down a proper habit of esteem for one object, and not involve a weakening of respect for others. It is very difficult to bring up that lad into a trusty, law-abiding citizen, who has cultivated the vice of a contemptuous disregard for his elders and his betters. Sometimes there has been a servile deference to these, which is the leaning over of a virtue to the other side. That is not our danger. Now and then a passion for the antique is the fashion, and the hunt becomes ludicrous in its eagerness after almost anything which has an ancient look and odor. That is not to be laughed at as a folly except in its excess. But if, while we are polishing up and restoring these relics of our fathers' furniture and wardrobes with so much zest, we would revive, at the same time, and re-enthroned some of their sound and righteous principles of honor to whom honor is due, our dwellings and persons would not only receive adornment, but our land would be toned up with a return of stable, healthful public sentiment much needed to allay the fever, and to purge off the impureness of our general social and civil life.

Looking at an ancient English cathedral, or the ruins of Kenilworth or Melrose, it might not be quite easy to explain the power of the spectacle over the mind, and to some people you could not at all justify your emotions as thus excited. Looking at some aged man or woman, there are most obvious and commanding reasons for reverence. The simple fact of the long continuance of human life invests it with value, as a connecting link with society's past experience and fortunes. Those who have

reached advanced years belong rather to the past than to the present. Like the moss-grown head-stones of the rural cemetery, or fragments of art recovered after centuries of entombment, the aged are ever reminding us how completely those things are vanished which gave excitement to their youthful ardor and task-work to their manly strength. Yet all that, as all before it, went to make for us the standing-ground of our life-work, went to put our tasks into our hands. But the world has put on a new dress for us. While their locks have been whitening and their brows furrowing, time which has done it has been renewing its own vigor for another and another generation of progress and of change. The old belong to history. Their fourscore years have lingered, while countless graves of their coevals have been filled and forgotten along the wayside of their journey. If this with them is a consciousness, into which younger persons cannot enter, of having outlived their period, the fact of such a consciousness in any one is a pathetic plea for tender and reverential regard. The aged live in a world of their own, into which advancing age only can bring its tenants. They love to remember, and sometimes to tell, how at least with an equal skill and trustiness they managed affairs and administered power now fallen to younger men—while their eye retained its clearness and their hand its cunning to work out the useful labors of their day. If it were the mere garrulity of senility, a true veneration would kindly listen, as to the echo of far-off, dying music.

But there often is a practical, homely wisdom in aged people of very limited circumstances, which is simply invaluable. All knowledge is valuable; and he who, to ordinary stores of this, has laid up, from other more recondite sources, an additional fund of information, has increased claims to the worthy consideration of his fellows. But now I refer not so much to what a studious life may draw from books, as to that every-day acquisition of knowledge upon the actual ways of the world, which all who choose may gather up from their own intercourse with men, and their own observation

of things. There is a great amount of learning made up of countless minute details of what is going on in every community, which, even in these days of exhaustive reporting, never finds its way into print. It is collected from individual history, from living memories and lips, if at all. What are the written to the unwritten biographies of the generations? The old balladists used to sing to breathless multitudes the exploits of their national heroes. A man who has lived sixty or seventy years has more to tell which is worth hearing than that. He has behind him the outline and much of the filling-up of the most important stages of contemporary human action. He has passed through the bright days of youth, with their eager hopes, unbounded confidence, joyous physical elasticity. He has not forgotten the clear atmosphere which magnified so wondrously to his eye the objects of his desire; how every morning sent him onward along his pleasant path with a song and a smile, and a heart out of which care had not begun to take the spring and the rebound. He has passed through the deeper excitements of middle life. That ardent boyhood has merged into the more compact power, the more sombre moods of manhood. It was a point of thrilling surprise when, with vague but dear visions of new happiness, he stepped free from the threshold of his infant home to set up a shrine of his own domestic love, the center henceforward of his attachments and anxieties. Those were new guests in his heart—the emotions which made its pulses leap with a strange violence—an undefined sense of solemnity and awe dashing the sparkling outflow of joy, as if the shadow of some eclipsing cloud were already lifting itself above the horizon of the bright sky.

So time puts in the offsets of darkness and light as the weeks and years go on. He who has kept pace with these changes remembers the closer and yet closer pressure of duties and trials, cares and disappointments, successes and reverses, the mingled experiences of family, social and public concerns, giving him many an hour of troubled meditation in the pauses of a

busy career. An aged man or woman looks back on some fifty or more years of active engagement in human affairs. These closely crowded years are full of the things which interest most nearly every heart—startling glimpses of the worthlessness of objects of man's most eager pursuit; true insights of human character, and of the motives and principles which govern conduct; misgivings about many a prize of profit or distinction for which he has wrought or fought with impetuous ambition. Now, when all has gone by, and he has won and exhausted whatever he coveted, he is like a traveler who has been widely over the globe, and comes back with a rich store of information about its various countries and peoples. He has looked attentively around him, and gathered ideas and facts which we are glad to appropriate.

So the old should teach the younger the lessons of experience and patient thought.

No inheritance which a departing ancestry can leave to its successor is to be compared for real value with these treasures of wisdom which have been slowly mastered through a life-long use of an enlightened understanding, the love of virtue, and the control of an honest conscience. Purely beautiful is that crown of glory which surrounds the hoary head when found in the way of righteousness. Youth and middle age are false to themselves and to their generation, if they lightly estimate or proudly neglect the teachings which fall however tremulously from patriarchal lips.

In science and the useful arts, and in all social economics, we are very willing to begin where previous invention and discovery have left off; and so the race moves on to improved methods of action and conduct, completing gradually its education. The race of men and women would make better progress in the habit of living rightly, the world would more speedily get through its struggles for escape from manifold social ills, if those who have honorably, uprightly, usefully discharged its general trusts might but hand down their hard-earned wisdom for practical guidance, and the children thus commence here also where the fathers ended. Solomon's foolish son lost nine-

tenths of his kingdom by not doing just this very prudent thing. And Solomon still has a vast number of children quite as devoid of good sense.

But it is only fair to the juniors to remind our aging friends that they should help hold back the irreverential drift of the times, by making themselves as worthy as possible of the respect and veneration which they instinctively crave. The familiarities of home-life need not lessen that deference to the old which nature invites and piety demands. The reverse should be the fact. It will greatly assist this, if the decline of years does not fall off into a listless indifference to passing interests, or into a peevish dissatisfaction with surrounding things. Aged people owe it to themselves and to others to keep their minds alert and their hearts fresh and sympathetic. Years do not measure the life of souls. These are always young, or may be. There is no end to the examples and illustrations of what persons may achieve in the way of their own culture and increasing influence, far into the evening of their days. Sir Christopher Wren did not retire from public engagements until he was eighty-five, and for a half-dozen years more he was active in scientific, literary and religious pursuits.

Good old Isaac Walton kept the fires burning until ninety, in finishing his memorials of the friends who had gone before him, and in other bookish pastime. La Mothe le Vega thus introduces one of his later volumes: "I should but ill return the favors God has granted me in the eightieth year of my age, should I allow myself to give way to that shameless want of occupation which I have condemned all my life." So, in extreme old age, Michael Angelo wrought on still at his wondrous creations, and the anecdotists tell us that he invented a device of an old man in a go-cart with an hour-glass attached, and the inscription in Latin, "Yet I am learning." That is the secret of continued power, which has a fascination quite unique when thus carried into advanced age. It can be cultivated wherever there is a kindly heart and a fair share of common-sense, however the faculties may be weakening. Is there a more beautiful home-picture in any literature, than this by John Dryden?

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

J. T. Tucker.

POOR RELATIONS AND THEIR USES.

THERE is nothing better in human nature than the domestic virtues. The certainty with which superiority of any kind tells in family life ought to make those who excel not only careful, but exceedingly conscientious. Not that we need be always worrying about "setting an example;" do right, and let the example take care of itself.

If a father be truthful and honest, his daily conduct will impress his children with the excellence of truth and honesty far beyond any set instruction upon those virtues. If the elder brother be a good, manly fellow, the little brothers will look up to him as a matter of course. If the mother be pious

and loving and careful, the daughters will quote and imitate her ways even to their children's children. And if one member of a large family be wiser, better and cleverer than all the rest, they naturally ask his advice, and defer to his judgment.

This tendency fully explains the domestic similitudes that exist everywhere. Whole families are cast in the same mould, and exhibit in fainter or stronger colors the family pattern. Such a state of things is by no means to be deprecated; a good, honest belief in the excellence of our own domestic materials and traditions is a good product of family life.

Not rare, but thoroughly unlovely, are those selfish people who, finding themselves well able to take care of their own respectability and comfort, get handsomely rid, once and for all, of all doubtful and troublesome connections; and in order to escape family troubles, are quite willing to do without family love. For the two are inseparable. In every flock some weak, or foolish, or black sheep is likely to be found. What then? For this very purpose God set men in families that the weak might be carried, the foolish counseled, the wicked saved. We cannot honestly deliver ourselves from such natural obligations. Suppose our relatives are silly and that we have helped and counseled them many a time to no purpose. We may be disappointed, but we have no right to be. Silly or weak people, except in books, do not suddenly become prudent and strong. If they are naturally silly and weak, they are likely to remain so, even to the end of life's chapter. The reason we had for helping them the first time, may be a good and valid reason even for the four hundred and forty-ninth time; for even if they are good men, that will not prevent them from making bad bargains and unfortunate associations. They will need more or less help from the cradle to the grave, because they cannot always help themselves; and this inability is quite as often a misfortune as a fault.

"Oh, I have done that kind of thing over and over again," says some prosperous man with a crowd of poor relatives looking up to him; "and I never got the least bit of gratitude for it." That is very likely; when people need help they are in anxiety and trouble. Anxiety makes them forgetful of all but themselves; but their gratitude or praise ought never to have been either motive or end. Surely it is sufficient to be the givers and not the receivers of benefits; for though it may be disagreeable to have to help the silly and the poor of one's own family, it is not nearly so disagreeable as to be silly or poor. Every way it is, as the Lord assures us, more blessed to give than to receive.

It is doubtless quite true that the tendency of our rapid modern life is to curtail

our interests, and circumscribe our affections. Other machines have multiplied their power a hundred fold; not so with the human machine. Nevertheless, we must keep up. Distance, which used to be our protection, protects us no longer; it is one of the things we have abolished. Troubles and anxieties existing hundreds of miles away take possession of us; our hearts harden themselves against such multitudes of claims. It is, "Come hither!" "Go thither!" "Give yonder!"

If, indeed, we were now to measure human life by the work we accomplish, by the books we read, by the journeys we take, Methuselah would be a baby compared to a modern operative. And this excess of action deprives us of the rest of loving; we have no time to be kind. However, let us beware; the man who makes himself an engine, may become hard as iron. Our family life is intended to be a silken inner lining to this rough garment of material existence.

No matter how rich we are, we cannot afford to leave off loving and caring for some portion of our race. It was not good for man to be alone in Paradise; how much more does he now need company! Who is self-sufficient? David was superior to Jonathan, yet "Jonathan went to David in the wood and strengthened his hands in God." Paul, longing to impart some great spiritual gift to the Romans, had also need of them; for when they came down to meet him as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns *he* "thanked God and took courage." Christ sending out the seventy, sent them "by two and two," for mutual help and comfort; for there are none of us that do not need the heart of one fellow-creature and the hand of another.

Therefore, the influence of members of the same family—no matter how weak the members may be—carries in it an ennobling and healthy power. The family was one grand necessary result of the Fall. It was a means of grace set for the redemption of man from an intense selfishness. It is very good for us to have a home, and father and mother, and brothers and sisters, *and poor relations*. If we visit them with loving

hearts, none will be too weak to aid us on the road to heaven; too foolish to teach us patience and humility; too poor to help us to lay up some of our mammon of unright-

eousness in those golden habitations where perchance these despised ones may sometime be waiting to receive us.

Amelia E. Barr.

LIFTED UP.

I stood beside my window one stormy winter day,
And watched the light, white snow-flakes flutter past :
And I saw, though each one wandered its silent, separate way,
They all sank down upon the ground at last.
“So men must lie down too,” I said,
“When life is past.”

From out the self-same window, when soft, spring days were come,
I watched the fair, white clouds that sailed the blue ;
Could those bright, pearly wonders far up in heaven's high dome
Be the old, wintry snow-banks that I knew?
“So men shall one day rise again,”
I whispered, “too !”

Caroline Leslie.

GALLOWSES.

“HUSH, Liz! Don't stir the fire! It'll last as long as she does. Let her rest!”

Liz left the chimney and crept back to her place beside the almshouse keeper's wife. The faint spark of life they had been watching since the dull winter night closed in was flickering still, though the old steeple clock had just tolled one, and the wood on the queer black andirons had dropped into embers on the hearth.

“It's slow work,” whispered the keeper's wife. “We might slip down stairs for a cup of something warm while she sleeps, and never be missed,” and the two stole noiselessly from the room. The dull crackling of a brand as it broke and fell on the hearth was the only sound left behind them; but the eyes the keeper's wife had said were sleeping slowly unclosed—soft brown eyes and a fair young face—how had they ever come into such a place? A slender

hand busied itself tremblingly at a ribbon that had escaped the sleepy watchers' eyes—a ribbon with something hanging from it that gleamed in the flicker from the hearth, and a voice called softly, “Phil!”

A child stirred in its sleep, then rose and came quickly to her side.

“My darling! Kiss me good-night once more! It is the last time, and be quick,” for the kitchen door below creaked again,—the keeper's wife and Liz were coming back. “Good-night, my darling!” and the trembling fingers fastened the ribbon round his neck, “and remember! Be always good and brave for my sake, and for the dear Christ's.”

“They've neither of 'em stirred,” whispered the keeper's wife. “We might have had another cup and no one the wiser.”

One by one the dark winter days slipped

away; grass and violets began to appear; every one felt like beginning life over again, and so did Miss Judith Pophurst, with the rest. It took a good deal to stir Miss Judith to such a point, but when she once did make up her mind to anything, she was ready for it; and she marched with a firm step to her bureau drawer. There were queer things in that bureau; it seemed to have the same taste for old ways as Miss Judy herself, and out came a long, yellow straw bonnet that poked a hand's length over her face, a round silk mantilla that reached just to her waist, a peaked, green parasol and a pair of black lace mitts. There was something else, too, that glittered as she lifted the mantilla, and Miss Pophurst shut the drawer very quickly when she saw that. That was Tom's sword. How proud she had thought all her life was going to be with Tom—just the same as a son to her; but when at last that endless war was over, his colonel sent his sword home to Miss Pophurst, and that was all.

Miss Judith was a quick walker, and that yellow straw and peaked parasol flashed along the sidewalk like the turn of a kaleidoscope till the rap of the sharp knuckles gave the almshouse keeper's wife a start.

"Miss Pophurst;" she announced grimly. "I heard you had a boy here."

"The land's sake, yes; and have had, as you might say, for some months past."

"Do you want him?" asked Miss Pophurst, crisply, with a snap of her black eyes.

The keeper's wife answered with a significant little cough.

"Then I do," said Miss Pophurst stepping in with one foot. "I want somebody to take care of my cow, and"—a glitter from the hastily-shut drawer seemed to tremble before Miss Judith's eyes as she added—"and to love."

The next day was a busy one with Miss Pophurst; she had made up her mind again.

"That child's going to have decent clothes to his back! Ridiculous toggerly he's got on!" And the boards of the attic floor creaked, as with lips drawn very tight she marched over them to a trunk that had not been opened since Tom went to the war. Her fingers trembled, but what she had to

do she would do quickly, and almost before the creak had died away she was seated in her rocking-chair again with one of Tom's full-grown suits in her lap, and a paper pattern she had used for him twenty years before in her hand.

She shook a thread of bright golden hair out of her scissors and began to rip; for sensible clothes and curls did not go together, and she had been shearing them off until only a bristling little thickness of tawny white was left in their place. She drew her chair softly a little nearer to the bureau drawer; it was so hard to see anything that had been Tom's falling in bits; but some things the keeper's wife had said seemed keeping time with her scissors as they went.

"You see, ma'am, it's what might be called a providential accident, the snow-storm coming on and the stage going no farther, and so that young thing being thrown on our hands that night. She was looking for her own folks, that was plain; for she kept whispering to herself, 'I must see him to-morrow, for my child's sake!' and her very last breath was to cry out entreating like and sudden, 'Father!' But this being an inconvenient world, altogether not the best, why you see by daylight she had taken a journey quite another way."

Summer days are long, but they slip away after all, and the evening came when Miss Pophurst's precious cow came home with a twig of crimson maple leaves hanging from her mouth, and the next day the Elm Tree School mustered its deserters and began again.

"It's just as well," mused Miss Judith, standing at the window with a broom in her hand and proud satisfaction in her heart, as she watched her new charge hurrying toward the school; the boy has such an uncommon hankering to find some company of his age. That always *was* a handsome pattern for pants, too; so good and slack in the seat and square at the ankles—if I could only cure him of that trick of hitching at the waist-band, though."

That was a hard school, as everybody knew. They had turned out their last two

masters and were just ready for a third, though for once it did not seem quite certain who would come out first best. "Sets up to be a little extra," laughed Sam Hebberton, the tallest and stoutest rebel of last year, but there was only an uneasy echo of his laugh. The new master had been staying a week at Squire Phillips's Venetian-blinded, porticoed house that not one out of ten of the boys had ever seen the inside of, and the Squire was a trustee into the bargain.

"Yes," added another tall rebel, Hal Phillips himself, "and he told my father he intended to stay in that school-room, and that if any one left, it would be the first boy that did n't behave himself."

There was another uncomfortable pause and Sam turned from the stump he was kicking. "And what did the Squire say to that? 'You get out!' I suppose," he returned with a half-laugh.

Hal's eyes flashed. Everybody knew the Squire had been a sea-captain for half a life-time before coming back to take the old homestead and family title together, and that few quarter-decks had seen a hotter temper or heard hotter words than his. But there was a rumor that the Squire had seen trouble in his day. His wife and a daughter who was the idol of his heart were gone, and some mysterious change had come over him with it all.

"It's a hard tussle, though," said Deacon Bayberry one day. He's the proudest, high-steppin'est man we ever had in our place; but I've seen him fifty times, when a thing riled him, wait full five minutes to get a fair hold of himself and then out comes that terrible scape-valve of his'n, 'You get out!'" And the Deacon laughed a satisfied little laugh: he should see the Squire fairly in the kingdom yet.

But as Sam spoke, there was a new sensation in the crowd. A slight figure walked toward them, giving an uncomfortable pull at the waist-band of some very "slack" trousers with one hand, while the other was struggling to keep a loose hat steady on a smooth-shaven, slippery little head.

"Hallo! what's your name, youngster? Oh, he's Miss Judy's boy! Judy, Judy,

where's the baby, Judy?"

A hot flush ran up to the brim of the loose hat, but a sharp, quick ring of the school-bell sent the boys swarming in like bees into a hive, and the hum of the first day's work began. The hum went on pretty quietly for a week; the boys were taking the gauge of the new master's eye and hand, and were too busy for much notice of the new-comer excepting that pull at the waist-band that Miss Judy's boy could n't seem to do without. "Hitch," Hal Phillips had whispered, with an imitation such as only he could give, and that was a signal for the rest. Miss Judy's boy could n't raise his eyes, or speak to anybody but there it was. Was this the fun of going to school?

Could the whispers have reached Miss Judy's ears? At any rate, she stalked grimly to the village store that night and came back with a very small parcel in her hand, and the next morning the shrinking little face under the slippery hat shone proud and triumphant for once.

"Feel a little extra this morning, eh?" said Hal, as a pair of brown eyes flashed up at him with a quiver at the heart they belonged to. It had had a good many quivers since school began, but this was a new variety, a joyful one, and could not be kept back.

"I've got some *gallowses*!"

"Hallo! Gallowses! Gallowses! He's got some *gallowses*! Now we've got a name for him!" shouted Hal; and the cry went round. Miss Judy's boy was named. For an instant the wide pants and loose hat shrank away as if from a stab, but they were out again and doing their share in the game, when their turn came.

There was another quiver, that went pretty deep, as Gallowses crept into Tom's forsaken bed that evening, after Miss Judith's crisp good-night.

"Are the boys going to call me that dreadful name forever? But I *will* bear it! I am to be good and brave for her sake, and for—but oh, why could n't I have gone with her? It is so terrible here all the time!" and Gallowses' trembling fingers drew out a little glistening something hidden at his neck, and with one long,

passionate kiss, he laid his cheek against it without another word.

An hour later Miss Judith walked noiselessly in; those foolish store suspenders had a rip already, to be sewed. The little figure lying in Tom's bed gave her a strange thrill. She hesitated—there was no one to see her—and Miss Pophurst stooped quickly and kissed the cheek on the pillow. But the cheek was wet; there was something blue around the neck, and Miss Judith's black eyes shot piercingly under the other cheek. "Good land of our fathers! where did the child get that?"

The next few weeks were pretty dull times, the boys thought. The bullies made several advances on the master, and retreated well scared to their place; Gallowses' white hair attempted to come out in crispy little yellow curls, and was snipped back by Miss Judy's scissors, and that was all. "Look here, boys," said Hal Phillips at last, "they'll be calling us spoonies, and serve us right, if this thing goes on much longer! I tell you we've just got to hang together in some move, and let the master have it when he can't tell where it comes from. Do you say agreed?"

"Agreed!" went up a chorus. "Give us a programme, that's all."

"Well, there's that old donkey of Deacon Bayberry's; what if he should be found strayed into the master's desk some morning, with the master's cap on his head, and one of those law-books he's always fooling with at intermission, under his nose? How would that do, just for a feeler, you know?"

A shout rose up for an answer, and Hal went on. "Shake hands, then! A pull all together, you know, and then nobody is to blame!" and one by one the boys marched up and gave Hal a hand. "Now Gallowses! You're the last!" but the wide trousers stood motionless, and Gallowses shook his close-cropped head.

"What! You're afraid! Pshaw, we'll tell Miss Judy we did it."

"No, you need n't," said Gallowses, "but I can't help you."

"What, you little sneak!" said Sam, pouncing on him and seizing him by the collar. "You won't peach, will you?"

"No, I won't peach, Sam Hebberton, nor do anything else that's mean, I hope. Let go of my collar, please; you've no right to it!"

"Will you lend a hand, then?"

Gallowses' head shook again. "Not on the donkey—I can't."

"Coward! coward! Gallowses is a coward!" rose up the shout; and Sam tightened his grip with a growl that meant mischief, but a sudden thought struck Hal.

"Hold on!" he said. "Somebody's got to open the school-room door for us. What's the harm if Gallowses slips through the ventilators and down on the inside, and just draws the bolt of that back door? There's no other boy small enough, and what's that to do with the donkey, or with us?"

"Will you do it?" asked Sam with a threatening pull; but Gallowses stood firm.

"I *can't*, I tell you. It would n't be good or brave, and I can't!"

"It would n't eh!" retorted Sam furiously between his teeth; and it was a dangerous moment for Miss Judy's boy. But the bell rang again, and Sam had found out that it was n't best to be late in his seat. "I'll settle you!" he muttered, with a scowl that glowered more and more fiercely toward Gallowses' desk for the rest of the afternoon. "I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

Why should n't he? Wasn't he three times as big as the coward Gallowses, and a hero of the school into the bargain?

Two weeks passed, and the curb-bit of the Elm Tree School still held steady and strong; but outside winter had been marching merrily on, till it swept suddenly down one Friday night and locked up everything, Deacon Bayberry's mill pond included, in prison walls of ice. And the next day, a Saturday, with blue skies, air like wine, and the ring of the skates on that pond starting the deacon up to the liveliest psalm-tune he knew! From Miss Pophurst's kitchen window a pair of eager brown eyes had watched every boy of the school scurrying past, and the jingle of their skate-irons was like the trumpet to a war-horse's ears; but what is a war-horse without bridle or spurs, and

—Gallowses had no skates! And what fun was there in going to look on? Miss Judith grew a little nervous at last, watching the little figure with elbows on the table, and a shorn head in its hands, pouring over a lesson for next week.

"Why don't you follow the rest of the boys, wherever they are? The kitchen's no place for a Saturday!"

Miss Pophurst had turned the scale, and once astir, the war-horse seemed to have wings.

"Hallo! There's Gallowses! Come on! Let's see what he can do!" was the cry on the pond. Gallowses felt his finger-tips tingle; the skate-irons rang circles, squares and pigeon-wings. Deacon Bayberry was setting up another psalm-tune down in the mill; and oh—why *could n't* he go on with the rest?

At last a sudden curvet brought a small skater, glowing and breathless, close to the bank where he stood.

"Hallo, Gallowses, why don't you* come on? Where are your skates?"

"I haven't any;" and then, could he? should he? Yes he *must*! "Could n't you lend me yours for five minutes or so?"

"Could n't do it!" and with another curve and shot, Bob Aylmer was out of sight.

"Did n't you find the boys?" asked Miss Pophurst, as the latch lifted slowly under Gallowses' hand. "Skating on the pond, eh? There's been more than one boy drowned there before to-day!"

Monday morning came again; but the sport of Saturday seemed to have fallen like sparks to tinder on the heroic spirits thirsting for a fray. "Now, boys," said the Squire's son, "it's time to settle a few things. Are we Elm Tree boys going under, or are we going skating again this afternoon?"

A shout of applause followed, and Hal went on. The master always sat absorbed in law-books through the intermission, the keys could be turned on the outside in a flash, the heavy wooden shutters pushed over the windows, and there would be an afternoon for the ice, and one for the master to learn lessons in the dark! Hand-pledging began again, but there was once more a gnat to the lion; the slack trousers stood motionless again! Sam's eyes blazed, but

Hal slowly unrolled a bundle and held something glittering and dangling before Gallowses' face. With a great bound Gallowses' heart leaped up, and the brown eyes shone like stars. "For *me*?" but Hal drew the prize away. "Hold on! Just give us your hand you won't meddle with our lock-up, first!"

Miss Judy's boy started back. Was this quick, sharp-shooting pain what people call disappointment? He had n't been used to expecting things, and he had not known!

"Don't Hal! Don't show them to me! I can't promise! You know I can't."

"Look here, Gallowses, don't be a fool! Didn't Sam let you have enough the other time?"

The Elm Tree School sat that morning with flashes and mutterings like a suppressed volcano, and Miss Pophurst swayed in her chair with short, crispy little creaks. She had been thinking about something ever since Saturday afternoon, and at last she sprang suddenly up.

"What difference does it make to Tom? Perhaps he'll be glad!" and once more the attic boards creaked, and when Miss Judith took her seat again, she laid a little bundle softly by her side. The old clock ticked slowly on, but the latch lifted at last, and Miss Judith raised the bundle from the floor.

"See if those skates will fit you; they might as well be worn as to rust, I suppose," she said.

That visit to the trunk haunted Miss Pophurst after Gallowses was asleep, and at last she stole silently into his room, but before she reached the bedside, she stood transfixed. "Good land! if the child aint hugging close to Tom's skates, yet! And that other thing's under his cheek again, and I do believe he's been crying! Why, what ails the boy? And the snow's coming down now at a rate that'll put that mill-pond out of sight for one while!"

And so it did, and the life went out of skates and the lock-up plan, together; the heroic spirits drooped, and quiet settled in upon the school-room for the next two weeks. The holidays were coming so near that perhaps it was as well to let them come peacefully, after all. Thanksgiving

day astonished every one with an unprecedented thaw, and a rain that turned the snow-covered pond into an oozy surface, black as ink; and though Miss Pophurst had a chicken and a little ball of plum-pudding for dinner, there was no getting out, and still less of the merry-making and gay company Gallowses had heard all the boys promise themselves; and he hid away in bed at last, thankful that the day was done: how should he ever live through a whole week like that when Christmas came?

But before Christmas came the world seemed to be in altogether a different mood. The sunset skies turned yellow as gold, and the purple hills stood sharp and almost black against them in the frosty air; the nights grew stinging and clear, and at last, as Christmas Eve itself set in, a north wind whirled down on the glowering pond, and when morning dawned, as Deacon Bayberry assured the boys, "Pharaoh and all his host might feel free to march acrost."

Whither had all sorrowful memories fled away, that wild, joyful, Christmas afternoon? Faster and faster flowed the warm, eager blood through his veins; had he ever been miserable? had he ever sobbed himself to sleep in a world where skates and skating-grounds were found?

On flew the hours; what did make cutting letters so very hard? Over and over the "P" he was determined to cut Gallowses went, too busy to notice that one by one the boys had slipped away, toward the cove above, for fresh ice; for the black face of the pond was scarred and white at last. Another fifteen minutes, and suddenly there was a wild cry behind him—"Sam Hebberton and Hal are in the water! I am going for help!" and with marble face Bob Alymer plunged off the ice. Were those Squire Phillips's gay sleigh-ropes and mottled gray horse dashing past?

"You get out!" thundered the Squire, and snatching Bob into the sleigh, he shot the gray horse down the mill-road by the pond, and then with a swoop, round to a motionless, black group, huddled on the ice.

And what did the Squire do then? What had any of them done all this time, standing motionless, in dumb, freezing terror, as

the ice, crumbling from the hands that clutched it, brought the black, open circle nearer to their feet.

"They can't hold on there much longer," muttered one big fellow at last, desperately pushing out a stick. Hal grasped wildly for it; it was too short.

But hark! There was another skate-ring! A little figure in wide trousers, was coming up! "Help, Gallowses!" gasped Sam. The brown eyes took one sweep over the black, widening gulf, and then, jacket in hand, Gallowses crept toward it. One long vicious snarl rang across the ice; Miss Judy's boy stopped, and holding the jacket by one wrist, flung out the other toward Sam. But an arm's length still lay between!

Then something else came flashing off Gallowses' shoulders—long, red, white, and dangling. "His gallowses! His gallowses! He's tying them to his sleeve!" and the huddled figures held their breath, but at last, a shout rose up:

"Coming! Coming! He'll fetch him! Hurrah!" and half-frozen, trembling, and livid with fright, Sam came crawling on firm ice!

But another piercing cry broke in, and Hal's eyes met the shouters' in an agony of appeal.

"He's losing hold! Save my boy too!" groaned the Squire; and Gallowses took one more sweeping look at Hal's corner of the hungry-looking hole. How thin and black the ice was! How the current underneath dragged at anything it carried through! But once more he crawled swiftly toward the treacherous edge. He was near enough to throw to Hal, but the thin ice snarled and bent. It would never hold them both!

"Throw me a line from the sleigh!" Trembling hands obeyed. Tying one end to what he held, he flung back the other toward thicker ice.

"Catch it, some of you!" and then he threw a jacket-sleeve to Hal. He grasped stiffly at it; could he hold it? Yes; and with one desperate struggle for life, he gained the ice. It bent and snapped, but they were dragging at the other end,—dragging bravely now. He was safe—but

another cry rose up! The thin shelf of ice that broke as Hal climbed up, was all that had held Gallowses from the hungry, rushing stream, and Miss Judy's boy was out of sight.

"Why, what upon airth?" said Deacon Bayberry peeping through the mill window as the cry rose: "Oho! Mischief, and the Squire after 'em!" and the Deacon laughed softly to himself, set up another psalm-tune, and then peeped through the window again. What was that yellow, gleaming thing, just taking the smooth leap downward over the dam? Miss Pophurst had thought about short hair, of late, and Gallowses' hat had been fitting tight over crispy, golden curls!

"Ginger!" exclaimed the Deacon, and in one instant he was in the water, ready to meet what he had seen shining, as it came.

When Squire Phillips saw it, a few minutes later, lying before Deacon Bayberry's little "settin'-room fire," his start would have electrified the Deacon, if thoughts, hands, and hot blankets had not been busy with Gallowses. It seemed the very same delicate, clear-cut face, the same golden head, he used to stand worshipfully over when he came home from sea, twenty years ago! "Who is the child?" he asked, almost fiercely.

"Gallowses," answered Bob Aylmer.

"You——!" began the squire, but the deacon interrupted: "Here! take that gew-gaw off; it henders," and the squire drew a blue ribbon from Gallowses' neck. What was that bright thing hanging from it? A locket? Had not the squire seen that locket before? He had it open at last; a fair face looked yearningly forth, and the Squire gave a great cry, that made the Deacon drop everything this time. "Nelly! my own lost Nelly! I knew I had lost her, but

have I killed her too?" The Deacon turned to the bed again. The Lord was working the Squire—Hallelujah!—but *his* business was with Gallowses; and in another hour the brown eyes were peacefully following him as he went in and out, finishing the psalm-tune begun in the mill. Suddenly the Deacon shot a look back into them again.

"Did you think that there corn-husk thickness of ice was going to hold you and Hal at the same mortal minute of time?" he asked.

A faint smile passed over Gallowses' face.

"That was nothing; and I was to be good and brave *for her sake!*"

"For whose sake? Whose child are you? What's your name?" broke in the Squire.

"For *her's!* And my name is Phil; that was for my grandfather; Philip Phillips was his name, but he was lost long ago."

"You——!" began the Squire again, and then snatching the little figure out of the deacon's blankets and shawls, he held it in his strong arms, sobbing like a baby with his face held softly against Gallowses' curls.

Miss Pophurst's door was locked that afternoon, for she had gone three miles away; but when she returned, with a little dive into her pocket for the key, there stood the Squire, pacing the doorstep with his quarter-deck tread. "Miss Pophurst! I must have that boy of yours! He's mine!" but Miss Judith's eyes flashed lightning.

"Never! When the Lord said that, I gave him Tom; but do you think *you—!*"

"No," said the Squire, in a voice that made Miss Pophurst start; it was so strangely gentle and low, and yet she felt it ruling her like a rod of iron. "Come up to my house and live, if you will; it needs you; but there the boy must be!"

Isabella T. Hopkins.

THE BAMBINO SANTISSIMO.

Do you know what the Bambino Santissimo is? I will tell you, for probably most children have never heard of it, and will wonder what those strange words mean. In Italy a baby is called a "bambino," and "santissimo" is the Italian word for "holy;"

now who can tell who the "Holy Baby" was? Some little boy or girl may know, though I am afraid most children hardly realize that Christ Jesus was once a tiny child; a sweet, helpless Holy Baby. Now wherever travelers go in Europe they see

paintings of this holy child, as a baby and as a little boy; but in a church in Rome called the "Ara Coeli" there is a wooden doll, beautifully dressed in velvet and covered with precious stones, which the Roman Catholics believe is like Jesus when he was a little baby. They think too that it has the miraculous power of healing diseases.

The story, as the Catholics tell it, is as follows: Hundreds of years ago a hermit on the Mount of Olives carved from olive wood an image, and because the hermit was very good, God blessed his work and made it like Christ. Falling asleep with the image in his arms, St. Luke came to him and painted it dark brown, and then it was miraculously carried to Rome. A small room or chapel was built in the church of Ara Coeli, and there in a little closet the Bambino is kept.

A priest has charge of it, and when people come to the church to see it, he takes it out of the closet with great reverence, bowing and saying prayers to it, but never forgetting to take a *lira*, a silver coin worth about twenty cents, from each person who sees it. Many sick people send for it instead of calling a doctor, and it is carried in great state in its beautiful carriage. It is said that more money is paid to this doll than to all the physicians in Rome.

Here is a story which was soberly told me, while in Rome, and is believed by the Catholics there: A wealthy lady in Rome had many attacks of severe illness and finally sent for the Bambino. As soon as it was brought into the house she began to grow better, and the following day was entirely well. "Why send this back to the church?" she thought; and secretly having another doll made like it, she placed the beautiful clothes upon it and sent it to the church. The priest received it, placed it

in its chapel, and went to his home, thinking the holy doll was safe and ready to be sent to the next one needing its services. But in the night he was awakened by a gentle tapping at his door, and going there he found the naked wooden doll, which spoke to him and told him the deceit which the woman had practiced. At first he could hardly believe it, yet he knew no common doll could walk to his door, rap for admittance, and tell its wants; so wrapping it warmly in his cloak he carried it to the church, and there, sure enough, was the false Bambino. You may know how quickly he stripped it of its crimson velvet robe and elegant jewels, and placed them on the true Bambino Santissimo.

Every winter a great feast, called the feast of the Bambino, is held in Rome, from Christmas to the Epiphany. A stage is built in the aisles of the church, and figures are arranged to represent the scene in the manger, the Virgin being very grandly dressed and placed, kneeling, before the image of the Bambino. During the festival children act dramas illustrating the advent of Christ, and it is said that peasants all over Italy save money all the year round to get enough to go to Rome during this festival. You would wonder how people, no matter how ignorant, could love and worship such a doll, for it is very homely, and its clothing, though very costly, is only wrapped around it, as Italian mothers still dress their babies, making it still more clumsy and ungraceful. But the Italians are beginning to think for themselves, and perhaps before many years they will keep this doll, not in church as a holy thing, but in some museum, where it will certainly be a valuable curiosity, because it has for so many years been the object of such a great and curious superstition.

Nettie W. Dexter.

TEMPERANCE AND THE LABORER.

APART from the mischief done by intemperance in the social world; apart from its destruction of the best elements of manhood in those who are addicted to it; apart

from all the evil tendencies of its associations, by which moral sentiment is lowered and people become familiarized with vice and degradation, there is another phase of

the temperance question, which, while less frightful in its nature, is still worthy of sober thought.

No man is really the keeper of his brother's purse, and yet it makes all the difference in the world to the average man how his brother disposes of his money. This is especially true of ordinary laboring people. To illustrate, take the most favorable supposition possible, and imagine a community of laborers where none drink to excess, and where those who indulge stop before the cost of indulgence shall touch that portion of their earnings required for the immediate comfort of those dependent upon them. The average laborer, unless the times are too hard, has a certain percentage over the necessary expenditures of his family, which may be called a surplus, and which he may use according to his taste or habits, without actual discomfort resulting, even if it be wasted. Yet upon the distribution of this surplus depends the happiness of the homes, the culture and welfare of the community, the prosperity of business; that is, general judicious expenditure of the surplus of a whole community makes local prosperity and brings its attendant blessings, while aimless squandering goes hand in hand with social and moral poverty.

In one case, the money goes into the hands of the grog-seller; and the assertion will doubtless be accepted without argument that money in his hands very seldom proves a blessing to him or to anybody else; its use being principally to debauch and corrupt the springs of a pure social and political life. On the other hand, imagine the drink-money used to satisfy the higher wants of the family or of the individual; to increase the respectability, the elegance, the culture of home; to lay the foundations of better and more desirable lives among the work-people. Not only would great moral benefit accrue, but the financial revolution

would be equally marked. What an impulse would be given to all respectable business if but a fraction of the six or seven hundred millions of dollars annually squandered for strong drink could be turned into its channels of trade! The glad change would not stop with the retailer, nor indeed would it stop anywhere; it would reach back to the manufacturer, for there would be a greatly increased demand for his goods; and, as the consumer would in many cases buy a better article, the maker would in turn be able to raise the standard of his productions, as well as to increase their quantity. More laborers would find employment, and a higher degree of skill would be in demand, calling in turn for an increased rate of wages,—so that from this change, the fruit of which he was already enjoying, would come a betterment of the laborer's prospects in every respect, and thus would be set in motion a perpetual cycle of improvement and increasing prosperity in which all interests should share.

It costs nothing to imagine a great people enjoying all these blessings, and the picture is very pleasant to the imagination. Such a state of things is not impossible in actual life. If the people whose fortunes are identified with the industrial interests of our country did but realize how great a labor-reform could be accomplished by reforming the habits of the laboring man, and reforming out of existence those pest-holes which prey upon his hard earnings and return him no good; if business men in every field of legitimate endeavor *would* see, as they so easily *could*, how all their interests were advanced by abstinence and injured by drink-indulgence, there would arise at once a new phase of the temperance reform, and we should see men who now stand indifferent, feeling that they have no interest in the question, giving their support to reformatory measures of the most vigorous type.

James L. Bowen.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE.

A GOODLY company of devout men in the city of New York have recently been endeavoring to persuade one another and to convince the world that the Lord Jesus Christ is soon to reappear in a physical body, establishing His throne in Jerusalem, and setting up in the earth a visible kingdom. For themselves they aver that they find great comfort and stimulus in this expectation, and when they lament the inability of their brethren to share it with them, the voice of their deploring falls into the tone of reproof. We have given such attention as was possible to the arguments of these good men, but we do not find ourselves convinced.

To begin with, their method of interpreting the Bible does not encourage us to hope that their exegetical study will yield any valuable results. To insist on a literal interpretation of every text that can be made to bear a literal construction, is to vacate the Scriptures of a great part of their meaning. Such words, for example, as death and resurrection are quite as often used in a spiritual as in a physical sense. Such words occur in many passages that make a sort of sense if they are literally translated; but the result thus obtained is meager and jejune when compared with that which we get when the words are understood in their heightened and glorified signification. There are parables in many phrases that the literalist tries hard to reduce to scientific formulæ. It is not until this highly symbolical character of most of the sacred writings is clearly apprehended that the study of the Bible can be pursued with advantage. And this truth is one that the people of the prophetic conference do not seem to have seen.

In the second place, the notion that the physical presence of the Lord in the world would be a great reinforcement in carrying on His work; that His spiritual presence is weak and inefficient, and that His kingdom can never be established until He shall be here in the flesh, so that a few of all the multitudes of men may see Him with their eyes and hear His commands with their ears—this notion seems to us childish and unworthy. The explicit word of our Lord himself—"It is expedient for you that I go away"—settles this question, so far as words of authority can settle it. And the reason on which this word is based is not hard to understand. Christ in the flesh is under the limitations of space and time;

He can be in only one place at one time; not one in ten thousand of all the people who dwell upon the earth could ever hope to see Him. His communication with all but a very few of his disciples must be at second-hand; and all the errors and wilful misrepresentations that enter into the reports of the sayings of men would surely affect the messages that should be conveyed by Him to His disciples. Imagine the newspapers fighting to get the first news about Him, misunderstanding and misreporting His words, and adding their sapient comments upon them! Moreover, all that would be added to Christianity by the bodily presence of Christ in the world would be such a revelation of Him and of His truth as can come through the senses. Whatever the senses can do toward giving us an apprehension of spiritual truth would be done for a very few persons more effectually than it is done at present. But how much, after all, do the senses avail in this direction? How much would be added to the real spiritual power of any man by simply permitting him to look with his eyes on the bodily form of the Savior, and to listen with his ears to the Savior's voice? It seems to us that the power which would thus accrue to Christianity in the world is vastly over-estimated by our friends; that the real sources of spiritual influence and power lie deeper than they are wont to think. This exaltation of the bodily presence of Christ above His spiritual presence savors of ritualism; it is a setting of the form above the reality. Christ's own words on this point are pertinent, too: "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." These words we have; and what we most need is the Spirit that enforces their truth upon the hearts of men, and not any further representation made to their senses.

But the most serious objection to the creed of these devout men arises against their despairing view of the present condition of the world. Their interpretation of prophecy results in the belief that the age just preceding the coming of the Lord is to be an age of great moral and religious declension; an age of apostacy and political commotion and moral disorder. Accordingly they find it necessary to show that the present age is of this character. The expectation cherished by these good men is based upon the theory that the world is growing worse and worse continually. The Pope himself is not more skeptical about

modern civilization than some of these proclaim themselves to be.

Of course, evidences enough are to be seen on every hand that society is yet far from perfect; and the defalcations and corruptions and revolutions of the period are pointed to as proofs of the theory. But there is no perspective in this view. Iniquity does abound, but it did much more abound in past times. Every careful student of history can see that the movement of the ages is an upward movement. All along the line the forces of righteousness and peace are advancing; and though the march is slow, and the end of the campaign is yet a long way off, yet the kingdoms of this world are steadily and surely becoming the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

Now if this be true, it is surely a great misfortune, to say nothing more, that Christian men should not see it and know it. If the world is growing better all the while under the tuition of God's spirit and the steady culture of His infinite goodness, it is not only a grievous error but a serious dishonor to Him to be proclaiming that it is all the while growing worse. Not to see the progress of His truth in the world and the victory of His patience over the brutality and selfishness of men; not to know that He is here, working silently but mightily along all the lines of moral influence—mitigating the strifes of men, lifting up their moral standards, purifying their moral vision; not to rejoice in this work that He is doing, and in the promise that it gives us of a purified society; but to think, instead, that the ruling forces of our civilization are the forces of evil, and to deplore and bewail the absence of the Lord from the world, is to come perilously near to the sin against the Holy Ghost. We beg our brethren to study carefully the moral condition of this present age as compared with that of the ages that have preceded it, before they venture further to insist upon the sweeping generalization that the world is growing worse and worse. If this be a mistake, it is a very grave mistake.

We have great respect for many of the men who composed this conference, but we have no respect for their doctrine on this subject. It is a compound of literalism, ritualism and pessimism; and its effect upon the church cannot be salutary.

WHAT DIVES KNOWS ABOUT LAZARUS.

AN omniscient critic in one of the religious newspapers declares our "Workingman's Story" to be exceptional if not apocryphal. Here is the reason of his pronouncement: "The writer of this, in an experience of over forty years, has never met such a case." We beg to suggest that it is just barely possible that there may be quite a number of things which this writer has never met with, that are neither exceptional nor apoc-

ryphal. The man who makes his own observation the test of all history puts a remarkable estimate upon himself.

In some of its features the story is, as we have admitted, exceptional; but in those features which appeal most strongly to our sympathy, it is by no means out of the common. From all sides come confirmations of its essential truthfulness from those who are devoting their lives to the relief of suffering, and who, therefore, have some means of knowing what the condition of their neighbors is. It is only such persons as these who have any right to express an opinion of the truthfulness of the story. Plenty of people who call themselves Christians sit in comfort in their ceiled houses and take no pains to find out about the sufferings of their neighbors. Their main business in this world is to have a good time; the less they know about the needs of their fellow-men the more comfortable they will be. Such people are sure to find stories of this character incredible; if the case of Lazarus had been reported to Dives he would have dismissed it at once as an exaggeration. Yet all the while the beggar was lying at his gates.

We do not mean to apply all these remarks to the critic mentioned above; his ignorance may be of a much less reprehensible sort; but neither his ignorance nor that of those who have no care for their fellow-men can be allowed to outweigh the knowledge of those who have taken pains to inform themselves concerning the condition of their poorer neighbors.

A well-known author, a lady, whose works are not all bound in muslin, and the best of which are never published by herself nor with her consent, writes us these words: "Keep it up with the Workingman! He *is* starving. I know families in ——— who have lived on Indian meal. We are at our wit's end there for work for our best plain people."

We are getting new impressions daily of the influence which Mr. Harrison's story has had in turning the hearts of the more prosperous classes toward their poorer brethren. If SUNDAY AFTERNOON had done nothing but print this article it would not have lived in vain. And the quickened sympathy of good people has found many earnest expressions. We have received several letters of inquiry about the Workingman's family, containing offers of help. To all these, the following letter from Mr. Harrison will be a sufficient answer:

"To the Editor of Sunday Afternoon:—

"I have had offers from the Boston Children's Mission, and from several good women, to provide for the two boys mentioned in the Workingman's Story in the October number of your magazine. I sent two or three of the earlier letters to my friend, and he wrote in reply some

ten days ago. Ralph has been since about mid-summer at the house of a kind lady a mile or two from the village where his parents live. He has been very ill, but when his father wrote was beginning to improve, and the physician thought he would recover. It is likely that he will remain where he is during the winter. The mother has been very unwell of late, and the doctor did not wish the children taken very far from her if it could be avoided.

"My friends have from the first been unwilling to receive help by my publishing their story and then pointing them out as the persons described; though they do not object to being helped by those who are near enough to receive personal service or labor in return. Nor have they refused assistance from strangers when they were permitted to share it with the needy among their neighbors.

"The man has some work among people in the village, and he says that, though he cannot see very far ahead, he hopes to earn most of their living during the autumn and winter. He would send the children away to keep them from starvation, but he hopes this will not be necessary, as he thinks the worst is perhaps behind them.

"I wish to thank all the friends who have offered (and the two or three who have sent) me assistance for this family. There is material for just such truthful records of very similar cases almost everywhere, and I trust that the interest and sympathy felt for Ralph and his parents may help to introduce many people to their neighbors, and produce a more fraternal feeling between different classes of our people. 'The Greeks are at your doors.'

"In answer to several inquiries let me say that there is no touch of fiction in the story; I could have written essentially the same things in a great many places, in several of our northern states, with the same strict truthfulness.

"J. B. HARRISON."

Another response to the "Workingman's Story" comes in this shape:

"The thought has suggested itself to me that perhaps I might help some discouraged family, if I could find such a family, honest, sober and industrious, that would accept my offer of aid. This is my plan (unless a better one can be suggested) that I purchase a farm in the West and put them on it,—and in so doing give them a chance to help themselves. If successful in this I would extend further help if needed."

For obvious reasons we have suppressed the name of this writer, but it is evident that he means business. We shall do what we can toward carrying out his suggestions; and we beg leave to commend his plan to all those who desire to relieve the present distresses of workingmen in the most effectual way.

THE "FIAT" INIQUITY.

THE money question is, at bottom, a moral question. The chief objection to the scheme of fiat money is its dishonesty. Not that all the men who favor it are dishonest; most of them fail to comprehend the nature of the proposition; but the scheme is based upon dishonesty, no matter how innocent may be the motives of many of its advocates.

The proposition is that the Government shall print upon certain variously ornamented pieces of paper the legend: "This is a dollar." The objection to this is, that it would be telling a lie. A dollar is a silver coin weighing a certain number of grains, or a gold coin weighing a certain number of grains; and nothing else is a dollar. What you call a paper dollar—the greenback—"dollar" or the "dollar" of the national bank—is not a dollar, and does not pretend to be. That is simply a *promise* of the government or of the bank to *pay a dollar*; and the promise, though long dishonored, is now substantially kept. But the inscription on a piece of paper "This is a dollar" would be a simple falsehood, no matter who printed it. Such a piece of paper is not a dollar, any more than it is a hushel of potatoes or a hundred-weight of flour.

We hear people say that the power of the government can make such pieces of paper dollars, but that is a great mistake. All the power and all the wealth in the world cannot make a false statement to be true. Suppose you take a rye straw, and tell all your neighbors that it is a bar of iron. That will not be true. Suppose you get all your neighbors to join you in saying: "This rye straw is a bar of iron;" it will be just as untrue as it was before. Suppose that the President and his cabinet and the Supreme Court in full bench, and both houses of Congress by unanimous vote all unite in declaring your rye straw to be a bar of iron, the statement will be no truer than it was in the beginning. All the votes in the world, all the force in the world, cannot make a lie to be the truth.

It is true that the Government may force me to take instead of a dollar the piece of paper on which is printed "This is a dollar," from the man who owes me a dollar; it may make a law that I shall take that or nothing; but that law would not make the thing a dollar, by any means.

This, then, is the instant and sufficient answer to the advocate of fiat money. Those who are not in favor of telling lies,—who do not think that a lie told by the government is any better than a lie told by a private citizen, cannot consistently favor the greenback dogma.

We shall admit, in a moment, that the Government might emit a fiat currency of paper that should serve as a denominator of value, and that

might, *under certain conditions that never can be realized*, answer the purposes of money. But if such a currency were to be issued a new name ought to be invented for the denominator of value. Call it a greenback, if you please, but do not call it a dollar. Let the legend be, "This is a greenback"—that will not be untrue; but when you say, "This is a dollar," you say the thing that is not. You have no right to employ old names to describe new and wholly different things.

If human nature were very different from what it is, it might be safe for the Government to substitute a fiat currency, of no intrinsic value, for value money. The Government might displace our coin and the notes that are payable in coin with these bits of printed paper; it might ordain that debts should be paid and contracts liquidated by the use of the fiat currency; and although it could have no circulation abroad, and our foreign commerce would therefore be greatly crippled, such a currency might fairly answer the purposes of money here at home if there were no over-issue—if the amount printed were kept within sufficiently narrow limits. But that "if" stands for a possibility about as remote as the turning of the Niagara River up stream. If there should be no overissue of an irredeemable paper currency! If there should be no more running in debt; if nobody should spend money faster than he earned it; if nobody should want to get something for nothing;—any of these contingencies is as likely to be realized as the first one. So long as men are made up as they are now, three-quarters of them will go on spending their money before they earn it, and running in debt whenever they can get any one to trust them; and a majority of them, in one way or another, will all the while be trying to get something for nothing. And it is likely that people of such habits will refrain, when the chance is given them, from inflating an irredeemable currency? When money is to be had by simply printing it, is it likely that the volume of it will be kept within the limits of commercial necessity? It is not likely. The moment any stringency arose in the money market we should hear the cry, "Give us more money!" The moment the burdens of taxation began to press the fiat would be heard again: "Let there be more money!"

"O, but we will put a clause into the constitution limiting the issue," men say. How much would such a limitation amount to? It could be amended at any time, and the need of amending it would occur very soon.

"The danger of overissue," says Professor Walker, "is one which never ceases to threaten an irredeemable paper money. The path winds even along the edge of a precipice. Vigilance must never be relaxed. The prudence and self-

restraint of years count for nothing or count for but little against any new onset of popular passion, or in the force of a sudden exigency of the government. . . . A single weak or reckless administration, one day of commercial panic, a mere rumor of invasion, may hurl trade and production down the abyss. . . . The moment an overissue in fact occurs, the impulse to excess acquires violence by indulgence. . . . When in excess prices rise and may rise indefinitely. . . . Consequently the government which has issued paper money as a measure of resource soon finds its necessities increasing. It has to purchase services and supplies at higher rates. Soon speculation sets in; 'forestalling' and 'engrossing' begin to operate on the stock of the common necessities of life, and prices rise more and more rapidly."

A slight knowledge of human nature would lead us to expect such a result, and history abundantly verifies the expectation. This notion of an irredeemable currency is by no means a new invention. In many lands, under all sorts of circumstances, the thing has been tried, over and over again, and always with disastrous results. Go up and down the centuries, and round and round the world and ask what experience has to say about fiat money, and you get but one answer: It is fatal to all prosperity; it is a curse to any people that meddles with it. By the operation of such forces as we have pointed out, the volume of such a currency is always speedily and enormously inflated. "There never has been a government yet," says Professor Perry, "of the many which have issued irredeemable paper, which had the wisdom and firmness to resist for any great length of time the strong temptation to overissues. When once the press is set at work it must work on with livelier speed; because, just in the ratio of depreciation is the greater amount required." The more of it is printed the less it is worth, until the time comes of which Dr. Holmes tells in the days of our own Continental currency,

"When paper money became so cheap,
Folks would n't count it, but said 'a heap.'"

The result of it all is, first a feverish rise of prices, then universal stagnation in trade and universal bankruptcy, with all the moral corruptions to which such an era of inflation always gives rise.

In the face of the world's experience the wonder is that sane men can be found to advocate a scheme whose disastrous consequences are so easily prophesied, and so clearly shown by multitudes of examples. It would not be right to say that no honest man can be in favor of it; but it is plain that any honest man who does favor it must be profoundly ignorant both of human nature and of history.

THE newspapers are saying (and who are we that we should contradict the newspapers?) that "S. T. James" of our "Fishers of Men" is none other than Mr. Horace E. Scudder. We are ready to admit without further controversy that the story is good enough to have been written by Mr. Scudder, and that is saying a great deal. Some of our readers will also guess that the mask has been removed from "Campbell Wheaton," who appears in this number over her own proper name of Helen Campbell.

THE hymn of Mrs. Phebe Hinsdale Brown beginning "I love to steal awhile away," was not, after all, quoted with entire accuracy by Mr. Ladd. Mr. S. R. B. Lord of Chicago writes us that he has in his possession a true copy of the whole poem, in which the disputed stanza occurs, with one preceding and another following it which are not so familiar:

"Yes, when the toilsome day is gone,
And night with banners gray
Steals silently the glade along
In twilight's soft array,

"I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble grateful prayer.

"I love to feast on Nature's scenes
When falls the evening dew;
And dwell upon her silent themes,
Forever rich and new."

"The poem as thus written," adds Mr. Lord, "was, of course, never intended as a hymn for public worship, but is the simple outbreathing of a tired mother's heart, when, after the cares of the day, she wanders into the fields to find rest in communion with God and Nature."

OUR Episcopal brethren have lately held a lively and profitable meeting of their Congress at Cincinnati. The topics treated were such as The Interpretation of the Bible, The New Testament Doctrine of Absolution, Christ in the Personal Life, The Novel in its Relation to Modern Life, The Uses of Sunday, Labor and Capital, and so forth. On each of these questions several careful papers were read, and the discussions were scholarly and vigorous. Such a conference, in which the best minds of a religious body take hold of the questions of the hour, with ample time to debate them thoroughly, is not to be compared for one moment with the ordinary ecclesiastical assembly, in which the church politicians frame their plans for denominational extension. In the establishment and successful maintenance of this Congress the Episcopalians fairly lead all the other evangelical bodies, none of which has any meeting of the sort, unless the diet of the Lutherans, held last year, may be an exception.

SPEAKING of Bible revision, we asked this question a month ago: "Does *The Interior* really

mean to say that passages against the genuineness of which there is a preponderance of evidence should be retained?" Here is the answer: "Yes, sir; we mean to say just that. We demand evidence sufficient to exclude all reasonable doubt. We want something more than a 'preponderance' in balances which seem to us to hang one-sided of their own weight, or lightness, or whatever the reason is." We do not understand this last reference to the "balances" in which the text of the Bible is now being weighed. These balances are, of course, the scholarly and godly judgments of the two Revision Committees in this country and in England. We supposed it to be admitted that these committees were composed of honest and learned men—among the most upright and competent men in the Protestant church at the present time. Does the *Interior* charge them with ignorance or prejudice? Does it wish to be understood as affirming that they know less about the text of the two Testaments than the men knew who made the received version, or that they are less likely to treat it with care and fidelity? If they are incompetent or dishonest, let us have none of their work; if they are able and faithful men, those of us who know less than they do about *codices* and variations can do no better than to trust their judgment. And now, if there is a preponderance of evidence against the genuineness of any passage are they justified in letting it stand as the undoubted Word of God? It seems to us that they would assume a very grave responsibility if they should venture to do such a thing. They have just as much right to exclude a verse *for* which the proof preponderates, as they have to retain without challenge one against which it preponderates. The fact is that the judgment of this revision committee is certain to incline toward a conservative rather than a radical treatment of the text. If the balances "hang one-sided of their own weight," *that* is the side on which they will go down. So far as the feelings of the revisers are concerned they will all be better pleased to find any doubtful reading of our version correct than to find it incorrect. Nothing but good evidence will satisfy any of them that a passage is not genuine. But when by good evidence they are satisfied that a word or verse is spurious they ought to say so. We are rather ashamed to be found arguing so obvious a question of morals, but the *Interior* has compelled us.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the defeat by a considerable majority of Benjamin F. Butler in his raid upon the governorship of Massachusetts, should be a subject of great rejoicing. It is indeed a great deliverance. But the fact that such a man could receive more than one hundred thousand votes in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is a fact that may lead thoughtful people to rejoice, if not with trembling, at least with a

measure of soberness. The only kind of mirth called for, under the circumstances, is what Dr. Watts calls "solemn mirth." One would like to be able to analyze this vote—to find out how large a share of it was contributed by the ignorant and vicious classes. If these classes were as large as this vote should indicate, the figures of this canvass would surely constitute a loud call for missionary work in Massachusetts. But we know that these classes did not contribute the whole of Butler's strength. And this knowledge leads one to wonder—if the devil himself, in his own proper person, should present himself for our suffrages—how many of our good Christian people would be found voting for him.

UNDER the lead of General Butler some of the newspapers are raising quite an outcry against the poll-tax, as unjust and oppressive to the poor man. In Massachusetts this tax is ordinarily two dollars a year, and it is objected that this amount is excessive; that a laboring man who earns no more than four or five hundred dollars a year pays a larger tax in proportion to his ability than the millionaire whose tax amounts to thousands of dollars. Not only because it is disproportionate, but also because it is essentially unjust, the poll-tax is denounced. It is "taxing men for being alive," as one of the journals puts it. To all this it is sufficient to reply that the poor man as well as the rich man receives the benefits of government. His person and his home are protected and his children are educated at great expense by the government. It seems only fair that he should bear some portion of the burdens of the state. He is not "taxed for being alive;" he is taxed for the support of institutions from which he derives incalculable benefit. And it would certainly not be well that he should come to regard his relation to the government as purely that of a mendicant. It is much better that it should be frequently brought home to him in some practical way, that the duties of the government and of the citizen are reciprocal; that he as well as the capitalist has a stake in the Commonwealth. That which costs nothing is not apt to be highly esteemed. As to the amount of the poll-tax, that is a question open to discussion; it would seem that some method by which this amount should be proportioned to the whole amount raised by taxation—so that poll-taxes should increase and decrease with the public expenditures—would be practicable. The poll-tax is chiefly valuable as an object lesson in government, and it ought to convey to him who pays it some definite ideas respecting the relative cost of government from year to year. The *Pilot* is among the journals that denounce the poll-tax. Does the *Pilot* think that the expenses of the Roman Catholic church should all be borne by those members of the church whose incomes exceed

one thousand dollars a year? Is it not a good thing every way for the poor men to bear a part of them? The church takes every year from those day laborers whose cause the *Pilot* is pleading ten times as much as the government takes. The *Pilot* will not admit that this is extortion; it will assert that the members of the church, no matter how poor, ought to help, according to their ability, in maintaining an institution from which they receive great benefits. And why does not the same reasoning apply to the state as well as to the church?

THE question about theater-going is one of the constant puzzles of Christian casuistry, and it is a question to which it is not possible to give, off-hand, a sufficient and final answer. It will be generally conceded that dramatic representations are not necessarily evil; the almost universal resort to amateur histrionism shows what is the popular judgment on that subject. But the question whether we shall patronize the actual theater of the period is much more difficult. In two or three daily papers that are by no means Puritanic in their notions we have seen references to the present condition of the stage in this country that do not encourage us to recommend our neighbors to patronize it. A writer in the *Tribune*—who had been assured that if he had not attended the drama since his youth he would find it an entirely different thing from that of his recollections—concluded to go and take a grown-up child. The audience he found to be decorous and respectable in the extreme, and the play was described as a "regular old-fashioned, legitimate play." But the things that this correspondent saw and heard there are not, it must be confessed, things with which decent people wish themselves or their children to be familiar. Profanity, to begin with, was a frequent condiment of the play; "there was a scene of drunken carousal, and a song in praise of wit, women and wine;" presently came "an innuendo to the last degree obscene, so broad that there was no mistaking its meaning," and by and by an interview in which one player uses all the arts of wicked persuasion to break down another's virtue. These coarse and indecent scenes and suggestions naturally made the father doubt the usefulness of this form of recreation. And his conclusion as to theater-going is one to which a good many people who are by no means prudish have been forced to come: "As things are at present it is too costly a risk, and the good to be gained is too indirect, while there are so many unexceptionable avenues to benefit and recreation elsewhere. I can imagine a stage with plays and performers all pure; shall we ever see it?" The prospect of seeing it just now in New York is not brilliant, if we may credit the newspapers. The plays that are now most popular in that city are described as

being glaringly immoral; the few that are above reproach on the score of morality are disparaged by the newspapers and ignored by the public. The new opera, too, that has been crowding the Academy, is based upon one of the most disgusting of plots. "The standard is degenerating," says the Springfield *Republican*, "if this vulgarly vicious story, set to perfectly sympathetic music, is well received in the American metropolis." Yet the reform of the drama must not be looked upon as an impossible achievement. Fiction was scarcely less impure in former days than the drama is now, but the prevalence of a better morality has done much to purify it. The time will come when the influence that has reached the novelist will overtake the playwright and the actor, and when bad plays shall cease to be respectable. Meanwhile, let all good people steadily bear witness,

not against the drama as an evil in itself, but against the immorality that in these days makes it an unclean thing.

THE failure of the Glasgow Bank with liabilities of about \$50,000,000 is not anything for Americans to rejoice over; but it will bring us some slight benefit, if it shall serve to soften a little the asperity of British moralists when they descant on financial irregularities in America. The management of this Glasgow bank could scarcely have been outdone by the most adroit and unscrupulous of American financiers. The loss falls upon the stockholders; and there are twelve hundred and fifty of them, most of whom, being persons of small means, are left destitute by this failure. Such reckless bank officers are the true apostles of communism.

LITERATURE.

WHOEVER wishes to hear the last word of materialistic science would better read the essay¹ of "Physicus." Under this shadow a writer has hidden whose purpose it is to convince the world that the belief in the existence of an Intelligent Creator is scientifically baseless and logically unprovable. We have seen no guesses respecting the identity of this writer; it would not surprise us, however, to learn that he is Sir Henry Thompson, the English physician, who, as Mr. Tyndall's friend, was the inventor of the celebrated "Prayer-Gauge."

The confidence of the author in his own conclusions is sufficiently strong. "Forasmuch," he says in his preface, "as it is impossible that demonstrated truth should ever be shown untrue, and forasmuch as the demonstrated truths on which the present examination rests are the most fundamental which it is possible for the human mind to reach, I do not think it presumptuous to assert what seems to me a necessary deduction from these facts—namely, that, possible errors in reasoning apart, the rational position of Theism as here defined must remain without material modification so long as our intelligence remains human." "Possible errors in reasoning" there are, then, in this discussion. If so, what is the use of brandishing such a prophecy in our faces? Almost anybody might say: "If I have made no mistake in my reasonings, my conclusions will stand." The author is simply yielding here to that inclination to speak oracularly and dogmatically which is quite as strong in the breast of the

average scientist as in the breast of the average theologian. How does "Physicus" happen to know that "the demonstrated truths on which the present examination rests are the most fundamental which it is possible for the human mind to reach"? Has he been over all the possible ranges of the human mind? Such dogmatism as this would be offensive in theology, and it is not less so in science.

In the light of the prediction recorded above, certain remarks in the body of the book read curiously. After quoting arguments of Hamilton, Chalmers and others, the author says: "Had it been my lot to have lived in the last generation, I doubt not I should have regarded the foregoing considerations as final; I should have concluded that there was an overwhelming balance of rational probability in favor of Theism; and I think I should also have insisted *that this balance of rational probability would require to continue as it was till the end of time.*" Perhaps, then, the atheistic conclusion of which he now feels so confident may be no better founded than the theistic conclusion of former days; the progress of thought is not yet at an end, and under these "most fundamental" truths on which he now rests his reasonings others *more* fundamental may be discovered, which will put a very different complexion upon the whole argument.

The essay consists of a careful criticism upon the various arguments by which the existence of God has commonly been proved. The arguments from the inconceivability of self-existence, from the desirability of the divine existence, from the instinctive aspirations of the human heart, from consciousness, and for a first cause, are summar-

¹ A Candid Examination of Theism. By Physicus. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

ily dismissed as utterly untenable. Three arguments which, the author admits, may fairly be called scientific, are next examined: the arguments from the existence of the human mind, from design, and from general laws. Neither of these, however, is regarded by him as valid. Mill's concessions as to the force of the common teleological reasonings he warmly repudiates. The argument from general laws he regards, however, as of a much more respectable character; and it is this argument which, in the passage quoted above, the author admits that he would have been obliged to regard as conclusive, if he had lived in the last generation. The argument, as stated by Baden Powell, is briefly this: "That which requires thought and reason to understand must be itself thought and reason. That which mind alone can investigate or express must be itself mind." And since we find in nature general laws that require intelligence like our own to interpret them, we infer that they must be the product of an intelligence like ours. But this proof our writer imagines himself to have overthrown. Starting with the doctrine of the persistence of force and the primary qualities of matter, he insists that all physical laws necessarily result from these. For all that science knows to the contrary, matter and force are eternal; and the development of the present universe from the primordial nebula is not only conceivable, but a necessary conception. "For aught that speculative reason can ever from henceforth show to the contrary [here again is a most unscientific prescience], the evolution of all the diverse phenomena of inorganic nature, of life and of mind, appears to be as necessary and as self-determined as is the being of that mysterious Something which is everything—the Entity we must all believe in, which, without condition and beyond relation, holds its existence in itself." The assertions hereabouts are strong enough, but the arguments, though elaborate, are far from clear; and we must still confess that Mr. Baden Powell's statement of the argument from an ultimate teleology seems much stronger than this writer's reply to it.

After disposing of these scientific arguments "Physicus" next examines the *logical* standing of the question as to the being of a God; and his verdict is that logic can neither prove nor disprove the divine existence; that while science (by which physical science is always intended) finds no room for God in nature, yet it cannot be logically shown that there is no God. And, finally, the argument from what the writer calls "metaphysical teleology" is considered, and pronounced unsatisfactory. The substance of this argument is that "it is more conceivable that mind should be the ultimate cause of cosmic harmony than that the persistence of force should be so." Over certain minds the author admits

that this consideration will have some power; over his own it does not seem to have any.

The argument on which most theists are wont chiefly to rely, this author dismisses without discussion. That is the so-called moral argument; it rests on the freedom of the will; and "Physicus" confesses himself "quite unable to understand how any one at the present day, and with the most moderate power of abstract thinking, can possibly bring himself to embrace the theory of Free Will." Beyond this further statement—"I, for one, am quite persuaded that I never perform any action without some appropriate motive or set of motives having induced me to perform it"—he does not argue the question of the freedom of the will. He simply denies it, and so gets rid of the only argument for the existence of God which has any real cogency. In order to deny it he travesties it; for the sentences quoted above are an utter misrepresentation of the doctrine held by intelligent Libertarians. They do not assert that they ever act without being "induced" by "motives;" they only assert that these motives are not causes, but reasons; that they freely choose among the motives presented to their choice; that the choice is not determined. Suppose two human beings exactly alike in organization, in conditions, in experience; the same reasons may be urged upon each with exactly the same force; and the one may assent while the other refuses. One who denies the existence of this power of choice is likely to stultify himself whenever he opens his mouth to speak of human conduct; the fact is one that no science or philosophy will ever succeed in obliterating. Admit this fact, and the sure foundations of theism are laid; deny it, and the clearest proof of the existence of God is ruled out. This book ignores, therefore, what seems to us the stronghold of the theistic argument. Nevertheless the fact remains, and will remain long after the despairing logic of "Physicus" shall have been forgotten. The common sense of men will not let go of the doctrine of free will, and in holding on to it they have a firm grasp upon that comforting and ennobling truth with which this writer, with great sorrow, thinks himself forced to part. And it will be well for all theologians to lay to heart the lesson of this book, and remember that the denial of free will is the premise of atheism.

THE "Speaker's Commentary" holds on its way with even vigor. The first volume¹ upon the New Testament, containing the Synoptic Gospels, has now made its appearance. The

¹ The Holy Bible, according to the Authorized Version (A. D. 1611), with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M. A., Canon of Exeter. New Testament, Vol. I. St. Matthew—St. Mark—St. Luke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

notes on Matthew are by Dean Mansel, those on St. Mark by Canon Cook, and those on St. Luke by the Bishop of St. David's. The general introduction, which is copious and instructive, was written by the Archbishop of York. The critical and explanatory notes are brief and clear, and the revision of the translation seems to be judiciously done; though in their treatment of the accepted version the writers lean quite as far toward the conservative view as a sound scholarship will permit. That, however, is a natural and not a censurable inclination. Our appreciation of the value of this commentary has increased as the work has gone on; and we can heartily commend it as an excellent help in the study of the Scriptures.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER has, it must be allowed, a gift of melody. His verses are musical; probably he finds something of the same kind of pleasure in chanting them over to himself that a boy finds in beating rhythmical measures on a fence-rail or a drum. He takes, too, a certain sensuous pleasure in looking at natural beauty, and sometimes he contrives to show us glimpses of it in his verse; but these revelations are neither frequent nor vivid. Mr. Miller is too much absorbed in himself to discern any of the deeper moods of nature; the divinity of beauty and power does not show herself freely to persons of his temperament. A man who keeps such company as he represents himself as being fond of cannot be a successful interpreter of nature. Here and there in this collection¹ of his verses, we find lyrics that are really worth remembering; but most of them cannot too soon be forgotten. Swinburne has been Mr. Miller's master; and he has learned all that Mr. Swinburne could teach him about morals, while he has been absorbing something of his master's love of melody. But since he has been in Italy he appears to have been reading Browning, and the addition to his repertoire can scarcely be called an improvement. Mr. Miller's great faults are self-consciousness and extravagance. The poet is always posturing in his rhymes, and we often seem to hear him asking us if he has not said a sweet or a stunning thing. He screams, and thinks it intensity of passion. He swears, and imagines he has said something strong. On the whole, we do not like Mr. Miller's poetry. If he had learned to command himself a little more perfectly—his appetites as well as his fancies, his judgment as well as his tongue—he might have sung to better purpose. As it is, we have not much hope of him. We notice that some of the literary people of England think highly of Mr. Miller, and we are inclined to wish that they would adopt him. His

own country has no great reason to be proud of him.

THE prayer of "The Clear Vision"—

"Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!"—

has certainly been answered. The last days of the poet are his best; and the work that he is doing, as it is treasured in this dainty volume,¹ shows no sign of waning power. Mr. Bryant's best lyrics were all written in his younger days, but some of these of Mr. Whittier are equal to the best that he has written. "The Vision of Echard" is itself a noble song of the spirit, celebrating the great truth to which the people of his fellowship have borne such faithful witness—the truth of the direct revelation of God to the human soul. In "The Seeking of the Waterfall," "Sunset on the Bearcamp," and "June on the Merimac," we find that close and joyful sympathy with nature which has been revealed in so many of Mr. Whittier's poems. There is no rant or extravagance; but these quiet lines take us into the heart of nature, and show us much of her secret meaning. Compare these verses with the anapestic ravings of Mr. Joaquin Miller, and see which poet knows the most of the world in which he lives. The "Centennial Hymn" is here, and it will be remembered, we doubt not, long after the "Main Building" and all its annexes have faded from the memory of men. The thanksgivings and the aspirations of a great people never found a worthier utterance. In most of these verses a true philanthropy, a lofty patriotism and a deep and tender religious feeling find expression. Clearly the last days are the best; let us all trust that there will be many more of them.

THE collection² of British poetry which Mr. Fields and Mr. Whipple have given us is of its kind at once the most comprehensive and the most judiciously edited book that we have had. The bulk of the volume is, indeed, something of a drawback to the comfort of reading it; a book of 998 large octavo pages is not a trifling affair. But there is little in it that one could wish to leave out; and for many reasons of economy and of convenience it is better to have the collection comprised in one volume. All the British poets of any note are represented; and of the more than four hundred names in the index, a large share will be unknown to the average reader. But he will find profit in becoming acquainted with them, and in the enlargement of his general knowledge

¹ The Vision of Echard and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

² The Family Library of British Poetry, from Chaucer to the Present Time (1350-1878). Edited by James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

¹ Songs of Italy. By Joaquin Miller. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

of literature through the use of this book. We cannot do without the complete works of some of the British poets; if we can have a fair selection from the works of the rest, so that we need not be wholly ignorant of any of them, this is all that many intelligent readers can hope for. This is precisely what the editors of this "Family Library of British Poetry" have put within the reach of everybody, and it is a good service to literature.

MR. HENRY JAMES, JR., is a writer of good English in just the same sense that Messonier is a painter of good pictures. His sentences are well-proportioned; words are used by him with great accuracy; the finish of his rhetoric is extremely nice. But if good English connotes vigorous sense and wholesome sentiment, then the English of Mr. James is not superlatively good. Of draperies and gestures, of upholstery and manners he is a careful observer; he sees, too, a little way into human nature, and analyzes more or less deftly some of its less recondite phenomena; but what he tells us about our neighbors is of interest chiefly to gossips and milliners. His last story¹ is extremely thin. Two French adventurers, a brother and sister, come to Boston in search of relatives, whom they find in the suburban mansion of Mr. Wentworth; and the story gets its *motif* in playing off their French Bohemianism against the demure and ascetic Bostonian respectability. The Wentworths are Puritan Unitarians, and therefore they think a great deal about the obligations of morality; indeed, they are represented as being weighed down with a sense of duty, and as scarcely knowing how to be happy. With such natures the two vivacious and not over-scrupulous Europeans make a strong contrast; and the reader cannot help feeling that the author takes sides with his Continental moralists, and that he is constantly and not very slyly making fun of all that class of people who hold duty above pleasure. Doubtless they are a contemptible set, and cannot by the modern novelist be easily endured; but are there so many of them in Boston, nowadays, that there is need of writing pamphlets against them? Some of the colloquies in *The Europeans* have a certain brilliant quality, but there is nothing in the least dramatic in the book; nothing that would quicken the pulse of the most susceptible reader. In one of the closing scenes quite a number of people are brought together in a situation that was meant to be dramatic, but is simply stogy. Most of the descriptions of places as well as of persons are extremely vivid and real. Mr. James has the eye of a Dutch painter; but he is neither a humorist nor a philanthropist nor a

philosopher, and therefore he cannot be a great novelist.

THOSE who have read Mr. Eggleston's previous books cannot fail to notice a great improvement in "Roxy;"¹ and the change is of the best kind, being the change of growth rather than of form or purpose. Mr. Eggleston announced himself as having genius in his first story by his selection of time, place and characters, and by a strong, self-asserting style. We find in "Roxy" a wise adherence to the same field, and the same strong hand and clear, undoubting purpose; but with vast improvement in scope and general execution.

The first impression suggested by these pages is that of strength; the writer is certain of his vocation. There is no hesitation as in a first essay, but rather a consciousness of having first discovered a new field, and of his ability to occupy it.

Mr. Eggleston, in his previous works and in this, is doing for early western life what Mrs. Stowe has done for early New England life. The difficulty that all students feel in any efforts to reproduce Greek and Roman life, will never be felt in regard to modern life. Since Chaucer put the England of his day into the *Canterbury Tales*, every era and phase of English-speaking society has been fixed in literature. For this purpose fiction is far better than history, for history but feebly conveys the thought and feeling of a people.

As compared with Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Eggleston has this disadvantage, that his themes take him into a lower grade of society than do Mrs. Stowe's; for the early life of New England was ennobled by high moral and intellectual qualities, while early western life was, for the most part, low and vulgar. But none the less desirable is it that its forms and spirit should be fixed in literature. It cannot but be for the advantage of any generation that it should be familiar with the life that preceded it. In comparing them farther—and it is creditable to Mr. Eggleston that his books suggest Mrs. Stowe's—it must be confessed that, while as discerning and sympathetic as to the life he treats, he lacks that last touch and grace of genius that overspreads her tales—the noble tone—the Homeric quality. The realism of the two authors is nearly equal, but one glorifies life, while the other descends towards its level; the reader of Mr. Eggleston suspects at times a latent sympathy with the vulgarity he depicts. His style, while steadily improving, still needs elevation; it yet savors of smartness rather than of culture; one feels a constant fear lest his language drop into the slang he knows so well how to put into the mouths of others. In

¹ *The Europeans; A Sketch.* By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

¹ *Roxy.* By Edward Eggleston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

the Waverley novels, the lofty style and dignity of the author when speaking for himself is as distinct and evident as are the peculiarities of his characters. Mr. Eggleston tends to mix himself with the *personæ* of his story. Height, severity, dignity, repose are the qualities he needs, not only because they are good in themselves, but as the peculiarly necessary background for the scenes he paints.

Mr. Eggleston has done something in "Roxy" quite worth the doing in this day of unbelieving and pessimistic fiction; he has produced a good novel without sneering at the Christian faith; he has drawn the character of a clergyman and not made him a milkop; he has written a bright, fascinating tale involving the most sacred relations of life without violating the principles of Christian morality. Though not to be put into the category of religious fiction, it is in the best and broadest sense Christian. It is also a high merit of the book that the logic of character and relation is fully preserved and carried out. The author has not only uncommonly keen sight, but the higher gift of insight, and perceives how a dominant quality shapes circumstances and creates results. Nevertheless, though the *teaching* of the story is sweet and sound, the text is not a good one. It is not worth while to rehearse such a scandal as that around which this plot revolves for the sake of moralizing about it. Dr. Eggleston has treated the subject with great delicacy, but we trust that he will not find it necessary to treat it again.

There is much of fine, quotable epigram scattered along its pages, for which we can find room only for a few illustrations: "The real chameleon is a sensitive vanity, prone to change color with every change of surrounding." "To possess the gift of helpfulness is to be mortgaged to all who need." Speaking of a somewhat doubtful "returning prodigal," the discerning Jemima says: "But I would n't kill all the calves on the place, and then begin on the ye'rings, so as to make him think it was a nice thing to be a prodigal." "Logical inferences are like precious stones, valuable in proportion to the distance from which they are fetched, and the difficulty one has in getting at them." "For people whose minds act but slowly and in grooves, there is small distinction between an action that is 'out of the common run' and an act that is essentially immoral."

THE most serviceable history of music that we have yet seen is that of Mr. Hunt.¹ The book is divided into three sections, the first of which

contains a general history of musical epochs and events, including short biographical notices of the leading musicians and an enumeration of their most important works; the second, a series of chronometrical tables or charts which facilitate the study, and the third, a summary of the history of the art of music disconnected with the names of individual composers, and dealing with the origin and development of the modern scales, counterpoint and harmony, with the history of choral music, with instrumental music, with musical instruments, ancient and modern, enumerating the principal works of each important class. In a small duodecimo of only 184 pages so large a field can only be covered by great condensation; but there seems to be no lack of perspicuity or of proportion in this short history; and though, as the author says, it is intended for study or for reference rather than for entertainment, it presents in a clear and intelligible form information which every student of music ought to possess.

THE long discussion of village improvements has at length culminated in a book.¹ The wonder is that it has not come before. The subject has been touched in newspaper and magazine, but there has been no thorough treatment of it until the appearance of this volume. And a fair fruit it is that autumn drops into our laps—printed in better type than is the wont of the Harpers, upon firm, heavy paper, with well-spaced lines, and every way enticing to the reader. Our first thought was that it had better been published in the spring, when its suggestions would have more immediate application; but, on reflection, we find that it is no less a hook for winter. It hives the sweetness and glory of summer and country for fire-side consumption, and takes advantage of winter leisure for formation of the plans it suggests. The hook is so practical that it can hardly be said to have it for its object to please, but by so much the more does it also fulfil this end.

There is a hortatory under tone that bespeaks the author's desire that his work shall yield the fruit indicated in his title. If an apostle of the cause were to be designated in place of the lamented Downing,—to whose memory the hook is inscribed,—it would undoubtedly be the writer of these earnest pages.

While New England has been celebrated for the beauty of its villages, it is, for the most part, the beauty of situation, and of nature left to itself. The most art has done has been to plant trees—a good work too frequently offset by cutting them down. We have in mind a young city in eastern Massachusetts, whose prosperity in the manufac-

¹ A Concise History of Music from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Time. For the use of students. By H. G. Bonavia Hunt, B. Mus. New Edition. Revised. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

¹ Villages and Village Life; with Hints for their Improvement. By Nathaniel Hillyer Eggleston. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ture of shoes seemed to warrant the erection of a large High School house before which rose an elm scarcely equaled in New England for beauty of form. One fine summer morning its stately grace was laid low by the "Committee" that there might be no hiding of the work of their hands. There were some who thought that the huge, naked pile of brick and mortar that now stares the street out of countenance, would look quite as well through the arches of the elm, but what are few or many in the eyes of an American "Committee?" There is nearly as much tendency to disfigure as to beautify, and so long as men deem that there may be more beauty in a building than in a tree, there is a call for village improvement societies and such books as this before us.

Mr. Egleston's book, like the things of which he treats, is a growth. He has long been known as a careful observer and advocate of improvements in village life and surroundings. He does not confine himself to the mere planting of trees and adorning of door-yards, but covers a broad range of cognate themes, as may be seen from his admirable table of contents. Beginning with a broad and sensible discussion of country life and its relation to city life, he enters upon the practical treatment of his subject by strong advocacy of village improvement societies, devoting a very suggestive chapter to the Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge, Mass., and giving its by-laws and regulations. A chapter on tree-planting, with advice as to selection, in which the long neglected hemlock receives its due, is followed by one on vines and climbing plants, and another on fruits and flowers—both full of fresh and valuable suggestion. He then passes to the country dwelling-house,—a chapter that we are disposed to regard as the most useful in the book, unless it be those farther on upon the sanitary aspects of country life, and drainage. Fences, Hedges, Lawns, Cemeteries, Roads and Bridges, Preservation of Woodlands, Schools and School-houses, the Village Church and Library, and the Village Festival—each claim a chapter.

The volume is so practical in its suggestions—especially the three chapters devoted to sanitary matters—that it can hardly be regarded as a book of aesthetics. It should be known and read by Selectmen, by Committees of Cemeteries, by Road Commissioners, by house-builders, and in fact, by all whose life and interests are in the country.

We cannot close our earnest commendation of this volume without calling attention to the fine literary atmosphere that pervades it. It has the double fascination of bringing us into close sympathy with nature, and taking us, by its pure style and its choice and wide quotation, into the rich world of English literature.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States. By Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucian Bonaparte. Popular Edition; Complete in One Volume. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Springfield: A. Burt.
- The Achievements of Stanley and other African Explorers. By J. T. Headley. Philadelphia and Springfield: Hubbard Brothers.
- The History of Indian Literature. By Albrecht Weber. Translated from the second German edition by John Mann, M.A., and Theodor Zachariae Ph.D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- Swedenborg and Channing: Showing the Many and Remarkable Agreements in the Beliefs and Teachings of these Authors. By B. F. Barrett. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- Poems of Places. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Africa. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- Wordsworth: A Biographic Æsthetic Study. By George A. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- A Woman's Word, and How She Kept It. By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- The Dinner Year Book. By Marian Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- Mother Goose Rhymes, with Silhouette Illustrations. Mother Goose in White. By J. F. Goodridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- My Boyhood: A Story-Book for Boys. By H. C. Barkley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- Collins's Paragraph Testament. New York: Collins & Brothers.
- Hygiene of the Brain and Nerves and the Cure of Nervousness. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.
- England from a Back Window; with Views of Scotland and Ireland. By J. M. Bailey. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- Recollections of Writers. By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- Artist Biographies: Van Dyck. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- Acquaintance with God; or, Salvation and Character. By Rev. E. A. Wyman, Ph.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Bitterwood: A Novel. By Mason A. Green. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.
- Prince Bismarck's Letters to his Wife, his Sister and Others, from 1844 to 1870. Translated from the German by Fitz Maxse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- A Story or Two from an Old Dutch Town. By Robert Lowell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- The Ainslee Series. Four volumes. Ainslee and his Friends; Grandpa's House; Harry's Winter with the Indians; Four and What they Did. By Helen Campbell (Campbell Wheaton), formerly Helen C. Weeks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Nelly's Silver Mine: A Story of Colorado Life. By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.
- Prairie Days; Or the Girls and Boys of Osseo. By Mary B. Sleight. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.
- Modern Frenchmen: Five Biographies. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Springfield: Whitney & Adams.

